

NEW YORK  
NATIONAL  
**Guard**sman

ORIGINAL COVER  
OF THE  
"GAS ATTACK"



**FRANCE**  
Christmas  
1918

**DECEMBER**

• General Drum Returns  
Happy Birthday  
Role of the National Guard  
Then and Now

**1938**

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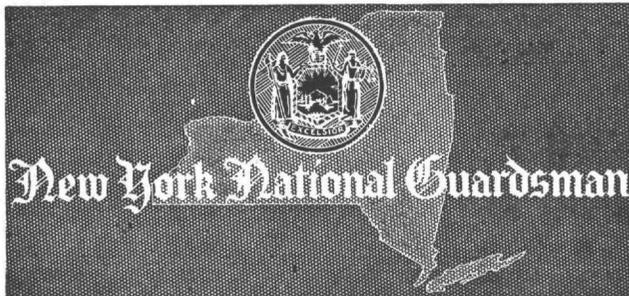
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The names of all characters that are used in short stories, serials and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental.

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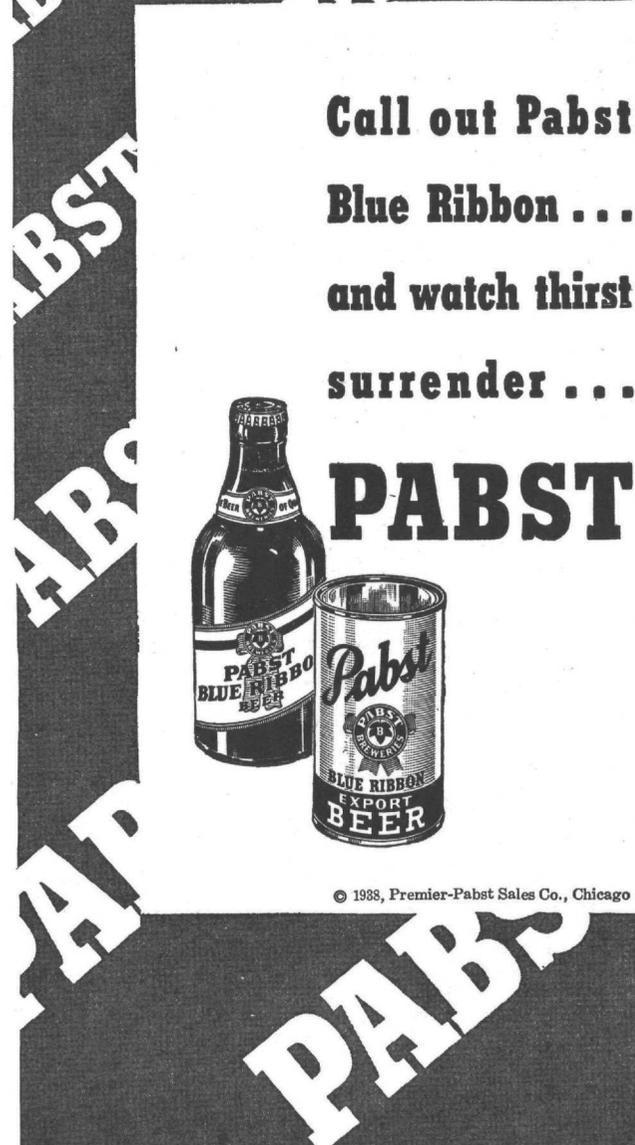


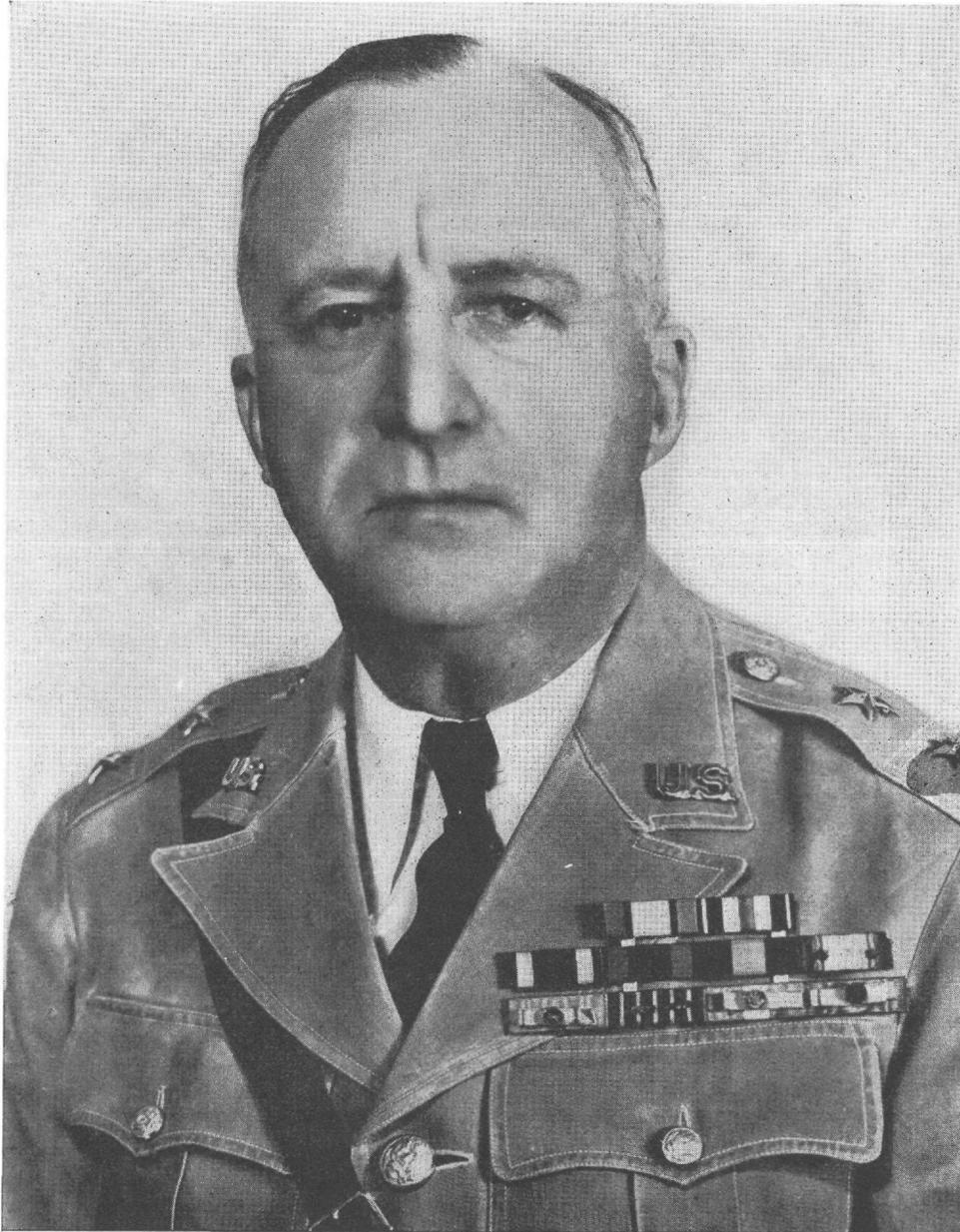
Call out Pabst  
Blue Ribbon ...  
and watch thirst  
surrender ...

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For his World War services General Drum was decorated with the U. S. Distinguished Service Medal with the following citation:

*"For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. Upon him as chief of staff of the First Army devolved the important duty of organizing the headquarters of this command and of coordinating the detailed staff work in its operations in the St. Mihiel and Argonne-Meuse offensives. His tact, zeal and high professional attainments had a marked influence on the success that attended the operations of the First Army."*



## General Drum Returns to New York

ON Monday, November 7th, Major General Hugh A. Drum assumed command of the First Army and the Second Corps Area.

General Drum is no stranger to New York or to the New York National Guard since he was educated at the College of St. Francis Xavier and was Senior Instructor to the New York National Guard. He later commanded successively the Second Coast Artillery District and the First Division at Fort Hamilton.

He has the distinction of being the only living officer who has been Chief of Staff of an American Army in actual battle.

The son of Captain John A. Drum, Hugh A. Drum was born at Fort Brady, Michigan, September 19, 1879. Captain Drum was among the officers killed at San Juan Hill and President McKinley tendered his son a commission in the Army. Thus at the age of eighteen, Hugh A. Drum became a second lieutenant of Infantry in the Regular Army.

Following his appointment, General Drum served three terms of duty in the Philippines and participated in numerous campaigns and battles. Chief among these were the expedition under his command which captured the guerrilla leader Guerero, and the battle of Bayan in which he was cited for bravery in action and awarded the Silver Star.

In 1911 General Drum was graduated as an honor student from the School of the Line and the following year completed the General Staff College with honors. He had been identified with, and a leader in, American tactical thought and doctrines for many years. Having written extensively in American tactics and strategy, he contributed the first American text book on tactics and General Staff functions for our Army schools.

Because of his staff work in connection with the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914 and his plans for the tactical employment of troops in attacking cities built of stone, General Funston appointed him aide de camp, in which position he served until General Funston's death.

Following America's entry into the World War, General Drum was selected by General Pershing as one of the small group of officers to accompany him to France on the S.S. *Baltic* to assist in the preparation of plans for the organization, reception and training of the American forces.

He assisted in formulating the basic plans for the A.E.F. These comprehensive plans included the organization, supply and transportation systems, school and training projects, tactical doctrines, active operations for the American Army, priority shipping of

both men and material, the actual training and equipping of troops and other less extensive plans.

From time to time General Drum served in the front lines, first with the British forces in Flanders, then with the French in the Champagne, and later with the American 42d (Rainbow) Division in the Luneville area. He was promoted to the grade of colonel in 1918.

When General Pershing decided to form the First American Army, General Drum was selected as its Chief of Staff in August, 1918, and under General Pershing's direct command proceeded with the organization and preparation of the Army for independent action. Due to the pressing demands and other responsibilities devolving upon General Pershing, he depended upon General Drum to formulate plans for and to assist directly in the control of the First Army. This entailed organizing 800,000 men for the battle of St. Mihiel and 1,200,000 for the Meuse-Argonne, America's largest battles. As a reward for his successful work, General Drum was promoted to the grade of brigadier general in October of 1918, at the age of 39.

Following his return to the United States, General Drum received numerous important assignments being successively in command of the Second Coast Artillery District; Assistant Chief of Staff, in charge of Operations, W.D.G.S.; Commander of the First Division; Inspector General of the Army with rank of Major General, 1930; Command of the Fifth Corps Area; Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army; Command of the Hawaiian Department; Command of the Sixth Corps Area and the Second Army.

Marshal Foch cited General Drum as follows:

"Being called to act as Chief of Staff, First Army, at the time the latter was constituted and having been entrusted at the same time with the study of a series of major operations in the St. Mihiel region, and between the Argonne and Meuse, he displayed exceptional faculties of tactical understanding and sound judgment as well as unflinching energy. He shared greatly in the success of the above operations."

General Drum's decorations and awards include the Spanish American War Medal, the Philippine Insurrection Medal with citation for gallantry in action, the Mexican Border Service Medal, the Vera Cruz Medal, the Victory Medal with four battle clasps, the Silver Star Medal, the Belgian Order of the Crown (Commander), the Italian Order of the Crown (Commander), the French Legion of Honor (Commander), the French Croix de Guerre with two palms, and the U. S. Distinguished Service Medal.



by Karl Detzer

Author of "Car 99," "True Tales of the D.C.I.," "Marked Man," etc.

IT was the same week that the story got around our labor battalion that the colonel had died of writer's cramp. Which wasn't true. No such luck! And of course I was the most disappointed mess sergeant in the A. E. F. Don't know what I'd done if it wasn't for Mac. He was our senior cook besides being a philosopher.

"Maybe he ain't died of writer's cramp," Mac consoled, "but that won't keep you from going blind. Which would help."

You see, the colonel was a maniac for writing out his ideas, and all us mess sergeants had to read them, not to mention the orders that Major Small tacked on them when they passed through his office. Bright officers, both of them, and earnest.

Their speciality was dish-water. Every time twenty men did their mess-kits in the dish-pan, their orders was, throw out the water and get some fresh. That shows how much you can expect of colonels and majors and things out of the regular army that was commanding a company of seven privates and a corporal at Fort Snelling before the so-called guerre. We had a thousand men in our labor battalion, and one dish-pan, and the town pump at St. Neuvic half a mile away.

So we just did our best, which

was to dump the dish-water on the ground everytime we saw the colonel or the major coming. We'd been five months in that labor battalion, which wasn't so long as you'd think. After the first two weeks we was unconscious. You see, we'd started out to be warriors . . . get the Kaiser. And no sooner that we get to where the war is than they put us to unloading box cars. If that wasn't the army over and over again!

Now and then some Frenchman coming joyous out of a café would stop and tell us how the glorious Frogs was driving back the Boches, and that's as close to being heroes as we ever got.

"Sarge," said Mac, coming into the kitchen that afternoon while I was nailing up the latest batch of orders, "something's happened!"

"You'd best go lay down," I answered. "Nothing's happened here. This town ain't capable of it!"

"Honest!" Mac went on. "A battle; Four hundred years ago. One of the Fifis was telling me, the one in the first café. They're still excited about it."

The Fifis always found something to get excited about. They was just like the Yvones in that.

"Oh!" I said. "A battle. Then that's why all the houses got such a second-handed look. Canned goldfish for supper."

"But listen!" he raved on. "They both happened the same day. The battle and my birthday. September first. Every year on my birthday the mayor of this burg makes a speech about how brave St. Neuvic is."

"St. Neuvic was," I corrected him, remembering the Frogs that had showed poor judgment to Mac and me once or twice.

Well, I forgot all about the battle, like you do, for the day before the first of September was our first pay-day in three months. Not that they give us too much. A dollar a day is all right for a dough-boy, all he's got to do is fight, and he's a hero besides. But for us fellows in the labor battalion that had to work, well, it was kind of a come-down after my job in the freight house back home. Even a dollar a day for three months make bo-koo francs if you figure it up careful on a pair of self-starting ivory adding-machines. So the night of the last of August I salutes the payroll and uses good judgment with the ivories.

Did you ever see five thousand francs in one pile, most of them in one-franc pieces? Well, along about nine o'clock in stumbles Mac with so much money he was making a noise like the chain gang.

"Sarge," he reminds me, "tomorrow's my birthday. I'll be twenty-four years old, even if I don't look it."

"You look a hundred and twenty-four," I correct him, "and what of it?"

"I been to see the captain," he answered. "Without being paged."

I just set down on the potatoes and waited. I knew well enough that some of his ideas was working. Mac had a lot of brains for a soldier. Pretty soon he lets go.

"Tomorrow's my birthday," he says again, "September first. And I got passes from the captain for all day for both of us. I told him Bill and Henry could burn the dinner for a change, and he just laughs and signs up."

It don't sound so good to me.

"Now you got 'em," I objected, with my arms around my money, "what we going to do with passes? A lot of good they'll be in this dump!"

Mac laughs.

"Say, ain't you got no romance?" he asks me. "We're going to do the sights of St. Neuvic. We're going to have a party, you and me, a genu-wine old-fashioned birthday party, to the limit, catch as catch can, and no holds barred. I got some francs."

"How many?"

"Seven thousand when the boys quit on me."

I figured it out in lightning calculations . . . seven thousand francs! You could buy the whole town of St. Neuvic with eleven thousand francs, and the river thrown in.

"I'm on," I told him, and explained how I'd been financing among the boys a bit myself. "But we can't spend all that in *one* day!"

"We gotta begin tonight," answers Mac.

So long about six-thirty, after the supper work is done, we starts out, with a couple hundred of the boys trailing us that had seen our rolls. We went first to the café where flies and soldiers always held their reunions, and Mac

stands the gang, including Fifi and Yvonne and a couple of dozen Frogs that happened to be loafing around looking thirsty and pleasant for a change.

We couldn't all get in the café, even through the windows, and the old Frog lady that run the joint had fits.

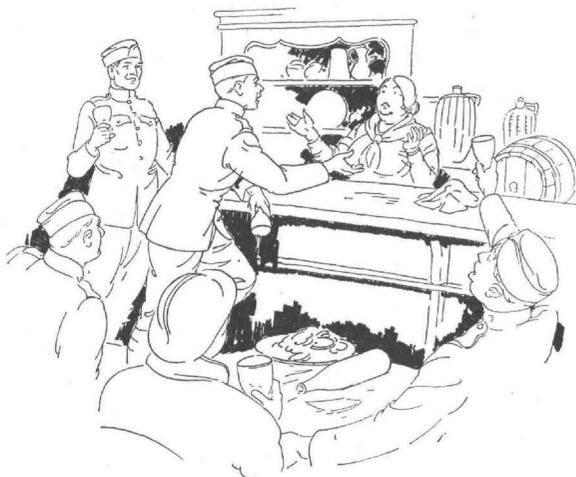
"Feenish!" she kept hollering, pouring out all kinds of vin, that's French for ice-water.

Sergeant Jones—he was our pro-

Frogs who hadn't took time to wipe the overflow from their chins, "that tomorrow's my birthday and there's going to be bo-koo excitement in this town."

So I stands on the step and translates.

"Demaw," I began (that means tomorrow). Then I points at Mac, and makes a drinking gesture with my mouth and hands, then points at the Frogs and hollers "voo!" which means "you." "Birth-



vost sergeant—run in to stop the riot, when the crowd kept getting bigger and funnier. But he's not so good at stopping riots. About an hour later I had a couple of boys hand him down from the top of the hat-rack where he was impersonating a lobster, and made them promise they'd be gentle putting him to bed.

At last Mac and me figures that we'd spent enough for the evening, his birthday having not actually begun yet, and there being three other cafés left for morning. So when the rest was herded out the café and the old Frog lady begun to count her francs and the casualties to windows and table legs and vin glasses, Mac is so overcome with joy that he wants me to tell everybody that it was his birthday tomorrow. He can't speak much French himself, Mac can't, his shoulders being kind of stiff.

"Tell these curled hair mattresses," he says to me, pointing at the

joor," I explains, pointing once more to Mac. Then I showed them our roll.

Well, when they see that they seem to compray all right, and they can't control themselves another minute.

"Demaw!" one of them howled and they all busts out, cheering and waving their hats.

"You got a wonderful gift for languages," Mac says, a little jealous.

"It come easy to me," I answered. "Let's go to bed."

It wasn't hardly raining at all in the morning, and we got up early, Mac and me. The other poor boobs in the labor battalion had a train of condiment cans to unload down at the rail-head platform. But Mac and me dressed careful, rolling our puttees wrong way round to show we're on pass.

I'd plumb and completely forgot that St. Neuvic happened to have a battle to celebrate on Mac's birthday. But how could you ex-

pect a mess sergeant to remember anything else with all them orders from the major and the colonel to keep in mind? When we walks up the street we see at once there's a lot of excitement. We stopped in the first café, Mac and me, for a couple of private drinks. The Fifi that passes them out was a very affectionate Fifi and intelligent, except in arithmetic, which you could see every time she tried to make change.

"And yes!" she says, very excited, "What a splendid day for the celebrate."

Mac sort of stuck out his chest at that.

"The most best glory day of all years," Fifi goes on. "You must see it when the parade start."

"Parade?" cried Mac.

"As sure as hell," Fifi answers very serious. "The big parade to celebrate the glory. The mayor and monsoor le coorie and all the town. It is the splendid day!"

"Encore," Mac says, handing back his glass and almost busting, he was so proud. "Three or four encores."

Well, we got out in the street after a while and sure enough, there was flags and Frogs running and kids excited and the town crier whaling his drum and hollering, and the gendarmes out with their shoes shined for a change and everybody headed for the public square. Mac and me joined them. We pulled up at last in front of the Hotel de Ville, which isn't a hotel at all, but a kind of town hall with bankruptcy notices all over its front.

"The French are a friendly race," Mac says to me. "You can't say they ain't appreciative. Only think of all this excitement just over my birthday."

"Listen!" I interrupted.

Now a labor battalion never has a band, that I know of, which is all right with me. It's bad enough to have to work all day and all night without needing to listen to the second trombone practicing "Baby's Prayer at Twilight" when you want to sleep. I don't set my-

self up as a judge, but I've seen a good many Uncle Tom shows and thought I'd heard the worst band in the world. But I hadn't till that day. The best thing about this one was its size. There was only six of them, counting the drum-major as one, but he run around hollering so fast he'd of made an elegant top sergeant.

Well, this band played, such as it was, and out trots the mayor from the Hotel de Ville. He was all dressed up like the admiral in a comic picture, with a funny paper hat and more medals than a colonel in the S.O.S. And at the same time arrives the carriage.

It was a relic, that carriage. Must have belonged to a duke or something back in the good old days. The mayor gets in it and sinks back where the cushions should of been, and the gendarmes drop in line behind and the priest leads a regiment of school children in white dresses and after them all the rest of the town.

Mac was so overcome with the thought that this was all for him that he let out a cheer. It was a pretty good cheer, even for Mac. It made the band stop playing.

Mac was in wonderful spirits. First thing I know he takes a handful of francs out of his pocket and begins to throw them at the band. Of course the parade breaks up, with everybody hollering and scrambling for the francs, and the mayor with them, having left his comical hat in the carriage. The horses were the only things in that parade that wasn't down on their knees fighting for Mac's money.

"Birthday present!" Mac screamed.

Just then the Fifi from the café runs up and lays her head against Mac's shoulder. So he gives her a five-franc note for a souvenir to remember him by, like he wasn't going to do enough before the day was over that they never could forget him. Fifi sticks anyway, like they do.

The mayor makes a long speech after he's through picking up money, bowing every minute and

waving his hands. Fifi listened and Mac listened and I listened, and so did everybody else. When he gets through Mac asks Fifi what his honor said.

"He says, 'Thanks,'" she answered.

French is a funny language.

"Tell him I'm ready to start," says Mac, and throws away another batch of money.

You'd of thought we was my friends Morgan and Ford both, the way that mayor acted. Polite? Say, you ought to of seen us. Mac and the mayor sat with their faces to the front in that open carriage, and me to the back, and every time the band began to play Mac let out one of his joy whoops that started the horses to running away and stopped the music. Of course there wasn't much sense in the parade. We just went round and round the town and back again. Kind of boring it got after the first couple hours. I forgot to say Fifi didn't come along with us. She would of, but the gendarmes wouldn't let her.

Now Mac and me wouldn't of made such fools of ourselves if we'd understood what it was all about. But how could you expect us to know that all this fuss was over a battle four hundred years old, when here was Mac's birthday happening right today?

"Sarge," he said to me, "I ain't never going to kick another Frog! Was there ever such loving hearts?"

"His hand is kind of close to your pocket," I answered, speaking of the mayor.

Sure enough, soon as we got back to the Hotel de Ville, the crowd stands around waiting for Mac to throw away some more money. But Mac decides he's given enough to charity for one birthday. Of course they lose us Americans after that and first thing we know that mayor of St. Neuvic has given us the slip and is standing on a little iron platform from a second-story window. The town crier beats his drum a good swat or two and commences to shout. I see Mac sneaking for the front door.

"Where you going?" I asked.



"Up there," he tells me, pointing. "I'm going to make a speech."

"You don't want to make a speech," I protest quick. "Listen, Mac, they've done enough for you already without your making them listen. They've given you a ride. Besides, they can't understand English."

"That ain't my fault," he answered, nasty like.

"But the mayor's going to speak," I tried to tell him. "He'll talk enough for sixty plain Yanks."

"Whose birthday is this?" Mac wanted to know. "Who started all this? I got some rights!"

That was just like Mac. Good fellow and all that, but particular of his rights. Well, I got to thinking it over and doped it out that he *was* right, perhaps, so I said so.

"Course I am. If you help me speak I'll leave you speak."

Just then that Fifi come a-running again.

"But why you speak?" she asked. "Isn't it the great honor enough to of rode beside the mayor in the grand procession without you must speak?"

"Enough!" Mac hollered.

The mayor was just starting his talk that minute and he looked down at me and Mac sort of an-

nayed. You couldn't blame him much, either, when you thought of that Frog's squeaky little voice and the fire-alarm signal Mac used for talk. Mac would of been a great lawyer with that voice, if he hadn't decided to go into the window-washing business after the war.

"Honor enough!" screamed Mac at that Fifi. The gendarmes began to back off. "Say, who's having a birthday, me or that clown up there? Who was it give them all a birthday present? Who was it had to sit next his honor all through that parade just after garlic for breakfast?"

The mayor has just got to going good again, but it wasn't no use. By that time Mac was in the Hotel de Ville and climbing up the stair with me and Fifi pulling back on the tail of his blouse. Strong minded, Mac was. He dragged us both out through the window.

It was an unexpected surprise to his honor. Mac was hollering in English and the mayor was hollering in French and Fifi and me in that language between the two that was so popular in cafés and fights.

I had to take time out just then to get their swords away from a brace of gendarmes before they started bayonet practice. They weren't the youngest gendarmes in France, or the thinnest either, so

it wasn't very long till they were calm but panting in a corner. That was the first time Mac and me appeared in public in gendarme caps.

"He grant permission for you to make that speech," Fifi says finally to Mac. She's been chinning with the mayor, who was sweating in a corner of that little iron balcony. "For ten minutes. I have it thorough explained."

"Ten minutes!" Mac snorted. He couldn't say good morning in ten minutes!

"While you speak I translates it in French," Fifi goes on, as if Mac had said nothing. She ought to of been a judge, that girl. "Speak it slow."

Well, Mac started slow. But every time he stopped for breath Fifi put out a lot of talk, and whenever they heard what she was saying the people in the square let go a cheer. It was a good speech, even for Mac.

"Ladies and gents and gendarmes," he began, "it's too bad that I had to poke his nibs in the slats before he would give you a chanct to hear what I got to say."

Right there Fifi chimes in, and rattles something at the people in the street. The crowd gives a faint little cheer. They didn't care much for speeches, instead of screaming, I could see that. The average Frog likes nothing better than a fight—between a couple of other people.

"Now you know how a healthy American can celebrate his birthday," Mac says when he gets a chance, "even in a dump like St. Neuvic. I am twenty-four years old today even if I don't look it. My home town is Oskaloosa, Iowa, which is the State where the corn grows so tall that if you ever saw it you'd fall over dead with excitement."

The crowd gives a little stronger cheer that time when Fifi translates. At least we thought she translated. It happened that she wasn't. All the time Mac was talking about himself and me and tall corn and what a dump St. Neuvic was after his home town and other

(Continued on page 20)



## *The Role of the National Guard*

*by Major General John F. O'Ryan*

conquest could be made by such European power, or powers of one or the other of such adjoining countries, to be used as a base for a force sufficiently powerful to destroy our local military Canal Zone defense force. If this were done our Atlantic and Pacific fleets would be separated by the continent of South America.

It seems clear that the defense of the United States from invasion means the defense from invasion of all the habitable territory on the North American Continent and the northern part of South America. But unless we are to discard the

**I**T MUST be evident to all officers and men of the National Guard that their role as first line troops, in the event of war, has taken on an aspect of increasing importance as a result of what has transpired in Europe. The average man and woman in the United States think of an invasion of this country in terms of actual invasion by armed forces of the area known as the "Continental United States." However, if Canada is invaded by a great European power, our country in effect is invaded. The same comment applies to Mexico. The same comment applies to the countries on either side of the Canal Zone. In fact, if the United States were not to so consider the subject of invasion it would be much more sensible for a hostile power, either by a treaty arrangement or by force, to transport to Mexico without interference from our Navy, a huge field army and operate against the United States from that area when its unmolested preparations were complete. With no naval action on the part of the United States against the invasion of Mexico enemy transports could make a number of trips across the ocean, building up the needed aggregate of men, equipment and supplies. If our national policy were not to consider the employment of military power to defend from invasion countries adjoining the Canal Zone, but simply to defend the Canal Zone, a similar

Monroe Doctrine—now more than one hundred years old—a doctrine or policy which has kept the Western World free from war disasters of Europe, it also seems clear that our defensive plans must embrace the continent of South America. Because for more than one hundred years the job of supporting the Monroe Doctrine has not involved us seriously—this does not mean that the Doctrine will not be seriously challenged in the future. In fact, it is certain to be challenged, and challenged soon and seriously. For some years past the preliminary ground work for such challenge has been in course of development, and when the challenge comes, it will no doubt be made by more than one of the great Powers.

The role of the National Guard soldier, therefore, visualizes his ready availability to fight on short notice at a number of potentially important points located at widely separated places and over a vast territory.

Obligations of this character, which are usually forecast by experienced officers, are as a rule regarded at the outset by the general public as fantastic ideas—at least so history indicates. This country is not prepared in a military way for any such role as that indicated, although we assume that the Navy is, or shortly will be so prepared. But the Navy alone is an inade-

quate reliance for the defense of the Western World. No doubt, the public senses the significance of recent trends and the inevitableness of increasing pressure upon the Americas, and there will develop a realization that the Monroe Doctrine must either be abandoned or upheld, and that no argument of any kind will suffice to uphold it—that force only, and of adequate and sufficient strength can do that. In contemplating the measure of this force, we must reckon with at least a two-power foe, with other potential enemies in the offing.

As far as South American countries and peoples are concerned, they have provided some measure of military and naval force for their respective defenses, but it would seem that the time has arrived when these forces should be coordinated for the common defense and a single policy established, to which all will give allegiance under a supreme command agreed upon. There can be no criticism of this from a military viewpoint, but no doubt there are many obstacles to be interposed upon political grounds. So far as our own country is concerned, it is true that we have great industrial capacity to make war in the sense of the supply of clothing and munitions. However, we are woefully short in the number of available soldiers. We have a great man power, but they are not soldiers. The more experienced an officer becomes in the training and leadership of troops the more convinced does he become of the organic difference between a brave, physically fit and highly intelligent man and a really trained soldier. This difference increases almost like an arithmetical progression when each class is increased to say a million or more.

The combined strength of the Army and the National Guard would constitute but a hand grenade to be thrown on the conflagration of war, should it come. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether we require a great standing army at this time. The necessary substitute would seem to be universal military training for two year periods, those who have completed the service to be carried in reserve for some designated period. The training would be of inestimable value to the young men of the company, wholly aside from the military viewpoint. No doubt this question will be presented for public consideration so soon as the public realizes the significance of the events that have recently transpired in Europe.

An army without trained officers is an army of sheep or lions (it makes little difference which), on the way to the shambles. One effective method of producing, annually at least, several thousand trained company officers would be the designation of five units of the Regular Army and the same number of National Guard units as schools for officers, transferring therefrom those not qualified as officer candidates and not otherwise needed, and transferring thereto qualified candidates. In relation to the National Guard, the units selected would necessarily be those in the greater centers of population, where such transfers would be practicable. All services would be represented in such

school system. A Regular unit might be paired with a Guard unit for mutual aid, assistance and support. This project could be instituted at once, while awaiting the establishment of universal military training.

We may hate the necessity for what is proposed, but hating the necessity will not remove the necessity. We are living in a world ruled by force. It will take time for our people to realize this. Let us hope that their decision will not be fatally delayed.

### FEDERAL INSPECTION DATES

Headquarters, 27th Division.....	January 26
Headquarters Det., 27th Division.....	January 10
Special Troops, 27th Division.....	January 9-12
102nd Engineers (Combat) .....	January 23-26
27th Division Aviation .....	April 15
102nd Medical Regiment .....	Jan. 24-Feb. 27
102nd Quartermaster Regiment .....	January 17-19
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Co., 53rd Infantry Brigade	January 12
10th Infantry .....	January 31-February 16
105th Infantry .....	January 16-February 3
106th Infantry .....	January 30-February 2
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Co., 54th Infantry Brigade	January 17
107th Infantry .....	January 16-27
108th Infantry .....	January 16-31
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Co., 87th Infantry Brigade	March 28
71st Infantry .....	January 24-27
174th Infantry .....	February 6-23
369th Infantry .....	January 13-19
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Co., 93rd Infantry Brigade	January 9
14th Infantry .....	January 23-31
165th Infantry .....	January 13-19
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Battery, 52nd Field Artillery Brig.,	February 1
104th Field Artillery .....	March 27-April 5
105th Field Artillery .....	January 23-27
106th Field Artillery .....	April 3-7
156th Field Artillery .....	April 3-12
258th Field Artillery .....	March 6-9
Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Det., Coast Artillery Brigade	February 9
212th Coast Artillery .....	January 30-February 2
244th Coast Artillery .....	January 16-18
245th Coast Artillery .....	January 13-18
Hdqrs., 51st Cavalry Brigade.....	January 9
Hdqrs. Troop, 51st Cavalry Brigade.....	March 14
101st Cavalry .....	February 27-March 3
121st Cavalry .....	April 3-12
101st Signal Battalion .....	January 23-30
44th Division (N. Y. Quota).....	January 26
State Staff—(To be announced in separate orders)	

## Court of Peace Dedicated

REPRESENTATIVES of sixty nations gathered at the New York World's Fair on Armistice Day to dedicate the Fair's Court of Peace to the cause of international understanding and friendship. The dedication, witnessed by 15,000, climaxed the Armistice Day observances in the metropolitan area. Augmenting the thousands of spectators at the ceremony, more than fifty thousand others, according to police estimates, were in the fair grounds at the time within the range of amplifiers that transmitted the addresses of the Mayor and six other speakers, whose vigorous pleas for peace resounded and echoed down the Halls of Nations. The speakers were introduced by Major General Dennis E. Nolan and included Mayor LaGuardia, Major General Drum, Major General Haskell and Rear Admiral Woodward.

As Mayor of the host city, Mayor La Guardia said, "It is a pleasure to join in the dedication of the Court of Peace. It's very peaceful here, the layout and the spot, remote from chemicals, munitions and aviation.

"I am confident that when the sixty-two nations gather here they will get better acquainted. Out of the World's Fair must come something more than the satisfaction of curiosity. The fair is more than an exhibit. It is an exposition dedicated to the hopes of tomorrow."

Although convinced of the ultimate efficacy of international accord, General Drum said, the average American, in viewing the present lack of respect for international law, has realized that the time is not ripe for America to discard Washington's memorable advice, "For us, peace and armed protection go hand in hand."

He reviewed the recommendations in Congress for "adequate defense," and said that, notwithstanding the old World War supplies the armed forces of the country had far less than the quantities needed for security. With the defense forces in such a state, the wisdom of President Roosevelt's message to the last Congress "can readily be appreciated," he said, urging public support for measures to meet the dangers of war.

General Haskell urged the necessity for preparedness in his speech—the General said:

"Twenty years ago this morning, at 11 o'clock (which, considering the difference in time between New York and Paris, made it six o'clock here); our last war ended.

The world is still feeling the effects of that war—politically, economically, and morally.

The immediate aftermath of the great war in the various European countries, with their new boun-

daries and displaced populations, included a struggle to reorganize and to exist.

Poverty, starvation, and migration was the order of the day, especially in central and eastern Europe, the Balkans, and the Near East. I saw all that at first hand, and I was proud of the humanitarian leadership taken by the United States for over five years in about twenty-five countries in Europe. Our country footed about 90% of the bills for European relief and reconstruction.

At that time most people looked forward to a better world to live in—without war and all its horrors. We even had hopes for the League of Nations.

We visualized an end of tax burdens for armament, and we sank battleships to lead the way.

America has faithfully met her obligations, and done more. As a nation, we have not sought to dictate how European nations should live or govern themselves. We asked nothing at the peace table at Versailles. If we have erred, it has been to neglect the means of protecting our own liberty, and to lose our voice in the councils of the nations. We have shown malice toward none, but charity for all. Yet we have become impotent as a champion of freedom and international morality.

If we were not blessed with two wide oceans on our flanks and with non-militaristic nations to the north and south, we too would have given more attention to the national defense of liberty and of peace. But while we have slept those oceans have shrunk; they grow narrower every day in the face of improved aircraft, while the predatory nations grow stronger, more ruthless, and more threatening to the way of life in the last great and powerful nation whose citizens are really free.

I am happy to see that at long last a program for reasonable preparedness for the nation will be presented to the Congress at the next session. It will cover the Navy, the Army and industry. I hope that it may receive the approval of the American public, and I think it will. There is no mystery or uncertainty about such a program, or what it should include. The General Staff knows exactly what the Army needs, and in what priority. Year after year Congress has been plainly told by the War Department of our tragic situation.

Our war reserves today are really comic.

We lack what we call strategic raw materials, such as rubber, manganese, tin, and even iodine, without which we would be embarrassed in an emergency.

We lack the vital necessities to equip or maintain even our first million men. Industrial preparedness

has lagged over a period of twenty years. Guns, anti-aircraft, tanks, sound detectors, searchlights, direction finders, large-calibre ammunition, aircraft and other intricately-made necessities for modern war are neither in reserve nor is industry equipped to supply them in quantity.

Sufficiency of simple items like gas-masks and blankets are not on hand.

London, in the recent crisis, felt hopelessly undefended from the air, with only 100 anti-aircraft guns. We have less than that in the whole United States.

The City of New York has 12 modern anti-aircraft guns, and 4 obsolescent ones.

To establish our proper defense position will take years—first to arm and equip our first line, and second to prepare industry and teach industry to maintain the fighting forces.

This is the Court of Peace.

This Court and the great Fair of 1939 will promote international peace.

We in America definitely want peace.

We have proved it plainly to the world.

But, today the only way that we can insure our peace is to be ready to defend it. And so, my message to you who long for peace without losing liberty and freedom is to urge the New Congress to support the President and the War Department in our program for preparedness—not for wars of aggression but to defend peace."

The New York National Guard was represented by a detachment of one battalion each from the 106th Infantry and 245th Coast Artillery with the 107th Infantry band all under command of Major Frank A. Conefrey of the 106th, and by the Colors and

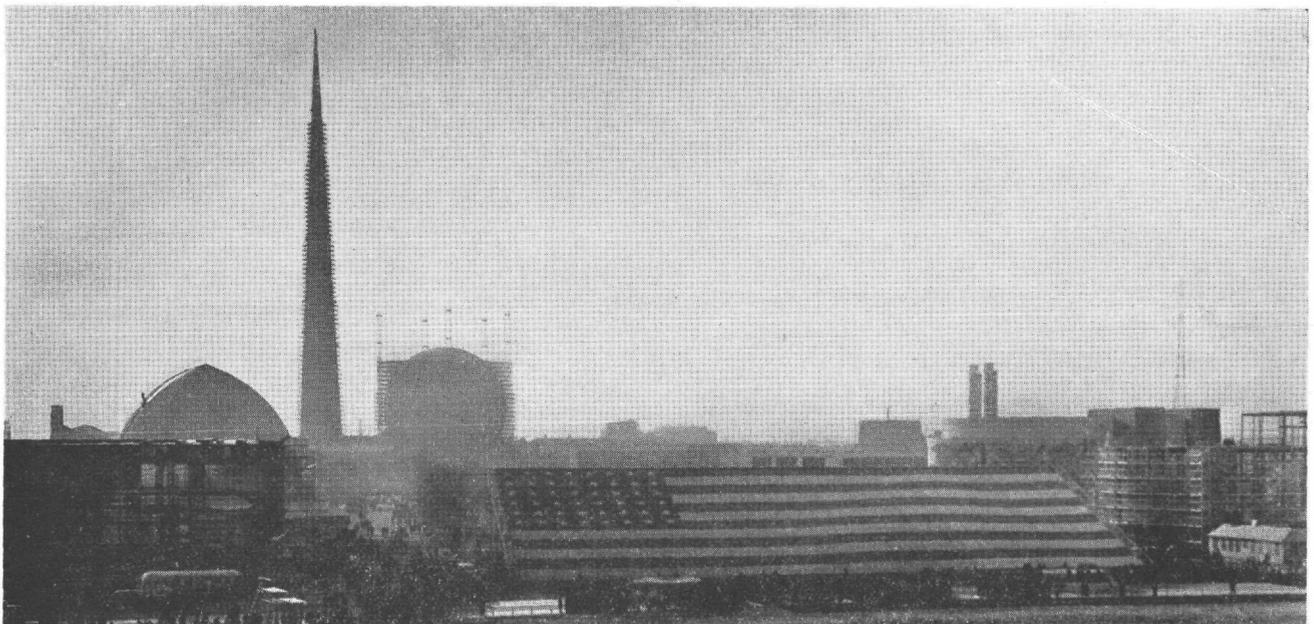
Standards of the Special Troops, 27th Division, 106th Infantry, 14th Infantry, 369th Infantry, 104th Field Artillery, 105th Field Artillery, 212th Coast Artillery, 244th Coast Artillery, 245 Coast Artillery, 102nd Medical Regiment, 101st Signal Battalion.

## GENERAL DRUM GREETS N. Y. N. G.

Many thanks for your kind greetings and the sentiments you expressed. I sincerely appreciate your courteous welcome. I know that I will enjoy serving with you again and have looked forward to renewing my associations with the New York National Guard. Warm personal regards.

Drum.

*(Telegram received by General Haskell from  
General Drum)*



World's Largest Flag, 90 x 230 Feet at Court of Peace Dedication.

Wide World Photo



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

VOL. XV, No. 9 NEW YORK CITY DECEMBER, 1938

LT. COL. HENRY E. SUAVET  
Editor

LT. COL. EDWARD BOWDITCH Associate Editor  
LT. COL. WILLIAM J. MANGINE General Advertising Manager

MAJ. ERNEST C. DREHER  
N.Y.C. Advertising Manager

### IN A DUGOUT

**I**DEAL CONDITIONS surround us. Never before in our editorial memory were circumstances so propitious for writing a Christmas message. To put it squarely, we are ordered not to speak of peace until the war is over.

Peace is the forbidden word. We may not so much as whisper it. Imagine the effect it would have upon the men with their muscles breaking through well-worn uniforms. The mere mention of peace would start a riot.

Therefore, it is our privilege, our right and duty to inscribe, for the first time in history, December 25th, upon a printed page which does not bear that tarnished generality "good will toward men," a phrase which has made our usually calm and tranquil profession belligerent ever since the year one.

Matters are indeed simplified. We may write of the holidays in terms of battle. We may dip our pen in gore and paint the holly berry red.

Further, our thoughts are undisturbed by conscientious pangs arising from our forgetfulness concerning Christmas presents. We have meekly followed the admonitions of those department store ad writers who, with sweet humanity and a weather eye to business, command the public to spare the "salesladies." We have done our shopping early. Many souvenirs. Think of the terrific carnage had we waited until the eleventh hour in the truly reckless manner of other days. We're soldiers now. We've learned to be cautious. But if some brave post card should journey across the seas to remind us of a loved one whom we did not really forget (intentionally) then we may cover up our seeming remissness by lifting the gas-cloth portier of our dugout and, along the road or in the fields out there, gather as many helmets and "Gott mit uns" belt buckles as desired.

Quiet, also, is conducive to platitudes of the Chris-

mas variety and here, at last, is quiet in an editorial office. There are no copy boys, no advertisers demanding legitimate advertising in the news columns, no political friends, while the whistle and bang of shells is silence itself compared to Park Row and the 3rd Avenue "L."

Peace, we know thy sting! But here there is nothing to disturb the serenity; and if while writing these lines "in addition to other duties," we should be called upon to throw down the pen and slay the enemy, we can as in the past accomplish this mission and return to the ink pot with our gentle thoughts of Christmas undisturbed. In fact, the slaying of Huns between the lines has not been infrequent during the past four years.

And so while everything is pleasing and only the pacifist is vile, let us hasten to grasp this rare opportunity of decorating our Christmas tree editorial with facts, dispensing with the usual tinsel of the "good will" variety.

First let us dwell upon our Victories. Think of the joy it will bring the children at home to be kept in after school in order that they may learn the names—the thousand names of towns recaptured and liberated by the A.E.F. How fortunate they are that we did not elect to fight in Russia.

Another belligerent Christmas thought. But wait! Listen! What has caused this unnatural silence? What hand has stopped the death rattle of machine guns and the shriek of shells? Some one—who is it?—has torn down our gas-cloth portier. He rushes in. Excitedly he babbles of an armistice. Turkey?—That's a Christmas thought, but we heard it in October. Austria? No—this is new. *Germany! The Kaiser has abdicated!*

It ruins our editorial. It makes it imperative that we use the ancient phrase. It must be written.

*Peace on earth good will toward men?* We say it with all our heart.

(But remember! If this is only a rumor our rifle hangs there on the wall.)

*Editorial from the "Gas Attack," France, 1918.*

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

DECEMBER 1928

Historical sketches — Headquarters — Division and Brigades.

\* \* \* \*

Jamaica site selected for 104th Field Artillery armory.

\* \* \* \*

Major William H. Palmer dies.

\* \* \* \*

27th Signal Company develops radio truck.

\* \* \* \*

106th Infantry and 102nd Engineers honor Colonel Reagan.



## GENERAL HASKELL'S MESSAGE



**W**hen you read this "message" we shall be approaching the Christmas holidays.

Throughout the centuries Christmas has been a feast day for all Christian people, and has been regarded as a time to contemplate peace on this earth and good will toward men. That peace and good will should not be limited to Christian men. As we look about the world today we find that in many countries there is no peace and there is no good will toward certain men. We in the United States should thank God that there is one country — our own — where good will is still the order of the day. Prayers are being said in civilized countries throughout the world for the victims of persecution and ill will toward certain religious and racial groups which is manifesting itself in a few otherwise civilized nations. The United States cannot be accused of interfering in the domestic affairs of friendly countries by protesting against the horrors and brutality of religious and racial persecution. It is my hope that perhaps the Christmas season will bring to those responsible and in authority in lands where persecution is rife a sense of fairness and an awakening to the fact that more can be accomplished through peace and good will than by persecution. We of the National Guard should be thankful that we live in a country where individual liberty and freedom still exist. It may become the duty of the National Guard to maintain that liberty and freedom, and I am sure that it would cheerfully make any sacrifice to defend it. In the meantime, it is our duty so to perfect ourselves in our military training that we may be of real value in preserving for ourselves and our children the great heritage of peace and liberty that has been handed down to us by our forefathers.

I wish for every officer and individual man in the National Guard a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

*W. H. Haskell*

Major General

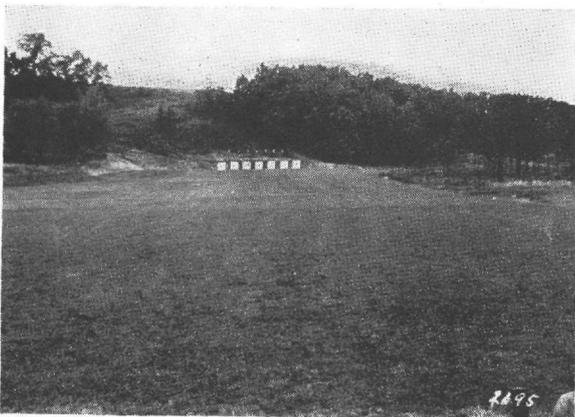


THE splendid new range and club house of the Rochester Units, 121st Cavalry, at Rush, N. Y., was officially opened on October 9th, 1938. A reception was given at that time to the officers of the Army and Navy stationed in and near Rochester, and to the County and W.P.A. officials who had part in carrying out the project. Adjoining property owners were also present to show their good will and interest.

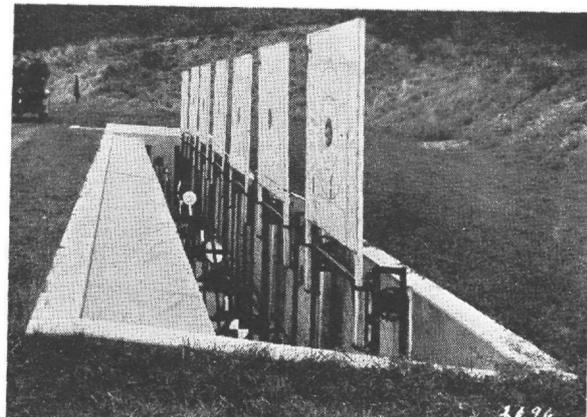
The 48-acre tract on which the range is located is surrounded by a prepossessing wire fence culminating in a majestic wrought iron arched gateway. A spacious illuminated parking space allows amply for 300 cars, and may be made to serve for an aeroplane landing field. The club house has as its main unit a large dining and assembly hall capable of seating 300 guests comfortably, with a wing on each end, providing a well furnished lounge, with fireplace and radio, and an attached kitchen, with electric stoves and refrigerators, for the enlisted men on one side, and for the officers on the other side. It stands on the highest point in the surrounding territory, and fur-

nishes a breath-taking view of towns, hills and other vantage points in a circuit of about twenty miles. The grounds around the clubhouse are in grass and are pleasingly landscaped with ornamental shrubs.

The rifle range proper lies in the valley and is reached by a winding trail which leads off to the firing point in one direction and to the pits in another. Seven targets are lined up in the concrete pit, which has every facility for easy marking, and a fine storehouse for the targets. Telephones are installed to connect with the firing point and running water is available for those who serve the targets. The firing point is well appointed with stations for the individual scorers and for the coach and referee. A spacious shelter in back of the firing point allows for the storage of necessary equipment and for the serving of refreshments. A dismantled pistol course is marked off along the firing lane. The spent bullets lodge in a sand bank, backed by a hill 150 feet in height. The grounds not actually used for range and club house purposes are planted in pine and spruce.



200 Yard Range



The Butts

(All photos courtesy W.P.A.)



The Clubhouse



Dining and Assembly Hall

The regimental rifle shoot was held at this range last year before it was completed. Under more perfect conditions it was again fired here this year on September 18th. The regimental commander's trophy was again won by Troop K of Syracuse, Captain Hamilton Armstrong commanding.

The appreciation of the regiment, and especially of the Rochester Troops, is gratefully acknowledged as

due to the public officials who made this fine project possible, to the splendid help and cooperation of Army officers of many ranks, and to the untiring and sacrificing labors of Master Sergeant Harry Rosenberg, who planned and supervised the entire undertaking, from the selection and purchase of the site to the raising of our Nation's flag in dedication of the completed installation.



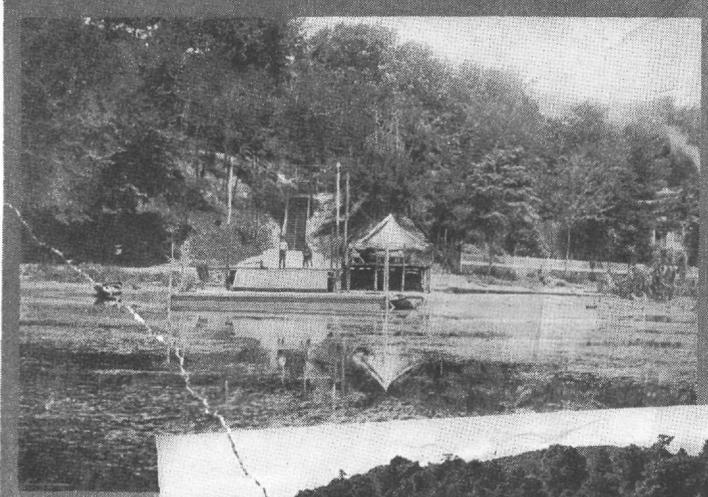
"NOWHERE IN FRANCE"

From the Xmas 1918 "Gas Attack"

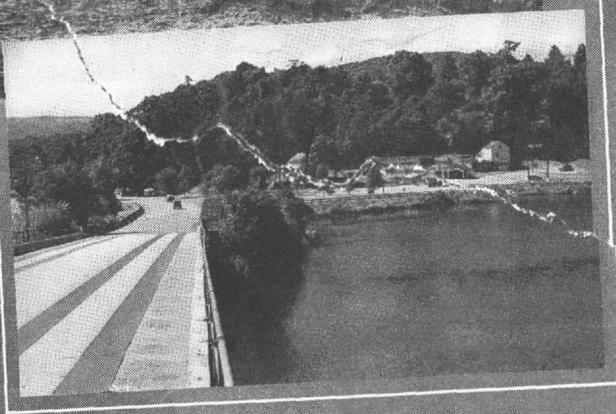
# Then a

## VIEWS OF THE — NOW CAMP IN 1895 AND SITES

We are indebted to Lt. Col.  
for the 1895 pictures and  
Camp Photographer



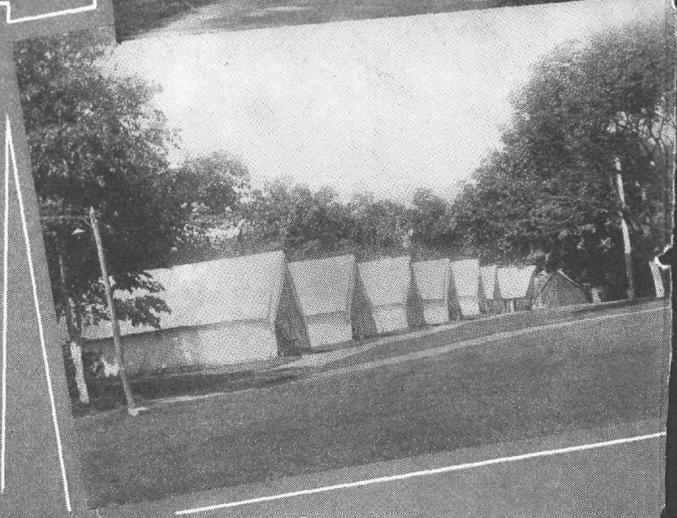
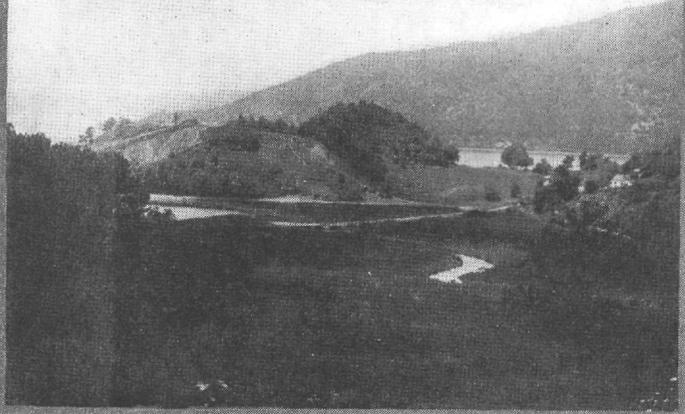
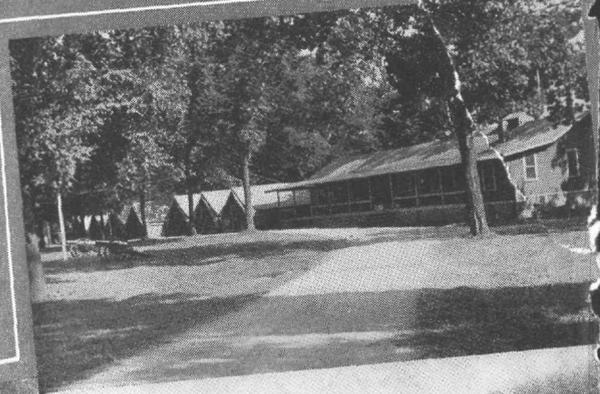
The boat landing  
with stairway to  
flag pole and the  
same site today



Roa Hook Road then and now—much of the gravel  
in the hill in the foreground (now practically gone)  
was used on roads in Central Park, N. Y. C.



Brigade Row - very little change

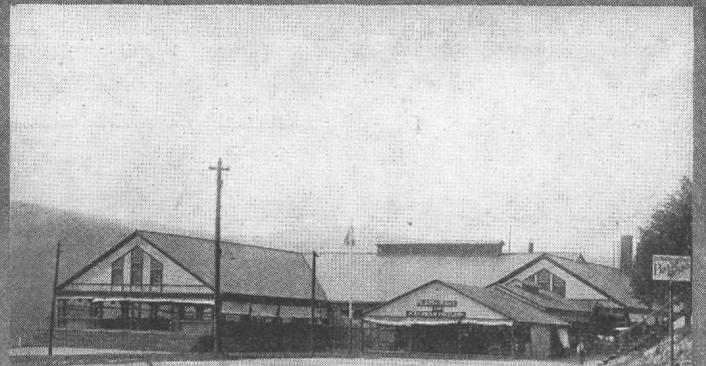


# and Now

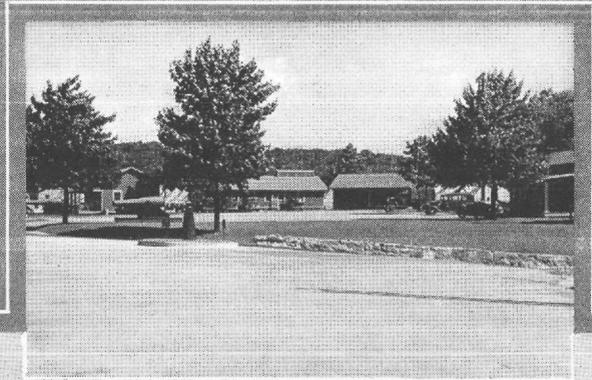
## THE STATE CAMP CAMP SMITH — AND THE SAME TODAY

F. S. Johnston, 108th Infantry,  
to the Oliver Photo Co., 1938  
s, for the current views.

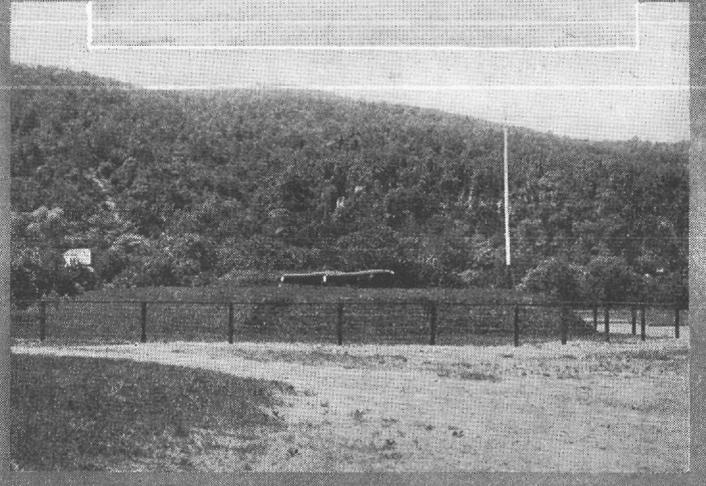
The Mess Hall now  
the Recreation  
Center - clock tower  
er added and build-  
ing enclosed



Two Civil War guns formerly on site of present  
P. O. D. Area - now in M. P. area



Guard tents and sentry box now replaced  
by West Camp Guard House



# Sons of Orion

by Herbert E. Smith

ON THE night of September 28-29, 1918, Company L of the 108th Infantry, 27th Division, AEF, was in a bad way. From the zero hour jump-off, east of Ronssoy, France, just before dawn of the 28th, the outfit had been in the thick of heavy action along the Hindenburg Line.

With the company badly shot up as darkness fell, there was a desperate need for leadership. All the company officers had been wounded, many of them fatally, and had been removed to advanced dressing station. But the attack had to be carried forward, through the night.

A sergeant hailing from Elmira leaped into the breach. He was Carl A. Heim and he took command of the survivors of Company L and led them with gallantry and inspired leadership throughout the rest of the two-day engagement in which the company was then engaged.

\* \* \* \*

Serving "over there" in Company C of the same 108th Infantry was a Rockwell Springs man, Private Lester Herrick, who also distinguished himself by outstanding personal heroism in battle action during that same engagement east of Ronssoy on September 28-29.

Early on the morning of the 29th, Company C, a forward element of the New Yorkers' first assault waves, was swept by a terrific machine-gun fire from two enemy "pill-boxes." The company took cover and it seemed that the New Yorkers' attack would bog down at that spot.

Private Herrick had other ideas, however. Alone, he voluntarily stole forward across No Man's Land, stalking enemy nests and shooting first one and then the other out of action. While he was putting the finishing touches to the wiping out of the second machine-gun nest, Herrick was wounded in the last burst of fire from that enemy stronghold, but remained in action until the attacking column, picking up the advance, caught up with him.

\* \* \* \*

An almost identical feat of bravery was accomplished by a Glens Falls man, Sergeant James M. Joubert of Company K, 105th Infantry.

On October 17, while advancing with his comrades against the enemy line near St. Souplet, France, Joubert was forced to take cover with his mates when an enfilading fire from two German machine-gun nests ripped the K Company line.

Without waiting for orders, Sergeant Joubert advanced alone across the shell-swept terrain and shot both spots out of action, thus permitting the New Yorkers' advance to continue to a successful conclusion of the day's objectives set for it.

A Brooklynite, Private first class John R. McGlue, who went overseas with Company B of the same 107th Infantry, proved up in the acid test of combat action on September 28, 1918, during the terrific action against the Hindenburg Line east of Ronssoy.

At the height of the action that day, B Company was raked by such a severe cross-fire that it was compelled to take any available cover at once. As the men dived for the nearest shell holes, McGlue and a comrade, Mechanic Francis T. Copeland, a New Yorker also serving in B Company, saw one of their other comrades fall badly wounded. Both McGlue and Copeland unhesitatingly left their safe, secure shelter and dashed across No Man's Land, in the face of a terrific machine-gun and artillery fire, to the aid of their fallen buddy.

The heroic pair reached the wounded man's side and succeeded in dragging him to safety in a nearby crater. In making this heroic rescue, however, Private first class McGlue was fatally wounded. A Distinguished Service Cross was awarded him posthumously, the presentation being made to his father, Mr. H. R. McGlue of Brooklyn, N. Y.

\* \* \* \*

To "Brooklyn's Own" 106th Infantry of the Orion Division there was assigned in mid-October of 1918 a terrible mission—the fording of the La Salle River near St. Souplet and the taking of the heights beyond. These heights were strongly held by the Germans, who launched a continuous spray of lead on the ground beneath and upon the ford at the river.

Under this terrific handicap the Brooklyn unit launched an inspired attack and successful fording of the La Salle River on the morning of October 17. The decimated units then formed up on the north bank of the river and prepared to charge up the slopes to the St. Souplet heights.

A nest of sniping German riflemen had been posted part way up the hill, however, and from their commanding position these enemy riflemen poured a deadly fire into anything which stirred below them. Until that sniping nest was wiped out, the advance could not go on. A New Yorker, Sergeant Eric W. Spencer of the Machine Gun Company of the 106th, voluntarily went forward, alone, working around to the flank and rear of the snipers' nest. From that position he had won at such infinite pains, the gallant sergeant leaped into the trench, killing four of the enemy gunners outright and forcing the remainder of the enemy crew to surrender with their weapons. The advance then swept forward and dislodged the Germans from the heights.

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'

TRAILER TRIP  
LEAVING  
SALEM, MASS.

I'LL MISS THIS GRAND OLD TOWN, CHUBBINS. I WISH WE'D LIVED HERE WHEN CLIPPER SHIPS-----

JUST A MOMENT, JUDGE ROBBINS--TELEPHONE--LONG DISTANCE---IT'S A SHERIFF!

HA! HA! DON'T WORRY---THAT'S OUR OLD FRIEND FROM BACK HOME

GLAD I CAUGHT YOU BEFORE YOU LEFT, JUDGE. WOULD YOU MIND GETTING ME ONE OF THOSE MODEL SHIPS INSIDE A BOTTLE---IT'S FOR MARY'S BIRTHDAY

YES, SHERIFF... I'D BE DELIGHTED... NO BOTHER AT ALL... YES, WE'RE FINE...YOURSELVES?...GOOD... ALL RIGHT... GOOD-BYE

THIS MUST BE JUST WHAT THE SHERIFF WANTS, DAD. WON'T AUNT MARY HAVE A GREAT TIME FIGURING OUT HOW THE SHIP WAS PUT INSIDE THE BOTTLE

MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO FIND OUT OURSELVES. WILL YOU EXPLAIN IT, SIR?

BE GLAD TO. FIRST, WE MAKE OUR SHIP MODEL IN PARTS, THEN FOLD SPARS, HULL, SAILS, AND OTHER UNITS TOGETHER SO THEY PASS THROUGH THE BOTTLE NECK LIKE THIS. EACH PART HAS A STRING RUNNING OUTSIDE TO THIS BOARD-----

NEXT WE UNFOLD THE SHIP INSIDE THE BOTTLE BY PULLING THESE STRINGS, WHICH BECOME THE RIGGING. ANY PART CAN BE SET IN PLACE BY ADJUSTING ITS STRING OUTSIDE ON THE BOARD

YOU'RE GETTING AN EXACT SCALE MODEL MADE OF AN OLD TIMBER FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S CLIPPER SHIP. IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT NOW, BESIDES THIS PIPE OF HIS

I CAN SEE THAT YOU MUST GET A LOT MORE PLEASURE SMOKING THAT PIPE THAN YOUR GRAND-FATHER DID!

HOW WONDERFUL!

HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT! BEFORE THE DAYS OF PRINCE ALBERT, I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A MILD, TASTY SMOKE WAS LIKE

WE MODERN PIPE-SMOKERS OWE A LOT TO P.A.--- THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

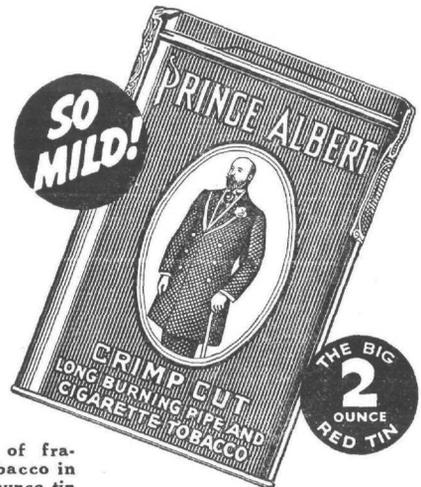


PRINCE ALBERT'S  
**THE TOBACCO**  
FOR ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS TOO.  
MAN, WHAT  
**RICH TASTE--**  
AND IT ROLLS  
**UP SO EASY!**

## MONEY-BACK OFFER FOR PIPE-SMOKERS

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



## OFFER GOOD ON "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES TOO

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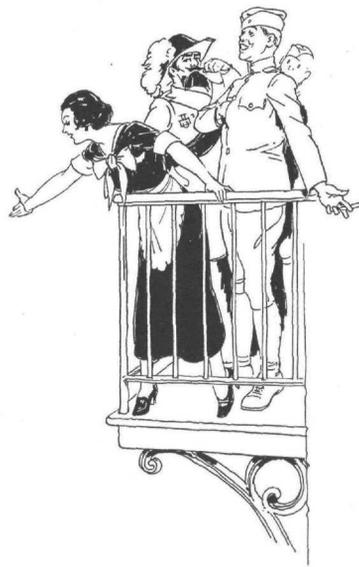
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# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page 7)



truths, Fifi told them people that he was saying as how brave all Frenchmen were and what a lovely view they had in St. Neuvic and a lot more pleasant lies.

Even the mayor forgot to be mad. We'd of been all right and everybody happy if I just then didn't happen to see the worst sight in the world.

Lieutenant Rogers.

There he was at the back of the crowd sticking up his snooping nose and jamming his pencil into that black note-book of his. I like to fell off the balcony when I thought what it meant. That lieutenant was mean enough to everybody to bait a steel trap! And Mac and me wasn't his favorites!

"Mac!" I says, grabbing at his blouse and pleading. "Listen, Mac! There's that old porcupine and his note-book writing down ninety days!"

But Mac is like most orators. Once he gets to making a speech he quits thinking and just blabbers on.

"We've done nothing," he was bragging. "Me and the sergeant could have licked all the gendarmes in France and a dozen mayors. What's a gendarme to be sore about? That's how we're built. Out in the broad open spaces where men is men. . . ."

Well, trouble began. Before Fifi had a chance to think up anything to translate, some strange animal in a silk hat that had just come tagging up to the crowd began to squeal. The mob turned and looked at him. Then they looked at Mac and me. So did Fifi.

"You had best beat it," she said, all in a hurry. "That man understands it, your terrible American language. He has told them what you say . . . zut—make for to run!"

Those gendarmes come to life toot sweet, as the bandmen say. The crowd began to hunger for blood, you could see it. We made the stairway all right, but there we met St. Neuvic coming up. First of all the gendarmes that hadn't had their caps or fighting equipment removed, then a lot of assorted citizens, and then their wives which was much worse, and then Lieutenant Rogers.

It was good it was narrow, that stairway, and most of the St. Neuvic people fat. And it was lucky I'd kept the gendarmes' swords. There was a door at the top of the stair and we slammed that after us. The mayor opened it . . . once. I didn't mean to jab him so hard, just wanted to warn him. But he didn't open that door any more. Or the gendarmes either. They just scooted back to that iron porch

and slid down the rain-spout.

Mac was letting out war-cries all the time that he learned from the Indians around Broadway and Forty-second street on New Year's Eve. And the way that Fifi was screaming right behind us! If Mac's town of Oskaloosa ever needs a new fire alarm I know where it can get one cheap. I'm not saying that the upkeep wouldn't be high, but so would the tone. First the gendarmes came running up the stair, waving their swords, and Mac gave one gentle kick and they all went downstairs again. Not running. Lengthwise. And then old Leval, the banker, who didn't have much use for Mac or me or anybody in our outfit, he tried it with about six Frogs. They wasn't brave but once, either.

The pleasantries had been going on about fifteen minutes when suddenly everybody downstairs shut their mouths and got quiet. When a man that's been fighting does that you know something's going to happen. It ain't natural.

And sure enough. There sneaks in Lieutenant Rogers. He's got his .45 automatic on his hip and a mean look all over his face. There's Sergeant Jones and about a hundred of the other boys following, with rifles and side arms. They don't seem to be enjoying the job.

"Sergeant Burns!" the lieutenant hollered down at the foot of the stairs. "Come down here at once!"

"Yes, sir," I promised.

We didn't break a leg or anything hurrying to fall in his loving arms, just climbed down slow and dignified. Fifi was crying now, if you could call all that fuss by one word. Out in the street Jones and his gang surrounded us and overpowered the Frogs that wanted a chance to eat us up.

"I'll file charges in the morning," Lieutenant Rogers said, very proper. It's always in the morning, so's you get the privilege of an extry night in the coop. "Take them to the gendarmerie, Jones," he went on. "Have them locked up."

That wasn't so bad. After all, we'd had Mac's birthday party. But

just then I saw something else that made my heart stop. That girl Fifi had slipped over beside the lieutenant and was holding on his arm and talking pleasant. Just like a woman, I thought. No gratefulness at all. Off they walked, her still petting his arm like it was my own. After that I didn't care what happened.

"What's the charge?" I asked Sergeant Jones when I had the heart.

"Impersonating a gendarme," he answered. "That's one of them."

"Any one with such bad taste as to impersonate one of them fat gendarmes ought to get locked up for life," I said.

Jones didn't treat us very bad. Not after I reminded him how he had to be dragged down off the hat-rack the night before. He just yanked us out to the back yard at the gendarmerie and locked us up secure in the cell. I didn't care. I was thinking of Fifi and that stuck-up Rogers.

Mac hadn't anything to say either, having spoiled his voice in the open air. So there we sat.

"Lots of good passes do us now," I said, very bitter, when it came five o'clock.

Mac wouldn't answer. But pretty soon he growled, and when I turned around to see what he was doing, there looking through the bars at us was Fifi, her face very sad when she got through laughing.

"How many francs you have left?" she asked.

"Want to make change maybe?" Mac says, nasty.

"I come to help you out."

"Oh!" said Mac, as if he was understanding something I didn't.

"But it will take lots of money," Fifi said.

"We didn't get in here free," Mac says back, thinking of the good francs he'd spilled on the parade. Fifi pays no attention.

"The palsy is the very sad sickness," she explains, mysterious. "When you have the palsy and shake—so—and drop money on the floor. And can't pick it up."

It was my turn to say, "Oh!"

"And somebody, a gendarme

maybe, has got to open the gate to help you," she went on, innocent like. "It is the sad sickness."

Well, Mac and I got terrible sick. We shook so hard that perfectly good sober money kept dropping out of our fingers and when we tried to pick it up, it's no use. The gendarme got very excited.

"He wants to know is it great pain?" Fifi translated.

"I die in an hour," Mac says.

Fifi translated again. The French are a very trusting race. They opened the gate finally, and half St. Neuvic tried to do us the kindness of picking up our money. We let 'em in.

It was about ten miles to Fifi's café the way we went, and after about six miles the Frogs stopped chasing. So we sat down in some woods and counted up our money and found we had four thousand francs left between us, after all Mac's birthday shower and everything.

It was dark when we got to the café. Fifi took us in the back room.

"It is the very sad sight," she said.

And there in a corner, sleeping with his mouth open, which is conduct unbecoming even a labor battalion officer, lay that sneaking Rogers.

Well, to say that Mac and me laughed isn't saying the half.

"It was very much too bad," Fifi explained. "He come along and ask me for a drink of ice water. I fix it for him—just one small drink of ice water . . ."

We forgot where that lieutenant's billet was, so we just took him out to the barracks and dumped him down among his comrades, the boys. They was all greatly broke up over him, of course, and about a hundred and fifty took turns throwing water on his head, some of which got in his shoes, trying to wake him up. Our boys always was sympathetic.

When he did wake up we wasn't there, Mac and me. We was trying to spend four thousand francs

(Continued on page 24)

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### Announcement of Changes in Officer Personnel Commissioned

LT. COLONEL		Date of Rank	Branch and Organization	CAPTAINS		Date of Rank	Branch and Organization
Crowley, Jerome B. F. . . . .		Sep. 1'38.	F.D., 44th Div.	Dreyfus, James . . . . .		Oct. 18'38.	245th C.A.
Mallay, Jules L. . . . .		Oct. 19'38.	244th C.A.	Banks, Robert A. . . . .		Oct. 31'38.	369th Inf.
MAJORS							
Gorsch, Rudolph V. . . . .		Oct. 6'38.	M.C., 107th Inf.	2ND LIEUTENANTS			
Atkins, Rufus A. . . . .		Oct. 10'38.	369th Inf.	McRorie, Samuel R. . . . .		Oct. 13'38.	121st Cav.
Aldridge, Ira L. . . . .		Oct. 14'38.	369th Inf.	Totten, Vincent B. . . . .		Oct. 18'38.	105th F.A.
Schirm, Ralph F. . . . .		Oct. 18'38.	52nd F. A. Brig.	Cheney, Howard A. . . . .		Oct. 24'38.	27th Div. Avi.
Colvin, Eugene T. H. . . . .		Oct. 19'38.	244th C.A.	2ND LIEUTENANT			
				Moore, Joseph A. . . . .		Sep. 12'38.	107th Inf.

### Resigned, Honorably Discharged

MAJOR		1ST LIEUTENANTS					
O'Neil, Vincent A. . . . .		Sep. 23'38.	52nd F.A. Brig.	Buckley, Gerard A. . . . .		Sep. 26'38.	165th Inf.
Purdy, Sylvanus . . . . .		Oct. 31'38.	M.C., 102nd Med. Rgt.	Madison, Charles . . . . .		Sep. 13'38.	87th Brig.
CAPTAINS				Korn, Nathaniel . . . . .		Sep. 14'38.	14th Inf.
Cole, Lewis F. . . . .		Sep. 9'38.	M.C., 10th Inf.	Haarman, Donald W. . . . .		Oct. 19'38.	27th Div. Avi.
Drury, George A. . . . .		Sep. 23'38.	10th Inf.	McCarthy, John J. . . . .		Oct. 31'38.	52nd F.A. Brig.
Maged, Louis F. . . . .		Sep. 29'38.	52nd F.A. Brig.	2ND LIEUTENANTS			
Murphy, Robert J. . . . .		Oct. 31'38.	258th F.A.	Denney, Wells H. . . . .		Oct. 3'38.	O.D., Sp. Tr. 27th Div.
				Hancock, Robert K. . . . .		Oct. 17'38.	156th F.A.

### Transferred to Inactive National Guard

CAPTAINS		1ST LIEUTENANTS					
Cotton, Henry R. . . . .		Sep. 30'38.	104th F.A.	Scott, Harold L. . . . .		Oct. 11'38.	174th Inf.
Fischer, Walter . . . . .		Oct. 14'38.	104th F.A.	Sullivan, Howard, Jr. . . . .		Oct. 26'38.	174th Inf.
Wise, John S. . . . .		Oct. 17'38.	101st Cav.	Ward, James H. . . . .		Oct. 25'38.	105th F.A.
1ST LIEUTENANTS				Ward, John C. . . . .		Oct. 3'38.	52nd F.A. Brig.
Conklin, Albert R. . . . .		Sep. 8'38.	102nd Engrs.	2ND LIEUTENANTS			
Dollard, Michael F. 3rd . . . . .		Oct. 17'38.	10th Inf.	Meyer, Arthur . . . . .		Oct. 26'38.	14th Inf.
Mack, Joseph J. . . . .		Oct. 17'38.	102nd Engrs.	Phillips, Bruce M. . . . .		Oct. 19'38.	107th Inf.

**212TH DOES IT AGAIN!  
WINS HINES TROPHY FOR FOURTH TIME**

G.O. 16, Headquarters, N.Y.N.G., which is quoted below announces that the 212th Coast Artillery has won the Hines Trophy for the *third* consecutive year and for the *fourth* time out of the *nine* years that the Trophy has been in competition.

With the high attendance record of the New York National Guard, this is a remarkable performance and we extend our congratulations to the 212th.

"The Colonel Frank H. Hines Attendance Trophy for annual award to the organization of the New York National Guard attaining the highest percentage of attendance during the training year, now held by the 212th Coast Artillery, (A.A.) has been won by the 212th Coast Artillery (A.A.) for the period October 1, 1937-September 30, 1938, and is so awarded to them.

"The following is the standing of all organizations of the New York National Guard during the 1937-38 training year:

	Armory Drill	Field Training	Inspection	Percentage	*
1. 212th Coast Art. (A.A.)	93.36	100.00	99.32	97.56	(1)
2. 106th Field Artillery ..	93.60	99.71	98.25	97.19	(4)
3. 102nd Quartermaster Reg.	94.77	99.70	96.02	96.83	(5)
4. 121st Cavalry .....	94.45	96.72	98.38	96.52	(3)
5. 71st Infantry .....	92.40	98.68	97.61	96.23	(2)
6. 369th Infantry .....	93.31	98.46	94.80	95.52	(9)
7. 245th Coast Art. ....	90.68	97.67	97.67	95.34	(7)
8. 156th Field Art. ....	91.20	96.05	98.24	95.16	(10)
9. 165th Infantry .....	92.86	96.54	96.02	95.14	(17)
10. 258th Field Art. ....	91.24	98.52	95.00	94.92	(11)
11. 174th Infantry .....	91.70	97.39	95.30	94.80	(23)
12. 102nd Medical Reg. ....	90.28	98.31	95.59	94.73	(6)
13. 102nd Engineers (Com.)	89.27	96.44	98.31	94.67	(13)
14. 10th Infantry .....	89.40	97.04	97.51	94.65	(16)
15. 14th Infantry .....	90.80	96.77	95.91	94.49	(14)
16. 101st Cavalry .....	90.67	93.65	98.41	94.24	(15)
17. 27th Division Aviation.	92.00	93.70	96.85	94.18	(24)
18. 108th Infantry .....	89.16	97.20	95.73	94.03	(19)
19. 104th Field Art. ....	90.32	95.78	95.90	94.00	(8)
20. 105th Field Art. ....	90.24	94.69	96.20	93.71	(21)
21. 244th Coast Art. ....	91.18	97.05	92.66	93.63	(12)
22. 101st Signal Battalion..	90.53	95.18	94.70	93.47	(20)
23. 105th Infantry .....	88.05	92.53	95.80	92.13	(22)
24. 106th Infantry .....	86.76	93.54	95.09	91.80	(18)
25. Special Troops, 27th Div.	89.46	90.85	91.57	90.63	(25)
26. 107th Infantry .....	83.85	87.06	91.43	87.45	(26)

**HIGHER COMMANDS**

1. Brigade Hdqrs., C.A.C....	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	(1)
2. State Staff .....	99.74	100.00	100.00	99.91	(2)
3. 51st Cavalry Brigade ..	94.96	100.00	100.00	98.32	(6)
4. 87th Infantry Brigade..	96.84	95.45	100.00	97.43	(3)
5. 93rd Infantry Brigade..	91.77	100.00	100.00	97.26	(7)
6. Hq. & Hq. Det. 27th Div.	95.25	95.52	94.03	94.93	(9)
7. 52nd Field Art. Brigade	92.89	97.77	94.00	94.89	(8)
8. 54th Infantry Brigade..	94.80	93.47	93.47	93.91	(4)
9. 53rd Infantry Brigade..	92.87	90.47	97.82	93.72	(5)

\* Figures in parenthesis indicated the relative positions of organizations 1937.

The record of previous winners of this trophy is as follows:

Year	Organization	Percentage
1930	102nd Medical Regiment .....	94.11
1931	27th Division Aviation .....	97.49
1932	27th Division Aviation .....	99.03
1933	27th Division Aviation .....	96.93
1934	212th Coast Artillery (A.A.) .....	96.07
1935	106th Field Artillery .....	96.79
1936	212th Coast Artillery (A.A.) .....	97.27
1937	212th Coast Artillery (A.A.) .....	97.22



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## OUR SOCIETY

The melancholy days of Winter have come; already snow has fallen in the northern part of our State, and the weather prophets predict a season of low temperatures that will be long extended.

Winter, then, means cold, and cold means suffering for those who are not adequately protected against it.

The National Guard and Naval Militia Relief Society has many calls upon it for clothing which is warm and serviceable. Men's and children's clothing is what is particularly needed. We can also use shoes. If the suits, shoes, overcoats, underwear, etc., that you send us are in good repair, so much the better. If they are not, but are still wearable, please send them along anyhow, and we will have them repaired.

All gifts of clothing will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged, and should be delivered or sent by parcel post, addressed as follows:

National Guard & Naval Militia  
Relief Society,  
Armory, 1339 Madison Avenue,  
New York City, N. Y.

The Society extends its thanks to Major Frederick A. Vietor, the Officer in Charge and Control, for having permitted his armory to be used as a receiving depot for bundles of this kind.

\* \* \* \*

From time to time, we outline the assistance that the Society gives to "needy widows and orphaned children of those who have served in the New York National Guard or the Naval Militia for five years or more." Here is a case (with the identity of the beneficiary concealed, of course) which will be of interest to members and potential members of the Society.

Corporal D., who had served in the Guard for ten years, died as the result of an accidental fall last May. There was no money with

which to provide even the most inexpensive funeral for him, and the undertaker refused to go ahead with the interment unless he had a guarantee of some kind that he would be paid. The members of D's immediate family appealed to our Relief Society, but the case apparently did not come within the Society's purview, for we were told that the dead soldier had been unmarried. None the less, the Society did what it could. It ascertained that D. had been a member of an employees' retirement system, and that his heirs or estate had \$545 coming from this system; further, that the estate had an additional \$98 coming to it, this being wages that the deceased had earned for the days he had worked in May. With this money in sight, the undertaker went ahead with the funeral, and D. was given a suitable burial.

To the Society's utter astonishment, it received an appeal for assistance some months later from the dead soldier's widow. She explained that she and the family of her late husband had not been on friendly terms, and that they hoped to obtain for themselves the money that constituted the estate. Not to make the story too long, our Society verified the extent of the dead man's service by getting his record from the Adjutant General of the State, and ascertained the fact of the marriage. It put Mrs. D. and her eight-year-old son on it's rolls, after a speedy but thorough investigation, and has supported them up to the present time, when her case is about to be taken over by the Board of Child Welfare of the municipality in which she lives.

But then there came a hitch, for a ruling was handed down that D's estate was not entitled to \$545, but only to the \$37 which had been paid into the retirement system by D. for the three months

preceding his death. The Society protested this ruling both diplomatically and vigorously, with the happy result that the whole sum of \$545 was allowed to the estate.

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page 21)

in Fifi's mother's café before taps. But plenty of the boys *was* there. Sergeant Jones among 'em.

"I been afraid I'd have to call the medico, Lieutenant," Jones told him, so sympathetic. "But I decided you'd rather not—considering."

"Considering what?" the lieutenant asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Sergeant Jones.

Rogers tries to think it out. He can't quite make it, Jones tells me. But after a while he asked a question.

"Did I arrest Sergeant Burns and a cook today?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"You said they were drunk."

The lieutenant gave a little groan.

"But the mayor was just handing them the key to the city," Jones lies on. "It wasn't *them* that was drunk. It was them brought you home."

The big stiff give another groan at that and asked where we were.

"Down-town," said Jones.

"Listen, Sergeant," Rogers said, pathetic. "Has the captain seen me?"

"Not yet?" answered Jones, very military.

"I don't want him to, Sergeant. Help me to bed . . . and Sergeant! Extend those fellows' passes till midnight!"

It was a very fine birthday party. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all. Fifi didn't make no mistakes in giving back our change that night. There wasn't no change.

JOINS STATE STAFF



LT. COLONEL DEGENAAR

THE Adjutant General has recently announced the assignment of Lieutenant Colonel C. B. Degenaar to the Adjutant General's Department, State Staff.

Colonel Degenaar brings to his new assignment a wide knowledge of military affairs gained in his service of over twenty-five years in the New York National Guard.

Enlisting originally in Company E of the old 2nd (now the 105th Infantry) in June, 112, he served through the several non-commissioned grades and on the call of the President for service on the Mexican Border he was commissioned a second lieutenant and served with his organization on the border. During this service he was detailed to the 26th U. S. Infantry, then on the border, and was with it for about two months.

He served with the 105th Infantry throughout its World War service and participated in all the battles and engagements of the 27th Division; being promoted to First Lieutenant while overseas.

Shortly after his return to the United States he rejoined the 105th and after serving as Captain of his old Company, E, became Major, Regimental Plans and Training Officer.

Colonel Degenaar is a graduate of the Infantry School and of the Command and General Staff School.

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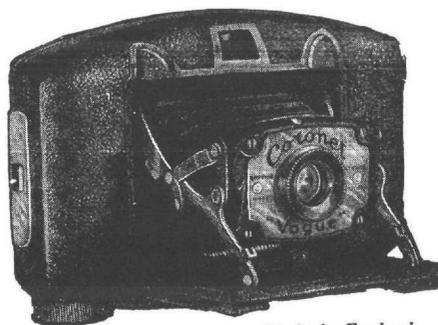
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FIRST LIEUTENANT LANSING C. HOLDEN



CAPTAIN RAY W. KROUT

The entire New York National Guard was shocked to learn of the death on November 3th of Captain Ray W. Krout and Lieutenant Lansing C. Holden in an airplane crash near Sparta, Tenn.

Both officers had distinguished war records and were well known throughout the New York National Guard.

Captain Krout, born in Newark, N. J., in 1895, entered the Air Service Section of the Signal Corps in September, 1917. Commissioned in February, 1918, he served overseas with the 135th Aero Squadron until the termination of the war.

In 1929 he entered the 27th Division Aviation as a second lieutenant; was promoted first lieutenant in 1930 and on June 25, 1938, was promoted Captain and Squadron Armament Officer.

Lieutenant Holden, born in New York City in 1896, was a student at Princeton when the United States entered the war. He entered the Air Service Section, Signal Corps in June, 1917. Commissioned in March, 1918, he served overseas as Flight Commander of the 95th Aero Squadron, U.S.A. During this service he was credited with bringing down eight German planes which won him the Distinguished Service

Cross "for extraordinary heroism in action." To this an Oak Leaf was subsequently added.

Upon the termination of hostilities in Europe, he joined the Sherifian Escadrille of the French Army and fought in the Moroccan War against Abdel-Krim. His service here, as in France, was most distinguished and brought him the French Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with Palm and the medal of Moroccan Peace from the Spanish government.

The Conspicuous Service Cross was awarded him by the State of New York.

Upon his return to the United States he enlisted in Troop K, 101st Cavalry where he remained until 1929 when he was commissioned in the 102nd Observation Squadron as Assistant Operations Officer. Promoted First Lieutenant in 1930, he served until 1933 when his business compelled him to transfer to the National Guard Reserve.

On August 5, 1938, he returned to an active status and was assigned as Assistant Armament Officer.

Our service suffered a great loss in the death of these fine gentlemen and to their families goes the sincere sympathy of the entire New York National Guard.

**COLONEL ELLARD HONORED AT DINNER**

Colonel Charles H. Ellard, commanding officer of the 9th Regiment, 244th C.A. N.Y.N.G., was tendered a dinner-dance on Saturday evening, November 5, 1938 at 2 Park Ave., New York City, by the Board of Officers.

Captain Jules Mallay, Regimental Adjutant, acted as toastmaster and introduced the honor guests and speakers of the evening. The honor guests included Major General John J. Byrne, Brigadier General Mills Miller, Colonel George W. Burleigh, Lieutenant Colonel Malcom W. Force, and Major John W. Craig and others.

Lt. Colonel Force, on behalf of the Board of Officers, presented Colonel Ellard with a large silver cocktail shaker bearing the regimental crest and suitably inscribed for the occasion.

**FROM AN OFFICER'S NOTE BOOK**

There is no more common mistake than that of assuming military resources constitute military strength. It is a fallacy to which the American people have clung with the utmost persistency. The military resources of a state include all male citizens capable of bearing arms, and all material which may be employed ultimately for military purposes. The military strength of a state is only that which it can bring to bear at the critical point on the field of battle. A male citizen is a military resource, but only trained soldiers can make an army, and there is a vast difference. Iron ore in our mines is an important resource, but a cannon in action on the field of battle constitutes military strength, and it is a far cry from the one to the other.—*Bond.*

\* \* \*

The entire aim of military organization is to reduce everything to a perfect system, like a well-oiled machine. But the equally determined aim of the enemy is to blow this fine mechanism into a pile of junk.—*Woods.*

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# Explanation, Demonstration Execution, Examination

by Captain William M. Van Antwerp

Headquarters, 53rd Infantry Brigade, N.Y.N.G.

SOME eight years ago a young officer took his first examination for promotion. During the preceding night until the small hours of the morning he had perused pamphlet after pamphlet in a last review of the subjects he would be quizzed on the next day. At two o'clock he entered the Instructor's Office to commence the ordeal. Of that examination he can remember very little save the hours of preparation, the Instructor's endeavors to set him at ease, and his proud answer to the first question of the examination.

"What do you consider the best method of instruction?"

"Explanation, demonstration, execution, examination," he rattled off.

I suppose close to 100% of our Officers have at some time used or at least read those four words. But I imagine also pretty close to that number have gone no further than that.

Explanation, of course, always occurs. Of necessity it must. Execution is in the same category. Examination is also used to a great extent. But how often is demonstration brought into the Training Program of a soldier? I have visited many drills of units in the vicinity of my own organization and I can remember only rarely seeing demonstration employed as a Training Agency. Until six months ago I, too, had but rarely used this system.

At the Infantry School the famous four words are used in their entirety whenever possible. The newest recruit is told and shown before he undertakes the execution of any part of his training. Furthermore

he is not only shown the correct manner but also the incorrect manners so that he can clearly see what is right and wrong. In rifle marksmanship seven of eight Instructors will put themselves in most ludicrous positions but nevertheless positions we have all seen on the range. The eighth Instructor will place himself correctly. The recruit is instructed in care and cleaning of his rifle. He is told how to do it and then may be surprised by the appearance of two soldiers in bloody head bandages from behind a neighboring tree. The two go about the cleaning of their rifles accompanying their demonstration with a line of chatter which describes their actions and drives home the salient points. And Private Rook when the show is over has seen a picture he will never forget.

Some may argue that in the Regular Service there is time to prepare such demonstrations and that in the Guard with drill, non-coms' schools, extension courses and the many other requirements of today's Officer there is no such time available. This is not true. Preparations for demonstrations take little time in a great many cases. Take the School of the Soldier and the Squad. There are few if any organizations in the State which do not have in their enlisted personnel eight men who can do all of the movements in these Schools with their eyes closed. Five minutes before or after drill to polish any rough spots and your demonstration squad is prepared to put on its show.

My outfit has brought demonstration into prominence this fall with tremendous success. To date

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we have not progressed beyond close order drill. Five drills have been completed but by comparison with last fall's diary we find that we have accomplished in five drills the same work that we did last year in seven. In other words five five-minute periods or a total of twenty-five minutes has saved two and one-half hours. Does not this answer the arguments of lack-of-time advocates?

It is an easy thing for an old timer to rattle off the story of squads right. But the recruit assimilates the strange words about as well as a new automobile driver with no experience assimilates driving instructions from a text book. Show the recruit by action what the words mean and he moves forward in his training rapidly.

As training progresses there will be demonstrations necessary which may require more time in preparation. These will be few however, for there is always the old timer who knows his stuff. Give that old timer your plan and watch what happens. There is not an old soldier who knows his wares who does not enjoy showing them off to the new men. Sergeant Old Timer will give you a demonstration which will probably be better than one Captain Officer could prepare.

The story goes that a colored buck on Number One Post was afraid of his voice. The Post Commander was due to arrive and the Officer of the Guard was afraid that his soldier's whisper to turn out the Guard would not be heard. He told his sentry to shout the words but the whisper still held. In exasperation the Officer painted a picture of Private Sentry behind the plate and a run coming in from third.

"You want the ball," he said, "Lemme hear you get it."

"Throw it home," roared the soldier.

The Post Commander appeared and the sentry fumbled for words.

"Hey, gang, Trow it Home," vibrated across the Parade Ground.

Admittedly the perfect result of the demonstration was not obtained. But the loudness was there and that was the point of the demonstration. And I wager the Guard did turn out if only to see what was the matter.

Demonstrate. Picture the story by action. Your recruit will definitely progress more rapidly and the picture imbedded in his mind will stick. The method has received its test and has proven itself in every instance.

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Write for application.

The date of the Admiral Lackey Scholarship examinations will be announced in a future issue of this magazine.

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# THE CANDID CAMERAMAN

by Major Ernest C. Dreher

**T**HIS is an age, and a golden era for the Candid Cameraman.

Picture magazines, newspapers, advertisers, in short, hundreds of opportunities are offered daily for adding extra dollars to the family budget, or the bank account, through photography, and the pictorial recording of important events and individuals, making up the current history of our present day existence.

Numerous competitions, many offering lucrative cash prizes are being conducted by Sports, Athletic, and general publications, and to such an extent that practically a new industry has developed, with thousands of competitors filling entry blanks, and competing for recognition.

Equipment, ranging from the lowly Brownie, to cameras for which hundreds of dollars are paid, is incidental compared to the talent of the amateur photographer, his judgment of picture values, composition, lighting effect, and the reader interest of his subject.

Bringing 'em back alive, on a camera film or action strip, is a sport in itself, offering all the excitement of hunting with rifle and high-speed ammunition, plus the added thrills of stalking your game within camera range. Such a pastime requires, not only a good knowledge of woodcraft and natural history, but the patience and stealth of a redskin.

National Guardsmen are particularly fortunate in that a great and interesting variety of military subjects are constantly available for their candid camera lenses, and that their close proximity, to every day historical events, permit an unobstructed view.

During the summer months, when the regular field training tours are in season, every arm of the service may be seen in action, with hundreds of opportunities available for capturing action pictures of great interest to every average American citizen.

A deployed line of Infantry in attack, a machine gun squad in action at close quarters, Field Artillery registering on a distant target, the Tank Corps in a demolition test, in short, the variety is endless, and opportunity for a prize winning subject is limited only to the candid cameraman's aptitude in clicking his shutter at the right moment.

A small, compact candid camera, easily carried in a soldier's pack, or on his person, is instantly available for such an opportunity, offering the enjoyment of a most profitable hobby.

Manufacturers today, offer a wide range of miniature cameras and equipment suited to almost any budget and the needs of the amateur. Attached there are appliances and gadgets that will guide you unerringly to correct focusing, shutter speeds for action shots, and with unlimited dimensional capacities for sharp, crisp outlines of contrasting background.

With shutter speeds averaging around one five hundredth of a second, you can stop any object traveling at a rate of sixty miles an hour, which is fast enough to click a speeding athlete on the cinder path, airplanes in flight, a thoroughbred taking a high hurdle, covering the entire speed range and action incidental to the military service.

Developing and printing offers endless hours of fascinating occupation, and at a cost within reach of anyone in moderate circumstances. However, if this phase of photography lacks your personal interest, or if time precludes any such painstaking labors, developing and printing can be let out to any reliable shop specializing in this industry, but you are warned to patronize only those that make a specialty of this work, so that none of your prize winning negatives are marred or destroyed through carelessness.

If you have not already such a camera, and should ever decide to own one, a few words of advice on the subject of making such a selection is offered herewith, to save you the costly process of experimentation, and incidentally, many dollars, and hours of unproductive labor.

First, get some good book on photography, study all the requirements outlined therein, and get a general knowledge of correct procedure.

While this is being done, purchase either a very inexpensive, or a used camera to play with, and keep a diary for notations, and a short history of the mechanical circumstances incidental to each picture you photograph.

Select for your subjects at first, stationary objects, practice focusing at various distances, and with each

click, make a notation, in your diary, of the details of time exposure, light conditions, focusing range, and especially, the predominating color scheme surrounding your principal subject. Many colors, though light and pleasing to the eye, reproduce horrible shades, and unless you have a pretty good idea of this transformation, some of your best subjects may be worthless when the finished print is available for inspection.

Pretty soon you will have mastered these necessary rudiments of your avocation, and when that time arrives, there are many phases of higher education that you will need, to compete with the many professionals who make this great sport a very profitable profession.

Most important perhaps of all is "Composition," or the general arrangement of incidental objects surrounding your principal subject.

Here light and shade play a determining influence in the beauty and interest of your photograph, and the general, personal interest value, of your picture.

Study carefully any prize winning photograph that has captured some important award, and you will notice, at once, that a pleasing balance is obviously related to the central subject, and that light and shade values offset each other in such a way, that an even tint, or color strength, blends with, and enhances the prominence of the object intended for dominant portrayal.

Sometimes, however, to gain a still greater dominance for your central object, this rule is violated, with half the picture decidedly in light, and the other half in contrasting shadow, but here we introduce a stage in photographic composition that requires a real artistic talent, and a very advanced knowledge of this subject. Accident may sometimes produce such a masterpiece, but not very often.

Sighting angles too present a most interesting problem, and many hours of careful study and experiment are required before we are the masters of this perplexing achievement.

In this class of photography we consider our subject from above or below the average line of perspective, an effect very often startling, attention compelling, and interesting because of its very oddness.

Much may be learned in this regard from the "Movies," which offer many excellent examples, such as a chorus snapped from the orchestra pit, a cavalcade of plunging horses that seem to be hurdling right over the camera, or a figure skating champion, who appears to be cutting his capers right on top of our shutter.

Every picture magazine has its quota of these start-

ling exposures, and Art Editors pay excellent prices for them, if they are unusual.

Next comes "Trick" photography, the double exposure, cutouts from one photograph superimposed upon another and the whole re-photographed, comic subjects, and cartoons, where a large head is placed on a small body, groups are faked in some foreign interior from another picture, in short, there is no limit to this department of original creations for the advanced amateur candid cameraman.

If you have never enjoyed the thrills of photography, we offer you a pastime that will soon make you a dyed-in-the-wool fan, and yours will be many happy hours of the keenest pleasure besides offering a source of income equally as profitable and gratifying.

You can become so expert, in time, and gain such a reputation with Sports Editors, Advertisers, Art Directors, and Newspaper Supplement Page Departments, that your services will be much sought after.

You shall have found by then a new occupation, or avocation, that will pay you a handsome monthly income check.

Hundreds of men and women are thus employed, and I have yet to find one that does not earn an annual sum well worth while shooting at.

From five, to twenty-five dollars per subject, is the average price paid for a good picture of topical interest, and not infrequently, as much as a hundred dollars is cheerfully paid for a real news value shot, and exclusive publishing rights.

Many of these professionals top their industry and earn as much as ten thousand dollars a year with their candid cameras.

They are a wide-awake crowd always on the alert for a salable subject, and though they seem to have plenty of time to enjoy leisure, they willingly arise at all hours of the night, if they think that their camera lens can be aimed at another twenty-five dollar prize.

They are ever in attendance at public affairs, celebrations, important court battles, earthquakes and other disasters, ready with their cameras, and right in the front ranks, ready, if need be, to risk their lives for a click at some worthwhile subject.

This is one good business where you can start at any time, need very little capital as an investment, carry no cumbersome stock, do no bookkeeping, and and last, but most important, there is no waiting for your check in return for your services, or product.

It is indeed the age, and the golden era for the Candid Cameraman.



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# AVERAGE PERCENTAGE OF ATTENDANCE

## MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1938

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE FOR ENTIRE FORCE (September 1-30, Inclusive) . . . 89.19%

Maximum Authorized Strength New York National Guard..1499 Off.	22 W. O.	19500 E. M.	Total 21021
Minimum Strength, New York National Guard.....1467 Off.	22 W. O.	17467 E. M.	Total 18956
Present Strength, New York National Guard.....1414 Off.	21 W. O.	18982 E. M.	Total 20417

**NOTE**

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

<b>71st Infantry</b> 94.76% (2) <sup>2</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1125
<b>106th Field Art.</b> 94.49% (3) <sup>3</sup>	Maintenance.....647	Actual.....690
<b>121st Cavalry</b> 93.73% (4) <sup>13</sup>	Maintenance.....571	Actual.....605
<b>174th Infantry</b> 92.95% (5) <sup>6</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1139
<b>212th Coast Art.</b> 91.05% (6) <sup>21</sup>	Maintenance.....703	Actual.....747
<b>165th Infantry</b> 90.54% (7) <sup>10</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1099
<b>Spec. Troops, 27th Div.</b> 89.532% (8) <sup>11</sup>	Maintenance.....318	Actual.....369
<b>156th Field Art.</b> 89.531% (9) <sup>9</sup>	Maintenance.....602	Actual.....638
<b>105th Field Art.</b> 89.07% (10) <sup>22</sup>	Maintenance.....599	Actual.....657
<b>104th Field Art.</b> 88.69% (11) <sup>12</sup>	Maintenance.....599	Actual.....598
<b>245th Coast Art.</b> 88.59% (12) <sup>24</sup>	Maintenance.....739	Actual.....796
<b>102nd Med. Reg.</b> 88.43% (13) <sup>16</sup>	Maintenance.....588	Actual.....685
<b>244th Coast Art.</b> 87.98% (14) <sup>25</sup>	Maintenance.....648	Actual.....676
<b>14th Infantry</b> 87.73% (15) <sup>8</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1110
<b>108th Infantry</b> 87.69% (16) <sup>18</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1099
<b>10th Infantry</b> 86.45% (17) <sup>15</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1122
<b>101st Cavalry</b> 86.38% (18) <sup>23</sup>	Maintenance.....571	Actual.....634
<b>101st Signal Bn.</b> 86.04% (19) <sup>17</sup>	Maintenance.....163	Actual.....172

HONOR ORGANIZATION	Aver. Pres. and Dr.		Aver. Att. and %	
	No. Dr.	Abs.	Att.	%
<b>258th Field Art.</b> 97.78% (1) <sup>5</sup>	Maintenance.....647		Actual.....676	
HEADQUARTERS ..	1	6	6	100
HDQRS. BAT.....	1	63	61	96
SERVICE BAT.....	1	66	65	98
1st BAT. HQ.....	1	3	3	100
1st BAT. COMBAT TRAIN .....	1	33	33	100
BATTERY A .....	1	63	61	96
BATTERY B .....	1	63	61	96
2nd BAT. HQ.....	1	4	4	100
2nd BAT. COMBAT TRAIN .....	1	40	40	100
BATTERY C .....	1	69	69	100
BATTERY D .....	1	63	62	98
3rd BAT. HQ.....	1	4	4	100
3rd BAT. COMBAT TRAIN .....	1	37	37	100
BATTERY E .....	1	64	63	98
BATTERY F .....	1	64	60	93
MED. DEP. DET....	1	34	32	94
		676	661	97.78

<b>87th Brigade</b> 97.77% (4) <sup>5</sup>	Maintenance.....27	Actual.....46
<b>53rd Brigade</b> 95.34% (5) <sup>8</sup>	Maintenance.....27	Actual.....43
<b>Hdqrs. 27th Div.</b> 93.93% (6) <sup>4</sup>	Maintenance.....65	Actual.....66
<b>51st Cav. Brig.</b> 88.15% (7) <sup>9</sup>	Maintenance.....69	Actual.....78
<b>93rd Brig.</b> 87.50% (8) <sup>6</sup>	Maintenance.....27	Actual.....40
<b>52nd F.A. Brig.</b> 84.78% (9) <sup>2</sup>	Maintenance.....36	Actual.....45

### BRIGADE STANDING

<b>102nd Engineers</b> 85.60% (20) <sup>20</sup>	Maintenance.....475	Actual.....495
<b>105th Infantry</b> 85.01% (21) <sup>19</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1115
<b>107th Infantry</b> 84.73% (22) <sup>28</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1066
<b>106th Infantry</b> 83.78% (23) <sup>14</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1103
<b>102nd Qm. Reg.</b> No Drills Held. (24) <sup>1</sup>	Maintenance.....235	Actual.....329
<b>27th Div. Avia.</b> No Drills Held. (25) <sup>4</sup>	Maintenance.....118	Actual.....127
<b>369th Infantry.</b> Only 4 Units Drilled (26) <sup>7</sup>	Maintenance.....1038	Actual.....1106
<b>State Staff</b> 100.00% (1) <sup>1</sup>	Maximum.....78	Actual.....74
<b>Brig. Hdqrs. C.A.C.</b> 100.00% (2) <sup>7</sup>	Maintenance.....11	Actual.....9
<b>54th Brigade</b> 97.77% (3) <sup>8</sup>	Maintenance.....27	Actual.....44
<b>87th Inf. Brig.</b> 93.93% (1) <sup>1</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 71st Infantry 174th Infantry 369th Infantry	
<b>52nd F. A. Brig.</b> 92.16% (2) <sup>2</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Battery 104th Field Artillery 105th Field Artillery 106th Field Artillery 156th Field Artillery 258th Field Artillery	
<b>51st Cav. Brig.</b> 89.86% (3) <sup>4</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Troop 101st Cavalry 121st Cavalry	
<b>Brig. Hdqrs. C.A.C.</b> 89.28% (4) <sup>7</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Detachment 212th Coast Artillery 244th Coast Artillery 245th Coast Artillery	
<b>93rd Inf. Brig.</b> 89.11% (5) <sup>3</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 14th Infantry 165th Infantry	
<b>54th Inf. Brig.</b> 86.47% (6) <sup>6</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 107th Infantry 108th Infantry	
<b>53rd Inf. Brig.</b> 85.22% (7) <sup>5</sup>	Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Company 10th Infantry 105th Infantry 106th Infantry	

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**A** DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he stops—relaxes. We often neglect our nerves. We press on heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up—rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy Camel's ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.

**People who know the sheer joy of an active, effective life say:**

**"Let up—light up a Camel!"**

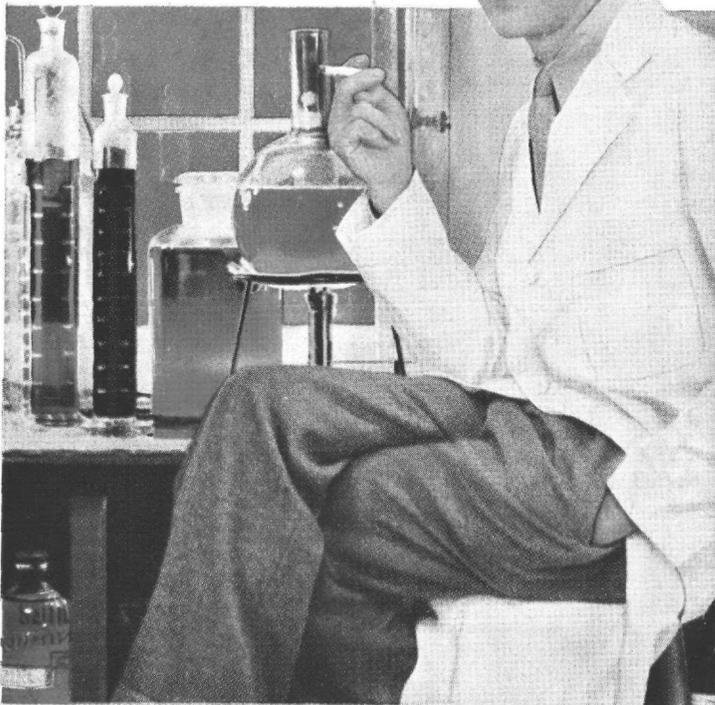


**COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS,** sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

**IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO,** Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."



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# Let up—Light up a Camel

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**Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves**