

NEW YORK  
NATIONAL  
**Guardian**

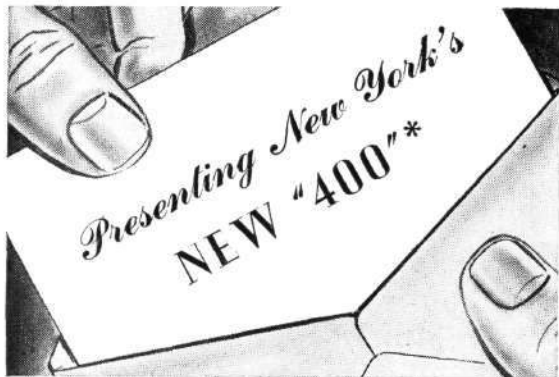


NEW 3" ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AT 245th C.A.

**MAY**

**MODERN INFANTRY  
PEACE  
ARMY DAY PARADE**

**1940**



**\*THE GROUP OF ROOMS AVAILABLE  
AT THIS HOTEL AT THE MINIMUM RATE—\$4.00**

Travel-wise visitors to New York know that there is one place to stop where you can ask for—and get—a minimum rate room . . . and it's The Lexington! Here, 400 outside rooms with combination tub and shower bath, circulating ice water, and four-station radio—one-half of the entire hotel—are always available at \$4.00 per day, so you have maximum assurance of accommodations at the price you want to pay. You are also assured of the kind of service you like—for The Lexington is recognized everywhere as "New York's Friendly Hotel"! Let us welcome you as a guest!

HOME OF THE  
*Hawaiian Room*



**Hotel Lexington**

CHARLES E. ROCHESTER, *Vice-Pres. & Mng. Dir.*  
LEXINGTON AVE. at 48th ST., NEW YORK

**FLASH!**

**ATTENTION!!!  
NATIONAL GUARD  
MESS OFFICERS**



The finest in table water, the very best in Ginger Ale, Lime Dry, and Club Soda, comes in the bottle with the GREAT BEAR label, because nature's finest ingredients are used, pure mineral waters, sugars, and spices, selected with great care, and always mixed in perfect blend.

*"Look for the Great Bear on the label!"*

**Great Bear Spring Company**

NEW YORK    NEWARK    PHILADELPHIA    ALBANY    BUFFALO  
(Oranges)

**TREAT YOURSELF TO  
A BOTTLE OF "FITZ"**

**Fitzgerald's**

★ **ALE** ★

**THE BOTTLED ALE WITH  
THE TAP-ROOM TANG!**

*Other Favorites with Guardsmen*

**FITZGERALD'S BURGOMASTER BEER**

**FITZGERALD'S GARRYOWEN ALE**

For Sale  
Everywhere



On Draught  
and In Bottles

**R. C. WILLIAMS  
& COMPANY, Inc.**

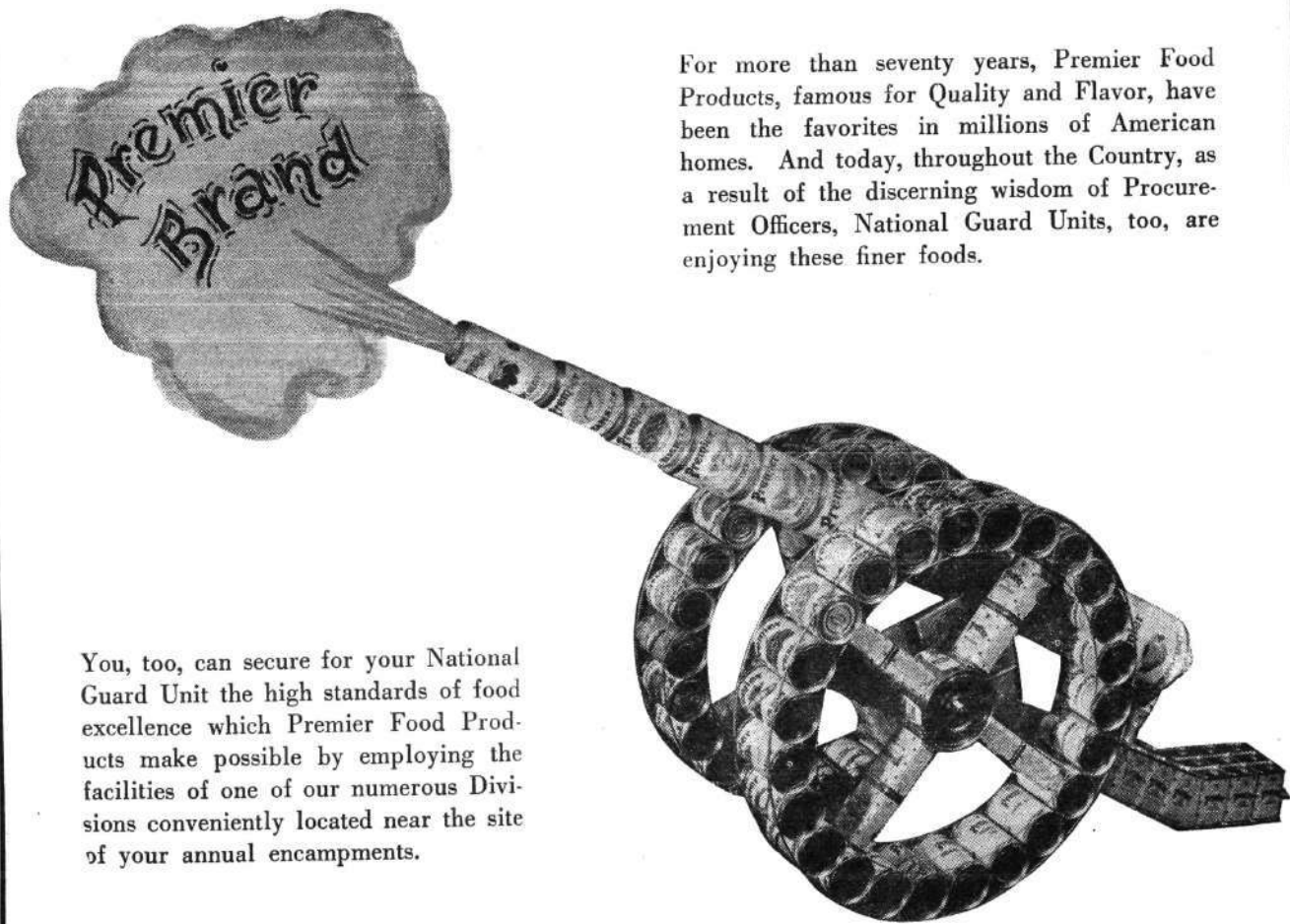
Royal Scarlet  
Food Products

*Importers and Roasters  
of  
High Grade Coffees*

**TENTH AVENUE - 25th & 26th STREETS  
NEW YORK CITY**

# Premier FOOD PRODUCTS

## ENJOY THEM AT CAMP, TOO!



For more than seventy years, Premier Food Products, famous for Quality and Flavor, have been the favorites in millions of American homes. And today, throughout the Country, as a result of the discerning wisdom of Procurement Officers, National Guard Units, too, are enjoying these finer foods.


You, too, can secure for your National Guard Unit the high standards of food excellence which Premier Food Products make possible by employing the facilities of one of our numerous Divisions conveniently located near the site of your annual encampments.

**CORRESPONDENCE INVITED WITH  
REFERENCE TO YOUR REQUIREMENTS**

### FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY

**MAIN OFFICE: 27TH STREET AND HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK CITY**  
**DIVISIONS: BOSTON, CAMDEN, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, COLUMBUS, DETROIT, HOUSTON, PITTSBURGH**

*An Old Favorite*  
**in the Service**



*Ask for this  
dress-parade bottle  
with the Blue  
Ribbon on it*

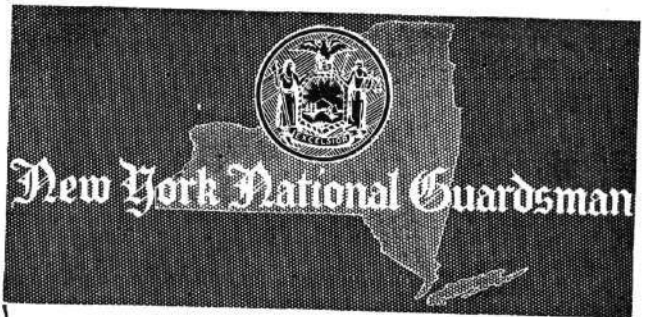
• You've got to be good to be popular in the Service. And Pabst is an old Service favorite ... not just because it's so smart looking, but because it's as refreshing and grand tasting a beer as you'll ever find! So look smart, and be smart. You can't go wrong if you ask for the bottle with the Blue Ribbon on it!

Today! Treat yourself to PABST



**Blue Ribbon Beer**

Copyright 1940, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee



Circulation 21,000

Established 1924

## CONTENTS

MAY	1940
Major General Byrne Dies .....	4
Modern Infantry by Lieutenant Colonel H. E. Dager..	5-28
Asomante, by Edward Bimberg .....	8-23
Peace, by Samuel B. Priest.....	10-18
Editorials .....	12
General Haskell's Message.....	13
Lieutenant Colonel Dedell .....	15
Army Day Parade .....	16-17
New York .....	20-21
Midnight Oil, by Thurston Paul .....	24
Attendance .....	32
The Adjutant General's Page .....	Cover 3

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.

**THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN** is published monthly at 80 Centre Street, New York City, N. Y. Printed in New York City, N. Y. The only publication authorized by the National Guard of the State of New York. Lt. Col. H. E. Suavet, Editor; Lt. Col. E. Bowditch, Associate Editor; Lt. Col. W. J. Mangine, Advertising Manager; Major E. C. Dreher, New York City, Advertising Manager.

Single copy, 10 cents. Subscription price in the United States, \$1.00; Canada, \$1.50; foreign, \$2.00 a year. Subscriptions payable in advance. Advertising rates on request. Listed in Standard Rate and Data Service.

Copyright, 1939, by The New York National Guardsman.

# A Wise Squirrel

---- thinks ahead



He hoards supplies when they are plentiful, long before winter comes.

Take advantage of the low May price. The wise user fills his bin this month, saves money, and has a load off his mind. Winter won't catch him napping.

Every ton is sold with this money-back pledge: Satisfaction guaranteed or coke removed and money refunded.

**NIAGARA  HUDSON  
COKE**

MANUFACTURED AT TROY, UTICA, SYRACUSE

## Medals for all Occasions

Also cups plaques for all events



and original designs in making up special awards

DEEP CUT DIES — LARGE VARIETY  
for  
Medal Awards Rifle and Pistol Matches

Write to  
BRIG. GEN. FRED M. WATERBURY  
Military Representative

**DIEGES & CLUST**  
17 JOHN STREET NEW YORK CITY

"IT'S  
SMOOTHER GOING  
NOW"



**Balanced  
Nourishment for  
Breakfast Makes a Difference**

There's a springtime relish in a bowl of National Biscuit Shredded Wheat. It's the elusive *inner flavor* ingeniously unloosed in natural whole wheat.

In billowing steam, by our unique process, we swell and burst open the inner flavor-laden wheat cells. Then watchfully we bake the fragrant biscuits to the precise degree of perfect russet crispness.

Millions love that taste—and from their bowls of National Biscuit Shredded Wheat with milk they get a wealth of balanced nourishment—*eight* great food essentials for muscles, nerves, blood, teeth and bones.

Through more than 40 years millions of families have enjoyed billions of breakfasts of National Biscuit Shredded Wheat—all the goodness of choice whole wheat. Rushed to your food store, fresh and crisp, by swift trucks, it is a morning feast for smother going.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



**NATIONAL BISCUIT  
SHREDDED  
WHEAT**

THE ORIGINAL NIAGARA FALLS PRODUCT



## *Major General*

# JOHN J. BYRNE

fantry from May 2 to November 15, 1898, and in the World War as Colonel, C.A.C., 9th Coast Defense Command from July 15, 1917, to January 24, 1919. He also served in the 26th Infantry, U.S.V., as 2nd Lieutenant, from July 5 to September 26, 1899.

He was on the military staff of Governors Benjamin D. O'Dell, Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

A requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral by Major the Rev. George J. Zentgraf, chaplain of the 244th Coast Artillery, assisted by the Rev. James Halligan, and the Rev. Joseph Breslin, both former chaplains of the regiment. The caisson bearing the body was escorted by a provisional brigade comprising the 212th Coast Artillery (A.A.) and the 244th Coast Artillery. Inside the Cathedral were detachments of the Veteran Corps of Artillery and the Old Guard of the City of New York, together with the massed colors of organizations stationed in New York City, for General Byrne was one of the leading organizers of the annual ceremony of the massing of the colors and for many years the grand marshal of the parade held in connection with this ceremony.

There were more than seventy honorary pall bearers including former Governor Alfred E. Smith; Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum; Rear Admiral Clark H. Woodward; Major General William N. Haskell; Rear Admiral Frank R. Lackey; Brigadier General Ames T. Brown; and Brigadier General William Ottmann.

Burial was at Arlington National Cemetery.

General Byrne was president of the Military and Naval Club; past New York Commander of the Military Order of the World War; past commander of the Military Order of Foreign Wars; and of the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War and Society of American Wars; former president of the Society of War Veterans of the 7th Regiment, and a member of the New York Society of Military and Naval Officers of the World War; the American Legion and the Army and Navy Club of Washington.

He was honorary commander of the Old Guard and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

ON April 14, Major General John J. Byrne, New York National Guard, retired, died at the age of 67.

General Byrne enlisted in Company H, 7th Regiment on January 13, 1890. After serving about four and a half years, he was commissioned a first lieutenant in Company K, 9th Infantry (on July 16, 1894). He became Captain of the Company on May 20, 1899 and on February 14, 1902, he was commissioned a Major in the 9th Infantry. When the regiment was reorganized as a Coast Artillery organization in 1908, he was commissioned as a Major, Coast Artillery Corps. On June 15, 1912, he became Lieutenant Colonel, and on May 15, 1917, he assumed command of the regiment as Colonel. Two months later he was commissioned a Colonel in the Federal service and served until May 15, 1919 when he was discharged and resumed command of his old regiment. In April, 1924, the Coast Artillery Brigade was organized with Brigadier General Byrne as its first commanding officer, which command he held until his retirement with the rank of Major General on September 12, 1935, on which date he reached the age of 64.

He thus completed the maximum possible service of 46 years.

In Federal service, General Byrne served in the Spanish American War as First Lieutenant and Captain in the 9th Regiment, New York Volunteer In-

# Modern Infantry

by Lieutenant Colonel H. E. Dager

Infantry

(Reprinted by courtesy of the Command and General Staff School Military Review)

## PART I

### *The Role of Infantry*

THE role of infantry has always been to take and hold ground. Has this role changed? Have modernization, motorization, mechanization and reorganization altered infantry's mission? Do new armament, new organization and gasolined stream-lining bring with them new infantry tactics?

How does the new element of speed affect command and staff procedure? What must infantry officers extract as guiding principles from the effervescent mass of tables, reports of tests, "lightning wars," and enlightening comment in which we are submerged?

### *World War Infantry*

The four years of World War, 1914-1918, furnished infantry tacticians with a proving ground for their ideas. Massed formations, special-weapon groups, individual and small-group infiltration, battering-ram formations in narrow zones; these were ideas which resulted in heavy infantry casualties.

The prevailing concept of infantry organization, armament and tactics was brutal. The value of the individual soldier in combat was obliterated by the glitter of "massed men and massed fires" intended to blast a path through a similar group of massed men and massed fires. Like rolling sheets of molten lava they met, they fused, and destroyed each other by their heat.

Shifts from mass to line, to column, to group, to combinations of men and weapon, produced similar destructive results. Infantry failed to come up to expectations in the last World War. And, because it was the principal arm with the principal role of taking and holding ground, its supporting arms and services were also a disappointment. The arch was no better than its keystone.

### *Why Infantry Failed*

Why did infantry fail to live up to expectations? Mainly because the support given to it was not an integrated part of its basic battle unit—the infantry battalion. With the exception of rifles, automatic rifles and grenades, the battalion had nothing of its own with which to overcome resistances within and behind the hostile main lines of resistance. Furthermore, infantry in the World War was essentially a flat-trajectory arm. True, the battalion received high-angle fire support of a limited number of mortars and of artillery howitzers, but this support also failed to cope with the problems of mobility, liaison, and communications. The battalion, as organically constituted and armed, was dependent upon weapons other than its own for maintenance of its velocity. Once beyond range of supporting high-angle weapons it no longer had the means to contend with targets concealed, defiladed, or protected by defensive organization of the ground. Having reached those hostile main lines, it was stopped. It lost contact with its supporting weapons most of which were under the command (direct or indirect) of higher commanders. The desire to support was there, but the mobility, communications, and liaison vital to continued support were not. Maintenance of initial velocity was impracticable. The defensive power of automatic weapon fire was at its zenith, and it took its toll.

### *World War Maneuver*

The typical scheme of maneuver provided for a combination of fire and movement. It was a good scheme; it still is, and it probably always will be. Why did it fail in the last World War? Simply because, in application, fire failed to keep up with maneuver. Infantry was tied down to a time-schedule of

fires without which it lacked the power to advance. It reached a limited objective, which in turn was limited in depth by the average range of the mass of supporting fires. On the objective infantry halted, reorganized, marked time, and was finally ejected by hostile reserves who promptly took advantage of the lull in the attacker's protecting fires to do so. The defender planned it that way.

Maneuver, in its proper sense, was almost unknown. A true envelopment occurred only when a section, squad, or individual soldier became thoroughly disgusted with the constant failure and casualties incident to frontal attacks and "stalked" a machine-gun nest. Such action drew well deserved commendation. But it failed to indicate to the high command that a few infantrymen with simple weapons plus maneuver space and leadership, could accomplish what the impressive mass could not do.

Maneuver based upon the forward displacement of relatively immobile supporting weapons necessitated constant alignment to avoid the dangerous salient. Alignment, in turn, left infantry no choice of protecting terrain, and constantly exposed it to losses that it could have avoided. There is nothing simpler to smother or enfilade, than an alignment.

Maneuver of masses of infantry in peace-time is difficult. Under the concentrated gun and machine-gun fires of the World War it was impossible. The masses broke; mass-leaders became mere file-closers and the unit went forward—if it did not melt—under the leadership of platoon, section, and squad leaders. The well-planned "power-punch" of the large unit became a series of "dog fights" all along the line. Direction, control and coordination passed out of the picture. The only immediate result was casualties.

#### Experimentation

Twenty years of corrective experimentation began November 11, 1918. The latest crucible now rests over the slowly rising flame of the present war in Europe. It has been preceded by lesser tests, notably the invasion of China by Japan and the Civil War in Spain; but modern organization and equipment enters into those pictures to such a limited extent that the proponent or opponent of any particular weapon or tactical method could pick dates, areas, and results sufficient to prove his case, verbally at least.

The result of these years of experimentation, together with the modernization of weapons, mounts, and transportation has been a new organization of the infantry division in the army of nearly every nation. Each is the approved solution which will take the next war out into the "fresh-air-and-sunshine" of open warfare. In some cases the throes of military evolution have closely approached revolution. But, as Major General George A. Lynch, Chief of Infantry, stated on March 14, 1939—"We seem to be approaching the culmination of changes in armament, organization, and tactics that prelude transformations

in warfare equalling in scope those introduced by the invention of gunpowder and the development of the musket and cannon. . . . Will gasoline now take over the position of primacy in military evolution and restore to mobility the decisive influence which it once had over the issue of battle?"

In a recent comment on revision of our Field Service Regulations, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, stated: "In going over the Field Service Regulations the other day prior to giving it tentative approval, a few points came to mind which I think might well be included in the next edition.

"There should be a paragraph on continuity of effort. The initial impetus is seldom conclusive in effect, and final success will only be secured by maintaining the momentum once gained. Many factors enter into this, even the stabilizing effect of too early establishment of a complete command post. . . ."

Experimentation has, then, been aimed at what? We believe the true objective of it all—no matter what the weapon, or type or size of unit—has been the restoration of *battlefield mobility* and, as a proper prelude in preparation for battle, there has been extensive and successful experimentation in the field of strategic mobility—the movement of arms and troops to the battlefield. There has been a definite speeding up and whittling down—up in movement and down in size.

#### A New United States Infantry

We have a new infantry. As a result of the lessons learned in the World War and of the experiments conducted in the intervening period, it is new in concept, new in organization, new in armament and new in tactics. Let us spend a few minutes on each item and see if we can grasp the essential differences.

CONCEPT: In our Field Manual 100-5 (FSR), we find these statements:

"The infantry is charged with the principal mission in battle. It is essentially the arm of close combat. . . . Infantry is capable of independent action through the employment of its own weapons. . . ."

"Infantry can move in all kinds of terrain; its operative mobility can be greatly increased by the use of motor transport. . . . In both attack and defense, it can utilize the terrain so as to develop fully its own fire power and minimize the effect of hostile fire. . . . Its combat power rests primarily on the morale and fighting ability of the individual soldier and the leadership of its subordinate commanders."

There are old as well as new concepts of infantry discernible in these statements. Infantry still has the principal mission in battle and it still is the arm of close combat. However, with the new organization, armament, and tactics which will be discussed below, we now develop those powers inherent in infantry which will enable it to accomplish that principal mission and close with the enemy.

Infantry has been capable of "independent action," but the action, as demonstrated in the World War



usually resulted in complete stoppage in front of hostile resistances which infantry, almost completely dependent on other arms, could not overcome. The difference in concept here, lies in "the employment of its own weapons."

That "its operative mobility can be greatly increased by the use of motor transport" implies both strategic mobility to the battlefield and tactical mobility (mainly of weapon and ammunition) on the battlefield. Here, then, is the difference: provisions are made for conserving the strength of the individual soldier, for "getting him thar fustest in the bestest condition," for feeding him, supplying him with ammunition and for evacuating him while he is fighting—by motors.

"In both attack and defense it can utilize the terrain so as to develop fully its own fire power and minimize the effect of hostile fire." This statement encourages us to release infantry from phase-lines upon which it used to stop (to be shelled and ejected) and permit it to utilize terrain and to develop fire power (bases of fire) and seek cover regardless of alignments. Veterans of the World War (1914-18) are deeply appreciative of the last concession. It is a healthy difference, and it is tactically sound.

Even more sound is the importance given in this Field Service Regulation to the single solitary soldier, who, at last, after twenty years, comes in for his share of glory. Infantry's "combat power rests primarily on the morale and fighting ability of the individual soldier and the leadership of its subordinate commanders." This last concept, is, in my opinion, the basic concept responsible for the essential differences of them all. There is nothing in any of the others that exceeds or even equals this in importance.

**ORGANIZATION:** We have new tables of organization for the infantry that are available to our readers. Their vitalizing effects on infantry are a matter of great interest to all. Since reorganization has been based upon a consideration of our most valuable asset—the individual, pugnacious, infantryman—we shall work up briefly from him to his Colonel.

In what way have we improved the lot of the soldier?

To begin with we have boosted his morale. Motors will relieve him of the constant foot-slogging. He will be in better physical condition and, therefore, more content to fight if, in the interim, he can "march sitting down" and dispense with the hob-nail express. He no longer staggers under a sixty-eight pound load, much of which he ditched anyway in the World War—and would again if he had it to carry. He wears loose-fitting clothing—no more choker collars and constricting wrapped leggings. He looks at ease, and he is at ease. In the war-strength squad, he is one of twelve comrades. His squad leader now is a sergeant who, assisted by the usual corporal, looks after him and leads him in battle. It will take a lot of casualties to cut "his gang" down to the point of absorption by another unit. He, like every other member of his squad, is armed with the new Garand .30 cali-

ber semi-automatic shoulder rifle. This weapon is just as accurate as the 1903 Springfield; it has a maximum sustained rate of thirty aimed shots per minute, and its recoil, compared to that of our old rifle, is much less severe. Speaking of the Garand rifle, the Chief of Infantry states: "The semi-automatic rifle restores the infantry soldier's individuality. It gives the infantry squad a fire power equal to or greater than that of any other army. At the same time it releases the soldier from bondage to the machine. It makes him again a fighting man." To this rifle is attached a one-pound bayonet, training in the use of which has to a certain extent been suspended. It should not serve merely as an excellent can-opener it has combat value which requires a bit of resuscitation. Our doughboy has been cut loose from the task of inching forward on his back or stomach, dragging a bipod, tripod, base-plate or gadget belonging to some heavy weapon. Nor is he any longer the "ammunition mule" for an automatic rifleman or other specialist in his squad. There are no specialists in his squad. It is just a plain, honest group of twelve equally armed combatants, intent upon one thing—advancing the attack. It is essentially an organization based upon mobility and morale. It has but two functions; to defend itself as a group, and get itself forward as a group.

The rifle platoon is composed of three such squads, plus a platoon headquarters consisting of a lieutenant, two sergeants (a platoon sergeant and a platoon guide) and a private (messenger). Since it also is essentially a front-line unit, it contains no special weapons. Except for the one officer armed with a pistol, it is, like the squad, uniformly armed with the Garand semi-automatic shoulder rifle. Thus armed, and supplemented by the occasional use of grenades, the platoon has all the means necessary for carrying out the infantryman's traditional mission of close combat. Any special weapon assigned to the rifle platoon such as a mortar, light or heavy machine gun, or heavy automatic rifle would require one or both of two things. Either active front-line riflemen would become "substitute gunners and ammunition carriers" or the size and ammunition requirements of the weapon would demand emplacement and operating or servicing personnel in an area so far to the rear as to be beyond the supervision of a front-line platoon commander. Since the squad has been very intentionally and definitely set free from ball-and-chain weapons, there appears to be no logic in nullifying the mobility gained by tying down a unit composed of three squads and organized for the specific purpose of front-line fire and movement.

We now move up to the rifle company. Again we quote from the Chief of Infantry's remarks of March 14, 1939: "The greatest change in the character of the units of the new organization has taken place in the rifle company. The commander of this unit, who formerly had only to deal with several homogeneous platoons and who, when he had committed these to

(Continued on page 28)

# The Affair at Asomante

by Edward Bimberg, Jr.,

101st Cav. N. Y. N. G.

IT was with profound relief that the New York Cavalry Squadron landed at Playa Ponce, Porto Rico, on August 4, 1898. Hardship had dogged the Squadron ever since its component units of Troops A and C left their armories in Manhattan and Brooklyn. Their first encampment on the Hempstead plains had been practically washed out by torrential rains; Camp Alger in Virginia was a barren dust bowl. The cattle steamer "Massachusetts" that had brought them to the island had been built to hold about half of the eleven hundred horses and mules that crowded her hold. The men had had poor sleeping facilities and improper food during the entire voyage and were thankful that it was over.

The horses, released from an almost intolerable prison, drank their fill of good, clean water and enjoyed a freshening roll in the grass of Playa Ponce. Then they were saddled up and the Squadron rode the three miles inland to the town of Ponce, of which Playa was the port.

It was the last of the New York Cavalry Squadron, for Troop A had its orders and the men from Manhattan rode out of Ponce to join General Miles as a Headquarters Guard. Troop C was to report to General James H. Wilson, but its supplies had not yet been unloaded from the ship. As the men grumbled at the inactivity, the officers worked hard to pull the necessary strings, and finally the supplies came through.

That evening at six o'clock the Troop saddled up and started out for Juana Diaz, the ammunition and supplies loaded in bullock wagons bringing up the rear. The Brooklyn cavalrymen were in hostile territory now and the going was rough. The road was bad, with almost impassable country on either side, so difficult that flanking scouts had to return to the column when heavy cane fields and marshy ground impeded their movements.

The road was crossed and recrossed by many sluggish streams and these gave endless trouble. The draft animals balked, and the wagon train drivers, realizing the danger that lay ahead, made little effort to get their troublesome charges across. Much time was wasted until Captain Clayton, his patience exhausted, ordered his troopers to draw sabres, and force the unwilling drivers and their animals into the muddy waters.

That night the troop bivouaced in an open field, and after the noon mess on the following day started off again. Now the cavalrymen were not the only

soldiers on the road; the troop passed numerous regiments, among them the Second and Third Wisconsin Volunteers, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the Fourth Artillery of the regular army, all moving toward the interior. The Brooklyn men had not yet seen the enemy, but this concentration of troops showed that the war was on in earnest.

That afternoon the troopers camped on a hillside and were caught in a tropical downpour. Their ponchos were of little use, for the rain came down in torrents. Then it was over as suddenly as it had come, leaving men and horses in a sorry condition.

The low spirits of the rain-sodden troopers were lifted, however, when the Captain brought word that the Troop would see action on the next day. Shortly after, Major Flagler of the Engineers, rode up and selected four troopers for a reconnaissance of the enemy's positions at Banos de Coamo. In Spanish, *banos* mean baths, and before hostilities began that is what these buildings were—baths for the wealthier residents of the nearby town of Coamo.

That evening the Fourth Artillery passed the Troop's bivouac area going toward *los Banos*, and by 6:30 on the following morning the cavalrymen were on their way. A four mile trot brought them within hearing of cannon and at the Captain's signal they broke into a hard gallop. The guns of the Fourth Artillery were drawn up on the edge of a field, pouring shells into a Spanish block house which stood between them and *los Banos*, and Troop C drew rein nearby to watch.

The order came through for the cavalrymen to capture the Spanish garrison at *los Banos*, some 150 regulars barricaded in wooden buildings, and the Troop started across the field at a trot. As the horsemen passed the embattled block house, now in flames, Mauser bullets whined harmlessly overhead. The Spaniards were rotten shots; their fire came nowhere near the Americans.

The troopers reached their objective to find that the bird had fled. Taking no chances they dismounted, kicked open doors and searched the buildings, sabre in hand. They found no one. Mounting again, they trotted toward Coamo.

At 9:30 Troop C reached the outskirts and were the first troops to enter that city. Shortly after, they met the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, which had circled Coamo and come in through the rear.

The Spaniards had gone. Dark-skinned natives told the soldiers that the last Spanish wagon train had

(Continued on page 23)

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

**86 DEGREES COOLER**

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—**COOLEST OF ALL!**



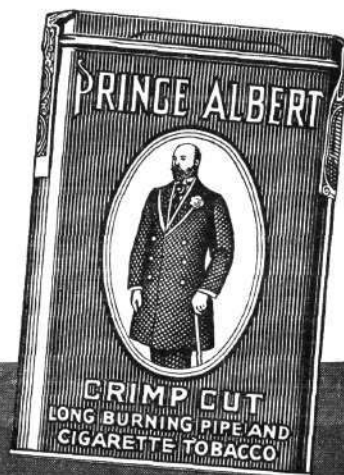
Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



I SIGNED UP FOR A LONG HITCH WITH PRINCE ALBERT. THERE'S NO TOBACCO LIKE IT FOR **FAST, EASY ROLLIN'..MILD, TASTY SMOKIN'!**

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

**70** fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy tin of Prince Albert



**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



By Samuel B. Priest

of kindness or comfort. No mellow tones came from this distant sound. Nothing but threats, sinister and dreadful, nothing but death and destruction.

The voice was the voice of war, not peace.

To the listener, lying serene in that quiet field, the sound was an unending source of dismay. It wasn't only that sound, other, seemingly common noises, had their own grim interpretation.

From the far end of the field there came a gentle creaking as one of the two-wheeled carts of the region was drawn homeward by a plodding mare, bringing barnward the rich yield of that peaceful farm. A sound full of contentment and peace.

From the road beyond that field there came a deeper sound, the rumbling of heavy wheels and the jangle of harness as a regiment of field artillery moved up toward the man-made Hell beyond those distant hills.

Peace and war, war and peace, both inextricably mixed into one jumble from which no man could make sense.

From the barns and outlying buildings there came a low murmur of men's voices, his comrades in arms, all joined in this one great crusade for a lasting peace. Even as the sound of those voices flowed slowly across his consciousness, there came a sharp change to harsher tones. Epithets were hurled back and forth and there came the trampling of heavy feet and the sound of sodden blows, all to the accompaniment of the savage undertones of the onlookers as each urged on his favorite.

"Crusaders for peace," he thought grimly. "Fine crusaders for world peace who can't live together more than a few hours at a time without strife."

Sardonically he thought of the Army recruiting slogan blazoned across the country:

"Join the Army and fight with your friends."

These men were taking that invitation all too literally. Fighting with their friends was now the rule and not the exception.

To leave the solitude of the evening was hard but the task ahead was his to do. He left the field and entered that barn with steady but unhurried tread. Shouldering aside the ring of onlookers he gripped one contestant by the shoulders, swung him half way around, and heaved him unceremoniously out of the barn.

"Get out of here and get back to your own platoon. Next time I'll turn you in."

Then he seized the other combatant by the shoulders and shook him until he was a mere blur of jerking arms and legs.

"That's the third time in a week, Ormansky. Report for extra duty after drill tomorrow."

Dropping the culprit he turned once more and strode out into the night. No word of protest came from either fighter, nor from the spectators who had been enjoying the scrap. It wasn't alone the fact of towering stature or wide, massive shoulders that halted comment. There was something in the grim intensity of this man, who fought with such whole souled efforts for peace, that brooked no arguments.

These men knew that they were

THE quiet, serene landscape of Flanders was at its best in those long twilight hours before the soft darkness of the summer night. To lie at ease, full length on the soft turf, was luxury itself, after the strenuous day. Just to lie alone and seep in the contentment of the place helped shed some of the harsher lessons and experiences of the day.

All was peace.

All was peace except for that never-ending mutter far away over the distant hills. To the unknowing, it might have been mistaken for an approaching storm but, even so low and so far away, this sound carried a different timbre.

A far away thunderstorm spoke of a promise of welcome rain to a sun baked field, of a comforting coolness after scorching heat.

But this sound carried no note

bound for the fighting zone soon, each one to do his part in this great crusade for peace, but even this thought could not curb the petty jealousies that ruled their lives. How soon they were to move up, they didn't realize, but he did, for, just as full darkness fell, his whistle shrilled out for them to fall in and begin the last lap of a journey that had lasted through thousands of miles of travel and many months of weary monotony.

Striding alone up that white, moonlit road his thoughts flowed backward over his past life, a futile lifetime spent in unsuccessful battles to attain peace.

Boyhood battles in his neighborhood were more the rule than the exception. Never taking the offensive, but often dragged in as a combatant through his endless efforts as a peacemaker, he never gave ground and, once involved, pressed each combat to its finish. That finish almost invariably found him the victor.

High school had found him with a well-developed body and football was his natural sport. He excelled with easy grace and would have thoroughly enjoyed the game except for the coach. A little cocker spaniel of a man, whose size had never permitted him a place in contact sports, his one theme as a coach was:

"Fight, fight! fight!"

This he refused to do and his football memories were marred by thoughts of the ceaseless bickerings with the coach. He had pursued his own course, played with a careless abandon, and was highly successful.

Considering college, his thoughts had turned to preparation for a more peaceful life, and he had resolved on agriculture. City bred, he had spent a couple of summers on a farm, and the memories of those long, peaceful days and quiet nights had convinced him that there lay his pattern of life.

For a couple of years the war in Europe had received but passing notice from his school companions as well as himself. But, in the

spring of his freshman year, war had burst full-voiced across the breadth of the country.

Recruiting slogans hurled forth their messages from magazines, newspapers, billboards, and every blank wall. Intriguing slogans they were too:

"War to end all wars."

"Save the world for democracy."

"Fight for peace."

Each had carried a verbal lash in its wording. This was a very popular and righteous war and he, who had been an advocate for peace all of his young life, could see no truer way to prove his love for peace than to fight for it.

Now, months later, he was plodding along a white French road bound for the fighting core of this "last of all wars". A lover of peace, it seemed that fate had forever cast him in a fighting role. Up until now these fights had merely been an application of physical strength to overcome wrong. While some of his opponents no doubt had evil in their hearts, his inner self, even in the most bitter of fights, had remained calm and serene. Nothing of strife had marred his spirit.

But now he was shaken, through and through. This time he was expected to do more than use his great gift of physical strength.

His task was to kill.

He had known it when he had enlisted. And, while he hadn't intended evading the issue, he had never known how he could compel himself to kill his fellow man.

Through all the long months of training, and right up to this very minute, he had held himself to one comforting thought. Maybe he would be trained in a quiet sector, gradually be imbued with the spirit of war, and be able to prove himself a credit to his country. His doubts were almost overwhelming but he did hold to that one thought as his only ray of hope.

If he had had more experience at the front he would have known that a drive was underway but, to himself as well as his comrades, they were merely going up to the front line to occupy a comparative-

ly quiet trench system.

Actually, they were going into Hell.

Two days before, a surprise American attack had been launched against an enemy who would have been starting a major offensive of his own in a couple of days.

The surprise had been responsible for a considerable advance on the part of the Americans but the back areas had been stiff with enemy reserves and more had been enroute, so that what had started out as a mathematically calculated advance had turned into an inferno of frenzied combat.

In spite of difficulties, the Americans were pushing slowly forward. They never stopped their pressure on the enemy. The first enemy line had been taken, and the second, and then a mix-up in orders had almost resulted in failure.

Two divisions had missed their boundaries and parallels of departure and became hopelessly entangled. In the midst of this mix-up the Germans had launched a counterattack and, for long, anxious hours, disaster hovered over the confused troops.

All this was unknown to the advancing column until their last halt before entering the zone of action. The passing kilometers had seen the soaring signal lights ever nearer, and the white glow of the Very Lights, hidden behind the intervening hills, ever brighter.

Now they halted on the crest of a hill overlooking that miniature Hell below. The position of both lines could be clearly seen by the floating Very Lights and the almost incessant flash of small arms.

In terse phrases each Captain told his men of the situation, and what was expected of them. No quiet training for them. They were to spread out in battle formation, sweep down that slope to the American lines, pause behind that line for five minutes to adjust formation, and then pass over it and attack the enemy.


Clear and precise, came the orders:

(Continued on page 18)



# General Haskell's Message

SUMMER TRAINING, 1940



**I** KNOW how anxious every officer and enlisted man is with regard to where, when and for how long he is to be called upon for field training this summer.

Employers are anxious, too, for vacation periods must be arranged at an early date.

I wish I could give you that information, but I cannot do so until several matters are cleared up.

We all expect that the bulk of our military force will attend the maneuvers of the First Army, but up to today (April 22nd), as this article goes to the printer, Congress has not passed the Army Appropriation Bill for the fiscal year July 1, 1940-June 30, 1941, and therefore definite information is not available on which orders can be issued.

However, there is no doubt that the Bill will pass and that funds for maneuvers for all the Four Armies will be forthcoming.

Assuming that the Bill will pass substantially "as is," I feel sure that the New York National Guard will take its training as follows, except for minor changes:

The training period will be for twenty-one consecutive days.

The 27th Division (less all field artillery) will spend twenty-one days in the maneuver area, beginning with about one week of small unit training in its concentration area.

The 87th Brigade will do likewise.

The 101st Signal Battalion will also be included.

The three light artillery regiments and the 106th Field Artillery will go to Pine Camp for a week of service practice, and then join the Division in the maneuver area.

The 258th F. A. will go to Fort Bragg, N. C., early in July.

The 244th Coast Artillery will go to Fort Ontario for its firing for one week after the maneuvers.

The 212th C. A. will fire at Ontario, and then move to the maneuver area.

The 51st Cavalry Brigade will train in the maneuver area just prior to the maneuvers. It will follow the 59th Cavalry Brigade, and precede the 52nd Cavalry Brigade, which will participate in the maneuvers.

The 93rd Brigade and the 10th Infantry and 369th Infantry will train at Camp Smith, moving by truck to Camp Upton for the last part of the 21-day period, and returning to home stations thereafter.

These dates are fairly well determined, as the planned maneuvers do not affect them.

Tentatively, then, the troops for Camp Smith would go as follows:

10th Infantry, June 16th to July 6th; 165th Infantry, June 30th to July 20th; Headquarters 93rd Brigade, July 7th to July 27th; 14th Infantry, July 14th to August 3rd; 369th Infantry, August 25th to September 14th.

The 245th C. A. will train at Fort Hancock from July 7th to 27th.

No troops will be at Camp Smith during the maneuver period. The State Matches will take place from June 8th to June 15th.

The actual dates have not been set for the Army maneuvers, but I would venture a guess that they might begin on Sunday, August 4th, and end twenty-one days later—August 24th.

Probably before this is read by you definite dates will be announced.

The New York National Guard is happy that the Army commander contemplates providing for a rea-

sonable time (roughly, a week) of basic training in the concentration area for infantry before the actual exercises of higher units begin, and that the artillery will be able to fire its practice either before or after these maneuvers.

It is planned to schedule all infantry regiments to have two week-end periods at Peekskill (for New York City regiments) and near home stations (for upstate regiments) prior to the maneuvers, at which time known-distance firing, machine gun, pistol, and other weapon firing will be done.

For these week-ends of two days each a ration of 75c per man (supper, breakfast, and luncheon) will be allowed. It is also planned to count each week-end as two armory drills with pay.

### TIME DASHES ON!

(Continued from page 12)

Taking our average turnover of personnel as 7,000 per annum, we arrive at the figure of 119,000 men who have passed through our ranks since the first issue of THE GUARDSMAN was published and who have received military training—this is not quite one per cent of the population of the State of New York (it is approximately .0091) but it is still a respectable number. The average age of these men would still be under 30 years and so we see that we have created a valuable (though at present unorganized) reserve for emergency use. General Haskell outlined a plan for conserving this valuable asset in one of his messages published last year, but we don't know to what extent his suggestions have been carried out. No commercial organization wastes its by-products—very often they are the difference between showing a profit for an operation and recording a loss—so why should we waste these valuable completed products—the fruits of much time and effort on the part of all concerned, by permitting them to be lost to us for the simple reason that no effort is made to retain some sort of control after they leave the organization. We hear much of the evils of big business, but one charge is never made—that of inefficiency. If, then, the utilization of by-products is efficient in business, certainly the utilization of the finished product spells efficiency for us.

### For Long and Faithful Service

CAPTAIN Jamieson's letter which follows touches on a matter which has long been a subject of thought with us. In many regiments, which are under one roof, presentations are made at a review or similar ceremony when the reviewing officer makes the presentation. Where the organization is composed of separate units, the awards are sometimes made during the field training period at a review or evening parade. However, with the advent of maneuvers, this latter method is out. How then, can a separate unit make a proper

presentation? This will require a little planning on the part of the unit commander, but why not, for instance, have a company review for the local civic clubs and have the Mayor or the President of the senior club make the presentation? This has the advantage of creating good publicity for the unit and interesting the gentlemen who attend the review.

There are numerous ways of making the presentation—the essential being that a man's recognition for long and faithful service be presented to him properly and not, as Captain Jamieson points out, in an impersonal and careless manner.

This is a matter of morale building and is worthy of serious consideration by all officers.

### OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE 156TH FIELD ARTILLERY

NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD

March 30, 1940.

Editor,  
NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN,  
New York City.

Dear Sir: An informal discussion of the methods of presenting awards, by a few officers of this regiment, resulted in the following suggestion which we feel is worthy of record.

At the present time the recipient of an award for long and faithful service acknowledges receipt of same to a disinterested postman. To a man who has served during a period of 25 or 35 years, this is hardly sufficient recognition. Our suggestion is that once a year the Governor, Adjutant General, or any authorized group have a presentation dinner or review at which time all state awards be made.

This may not be the entire answer; but it might be productive of discussions that will produce the proper solution.

Very truly yours,

R. JAMIESON, Capt.,  
Publicity Officer.

### Valuable Support

FROM our friend Gene Collins of the Troy Recorder we received the editorial which follows and which appeared in that paper. Here Mr. Collins (himself a veteran of the 27th Division A. E. F.) has emphasized one of the crucial points in our efforts to maintain an efficient organization—employer cooperation. President Roosevelt, Generals Marshall and Drum and other leaders have spoken of the need for this cooperation and the Troy Recorder points the way for that most valuable medium, the press, to support us. It is not enough for the newspapers to merely report that the President has requested the employers to cooperate, we should request our newspapers to

(Continued on page 15)



## LT. COLONEL DEDELL



ON March 19, 1940, Major Thomas C. Dedell was commissioned Lt. Colonel of Infantry by the Adjutant General and is now on duty as Executive Officer, 10th Infantry.

Thomas Dedell enlisted February 24, 1902, in the 4th Battalion, N.G.N.Y., later 1st Infantry. His entire enlisted service was with Co. A and on December 21, 1914, he was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant. In 1916 he served with his regiment at Camp Whitman during the Mexican crisis. In 1917 he was on the New York City Aquaduct and at points in northern New York, guarding public utilities, until his regiment assembled at Van Cortlandt Park in August of that year, later proceeding to Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

At the formation of the 107th Infantry on October 1, 1917, he, with 106 men from Co. A, 1st Infantry, was transferred to Co. A, 107th Infantry, with which he sailed for France May 9, 1918. On August 20, 1918, he was transferred to the G-1 Section of G.H.Q. and assigned to the Postal Express Service in the Transportation Dept. There he organized and commanded the 3rd Division of the Railway Mail Service. In June, 1919, he was assigned as Executive Officer of the Transportation Department until September 1, 1919, when he sailed for the United States.

On January 6, 1920, he re-entered the Guard as Captain, Co. L, 10th Infantry, and has since remained with that Regiment. He has always lived in Utica,

N. Y. In civil life he is in the Post Office Department as Clerk in Charge of a Railway Post Office between Syracuse, N. Y., and Cleveland, Ohio.

Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, August 3, 1917; Captain, November 14, 1918; Major, January 6, 1921. Graduated from the following service schools:

II Corps Gas School, St. Vallery-sur-Somme, 1918.

A.E.F. Infantry Specialist School (Grenades and Auto Rifle), Langres, 1918.

Field Officers Course, Fort Benning, 1925.

Army School of Line and Staff, Chemical Warfare Service, Edgewood, 1927.

2nd Corps Area Command and Staff School, Fort Dix, 1936-37-38.

### VALUABLE SUPPORT

(Continued from page 14)

publish editorials on the matter—and they will, if the subject is brought to their attention—we have yet to hear of a newspaper refusing its cooperation in assisting the National Guard. The radio people will also gladly assist and a committee of information could well be formed at this time to prepare a program of publicity and coordinate the publicity efforts. The time is short and it is essential that every channel be used to reach employers and the general public and inform them of our efforts and of what we are trying to accomplish.

### BUSINESS MUST COOPERATE

News of the passage of the War Department appropriation bill by the House of Representatives and its probable enactment by the Senate in the near future is received with considerable interest in the Troy area. The measure provides for funds which would be necessary to carry on the greatest peacetime army maneuvers in history in northern New York State this August. Inasmuch as Troy is the regimental headquarters of the 105th Infantry and the home station of six companies of that regiment, a considerable number of our residents are affected by the measure.

Not only are the citizen-soldiers themselves affected, but the employers of these men should be concerned and begin to make plans for adjustments of vacation schedules and payrolls. The War Department plans call for a three-week training period for the National Guardsmen, which is one week longer than the customary summer training schedule and also one week longer than the average vacation granted in business and industry.

However, this is a period of emergency, and if the members of the National Guard are called upon to give up their time, talent and energy to the building up of our national defense the business leaders of the country should be willing to do their part by assuring the men that they will not be penalized in a monetary way for the extra time they are giving to the building up of our army.

—Editorial from the Troy Observer.



THE



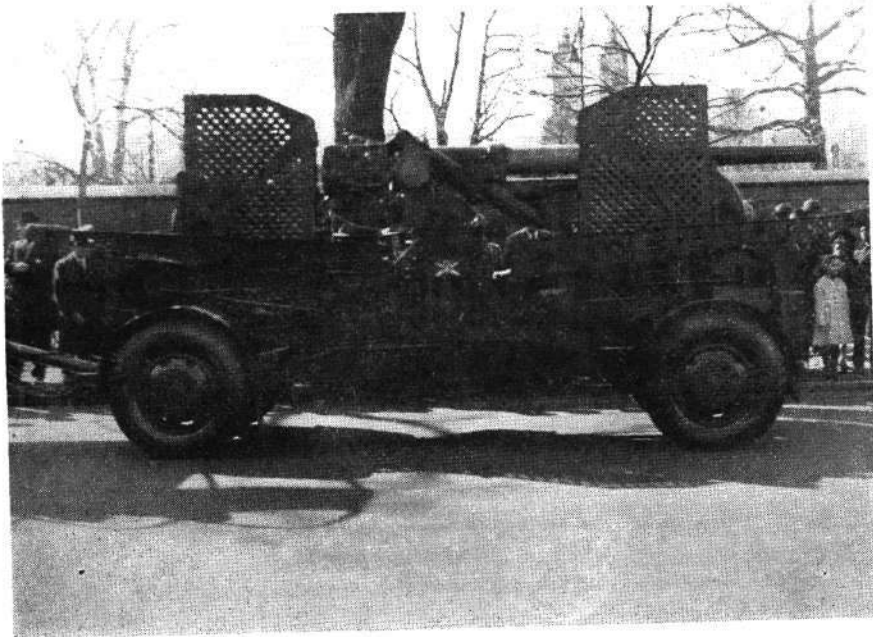
Dear General H

April 6,  
letter day to  
high spots was  
of the troops  
Guard on parade  
you on the sple  
made. It indil  
of morale throu  
zation.

With kinde  
believe me

Since

Major General W  
New York Nation  
1075 Park Avenu  
New York  
New York



*New York Na*

IN ARMY D

All pictures by

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR  
WASHINGTON  
April 8, 1940

Haskell:

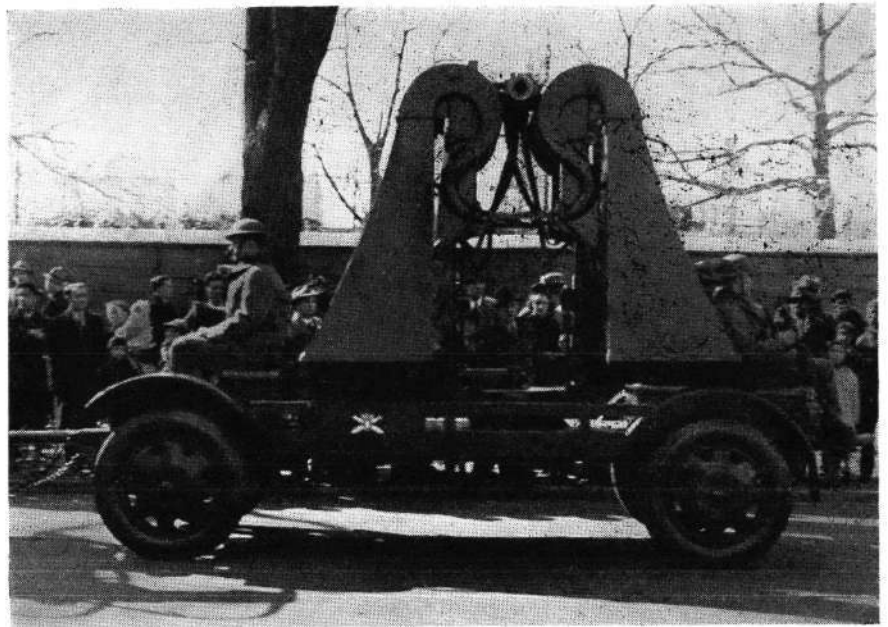
40 was a red  
and one of its  
the demonstration  
of the National  
I congratulate  
did showing they  
ates a high state  
hout the organi-

st regards,

rely yours,

*Louis Johnson*

m. N. Haskell  
al Guard  
e



# National Guard

## DAY PARADE

E. J. LAMBRECHT



## PEACE

(Continued from page 11)

"Each platoon in two waves. Automatic rifle teams forward when we go over. All right, men. FORWARD."

He was going forward to impose his will upon the enemy. An enemy who had disturbed the peace of the world. His feet took up the pace of his comrades. There might be a blur of confusion in his mind but there was certainly no fear in his heart.

Below, the Very Lights and colored artillery signal lights were still soaring. Far off to the right an ammunition dump was going up in many hued flames behind the enemy lines. Ahead, the eastern horizon was red with dawn.

Was it the dawn of hope of a peace to come? He fervently wished that this might be true but his mind was filled with nearer, and for the time, more important questions. He was going forward with a bayonet on the end of his rifle to slay his enemy. His only worry was: "Could he do it?"

Of that enemy he had no fear. But of his own ability he had many.

"All right, men. We'll stop here and organize. You all know what to do."

The Captain's voice was almost a whisper but it was clearly heard.

Hurriedly the Platoon Leaders went about the job of straightening out the formations. Almost in front of him the Colonel and one of his Majors stopped for a last word with the Captain. The thought was just forming in his mind of the importance of this group to the success of their attack when the silence of that line exploded into violent action.

A series of nerve-shattering explosions occurred just a little way out in front. At first he thought that it was an enemy barrage but there had been no warning shriek of approaching shells. From somewhere far off there came a shout:

"Bombing attack."

Then, in the pale light of dawn, he could see the advancing line, almost on them, arms swinging

high as they hurled their missiles of destruction.

"All right, men," it was the Colonel who roared above the tumult, "We'll go forward."

"Here it is," he thought. "The ultimate test."

His bayonet slanted grimly as he watched the Colonel's arm raise for the signal.

Just as that arm went up he saw a "potato masher" grenade land in the midst of that officer group. Before it landed it remembered the importance of those men. He saw, in a flash of crystal-clear thought, the pattern of action he must follow. He realized that his own single effort for peace would be as nothing compared to the force attained by these leaders of men. One way or another, his loss would mean nothing, but his one thought was for peace, and he followed that thought to the uttermost.

Even as the German grenade landed, he fell on it.

It was the end for him.

He had no time to wrap his body around it. With almost unbelievable disregard, he flung himself, face down, and as he hit the earth his whole world exploded in crimson flame.

It was a shaken group of officers who gathered their men and hurled them forward against their attackers and rolled them backward as they swept on to victory.

Behind them, not forgotten, they left the shattered, unrecognizable body of a man who had proven himself braver than them all.

Shattered beyond description, nameless, unknown, he was gathered with the fallen of the other two divisions, all "crusaders for peace" in that last futile "war to end all wars."

Peace had been his one ambition.

Peace had been the goal of his very dreams.

Peace had claimed his last, supreme sacrifice and—the very nature of that sacrifice had brought his last, great reward.

Today, in quiet serenity, upon a

marble crowned hill, he lies in peaceful sleep.

Far above a calmly flowing river, lulled by the gentle breezes as they whisper through marble colonnades, he lies, soothed to a deeper peace by the measured, never-ending tread of a perpetual guard of honor, offered to him by a grateful country, a country that is still at PEACE.

The End.

## LET THE DUTCHMAN ALONE

THE "right of eminent domain" in New York City had not quite the strength in 1836 that it now has, and so a good Dutch citizen, Hendrick Brevoort, was able to block the efforts of the city authorities to extend Eleventh Street from Fourth Avenue westward to Broadway.

The extended street would have split the Brevoort farm in twain and passed right in front of the residence, which faced the present site of Grace Church at Broadway and Tenth Street. Hendrick Brevoort raised such strenuous objections to the proposed extension that the city gave up its plan for several years.

In 1849, the city again tried to extend Eleventh Street through the Brevoort farm. And again Mr. Brevoort defeated the plan. Then it seems, the city fathers said in effect: "Aw, shucks, what's the use? Let the old Dutchman alone."

So, today Eleventh Street marches boldly across Manhattan Isle to Fourth Avenue, where it meets the shade of old Hendrick Brevoort, still blocking the way. Whereupon, it meekly detours around the block and resumes its westward course from Broadway.

He: "Hello baby."

She: "I'll have you to know that I am nobody's baby."

He: "Wouldn't you feel like hell at a family reunion?"

—Exchange.

## OUR SOCIETY

APRIL 30TH marked the close of the 1939-40 fiscal year of the National Guard and Naval Militia Relief Society of New York, Inc. The totals of membership contributions from the twenty-seven Branches which comprise it are not available at the date of writing (April 25th), but it is hoped and expected that the grand total will be in excess of that for 1938-39 (May 1st, 1938-April 30th, 1939), \$17,929.14, and therefore also in excess of that for 1937-38, which was \$17,268.96.

Looking back over the twelve-months which has just ended, the Society can congratulate itself on the splendid support, cooperation, and understanding that it has had from its Branches and from the 350-odd Sections that comprise those Branches, and it extends its warm and heartfelt thanks to every member of the New York National Guard and New York Naval Militia who contributed to its work.

The Annual Meeting of the Society will be held on May 8th, and a report of the proceedings will be printed in next month's issue of THE GUARDSMAN.

Again, to the scores of conscientious and hard-working Branch officers, to the hundreds of Section Presidents, and to the thousands of officers and enlisted men who made 1939-40 a banner year—thanks!



### THERE'S BEEN AN IMPROVEMENT IN BINOCULARS, TOO . . .

Could you judge the performance of a 1940 car by a 1917 model produced by the same manufacturer? Bausch & Lomb built binoculars in 1917, thousands of them, and they served their purpose capably. But, judged by present standards, these war-time glasses are woefully inadequate. If you want to see what modern optical research in design and 1940 precision manufacturing methods can mean to the performance of a field glass, try the current Bausch & Lomb binocular. *Free catalog and details of special purchase plan on request.* Bausch & Lomb, 239 Lomb Park, Rochester, N. Y.

**BAUSCH & LOMB**

*Kinoculars* THE WORLD'S BEST  
BY ANY TEST

### RIDABOCK & CO.

UNIFORMS and EQUIPMENTS

1847 Our 93rd Year 1940

### KNOW YOUR TAILOR

IT IS NOT SO MUCH WHAT WE PAY,  
AS WHAT WE GET FOR OUR MONEY

65-67 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Phones—LExington 2-3992-3993

## DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, Inc.

Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail

Dealers in

### "Dairylea" Dairy Products

Farmers' Milk Co. Branch

DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE CO-OP. ASSOCIATION, INC.

Tel. Poughkeepsie 1336

Beacon 464

JOHN J. WELCH POST No. 381

of the

American Legion, Department of New York, Inc.

JOSEPH BURNS, Commander

LEWIS D. PEER, Adjutant

1919 Whirlpool Street, Niagara Falls, New York

April 11, 1940.

Lt. Col. Henry E. Suavet,  
NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN,  
748 State Office Building,  
80 Centre Street,  
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir: The John J. Welch Post No. 381, American Legion of Niagara Falls, N. Y., wishes to thank through the NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN, the Commanding Officers and members of the local National Guard Units, namely, 3rd Battalion, 174th Inf.; 3rd Batt. Hq. Co., 174th Inf.; Co. A, 174th Inf.; and Co. L, 174th Inf, N.Y.N.G., for the splendid cooperation always given whenever the John J. Welch Post asks for firing squads, buglers, and color guards, and also appreciates the cooperation of these units in several of its undertakings in the past.

The American Legion takes a keen interest in the activities of the National Guard and wishes it every success in the future.

Very sincerely yours,

LEWIS D. PEER, Adjutant.



# New York

by the Federal Writers' Project, W.P.A.

## BROOKLYN'S BOROUGH HALL

**F**ORMERLY the City Hall when Brooklyn was still an independent community, Borough Hall has served the city continuously for ninety-one years as headquarters of administrative functions.

When Brooklyn's status was raised from a village to a city on April 8, 1834, its population was less than 25,000. A new City Hall was needed and when Mayor Jonathan Trotter demanded that the young, rapidly growing city should not be satisfied with a small building but should make it large enough to provide for expansion, he met with opposition by the city fathers. The only thing both factions agreed upon was the place for the new building, the triangle bounded by Fulton, Court, and Joralemon Streets. Mayor Trotter, visualizing Brooklyn as a world metropolis, proposed that the City Hall should cover all of the space available in the triangle, including the site of the lawn just north of the present building and running to the old intersection of Fulton and Court Streets.

The original plans called for

a combined City Hall and Court House, so as to obviate the need for erecting another public building in Brooklyn for a long time. The land was appraised on July 17, 1834, at \$53,008. After much haggling three deeds were signed in May, 1835, by the Remsen and Pierrepont families. A building committee was appointed which offered awards amounting to \$700 for plans to be submitted by architects.

On September 10, 1835, one of these plans was accepted and actual work was started the same year.

Unfortunately the panic of 1837 stopped the building program. Foundations had been completed and the ground floors were about to be finished. Unable to raise cash to pay for materials and wages, the committee abandoned building operations on August 7, 1837. The finished lower stories of the building, practically reaching to the main floor, were covered with boards, presenting for seven years an ugly sight to Brooklyn's citizenry and visitors.

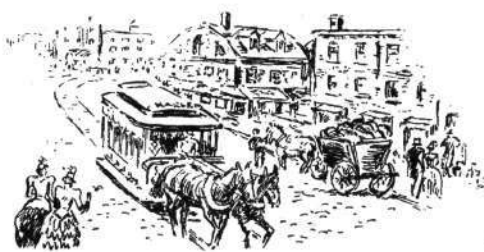
Angry meetings were held to no avail. Finally, in 1884, Brooklynites decided to forget posterity. During that year the original plans were cut down and remodeled by

the new architect, Gamaliel King, to occupy only the southern part of the triangle. The new contractors saved money by tearing up the foundation stones of the northern end of the partly finished building and by using the material for the upper stories of the present building.

With Stephen Haynes as the general superintendent, the Brooklyn City Hall was finally completed in four more years, as a cost of \$250,000 and it was dedicated in 1848 by Mayor Francis B. Stryker, actually thirteen years after Mayor Trotter had laid the cornerstone for the present building.

Borough Hall is built of gray stone and faces north. The bronze statue of Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn's famous preacher, stands in the triangular lawn, in front of and facing the Hall.

The building is three and a half stories high, with a wide sweeping stairway covering half of the facade, bearing six Ionic pillars; the roof is surmounted by an ornamental cupola and a four-face clock. The faded stone walls of the lobby bear two large, brilliant mural paintings placed there in 1939 by the Federal Art Project, with scores of figures illustrating Brooklyn's history.



**BY (MORE OR LESS) EASY STAGES**

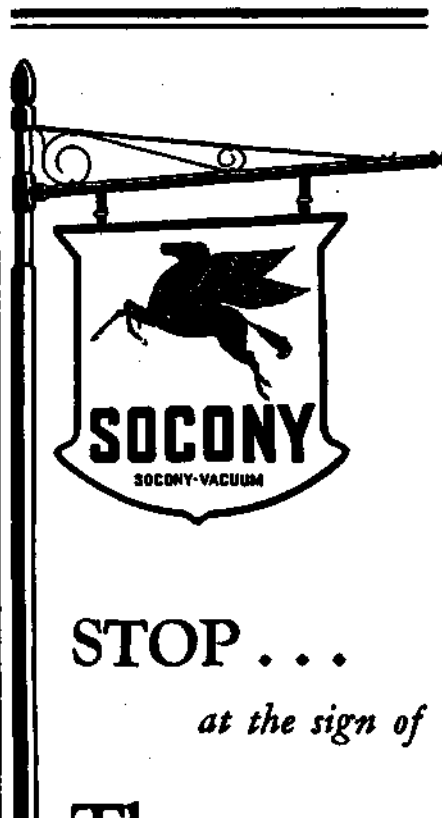
THE multitudes who daily enter and leave New York by means of its many and varied high-speed facilities might laugh or weep at the transportation picture presented one hundred and fifty years ago. Research reveals the following as typical examples of the traveler's choice as to schedules, destinations, and conveyances in 1787.

The Boston-minded could depart by stagecoach from Hall's Tavern, at 49 Cortlandt Street, every Monday and Thursday morning, arriving six days later. The fare was 4d per mile. The Albany stage set out from the same place on the same days, and required two days for the trip. For this jaunt the fare was only 3d a mile.

Two stages left Pawlus Hook at 4 p.m. daily for Philadelphia, going by way of Newark, where an overnight stop was made. The destination was reached the following day. Other stages went by way of Bergen Point, stopping for the night at Elizabethtown, and arriving in Philadelphia the next evening. Still another route to the same city called for travel by boat, leaving every Monday and Thursday, to South Amboy, thence by stagecoach to Burlington, and on to Philadelphia.

A boat operated by one John Thompson set sail from Coenties Slip each Saturday morning and, given a fair wind, arrived at New Brunswick the same evening, returning to New York the following Tuesday.

One stage line, starting from Hall's Tavern daily, was devoted to pleasure parties, making the trip to King's Bridge (which joined Manhattan to the mainland at the island's northernmost point) and



**STOP . . .**

*at the sign of*

**The Flying Red Horse**

**You Can Be Assured of Courteous Service, Prompt Attention and Dependable Products**

**Your Socony Dealer is a Friendly Dealer**

**Standard Oil Of New York**  
 DIVISION OF  
**Socony-Vacuum Oil Co. Inc.**

return the same day. This was, perhaps, the early equivalent of that present favorite, the modern New Yorker's bus ride.

**STREET MERCHANTS, EARLY VINTAGE**

THE New Yorker of today and of a century and a quarter ago were both served by the same institution—that of goods and services sold by street vendors. However, there were certain differences, as will be seen from a glance at the situation in 1814.

Hot corn, carried in a basket on the head of a girl, was a familiar offering, as was buttermilk sold direct from the churn transported by wheelbarrow. Wheelbarrows likewise conveyed pineapples and potatoes through the city streets. And a two-wheeled horse cart brought onions past the housewife's door.

Strawberries were carried in baskets suspended from poles grasped in the middle and one held in each hand. The cherry vendor frequently made his rounds with basket in one hand and a scale in the other. Another form of personal transport was that used for milk, carried in two cans suspended from a yoke worn on the shoulders.

Stationary, but none the less essentially a street enterprise, was the shelf attached to the outside of a house window on the street floor, presenting pottery for sale.

Then, as now, the scissors and knife grinder carried his own equipment for plying his trade. Perhaps most elaborate of all was the street presentation of woodenware, hanging from hooks on a scaffold built on a two-wheeled horse cart.

What present-day consumer could ask more?

**YOUR UNIFORM NEEDS**

Always in stock. Outfit your unit with regimental insignia, two piece collar and cap devices, elastic caps, slacks, khaki shirts, etc., at our low quantity prices.

Send for our latest catalog of Officers and Enlisted Men's Equipment

**March Military Equipment Company**  
*Mfrs. of Military Uniforms and Accessories*  
 155 East 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

**NATIONAL GUARDSMEN**

**"BE UP ON YOUR STUFF"**

25 Army Training Texts, latest regulations, Enlisted Set \$1.30. Officer Set (extra texts) \$1.85.

Postpaid with check or sent C.O.D.

**LUND PUBLISHING CO., Dawson, Minn.**

# Things Happen Like That

by 2nd Lieut. Ed. G. Sowers

A SHELL flared very near the trench.

The gray outline of crouching figures ducked noticeably, more as a nervous reaction than to try and escape any damage that the shell might do. They were past worrying about that.

There were forty-two of them. The day before they had been a full war strength company. But then a front line trench can play plenty of hell with any organization in a lot less time than twenty-four hours—at least those were the thoughts of Lieut. Bill Regan as he hugged the side of the trench and laboriously spat gravel, dirt, and wisp of dry grass from his mouth.

On the map they were represented as just another company defending a small knoll—numerically unimportant but vital in the scheme of things. In reality they were just a group of scared, dog-tired men; crouched in dazed bewilderment on a hill, where the spine-tingling spectre of conspicuousity hovered over them.

But the position was important. "A" Company had been given specific and definite instructions to hold it until the last man if necessary. And it looked like that's exactly what would happen. Captain Bartel had been killed in the bombardment the night before. Now there was only Lieutenant Regan and Lieutenant Schmalz. Regan snickered; then ended it in a choking gasp of disgust. Funny thing about Schmalz. There he was with a name like that and yet he was more American than Regan would ever be—and a great guy, too. He winced when he considered what he had done. It would be better if he was killed in the next bombardment to put an end to the whole messy affair.

He glanced at his watch. It was time for him to fake some feeble excuse to get out of that trench. Hell would break lose in just five minutes and the enemy knew the exact positions of them and all the units in the regimental sector. But he couldn't move. He gazed at Schmalz who stood over at the barrier white faced—tense, with eyes trying to pierce the

darkness to see what lay ahead. At least *he* had a little consideration for men—and human beings. At least *he* wasn't the type that would betray—. He flinched at the thought.

He glanced again for the time, his eyes, like Schmalz, trying to pierce the murk of the gray, foggy, dawn. It was com—. Before the thought even was fully formed in his head the barrage started. "A" Company was taken wholly by surprise. Men and ground and frameworks were thrown into the air in one grand Martian conglomeration; while .75's roared their vengeance and spat their destruction against a confused and terror-stricken regiment. The bombardment became worse. Regan turned frantic eyes towards Schmalz who was making a feeble and entirely useless attempt at organization. He ran over towards him, his feet clumping over slippery bodies and mouldy ground.

"Schmalz! Schmalz!" Was that his voice, he wondered? Was that the boisterous, full-throated cry of William H. Regan? He grinned—a foolish, sickly, grin—at the thought. Who cared? He was past caring. They were doomed—all doomed. He knew that, but first he must tell Schmalz. He MUST tell Sch m-! !

But the shot was direct—too direct—and with a roar of sheeted flame the remainder of "A" Company in their improvised dugout, seemed to be literally blown and scattered over the entire length of the trench they tried so vainly to hold.

Regan's first reaction was a terrific roaring in his ears—a roaring that cut into him like a pain weighted knife. He opened his eyes and glanced around. He could smell the acrid odor of burnt flesh and hear the horrible moanings of dangerously wounded men. He looked across the trench. There was Schmalz! He wasn't dead! He was down but alive. His legs kept twitching. Regan stared as if fascinated. They twitched and squirmed as if trying to go somewhere without their owner.

(Continued on page 30)



**ASOMANTE**

*(Continued from page 8)*

left just before the Americans entered. Troop C, having completed its mission, was now without further orders, but Captain Clayton quickly sized up the situation and the troop started out in pursuit of the enemy wagon train.

Fifteen minutes out of Coamo the column halted to rest. The men were tired, the horses blown, but the Troop had a job ahead of it. The order was given to move out on foot, the mounts led behind the main body by horse-holders.

A few miles of this and the men were weary, but the Captain pressed them on. Finally they came across evidence that proved their quarry was not far ahead. A bridge had been made ready for dynamiting, but the fuses were not set; the retreating Spaniards had not had time to carry out their plan of destruction.

Pushing on, the Brooklyn cavalrymen came upon several more bridges, none of which the enemy had time to blow up. Then, about four miles from Coamo, the troopers heard a terrific explosion. Hurrying forward they came upon a partially wrecked bridge, mute evidence that the enemy was ahead. The order came to mount, and the Troop continued the pursuit at a smart trot. The country hereabouts was wild and mountainous, the horsemen continually going uphill, higher and higher. They were nearing the crest of the mountain when it happened.

WHAM! A shell screamed overhead and exploded behind them, sending a shower of dirt and stones high in the air. The men dismounted and took up positions on the hill. Across the valley that stretched below them they could see the Spanish batteries on Asomante Mountain, see the scarlet flashes as the guns roared. The shelling continued, but the enemy marksmanship was, as usual, terrible. Only one shell landed anywhere near the troopers and that, luckily, was a dud.

The Americans returned the Spanish fire with their carbines, and soon the air was filled with humming lead. A messenger on a lathered horse rode up to Captain Clayton with orders from General Wilson:

"Stay where you are and hold your ground at any cost!"

The odds were heavily in favor of the Spaniards for they had several thousand troops in the vicinity, but Troop C had its orders. The Brooklyn cavalrymen kept up the fire.

With lead whistling all around it was little short of a miracle that none of the troops were hit. This was due not only to the poor shooting of the Spaniards, but to the fact that the American soldiers had to stay at least fifteen feet apart to cover their positions, and the thin line was hard to hit.

*(Continued on page 27)*

*The*  
**VAN CURLER**  
HAROLD O. KIMBALL *Manager*  
**SCHENECTADY N.Y.**



*AMERICAN HOTELS CORPORATION N.Y.*  
J. LESLIE KINCAID *President*

*Specializing*  
**IN U. S. ARMY OFFICERS' UNIFORMS**  
**CHRISTENSON**  
*Military Tailors*  
**236 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

	<p><b>What a Good Cleaning Oil is to Your Rifle</b> <b>Murine is to Your Eyes</b> Try it before your next match</p>
	<p>Use Murine Daily to Promote a Clean, Clear, Healthful Condition of Your Eyes</p>
	<p>Write for Free Eye Care Book. THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO</p>

**Pearl Taxi** — Call boxes located for your convenience at all sections of the city.  
Just call **Albany 4-2163**

# The Midnight Oil

by Lieut. Thurston Paul, 10th Inf., N. Y. N. G.

"GOSH, why do we have to fool around with these Army Extension Courses?" was a question overheard some time ago at an officers' meeting.

"I haven't the time to put on them," chimed in a rookie 2nd Lieutenant. "Does every officer and candidate for a commission have to complete these courses before he can get his commission? I wonder what the 'powers-that-be' hope to gain by requiring us to do these book studies. What good are they to us? Why should we bother ourselves about them?"

The Command and General Staff School, in its Academic notes published in *The Command and General Staff School Quarterly* of June, 1938, answered these questions in a single sentence when it stated that no one agency for training plays as important a part in the theoretical training of the commissioned personnel of all components of our army as do the Army Extension Courses. As one of the world's largest correspondence schools, this series of home-study courses has over 96,000 officers and potential officers enrolled, and is one of the Army's most potent means of *Indoctrination* and *Instruction*.

The Army educational system was created to cope with two great fundamental needs, that of training our Regular and National Guard officers in higher command and staff functions, and of training our Reserve officers in the duties and functions of their war-time offices.

The *Announcement of Army Extension Courses, 1939-40*, gives the aim of the War Department as making every effort to provide facilities for the military training

and instruction of the 80 per cent of the Army of the United States who would be men taken from civilian pursuits. In order to secure competent leaders there must be available a pool of potential war-time officers possessing the desired educational, moral, and physical qualifications, and at least trained in the duties of their war-time grades. This pool was created through the organization of the Officers' Reserve Corps, and its training is being attained primarily through the conduct of the Army Extension Courses.

The present set-up of our system of military education can be seen readily from the following chart:

ARMY EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM	
	1. Training with Troops.
REGULAR ARMY	2. Schools { a. U. S. Military Academy. b. Unit and Garrison. c. Special Service. d. General Service. (1) Command and General Staff. (2) Army Industrial College. (3) Army War College.
	3. *Army Extension Courses.
NATIONAL GUARD	1. Summer Camp Training. 2. Armory Training. 3. Service Schools. 4. *Army Extension Courses.
RESERVE CORPS	1. Active Training { a. Unit. b. With Troops. c. Service Schools. 2. Inactive Training { a. Unit and Group Schools. b.*Army Extension Courses.

\* Note that the Army Extension Courses enter into the theoretical training of all three components of our armed forces.

The Army Extension Courses have their primary mission for reserve officers: To give them the knowledge essential to their war-time duties, to provide professional qualification for promotion, and to create a basis for coordinated instruction in unit and group schools. A secondary, but nevertheless im-

portant, mission is: To provide individual instruction to National Guard personnel and Regular Army officers, and to prepare students for resident courses at the various service schools.

The nineteen extension courses provided are classified according to the different arms and services and the Command and General Staff School, including such tactical groups as the Cavalry, Coast Artillery Corps, Corps of Engineers, Field Artillery, Infantry, Medical Department, and Signal Corps. In each of the sixteen arms and services each course consists of subcourses arranged in a logical and progressive order, each sub-

course covering one of the military knowledge qualifications for initial appointment or promotion in the respective arm or service. These subcourses are grouped into specially numbered serials called the 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, and 60 series, corresponding to commissioned grades from 2nd Lieutenant to

Colonel, and the applicable serial must be completed for appointment or promotion to its respective grade, such as the 10 series for appointment to the grade of 2nd Lieutenant, or the 40 series for promotion to grade of Major.

An example can be taken from the 10 series of the extension course for the Infantry. It includes eight subcourses covering the subjects indicated and is the series one must successfully complete in order to qualify for appointment as 2nd Lieutenant Infantry.

- 10-1 Organization of the Army  
(Common Subcourse No. 17)  
7 hours
- 10-2 Organization of Infantry  
13 hours
- 10-3 Administration (Common  
Subcourse No. 1).....8 hours
- 10-4 Military Law—The Law of  
Military Offenses (Common  
Subcourse No. 14).....15 hours
- 10-5 Military Discipline, Courtesies,  
and Customs of the Service  
(Common Subcourse No. 12)  
.....6 hours
- 10-6 Interior Guard Duty (Common  
Subcourse No. 10)  
8 hours
- 10-7 Map and Aerial Photograph  
Reading (Common Subcourse  
No. 11)  
Part I Map Reading..15 hours  
Part II Aerial Photograph  
Reading .....10 hours
- 10-8 Military Sanitation and First  
Aid (Common Subcourse No.  
15) .....10 hours

The preparation of the subject matter of these nineteen courses is no small task and in order that the best thought and teachings may be incorporated, the subjects pertaining solely to one arm or service are prepared by the respective arm or service. Where the subjects pertain to units of combined arms and services they are prepared by the Command and General Staff School. Common subcourses (subjects common to two or more arms and services) are prepared by an

arm, service, or the Command and General Staff School. There are twenty-three such common subcourses, seven of which are found in the 10 series of the Infantry extension course. For example, Subcourse 10-1 of the Infantry course (Common Subcourse No. 17, Organization of the Army) is also found in the extension courses of the Adjutant General's Department, Air Corps, Cavalry, Chaplains, Chemical Warfare Service, Coast Artillery Corps, Corps of Engineers, Field Artillery, Finance, Judge Advocate General's Department, Medical, Military Intelligence, Ordnance, Quartermaster, and Signal Corps.

From a national viewpoint and from the viewpoint of the individual, the advantages of pursuing the Army Extension Courses are obvious. The Nation depends largely for its defense upon its citizen army. The quality of this defense will be in direct proportion to the efficiency of the officers in that army, and this efficiency can be attained and maintained only by constant study and training. The position and importance of the individual citizen soldier depend upon mastery of his duties and functions; his reassignment and promotion depend in great part upon his own efforts and study. The far-reaching influence of this great university of war makes individual study possible for over 96,000 officers and potential officers each year, as compared to only one per cent of this number who can receive instruction at the various service schools. It is sincerely believed that the final merits of this great system will ultimately be reflected in the success or failure of our arms on the battlefields of our country.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The foregoing article is based on "The Army Extension Courses and the Command and General Staff School" from the C. and G. S. S. "Military Review" and on the "Announcement of Army Extension Courses."*

# GOOD HUMORS

The pure, wholesome, pasteurized ice cream in handy stick form.

Made with fresh cream and delicious flavorings. Untouched by human hands in the entire process. Watch for the sanitary white GOOD HUMOR cars which pass your door every day.



New York Good Humor, Incorporated

115 East Third Street  
Mount Vernon, N. Y.



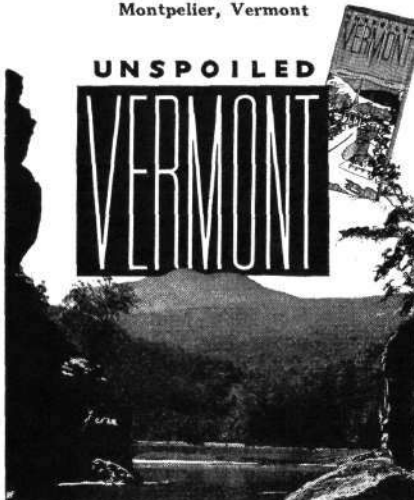
## Where there's Elbow Room for Country Fun

In all the book of living there are no more thrilling chapters than those written in the year's play days . . . vacation time. To put the vital PLUS into your holiday for 1940, plan now to experience Country Fun at its uncrowded best in the land of Green Mountains. Favored by Nature, unspoiled by crowds, the hills and valleys, lakes and streams of Vermont beckon you to a new experience in variety and quality of sports, in warmth of welcome and in general good living where you pause to rest and refresh. "Vermonters have a way," they say, and guests are the summer's chief concern of hosts to whom hospitality is a natural art.

### FREE Vacation Book

Send today for a vacation book that really tells what you want to know. 32 pages in colors; pictures and text that give you a preview of what Vermont has to surprise and delight you with.

Dept. of Conservation & Development  
Publicity Service, 44 State House  
Montpelier, Vermont



Wide World.

### THE ARMY'S DAY

Twenty-three years ago today the United States Army entered upon the greatest test of its qualities in history. On that day it assumed a new and still undiminished importance in the affairs of the nation. The army emerged from the bitter trial by fire in France with old traditions of valor and service amplified and new traditions established. It fought in the "greatest of all battles," the Meuse-Argonne. It performed miracles of enlistment, training, transportation, administration, organization and supply.

Today veterans of that other war, as well as young soldiers of today, youths from the Citizens Military Training camps—men in uniform and men in civilian clothes—will march on Fifth Avenue to commemorate the deeds which have made army history. The parade will be at once a spectacle and a symbol—a spectacle not of power but of ability to muster power; a symbol of the army's honored place in the life of the people of this country. On this Army Day, when another war is ravaging Europe, it is the nation's duty to keep the bright steel of its sword shining and unruined.—Editorial in *The New York Times*, April 6, 1940.

### ARMY DAY PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE

Reviewing officers saluting as the Colors pass during the Army Day parade. Left to right: Louis Johnson, Assistant Secretary of War; Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum, Commandant of the Second Corps Area; Lieut. Governor Charles Poletti, and Mayor La Guardia.

### WEST POINT PREPARATORY COURSE

Opportunity for young Guardsmen, 18 to 20, interested in competing for West Point to obtain thorough, low-cost, individual instruction by mail from West Point graduate. Write for information. Capt. A. T. Bell, U. S. Army, retired, 119 Franklin Blvd., Merrick, N. Y.

**BRONZE HONOR ROLLS  
MEMORIALS  
AWARDS**

FOR ALL PURPOSES, REASONABLE  
NEW IDEAS SKETCHED FOR YOU  
IN PREVIEW FORM—GRATIS

**U. S. BRONZE SIGN CO.**  
570 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

**TABLETS**



**Luxemburg**

**CIVILIAN & MILITARY TAILORS**  
485 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Officers' Uniforms—Civilian Clothes  
hand-tailored—at a fair price.

The finest GAP in the Army

**ASOMANTE***(Continued from page 23)*

At dusk a battalion of the Third Wisconsin came up to relieve the Troop, and the cavalymen retired to water their mounts. That night the men slept on their saddles with their carbines near at hand, ready to leap into action if there was an alarm. The next day Corporal Norton and six men made a reconnaissance up the road. Shortly after they had left, the rest of the troopers, waiting for noon mess, heard firing. They dropped their messkits, grabbed carbines and sprinted up the road. They met Norton's squad coming back in the opposite direction. Two men were missing; they had been left to hold off a detachment of Spaniards who had attacked the patrol, while the others rode for help. As the Troop came up on the double, the enemy retreated leaving the Americans, including the two of Norton's rear guard, unscathed.

As the troopers returned to their position on the mountain crest all Asomante opened fire. Rifles cracked, and two Spanish machine guns cut loose, but none of the Americans were hit. Then the troopers found that they were being fired upon from a different direction. A patrol, under Captain Clayton investigated, found a detachment of Spaniards hidden in the bushes just north of the American lines. Clayton's men advanced, the enemy retreated. There were no casualties on either side.

All that afternoon the firing continued. Bullets whizzed past the troopers, pinged against rocks, kicked up spurts of dirt. Two Wisconsin men were hit, but the cavalry suffered no casualties. The Spaniards weren't so lucky, for their white tunics standing out against the green background of the mountains made excellent targets. The enemy suffered heavily before the troopers' carbines.

As the evening came on the "Cease Firing" order was given and Troop C was retired from its positions. It was now the duty of the Brooklyn cavalymen to rest themselves and their horses in preparation for a general advance on Aibonito, which the Americans expected to take place several days hence. Waiting, the troopers could hear heavy firing as the batteries on Asomante exchanged volleys with the American artillery.

There was no advance. Peace came on August 13th and patrols which had gone out on reconnaissance missions returned to the Troop. On September 3rd the transport "Mississippi" left the Playa and Troop C was on its way back to Brooklyn.

---

**STATE MATCHES**  
**JUNE 8-15**

---

**WHERE STATE LEADERS MEET****HOTEL TEN EYCK**

- Nearness to the Capitol . . . Prestige of Address . . . Convenience to Downtown Stores, Theatres . . . and *the best in modern service* are yours at this famous gathering place.
- Ideal convention headquarters for large or small groups.



FILON J. RYAN  
Manager

**ALBANY****P. O. D.**

**Applications now being received  
for the 1940 Field Training Season.**  
**See your unit commander.**

**MILBOUER — TAILORS**

348 STATE STREET (Near Hoyt St.)  
Brooklyn, New York

**BUSINESS**

**DRESS and  
SPORT CLOTHES**

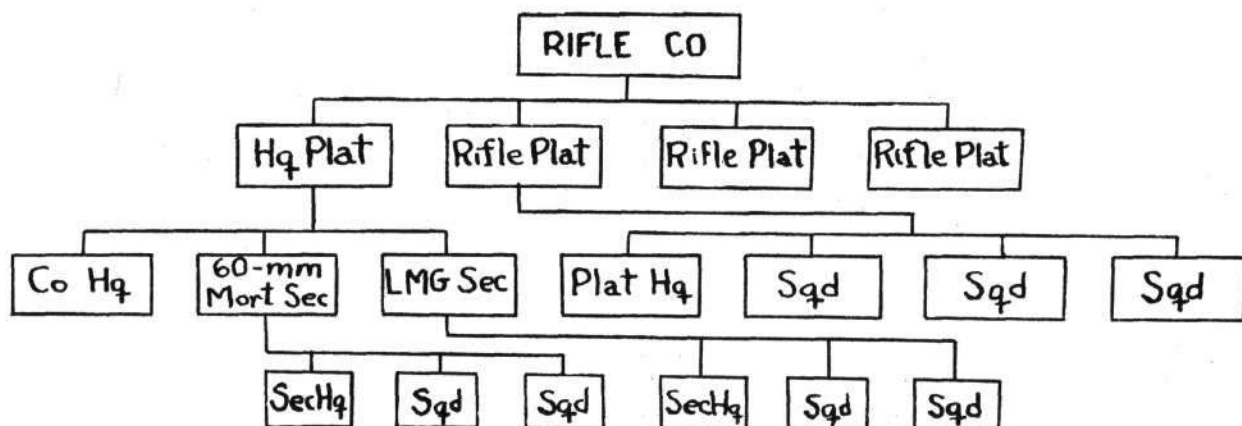
CUSTOM TAILORED UNIFORMS

*Our complete price list on Army Officers' Dress and Service Uniforms will be mailed to you upon request.*

Telephones

Established 1885    TTriangle 5-0164    CUMberland 6-5446





### MODERN INFANTRY

*(Continued from page 7)*

action, had practically finished his mission for the time being, now has the means of giving continuous support to his attacking platoons."

The rifle company is composed of a headquarters platoon and the three rifle platoons.

The headquarters platoon includes the company headquarters, a 60-mm mortar section and a light machine-gun section. In the company headquarters there are a captain (commanding the company), two lieutenants (one second-in-command and the other for the mortar and light machine-gun sections), one first sergeant, three sergeants (communication, mess, supply), one corporal (clerk) and eleven privates.

In the 66-mm mortar section, headquarters of which consists a section sergeant and two privates (chauffeur and messenger), there are two mortar squads. Each squad has a corporal (gunner) and four privates (one assistant gunner and three ammunition carriers). All the members of this section, except the chauffeur and messenger, are armed with the pistol. Normally each squad operates one mortar, although a third mortar is prescribed for the section for use in defensive situations. A ½-ton truck is assigned to this section as carrier for weapons and ammunition.

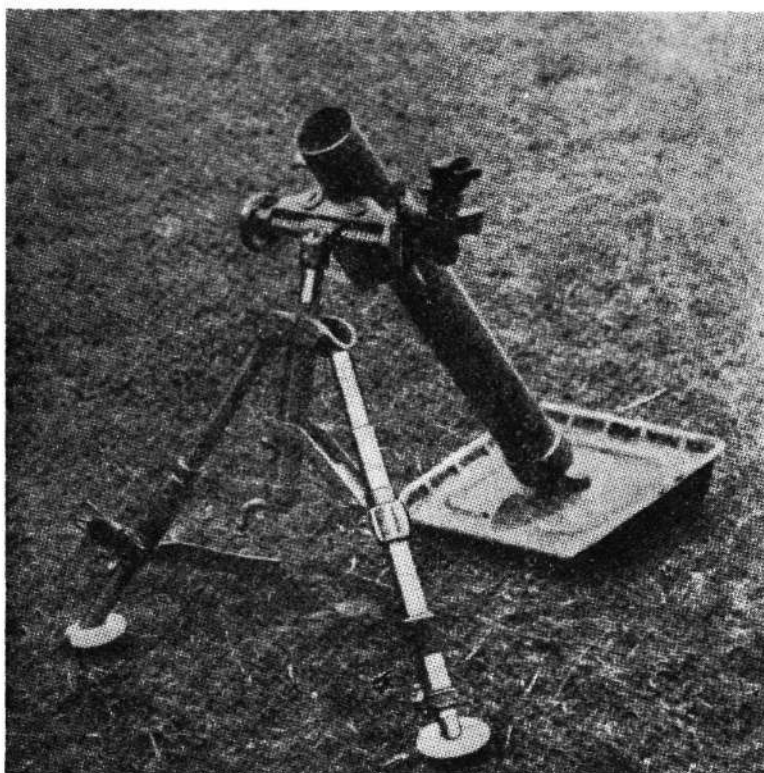
Since we have here introduced a new infantry weapon we will describe it briefly.

It weighs approximately 51 pounds. It can be broken down into two loads, the tube and bipod weighing 28 pounds, the base-plate and accessories 23 pounds. Shells weigh from 3 to 3½ pounds each. Each ammunition carrier (3 to a squad) carries 10 rounds. The maximum range of this mortar is 1,800 yards, therefore it is neither necessary nor desirable to emplace it in or very close to an assault echelon. It is one of the means given to a company commander to maintain the initial velocity of

his platoons. It is an effective high-angle weapon for dealing immediately with concealed or defiladed resistances which cannot be reached with the flat-trajectory rifle or machine gun.

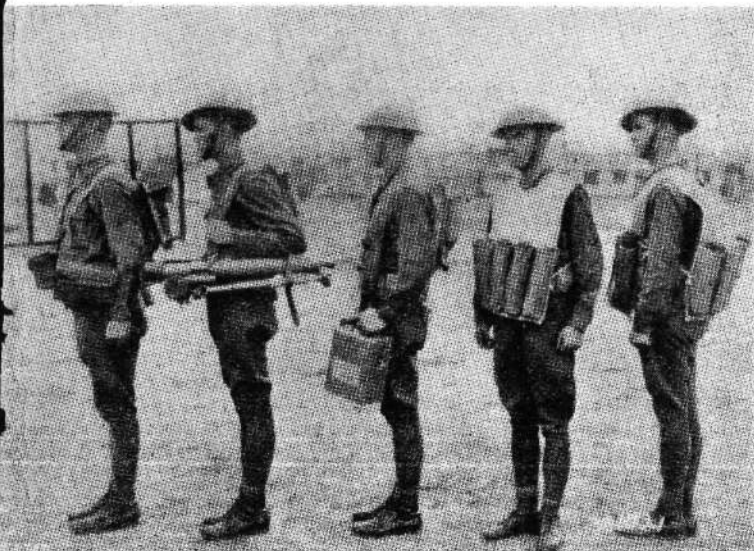
The light machine-gun section is composed of a section headquarters (one sergeant and one private, messenger) and two light machine-gun squads.

The light machine-gun squad has a corporal (squad leader), two gunners, two assistant gunners, and two ammunition carriers. Each light machine-gun squad operates two light machine guns (total, four for the section). All but the gunners are armed with the pistol. A new light machine gun has not yet been standardized. However, our Tables of Organization list as a temporary substitute, the Browning Automatic



60-MM MORTAR

*USA Signal Corps*



60-MM MORTAR SQUAD

USA Signal Corps

Rifle, caliber, .30, modified. It is an air-cooled, gas-operated, magazine-fed, shoulder weapon. As modified with hinged butt-plate, bipod, new stock, and new sights, it weighs about 20 pounds. Its effective use when fired automatically has been increased by reduction of the cyclic rate from 600 to 300 rounds per minute.

This is the second means given the company commander for maintaining the initial velocity of his platoons. He can send in these light machine guns behind an advanced platoon to enfilade resistances holding up the rear platoons. He can employ them in gaps between platoons. He can employ them in the zones of adjacent companies more advanced than his own to assist his own. He can assist by fire the adjacent companies and receive cooperative fires from them more rapidly and effectively than has been our experience in the past. He now has something in his own hands with which to influence company combat. A vast difference, and improvement over the usual "request for fires" so typical of the World War of 1914-1918.

Our war strength rifle company then, to sum up, consists of the headquarters platoon of 3 officers and 45 men, and three rifle platoons each of one officer and 39 men, making a grand total for the company of 6 officers and 162 men. The peace strength organization of 4 officers and 114 men permits of ready expansion to these war strength totals.

(To be continued)

**STATE MATCHES**  
**JUNE 8-15**

**CIVIL SERVICE COURSES**

**PATROLMAN** | **FIREMAN**  
**RAILWAY** | **POST OFFICE**  
**POSTAL CLERK** | **CLERK-CARRIER**  
**PRISON GUARD**

Call, write or phone

**The Delehanty Institute**

115 East 15th St., N. Y. C. STuy 9-6900



Marvin Townsend

"How'll You Have It Cut, With a Bowl or Free Hand?"

**BROOKLYN ACADEMY**

PREPARE FOR



**WEST POINT**  
and  
**ANNAPOLIS**



**GENERAL HASKELL SCHOLARSHIPS**

For Members of the N. Y. N. G. and the N. J. N. G.

**ADMIRAL LACKEY SCHOLARSHIP**

For Members of the N. Y. N. M.

**ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT**

Further Information if Desired

Montague and Henry Streets, Brooklyn, New York

MAin 4-4957

## THINGS HAPPEN LIKE THAT

(Continued from page 22)

Regan tried to move over towards him. He dug into the still smouldering ground ahead with torn finger nails, and tried to drag himself forward. He was rewarded by a shot of pain that pierced his entire being. He reached down his hand to loosen his belt. The belt wasn't there and all he could feel was a mass of stickiness. It sickened him. A belly wound, he thought. What a helluva way to die—and in an American uniform!

The effort was too much, he thought; much too mu—. He felt himself slipping off into unconsciousness. Drifting slowly, monotonously, down the byways of time, and once again he found himself in Holsendorf. The broad fields—the sunny plains of his boyhood home. He remembered so well sitting on his father's knee and hearing him tell stories of America. His father had been the German representative of a great American dental equipment company in those days. He had lived practically his whole life in Germany—had even married a German girl. But just before he came, his father, in order to satisfy a wish in his heart, had taken his wife to the States. A vacation, he called it—the first one in seventeen years. He had been born in America as his father had wished, and then—after too short a time—back to Germany. Back to a life of care-free living—of gaiety. Of the tantalizing odors of German cooking and German baking. Of the rigid discipline of German schools and German ideals. Why—he choked—came out of the reverie—looked around him hollow-eyed. He WAS German! German in everything but name and nationality! He laughed. Funny? Damnably funny! The laugh turned into a roar—a cackling rasp of hysterical mirth, until the whole world spun around and around and time stood still.

It all came back to him clearly now. Those years of boyhood pleasures—boyhood ideals. Then—then the war. He remembered the look in his father's eyes when he had told him that he intended to join the German cavalry. The hot words that had passed between them—his father, pressing the fact on him of his American citizenship—of his duty to a country he never even knew—a country where he had spent the first two months of his life—and that was all.

Then the trip to the German War Office to explain his predicament—his desires. The fussing about, the red tape—. Yes, they could use him—but in a much more valuable category than a plain cavalryman.

He had gone back then, to his father, a frozen smile on his face and a made-up apology in his heart. The old man had swallowed it. He had gone back to America — Plattsburg — training camp — though his whole soul rebelled against the idea.

Pain ran through his body. William H. Regan—German in everything but name. He laughed soulessly. The irony of it made his frame shake with hysterical giggling. There, Schmalz over there—as

swell a fellow as one could know—with a German name, and yet a good, true, American if ever there was one.

His fevered brain reacted with his body. He couldn't pass out like this without telling anybody! He must apologize—beg forgiveness for his act. A spy! He spat the words out of his mouth as if distasteful. He looked around him—the broken bodies—the ludicrous, gorgesque positions of dying men. He had caused all this! His information as to position had been as accurate as the enemy guns that had responded with alacrity and a deadliness that was appalling! The thought added momentum to his pain-racked figure and he wiggled a little nearer to the still twitching figure of Schmalz.

Schmalz, he believed, would kill him when he told. He was dying—Schmalz would know he was dying, but he would kill him anyhow—before he even had time to die the soldier's death. Schmalz was like that. He would give him a last, despicable look, and—if he had the strength—try to shoot him dead.

He was next to the body now. "Schmalz—Schmalz!" he began chewing it slowly—laboriously. shoulder of the wounded man—turned him over. Lieutenant Schmalz looked up at him with a glassy stare—tried feebly to smile at him as he attempted to painfully raise himself on his right elbow.

Regan looked at him with wide, staring, eyes. "Listen, Fritz,"—he groaned in pain—put his left hand against his blood-drenched waist—"ya-ya got to listen—"

Schmalz fumbled for a cigarette in his torn coat. A much bedraggled weed came out of his pocket and he began chewing it slowly—laboriously.

"Yeah?" he questioned, cocking his head to one side so as to get a better view of his colleague. "Well, ya better spill it now kid, 'cause it don't look like either of us is going to have such a helluva long time to talk over our tea and cakes."

Regan looked at him desperately — pleadingly. "What," he began, slowly. "What would you do if after living with a person for months and months, associating with him day after day—sleeping with him under the same roof and eating the same food—and then to find—to find out that that person was nothin' but the lowest form of skunk—a lousy spy that was just waiting to get a strangle hold on you when your eyes were closed and your guard was down. What would—" He stopped suddenly, gazing with astonishment at his companion.

Schmalz's face was ghastly, a look of pure horror printed indelibly on his features. His lips quivered—turned gray, and the blood drained from his face as if routed from the veins by an unseen force. He seemed to shrink within himself as he made a pitiful attempt at retreat by pushing himself away from Regan with the scuffed heel of his worn-out boot.

"How," he managed to quaver, in an almost inarticulate gasp—"How did you find out who I really was?"





Standing—Left to Right: Pts. Hammersla, Keller, Zeller, Hammersla. Kneeling—Left to Right: Pts. Cowey, Cutris, Cpl. Keller and Put. Woodard.

**CO. H 108TH INFANTRY WINS ROCHESTER AND DISTRICT NATIONAL GUARD LEAGUE TROPHY**

The Rochester and district National Guard League is composed of six basketball teams, representing four separate infantry companies, one medical unit, and one Marine Reserve company.

Companies E, G, H, and the Anti-Tank Platoon of the 108th Infantry, Company A of the 102nd Medical Regiment, and Company C of the Marine Reserve, all turned out fine teams for the season 1939-1940.

A schedule was arranged so that each team played fourteen games. The games were played on regular drill nights after the drill periods. Teams competed throughout the season to decide the best four teams who were to take part in the league play-offs.

A very fine gold trophy was donated by a leading Rochester sporting goods store, and was awarded Co. H, 108th Infantry, after it had compiled a record of twelve wins against two losses during its league play, and defeated Co. C of the Marine Reserve in the semi-finals and Co. G, 108th Infantry in the finals.

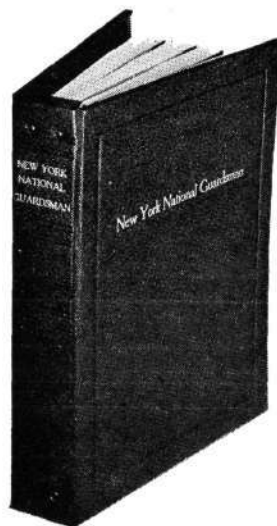
The trophy will again be put up for competition next season, and for the following three seasons. At the end of five seasons the team having won it the greatest number of times will retain the trophy.

**TEAM STANDINGS**

	Won	Lost
Co. H, 108th .....	12	2
Co. G, 108th .....	11	3
Marines .....	10	4
Co. E, 108th .....	10	4
Anti-Tank Pl. ....	6	8
Co. A, Medics .....	3	11

**NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN BINDERS**

*"A Click and Magazines Are Bound"*



TO OUR many thousands of subscribers who have wished for an inexpensive way of binding and preserving their copies of New York National Guardsman we offer the new and beautiful PERMO BINDER to fill this very definite need. This binder is simple to use. No punching or marring of magazines necessary. A click and the magazine is in . . . and with a patented construction any issue can be quickly and easily removed without disturbing the other magazines in the binder. One binder holds 12 issues.

In addition to their practical use, PERMO BINDERS are so handsome in appearance that they turn your magazines into de luxe library editions of beautifully bound books. In your bookcase or on the library table, whether in the home or office, PERMO-BOUND magazines are fitting companions for your rarest editions.

Send check for \$1.50 for each binder desired, \$1.75 foreign.

**THE AMERICAN BINDER CO.**

235 Fifth Avenue, New York City

**GENERAL LOESER COMMANDS OLD GUARD**

At the 114th Annual Meeting of the Old Guard of the City of New York, New York State Militia, held March 20th at its Armory, 307 West 91st Street, New York City, Brigadier General Paul Loeser who retired on November 18, 1939, after 40 years' service, the last part of same as Commanding Officer of the 258th Field Artillery, was elected Major-Commanding and President. General Loeser succeeds Colonel Edward Havemeyer Snyder who was Commanding Officer for 22 years. Colonel Snyder was elected Honorary Colonel for life.

The other military officers elected were: Honorary Company—Captain William Marks, First Lieut. Frank T. Lawrence, Second Lieut. Nathan Berkowitz. Company A (Light Guard), organized 1826—Captain Charles W. Lange, First Lieut. Freeman R. Boice, Second Lieut. Thomas P. McDonald. Company B (City Guard), organized 1833—Captain Jean A. Brunner, First Lieut. George A. Caruso, Second Lieut. Ignatius Fischl. Treasurer and Paymaster, Captain Augustus Hoffman. Asst. Treasurer and Paymaster, First Lieut. Louis F. Mohr. Trustee for 3 years, Captain David Werden.

The military officers, including General Loeser, were sworn in at City Hall in the Governors Room on Saturday afternoon, April 20, by Brigadier General Ames T. Brown, the Adjutant General. Later the same afternoon the Annual Memorial Service was held in the Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion.

# AVERAGE PERCENTAGE OF ATTENDANCE

MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1940

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE FOR ENTIRE FORCE (February 1-29, Inclusive).....89.51%

Maximum Authorized Strength, N.Y.N.G.....1502 Off. 22 W. O. 24096 E. M. Total 25620  
 Present Strength, N.Y.N.G. ....1381 Off. 20 W. O. 21551 E. M. Total 22952

**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.

**106th Field Art. 96.71% (2)<sup>3</sup>**

Actual Strength...828

**369th Infantry 94.51% (3)<sup>5</sup>**

Actual Strength...1342

**121st Cavalry 93.57% (4)<sup>6</sup>**

Actual Strength...607

**174th Infantry 93.15% (5)<sup>9</sup>**

Actual Strength...1303

**245th Coast Art. 91.94% (6)<sup>4</sup>**

Actual Strength...999

**156th Field Art. 91.50% (7)<sup>7</sup>**

Actual Strength...748

**244th Coast Art. 91.46% (8)<sup>14</sup>**

Actual Strength...845

**Spec. Trps. 21st Cav. Div. 91.12% (9)<sup>3</sup>**

Actual Strength...127

**102nd Med. Rgt. 90.22% (10)<sup>11</sup>**

Actual Strength...626

**212th Coast Art. 90.10% (11)<sup>10</sup>**

Actual Strength...897

**14th Infantry 90.08% (12)<sup>13</sup>**

Actual Strength...1190

**165th Infantry 90.07% (13)<sup>12</sup>**

Actual Strength...1163

**71st Infantry 89.63% (14)<sup>15</sup>**

Actual Strength...1167

**104th Field Art. 89.06% (15)<sup>3</sup>**

Actual Strength...762

**10th Infantry 88.61% (16)<sup>20</sup>**

Actual Strength...1280

**105th Field Art. 88.42% (17)<sup>13</sup>**

Actual Strength...737

**101st Cavalry 87.50% (18)<sup>21</sup>**

Actual Strength...609

**105th Infantry 87.31% (19)<sup>19</sup>**

Actual Strength...1331

**108th Infantry 86.86% (20)<sup>13</sup>**

Actual Strength...1297

HONOR ORGANIZATION	No. Dr.	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. % Att.	Aver. % Att.
<b>102nd Qm. Regt. 97.51% (1)<sup>1</sup></b>				
Actual Strength...321				
HDQRS. ....	7	5	5	100
HDQRS. CO. ....	7	41	40	97
HDQRS. 1st BN. ....	7	2	2	100
COMPANY A ....	7	46	44	95
COMPANY B ....	7	49	49	100
HDQRS. 2nd BN. ....	6	2	2	100
COMPANY C ....	7	47	46	97
COMPANY D ....	7	45	43	95
HQRS. & HQRS. DET. 3rd BN. ....	6	8	8	100
COMPANY E ....	6	34	34	100
COMPANY F ....	6	31	29	93
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT DET. ....	6	12	12	100
	322	314	314	97.51

**54th Inf. Brig. 95.65% (5)<sup>6</sup>**

Actual Strength...46

**93rd Inf. Brig. 90.69% (6)<sup>8</sup>**

Actual Strength...45

**Hq. 27th Div. 87.69% (7)<sup>5</sup>**

Actual Strength...65

**53rd Inf. Brig. 84.78% (8)<sup>9</sup>**

Actual Strength...45

**52nd F.A. Brig. 78.18% (9)<sup>7</sup>**

Actual Strength...53

**BRIGADE STANDING**

**87th Inf. Brig. 92.62% (1)<sup>2</sup>**

Hdqs. & Hdqs. Company  
 71st Infantry  
 174th Infantry  
 369th Infantry

**Brig. Hdqs. C.A.C. 91.21% (2)<sup>1</sup>**

Hdqs. & Hdqs. Detachment  
 212th Coast Artillery  
 244th Coast Artillery  
 245th Coast Artillery

**51st Cav. Brig. 90.78% (3)<sup>3</sup>**

Hdqs. & Hdqs. Troop  
 101st Cavalry  
 121st Cavalry

**52nd F.A. Brig. 90.41% (4)<sup>5</sup>**

Hdqs. & Hdqs. Battery  
 104th Field Artillery  
 105th Field Artillery  
 106th Field Artillery  
 156th Field Artillery  
 258th Field Artillery

**93rd Inf. Brig. 90.08% (5)<sup>4</sup>**

Hdqs. & Hdqs. Company  
 14th Infantry  
 165th Infantry

**53rd Inf. Brig. 86.26% (6)<sup>6</sup>**

Hdqs. & Hdqs. Company  
 10th Infantry  
 105th Infantry  
 106th Infantry

**54th Inf. Brig. 86.19% (7)<sup>4</sup>**

Hdqs. & Hdqs. Company  
 107th Infantry  
 108th Infantry

**102nd Engineers 86.40% (21)<sup>17</sup>**

Actual Strength...544

**258th Field Art. 85.47% (22)<sup>27</sup>**

Actual Strength...790

**107th Infantry 84.94% (23)<sup>26</sup>**

Actual Strength...1041

**Spec. Trps. 27th Div. 83.61% (24)<sup>22</sup>**

Actual Strength...410

**101st Signal Bn. 83.57% (25)<sup>25</sup>**

Actual Strength...261

**106th Infantry 82.41% (26)<sup>24</sup>**

Actual Strength...1128

**27th Div. Avia. 82.03% (27)<sup>23</sup>**

Actual Strength...126

**Brig. Hdqs. C.A.C. 100.00% (1)<sup>1</sup>**

Actual Strength...11

**87th Inf. Brig. 97.95% (2)<sup>4</sup>**

Actual Strength...49

**State Staff 96.10% (3)<sup>2</sup>**

Actual Strength...77

**51st Cav. Brig. 95.65% (4)<sup>3</sup>**

Actual Strength...70



## Officers Commissioned in the New York National Guard During the Month of March, 1940

**LIEUTENANT COLONELS**

	<i>Date of Rank</i>	<i>Branch and Organization</i>
Vietor, Frederick A.....	Mar. 13'40..	101st Cav.
Dedell, Thomas C.....	Mar. 19'40..	10th Inf.

**MAJOR**

McCann, Leonard J.....	Mar. 1'40..	104th F.A.
------------------------	-------------	------------

**CAPTAINS**

Hagemeister, Harry J.....	Mar. 11'40..	102nd Engrs.
Weisberg, Benjamin .....	Mar. 11'40..	258th F.A.
Ross, Henry F. ....	Mar. 12'40..	165th Inf.
Hood, Robert I. ....	Mar. 14'40..	M.C., 102nd Med. Regt.
Persell, Robert A.....	Mar. 15'40..	93rd Brig.
Grant, John N. ....	Mar. 27'40..	A.G.D. (S.S.)
Cooke, James J. ....	Mar. 27'40..	A.G.D. (S.S.)
Powell, Robert I. ....	Mar. 27'40..	51st Cav. Brig.
Shaw, Walter A. ....	Mar. 28'40..	244th C.A.

**1ST LIEUTENANTS**

Butler, Bradford, Jr.....	Mar. 4'40..	258th F.A.
Guiffre, Joseph A.....	Mar. 6'40..	14th Inf.

	<i>Date of Rank</i>	<i>Branch and Organization</i>
Moore, Frank J.....	Mar. 11'40..	258th F.A.
Bigley, Joseph W.....	Mar. 15'40..	71st Inf.
Eckhardt, Paul O., Jr.....	Mar. 15'40..	Inf., Sp.Tr. 27th Div.
Crook, Gerard B.....	Mar. 21'40..	107th Inf.
Lewis, James N.....	Mar. 28'40..	212th C.A. (A.A.)
Adamson, Weir .....	Mar. 28'40..	244th C.A.

**2ND LIEUTENANTS**

Stanton, John P. ....	Mar. 4'40..	258th F.A.
Platt, Frederick S.....	Mar. 5'40..	101st Cav.
Diaz, Donald D. ....	Mar. 8'40..	10th Inf.
Heminway, William T. ....	Mar. 11'40..	10th Inf.
Walker, Graham W.....	Mar. 11'40..	52nd F.A. Brig.
Nelson, Harold, Jr. ....	Mar. 13'40..	101st Cav.
Killen, John E. ....	Mar. 15'40..	71st Inf.
Keeler, Paul J.....	Mar. 18'40..	106th F.A.
Horton, Roy W.....	Mar. 27'40..	107th Inf.

**WARRANT OFFICER**

Weckesser, Paul P.....	Mar. 11'40..	B.L., 102nd Med. Regt.
------------------------	--------------	------------------------

## Resigned, Resignation Accepted and Honorably Discharged, March, 1940

**CAPTAINS**

Crandall, William M.....	Mar. 2'40..	174th Inf.
Dowling, William B.....	Mar. 1'40..	Q.M.C., (S.S.)
Hofberg, Arthur H. ....	Mar. 27'40..	258th F.A.
Johnson, Spencer .....	Mar. 13'40..	M.C., 101st Sig.Bn.
Kimball, Russell C. ....	Mar. 2'40..	M.C., 245th C.A.

Mayer, Arthur G. ....	Mar. 2'40..	174th Inf.
Shattuck, Leslie C.....	Mar. 7'40..	244th C.A.

**1ST LIEUTENANT**

Mungo, Alfred J.....	Mar. 27'40..	258th F.A.
----------------------	--------------	------------

## Transferred Inactive National Guard, Own Application, March, 1940

**1ST LIEUTENANT**

Stickney, Edwin F. ....	Mar. 27'40..	106th F.A.
-------------------------	--------------	------------

**2ND LIEUTENANTS**

Husson, Matthew A., Jr...	Mar. 14'40..	244th C.A.
Maguire, Robert A.....	Mar. 7'40..	258th F.A.

For the Merry Month of May  
MISS ELAINE SHEPARD  
New York and Hollywood's celebrated  
model in Chesterfield's Sundial dress



*Chesterfield*

**THE CIGARETTE  
OF THE HOUR**

Today more than ever, smokers are turning to Chesterfield's skillful blend of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. Now is the time for you to light up and enjoy a Chesterfield... they're **COOLER SMOKING, BETTER-TASTING AND DEFINITELY MILDER.**

*You can't buy a better cigarette*