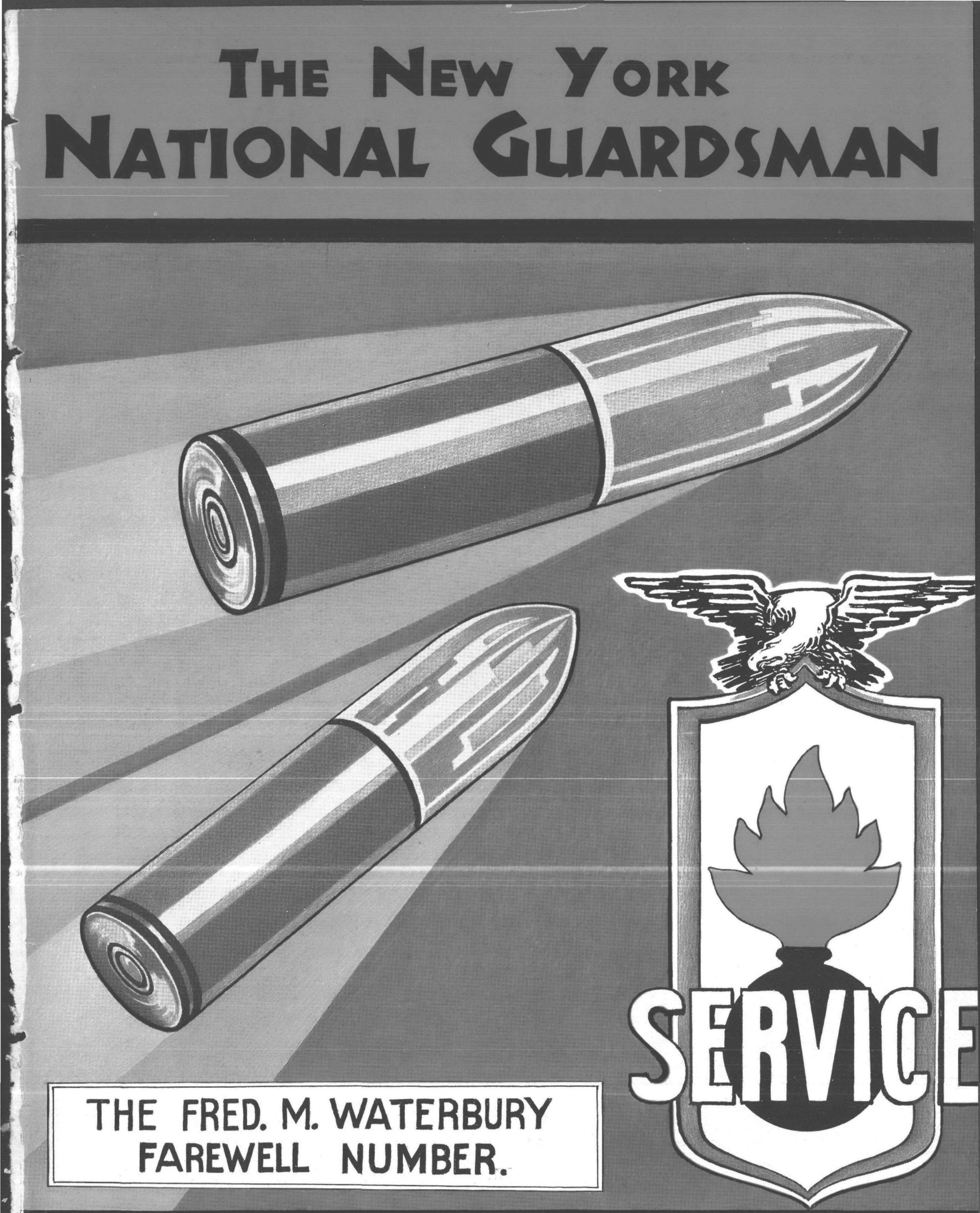
THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN



THE FRED. M. WATERBURY
FAREWELL NUMBER.

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THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

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The NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

(Official State Publication)

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THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

"It will be strictly non-political; it will not attempt to exploit any theme or theory or partisan lines; it will religiously refrain from 'undertaking' the ambitions or activities of any individual, public or private, it will be severely independent, making its appeal to the interests of the readers rather than to the vanity of those in charge; it will encourage that training which no successful business man can ignore if he desires his employees to be better disciplined and trained to give 100 per cent of duty to all work entrusted to them—it will be a vehicle for the propagation of one policy and only one: Better Guardsmanship and Better Citizenship!"

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Brigadier-General Fred M. Waterbury

THE NEW YORK National Guardsman

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VOL. IX MAY 1932 No. 2

An Appreciation of Colonel Frederick M. Waterbury

By MAJOR-GENERAL FRANKLIN W. WARD,
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL, STATE OF NEW YORK

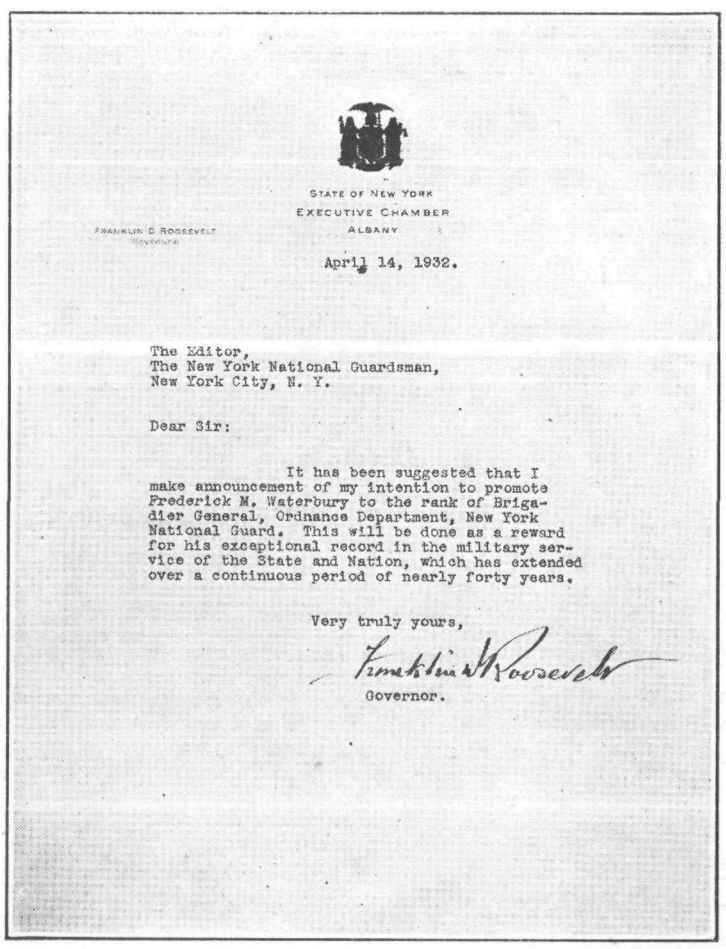
THE name of Frederick M. Waterbury is as closely identified with the development of the New York National Guard as that of any officer who has served in its ranks during the memory of its oldest soldier.

The progress and efficiency of the Guard has not been achieved by spasmodic effort. Rather it has been created by a consistent year-in-and-year-out pursuit of a definite objective, based primarily upon hard work and individual enthusiasm. A pursuit that neither blinked nor raved at obstructions, but surmounted them by the sheer weight of patient effort and determination.

In this connection Colonel Waterbury, as a distinguished instructor and developer of small arms efficiency during his long service, has always belonged to that type of soldier who found time to do well whatever came to him night or day. No matter what or how much was given to him to do, he did it gladly, eagerly and with keen interest.

His highest happiness, outside his family, came from doing what his duty called for, as thoroughly and as loyally as he knew how, avoiding irritation; and letting red tape, regulations, personal ambition and everything of the sort—go to the devil.

Colonel Waterbury's record is replete with many professional high lights. He is known intimately at every isolated, homely rifle range in this State where those who practice with military hand weapons assemble; from the little four target Ridgeway field range in Orleans County in the west, the Plains field range in Franklin County in the north, to the Hoosick range in Rensselaer County in the east. It is these farm bound localities that will miss him in the future, every bit as much as will those who shoot their scores at Peekskill in the southern tier.



STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, GOVERNOR — ALBANY

April 14, 1932.

The Editor,
The New York National Guardsman,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

It has been suggested that I make announcement of my intention to promote Frederick M. Waterbury to the rank of Brigadier General, Ordnance Department, New York National Guard. This will be done as a reward for his exceptional record in the military service of the State and Nation, which has extended over a continuous period of nearly forty years.

Very truly yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Governor.

The Governor of New York State promotes our Colonel to Brigadier.

In the days of active Federal service Colonel Waterbury represented that restricted type who needed only a tap on the shoulder and a word of kindly confidence and appreciation, to send him forth enthusiastic, satisfied, willing and unfailing.

Along the Rio Grande, the construction and operation in a cactus desert of field rifle ranges at La Gloria, Pharr and Sharyland in Texas, fully occupied him during the hot, shadeless daylight hours. The nights—every night, found him collecting the news; setting it up and publishing, with the writer, at the small press of a Texas cow town, the weekly issue of a divisional newspaper *The Rio Grande Rattler;* which incidentally became not only self-supporting, but ultimately earned a substantial profit.

It may be said in passing that in the interim between the above activities, Colonel Waterbury had little or nothing to do, except such incidentals as the purchase of food, the direction of its preparation and serving, three times per

diem, to sixteen officers of the Division Staff, each of whom displayed marked personal convictions as to what they should have at each meal.

Shortly after the Great War invaded the peace of America, Colonel Waterbury found himself associate instructor at the School of Musketry, in the 27th Division's training activities at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina. It was his remarkable work, however, in the construction and administration of the field range at Glassy Rock, hewn from the fastness of an inaccessible mountain wilderness some twenty odd miles from the Camp, that merits citation. In the construction of this range, may it here be said, this officer underwent real personal hardship, even to the extent of an empty stomach. This statement of actual hunger is predicated upon the fact that when the writer, as acting Chief of Staff of the Division, slopped through miles of unimproved mountain roads "in the worst snow and mush storm South Carolina ever experienced" (to use the words of the oldest inhabitants) on an official call, he found the range officer without a cracker to divide on account of non-arrival of rations because of impassable mud and grades.

It is not too much to say that Colonel Waterbury, like many highly professional Regular officers assigned to duty at Army technical training schools in America, was kept in the United States during the war because a professional knowledge, aptitude and proficiency in the instruction of personnel made them *too valuable to be sent to France.*

Another outstanding feature in Colonel Waterbury's long and efficient service, is the creation and operation of *The New York National Guardsman,* of which he has been editor since its first issue.

There is no one in the service of the National Guard today for whom New York should have a more grateful heed on this the eve of his separation from active service, through the operation of law, than this officer, who, by the direction of the Governor, will be known in his retirement, as Brigadier General Frederick Martin Waterbury.

Franklin W. Ward

MAJOR GENERAL, A.G.D.,
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL,
STATE OF NEW YORK.

GENERAL ELLARD A. WALSH VOICES KEEN REGRET AT COLONEL'S RETIREMENT

IT is inevitable in the military service of the State and Nation that the time comes when there must be a separation on the part of the individual from those duties and activities which have become a part of his very being, and it is difficult to acquiesce in the mandate that, at the age of sixty-four years, our work with the military establishment is to be a thing of the past and henceforth one is to live with his memories.

After a period of service covering forty-one years, Lieutenant Colonel Fred M. Waterbury of the New York National Guard, finds as a result of an inexorable law, he must sever his active connections in the military establishment of his state and revert to the retired list.

It has been my privilege to have known and have been more intimately associated with Colonel Waterbury than has been the case with most officers who are affiliated with our establishment and particularly so in view of the fact that it was during my administration as President of the National Guard Association of the United States that he was elected to the office of Secretary, which he has held ever since. During my administration, and in the succeeding administrations, Colonel Waterbury has administered the affairs of that office in such manner as not only to win the admiration and approval of his associates but to reflect great credit upon himself and the State of New York, which he has so ably and conscientiously served throughout the years.

As the hour approaches for his retirement, we view the event with keen regret but console ourselves with the thought that we as individuals and our organizations are richer because of his service with us, and the fine example which he has set as a soldier and a gentleman.

In the years to come, I wish Colonel Waterbury all the good things of life which he so richly deserves and trust that we shall see him at our gatherings—as an honored guest—for many years to come.

Ellard A. Walsh

BRIGADIER GENERAL, A. G. D.,
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL,
STATE OF MINNESOTA.

CAMP SMITH WILL NEVER BE THE SAME WITHOUT HIM

IN the retirement of Brigadier General Fred M. Waterbury, the National Guard of the United States in general and the National Guard of the State of New York in particular will lose from active participation in shooting affairs one of the few remaining "old timers" who are responsible for present day efficiency in military rifle firing. He has been steadfast in the conviction that accurate marksmanship is a great military asset and has labored indefatigably to that end.

We have the consolation of knowing that his services will still be utilized for many years through his close connection with the National Rifle Association of which he has twice been president and of which he is now a member of the Executive Committee.

For many years has has been one of the best known landmarks at the National Matches as captain of the N. Y. State Rifle Team.

Camp Smith will never be the same without him. He always had everything ever needed on the range and he always growled about letting us have it. In fact his growling was part of the show.

We hope he will visit us often in camp, and do a little good-natured growling just for old times sake.

J. S. Farnam Jr.

COLONEL, INF., (D.O.L.), U. S. A.,
SENIOR INSTRUCTOR WITH
N. Y. N. G.

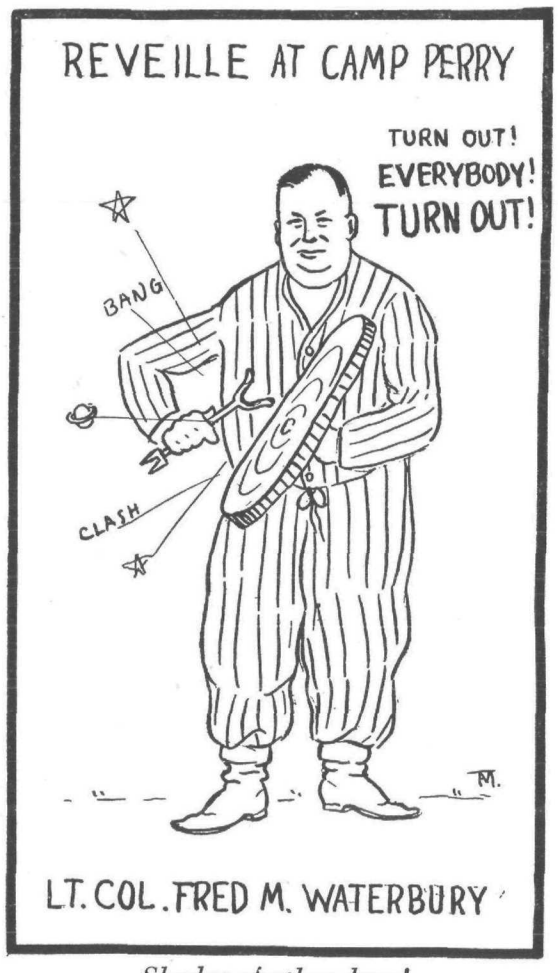
"Gol Dum It!"*

By LIEUT. COL. J. A. S. MUNDY,

ADJUTANT, 27TH DIVISION

SOMEWHERE, sometime, some one gave utterance to a remark which has become almost an axiom: "A woman is as old as she looks while a man is as old as he feels." But today we find that a real young "old man" must, by reason of the old Julian calendar having had 768 monthly leaves cast into the discard, bow to the dictates of law and of regulation and permit himself to be labelled an old man, Gol Dum it! Retired—Gol Dum it!

Sixty-four years ago Frederick Martin Waterbury was born in what was then the quiet and peaceful village of Saratoga Springs. Little does this chronicler know of the early life and youth of our Fred, but there can be no doubt as to his having lived the normal active life of the real American boy. Coming into maturity, he joined with his fellow townsmen in the various activities at America's Spa and gained the respect and esteem of his neighbors. It is neither our aim nor intention to bore you with dates of service, nor does space permit us to list all the fine accomplishments of our friend. Suffice it to say that he passed through all the grades in the old 22nd Separate Company, from private to captain, with honor and distinction to himself and his organization. And he was a handsome captain in those days of long ago, as any visitor to the armory will testify, who has long and fondly gazed on the splendid enlarged photograph of Captain Frederick M. Waterbury, which adorns the company parlor, with his wonderful flowing ebon mustache. And speaking of that mustache brings back a vision of the doughty captain working valiantly with a recalcitrant two-left-footed recruit, expounding to him in stentorian tones just how Upton wanted the right foot always to follow the left. Can't you, my gentle reader, get the same picture? Our Fred, with his sabre carefully held in the left hand at the carry, and his right fondly twirling said mustachios—and when the youngster finally catches the spirit and intent of the old regulations—can't you hear that grand expression of relief and satisfaction that only our Fred can give vent to? And can't you hear the glorious preface, "Gol dum it!"?



Shades of other days!

Whether it was the Remington, the old breech-loading Springfield, the Krag, or our own present Springfield, our good friend not only was a good shot but also a patient and efficient coach and teacher. In quick succession he became the Assistant Inspector of Rifle Practice, and Inspector of Rifle Practice in his old regiment, the 2nd New York. Then General James W. Lester, then and still a fellow Saratogian, brought him to the 3rd Brigade for similar work. Here his accomplishments were more carefully noted by Colonel Nathaniel B. (Peg.) Thurston, of fond memory, and soon our Major Waterbury was on the Division Staff to remain until Father Time and the Military Law both working in cahoots decreed "Retire!"

Came the call of the President in June, 1916, and we find our Major not only putting the entire New York Division through the prettiest combat firing problem we had ever witnessed or participated in, but also publishing a really splendid newspaper. Fred Waterbury was the father, mother and wet nurse of the *Rio Grande Rattler* and he can be well proud of that job—even not forgetting his special election edition, carrying a full page photograph of Charles Evans Hughes as the then next President of these United States. Your scribe won't forget it, for he is a rock-ribbed democrat and when he saw the fatal news in the *Rattler* he really believed it and promptly drowned his sorrows in all of the liquid things which General O'Ryan had forbidden in his famous General Orders 7 and 44. And, Fred, I don't think I ever told you that I repeated the commission of the crime a few days later when you and your news service, way down in the old Magic Valley, found out how California had voted—and, even though it hurt Edgar Brackett's little boy, you gave us the true result.

In the World War, due to the ever changing Tables of Organization, we find Fred, still a Major of Ordnance, doing his job in a yeoman manner. Working for General Guy Carleton in Camp Wadsworth in his Provisional Depot for Corps and Army Troops, building the splendid rifle range at Glassy Rock, (Fred, I bet you never had to march there—or you would not have selected that spot, Gol Dum it!), and last, but by no means least, giving us the Camp Wadsworth *Gas Attack*, a most worthy successor to the *Rio Grande Rattler*. Then from Spartanburg to Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where he was in charge of the construction of a mammoth Ordnance Depot—finding a little time to drive a good bargain with his Navajo Indian friends and separating them from some handsome blankets, (much to the delight of Mrs. Waterbury and Mary, I know), then to Charleston, S. C., to dump thousands of rounds of supersensitive fused shells. Not to forget the

* *Favorite expression of Colonel Fred M. Waterbury.*

course at the General Staff School in Washington sandwiched in between.

Mustered out of the United States service in October of 1919, Major Waterbury immediately rejoined the New York National Guard, was assigned to Division Headquarters and once more took up the reins to direct the young idea how to shoot. And might I not mention in passing he also renewed his efforts to show us old ideas how to hold three clubs and draw two for a "Waterbury," Gol dum it!

Fred Waterbury has captained every New York State Rifle Team at Jacksonville, Florida (1916) and Camp Perry since 1913. He has deservedly earned the high esteem of all in the shooting world. His advice and suggestion is sought and heard. As a member, officer, and finally President (thanks to Angus Frazier and Sandy Macnab) of the National Rifle Association, he accomplished splendid results. As a member of the National Board for the promotion of Rifle Practice, he has participated in the deliberations of policy and practice in rifle marksmanship that have helped to maintain the unquestioned supremacy of the United States with the military rifle. New York has given George William Wingate, Nathaniel Blunt Thurston and Frederick Martin Waterbury, three splendid sons of the Empire State, to the small arms marksmanship world, and well can its citizens, and the New York National Guard in particular, be proud of the sound doctrines propounded and splendid results accomplished by these gallant sons.

But all is not marksmanship with this officer. Colonel Waterbury has served faithfully and with distinction the past several years as Secretary of the National Guard Association of the United States. Here, coming into contact with the best minds of the Guard from all states in the Union, he has won the respect and esteem of all.

Let us not forget his last child, now a lusty youngster going into its ninth year, *The New York National Guardsman,* your paper,—as good a journal as any of its kind in the country.

And now, Brigadier Frederick Martin Waterbury, Ordnance, Retired, your state and the New York National Guard, which you loved and which loves you, have taken the account of your stewardship. And no words of men can be more fitting or appropriate than those of Scripture, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

A little more than a century and a half ago Lord Pitt, in the British Parliament, admitted to the crime of being a young man. Conditions are a bit reversed now, Fred, for the calendar has indicted you on the charge of being an old man, and the law sentences you to retirement. But I know I speak the hearts and minds of your legions of friends, spread the country over, that you will always be in their thoughts and affections, that your counsel and advice will be sought and welcomed and that your presence for many years to come at your old haunts and gatherings will be most desired, Gol Dum it!

DO YOU KNOW

. . By Col. H. A. Allen, Infantry (DOL)

THAT the early firearms were so ineffective that nearly five centuries were required for the gun to supplant the bow and arrow? Several trials between the gun and bow are on record, the results generally showing military advantages to the latter. A reliable match decided at Paccton Green, Cumberland, August, 1792, resulted in a grand victory for the bow. The distance was 100 yards, the bow placed sixteen arrows out of twenty in the target, the ordinary musket only twelve balls.

In this country, as late as 1798, one Richard Oswald Mason published a book advocating the arming of volunteer troops raised for defense of the country at that time with the pike and the long bow in preference to the musket. Benjamin Franklin seriously advocated arming the Revolutionary forces with bows and arrows in place of muskets.

Archers appeared in civilized warfare as late as 1807, when 1,500 horse archers clad in chain armor fought against Napoleon in Poland. The cross bow made its last appearance in the hands of the Chinese at Taku in 1860.

The early bows had a range of about 60 to 80 yards. This range gradually increased until the longest well-authenticated distance for shooting with flight arrows was about 600 yards. Bowmen became very expert; hazel rods were frequently cleft at 400 yards. The penetration was surprisingly good when compared with modern firearms. There is a record of a "shot by a Welsh archer, his shaft penetrated an oak door (at Abergavemy, 1182), four inches thick, and the head stood out a hand's breadth on the inner side," and again, "a party of 100 archers shot before King Edward VI at doubtless considerable over 200 yards (the recognized minimum range) and pierced an oak plank one inch in thickness, several of the arrows passing right through the plank."

PATRIOTIC CALENDAR FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

1st Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay in 1898.

5th In 1864 the Battle of the Wilderness began, continuing on the 6th, with heavy losses to Grant's forces.

7th In 1915 the "Lusitania" was sunk by a German Submarine.

8th Mothers' Day.

10th In 1775 Ethan Allen captured Ticonderoga.
In 1869 the first Transcontinental railroad was completed when the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific were joined near Ogden, Utah.

12th In 1775 the first British flag was hauled down at sea in the American Revolution when Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, in the sloop "Unity," captured a British armed tender off Machias, Maine.

13th In 1607 the first English settlement in America was made at Jamestown, Virginia.

15th In 1776 Virginia instructed its delegates to the Continental Congress to declare the Colonies independent of Great Britain.

16th In 1766 news reached Boston of the repeal of the Stamp Act.

18th In 1860 Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was nominated for the presidency.

24th In 1844 Morse's telegraph was first practically used, the line running from Baltimore to Washington.

25th In 1803 Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, Massachusetts.

27th In 1819 Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was born in New York City.

29th In 1736 Patrick Henry was born.

30th Memorial Day was first celebrated in 1868, its author being Gen. John A. Logan.

31st In 1819 Walt Whitman was born near Huntington, Long Island, New York.

With "Major" Waterbury at Glassy Rock

By Major C. S. Martin, O. D., S. S.

WHEN the Twenty-seventh Division sailed for France in May, 1918, every man in it knew how to use the weapon with which he was armed and it was one of the very few divisions which sailed from the United States which was so equipped.

The big task of training the division in small arms practice was put upon the shoulders of Colonel, then Major, Fred M. Waterbury, and he did his work so thoroughly and well that before leaving the United States something like ninety per cent. of the division had fired qualifying scores.

Of the dozen officers, all first lieutenants, and twenty enlisted men, non-coms and mechanics, who were detailed as assistants to Major Waterbury at the small arms ranges which had been built at Glassy Rock, the Dark Corner of the Blue Ridge Mountains, I think I am the only one remaining in the New York National Guard. Glassy Rock is thirty miles from Camp Wadsworth, near Spartanburg, South Carolina, where the 27th Division was in training, and twelve miles from Campabella, the nearest railroad station. There were two ranges, of 100 targets each, for 100, 200, and 300 yards practice, besides 500, 600, and 1,000 yard ranges, a pistol range and machine-gun range, and after we had been there for a time we built a sniper's range and other ranges for different kinds of special training with the rifle.

December and January had been two tough months in that part of South Carolina. There had been plenty of snow, rain and ice and on February 7, 1918, when we entrained, it had begun to thaw. Spring comes early in that section of the country.

We detrained at Campabella, loaded our baggage into two boxes on four wheels, which were called wagons and which were drawn by teams of the sorriest kind of looking animals which the drivers said were horses. It was twelve miles from Campabella to Glassy Rock. The sun had gotten at those roads and the mud was hub deep the greater part of the way, and we pushed those wagons just as much as the horses pulled them. It was nightfall when we arrived at our destination, tired and hungry.

A cook had been asked for when the detail was made up, but there was no cook. The only person who knew anything about cooking at all was Major Waterbury. So he picked out a mechanic, one who was willing enough but had never seen the inside of a kitchen, and detailed him for cook. The Major and the mechanic rustled together the first meal and the breakfast the next morning, and the Major spent the greater part of that first day giving that mechanic first aid lessons in the culinary art.

No one imagined there would be any difficulty in getting provisions to Glassy Rock, so only about two days' rations were brought along. In the hands of a green cook these didn't last long. All the small stores were bought out and left stripped of eatables, and then we were up against it. We couldn't borrow, beg or buy rations from the troops for they had just enough to last them the week they were to stay on the range. So the Major decided that we would have to live off the country. He appointed Lieutenant Theodore Crane, Troop A of the Squadron, to act as mess officer. He was to go out and scour the country for eatables, buy from the farmers.

No transportation of any kind had been furnished the detail and to get around the country transportation was required. The Major and Crane decided they would chip in and buy a saddle horse, and as Crane was a cavalryman he was told to select the horse and make as good a bargain for it as he could. So Crane sallied forth and, as the shades of night were falling, came into camp leading his purchase. Major Waterbury looked the transportation over and exclaimed:

"A horse, hell, if you put horns on it, it would be a damn good goat. What do you call it, anyway?"

"I do not think the names I called it on the way over would be appropriate," Crane said. "In fact, they would not be polite."

Giving the horse another look-see, the Major, with just a slight tinge of disgust in his voice, said, "From its looks, I think it will take a charge of dynamite to make it go. So we will call it 'Bullet'."

The next morning the Major, right after breakfast, mounted Bullet and started for the 53rd Brigade range which was about a mile away. He arrived around noon. One of the men brought the horse back to headquarters and the Major walked. After that Lieut. Crane had exclusive use of Bullet.

Foraging was a pretty tough proposition around Glassy Rock. The people up there were about as poor as it was possible for them to be. Sometimes Crane would get a little something and other times he would come in empty handed. He had one cabin which he never passed without stopping. There was a woman in it. She was around eighty years old, had two teeth in front and sat in a rocking chair and knitted socks and spat tobacco juice through the broken pane of the window. "I was fascinated," Crane would say. "You ought to see her, Major. She had the right elevation and the right windage. I sat and watched her by the hour and she never missed once."

Between the green cook and the lack of food to cook we had some gosh awful meals during those first two weeks. It was stew all the time, and we didn't know what was in the stew. Crane wouldn't tell and the cook was sworn to secrecy. We were working hard and we were hungry and were willing to eat anything that came on the table without asking any questions. And we did.

After about two weeks, the roads dried up and the provisions came in from Campabella on the wagons bringing in ammunition and we made up for the short rations we had been under.

One of the big things connected with those two weeks was that Major Waterbury kept that detail in good humor all the time. There was not a growl or grumble heard from anyone, even though their stomachs were saying "hello!" to their backs twenty-four hours a day. Even after Major

Waterbury had been called back to Camp Wadsworth and relieved from duty at Glassy Rock, the system of training which he had established there was carried out with the result that the 27th was among the best trained of any of the divisions which went to France.

The members of that detail, when their work at Glassy Rock was finished, returned to their regiments at Camp Wadsworth and went overseas. Some of them are still in France, sleeping under the poppies, others came back broken in health from wounds and disease. Some escaped injury and I was one of them.

I learned after I returned from France and was made a part of the Ordnance Department, when it was organized, that when Major Waterbury left Glassy Rock he took Bullet with him and tied him to a picket line where he was in horse heaven. However, as he was a private mount he could not draw rations, so one day the Major was presented with a bill for his feed. Whether he sold Bullet or gave him away I never knew. That is the Colonel's secret.

There is no body of men who will wish the Colonel more happiness and contentment and who will more deeply regret his retirement from active duty than the members of that detail who were with him on Glassy Rock in 1918.

AN APOLOGY

IN the March issue of THE GUARDSMAN, a brief article was published, concerning the "Grand Union Flag," owing to the number of requests for information we received regarding the flag shown on our February cover.

These facts were submitted by a correspondent who failed to make mention of the source of his information and we wish to apologize most sincerely, both to Mr. E. Irvine Haines, the well-known author and historian, who first unearthed the data, and to the "Woman's Home Companion," in which Mr. Haines' original article was published last July, for having thus reprinted these facts without their permission first having been obtained.

Mr. Haines, formerly a member of the American Scenic, Historic and Preservation Society, is a contributor to many leading magazines and is at present engaged in writing a series of articles on unknown facts about the American Revolution for the N. Y. Times Magazine. His story of the American Flag and its evolution will appear in the June 15th issue of that magazine.

We deeply regret this unintentional breach of etiquette.

"SQUADRON A" HOLDS MEMORIAL SERVICE

THE Rev. Dr. Henry Darlington, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, conducted the annual memorial services on April 4th for the deceased members of "Squadron A," 101st Cavalry. Dr. Darlington is honorary chaplain of the Squadron and was assisted by the Rev. Charles D. Trexler, the chaplain.

More than 700 persons attended the services, 300 of them members of the Squadron, who marched before the service from the Squadron's armory at Madison Avenue and 94th Street east to Park Avenue, south to Seventy-Eighth Street, west to Fifth Avenue and north to the church. Major Nathaniel H. Eggleston, commanding the 2nd Squadron, 101st Cavalry, marched at the head of the column.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL, 106TH INFANTRY

THE vacancy for Lieutenant Colonel, 106th Infantry, has been filled by the promotion of Major Samuel D. Davies, the senior major of the regiment.

Colonel Davies has served with the New York National Guard for eighteen years. He enlisted in Company I of the old 23rd Infantry on May 25th, 1914. He was appointed corporal on April 3rd, 1916, and went to the Texas border with the regiment in that capacity, rising to sergeant on July 22nd, 1916, to first sergeant immediately thereafter and, on November 3rd, 1916, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant.

He re-entered the Federal service with the regiment on March 30th, 1917, serving on the duty of guarding the Catskill aqueduct until the regiment was transferred to Camp Wadsworth, where he graduated from the 27th Division Bayonet School, Gas School, and Observation and Sniping School.

Going overseas with the 106th Infantry, he participated in the Scherpenberg-East Poperinghe Line defensive and in the Ypres-Lys offensive, being wounded in action at Veerstraat Ridge on September 4th, 1918.

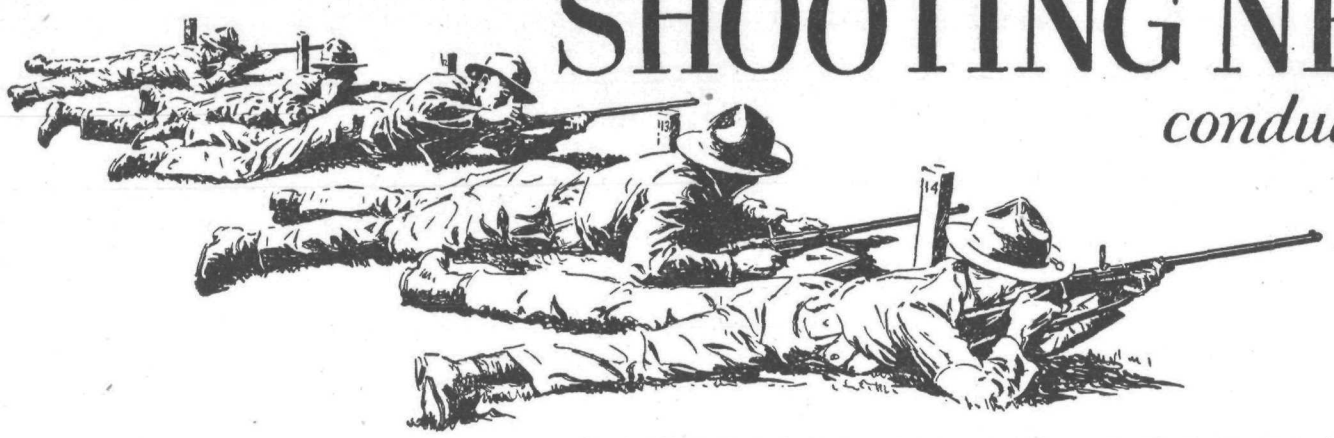
On November 14th, 1919, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant and on the following day he was transferred to the 242nd Military Police Company.

He returned to the United States and was mustered out on August 1st, 1919. On January 31st, 1920, he rejoined the National Guard in the 23rd Infantry, being promoted to Captain on December 24th, 1920.

The regiment was federalized in 1921 and Colonel Davies successively served as Captain of Company I, Regimental Plans and Training Officer, and Major of the First Battalion, holding the last position from June 9th, 1926, until his recent promotion, and being at all times closely identified with small arms practice and team work of the regiment.

Lieutenant Colonel Davies was made an Officer of the Star of Roumania and received the New York State Conspicuous Service Cross in recognition of his services in the World War. He is a graduate of the Company Officers' Course (1925) and the Field Officers' Course (1927) of the Infantry School at Fort Benning.

In the appointment of Lieutenant Colonel Davies, the 106th obtains an officer of experience and ability who should make an excellent record as Executive Officer of this fine Regiment.



SHOOTING NEWS

conducted by

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION
BARR BUILDING . . . . WASHINGTON D.C.

To our Ex-President Waterbury - God Speed!

FEW, if any, National Guard officers are better known to shooters of America than the now retiring Lieutenant Colonel Fred M. Waterbury, formerly President of the National Rifle Association, and now a permanent member of the Association's Executive Committee. Always a firm believer in the theory that the citizen's first duty to his state and country is his ability to shoot straight, Colonel Waterbury during his long military career has done more perhaps than any other one person to improve the marksmanship ability of New York National Guardsman.

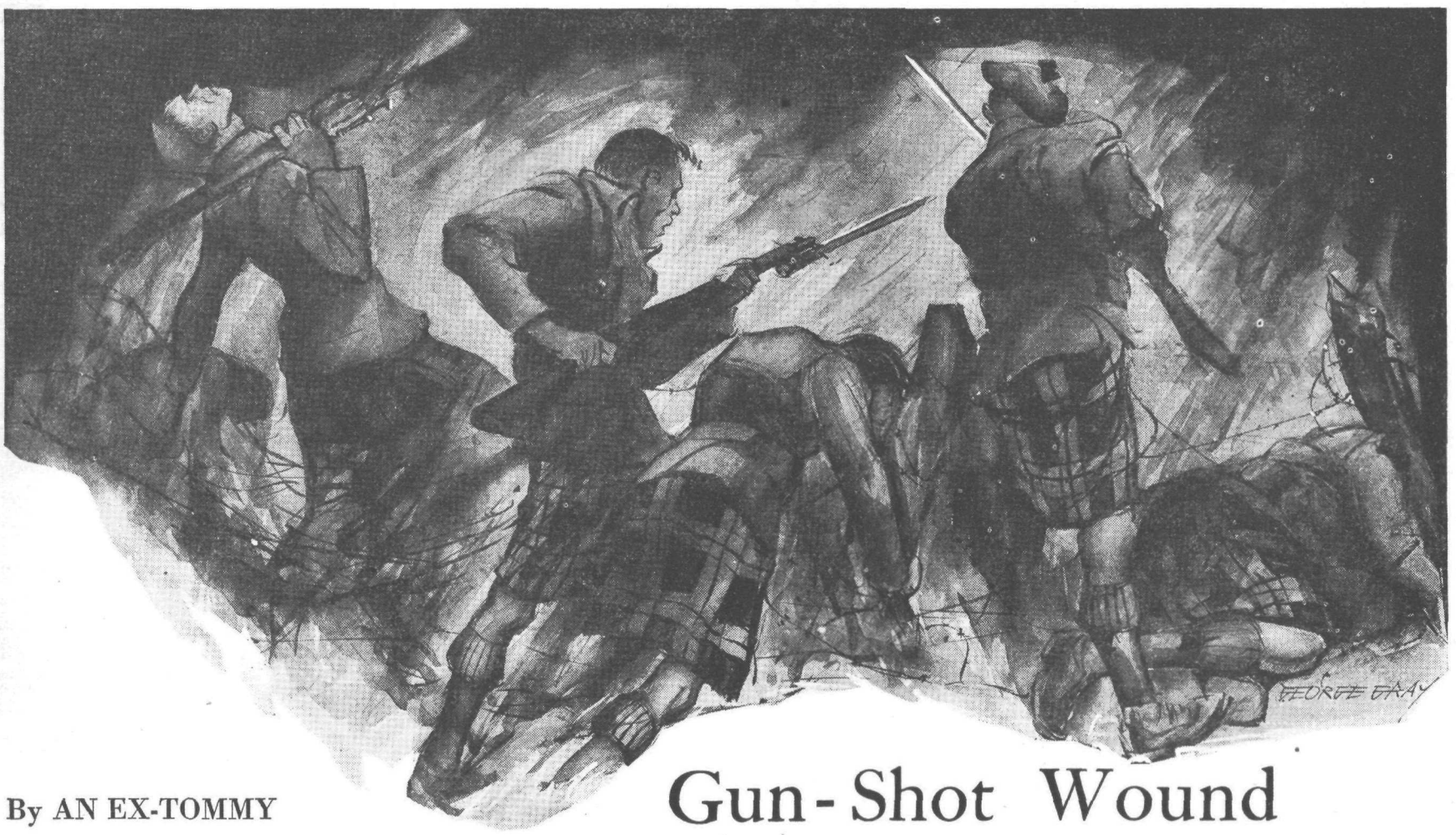
Colonel Waterbury's association with the N. R. A. dates back almost as long as his service record in the New York Guard. Ever since he became a member in 1913, the Colonel has contributed generously of his time to promotion of the shooting game. In recognition of this splendid cooperation, he was elected to the Board of Directors in 1914, on which Directorate he has since served continuously. In 1919 Colonel Waterbury was named a member of the N. R. A. Executive Committee, since which time he has likewise served as a member of that body. How valuable the services of the retiring Colonel are regarded by the Association and its members is reflected in his re-election to these important posts during the past nineteen years.

During the stormy year 1926 when a general reorganization of the N. R. A. was authorized by the Board, Colonel Waterbury was chosen to head the new organization. Under his leadership, a thorough house cleaning was effected, and together with the cooperation of General Reckord and Mr. Lister, the newly elected officers in charge of National Headquarters, many important policies destined to make rifle shooting history were set in motion. So satisfactory was the Colonel's 1926 administration that he was re-elected without opposition to serve a second term as President. Under by-laws of the Association, the maximum period a President may serve is two one-year terms. However, on expiration of Colonel Waterbury's last term, by unanimous vote of the Board, he received the special distinction of being named the Association's first active Honorary Vice-President. This is a life-time title and includes for life membership on the N. R. A. Executive Committee.

It is of timely interest here to go back a few years and review briefly the high-lights of Colonel Waterbury's administration. As stated above, he first assumed the presidential chair at a time when calm and efficient leadership was of paramount importance to the future of the Association. In the middle of the previous year, 1925, the then Secretary of the N. R. A. was removed from office. Several months following this action, the then President resigned. As Vice-President, Colonel Waterbury was automatically elevated to the presidency to serve the remainder of the year. During his two-year term (1926-27) the Association, then embarking on a new era, made progress by leaps and bounds. Annual membership increased from approximately 22,000 in 1925 to 26,600 at the end of 1927. Over the same period, the number of organized civilian rifle clubs jumped from 1,500 to 2,050. This wave of increased shooting interest, which has steadily continued, was largely responsible for the unprecedented attendance at the 1927 National Matches and at each succeeding Camp Perry Meet.

In recent years Colonel Waterbury, as Ordnance Officer of the New York National Guard, has had charge of selecting and handling the State's National Match Rifle Teams. With Empire State Teams, he has attended every National Match since 1913. The excellent records made by the various squads captained by the Colonel would furnish interesting reading, but, unfortunately, this summary cannot be given here due to lack of space.

The officers and members of the Association Colonel Waterbury has served so faithfully, appreciate this opportunity to join the New York Guardsman on occasion of the Colonel's retirement in paying homage to one whose foremost thoughts have always been service in his country, to his state and to his fellow man.



Gun-Shot Wound —LEFT HAND

By AN EX-TOMMY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GRAY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The writer of this article served for four and a half years in the British Army during the World War. He enlisted in August, 1914, as a "Tommy" in a famous Highland regiment and was twice wounded in France. Recovering from his second wound, he proceeded to Salonika where he was again wounded and invalided back to England. At the beginning of 1918, he transferred to the Royal Air Force and spent the remainder of the war in a night-flying squadron engaged in the aerial defense of London.*

THE spring offensive of 1915 had been launched at Neuve Chapelle and for the mile or two of ground we had gained, we had paid some twenty-five thousand lives. Then came the first gas attack at Hooge in April, and on May 9th an unsuccessful attempt was made to capture Aubers Ridge. A week later, the scene of operations was shifted a few miles south to Festubert. All that week, the guns had been pounding, pounding at the German wire and front line trenches. On the Sunday morning, May 16th, at 6 A. M., the attack had opened after a preliminary period of drum-fire, but the Hun had been warned by the week-long crescendo of activity and the first day's objectives were not obtained. Which looked bad for us who were in reserve.

The next afternoon orders came through for us to go up into the front line. We marched in column of fours through the disintegrating village of Festubert and turned left down the road toward Indian Village. Then past the toppling crucifix and out into the fields in single file. The last quarter-mile across the open we did in groups of fifty by short rushes. Low bursting shrapnel picked off a few, but finally the battalion arrived fairly whole in what proved to be our original front line trench. The Seaforth Highlanders had gone over the top shortly after dawn and taken the opposing line of trenches two hundred yards away. They were still there, we were told, and were expecting orders to take the German second line in a little while, a Staffordshire regiment having in the meantime tried to take it and failed. After a breather in the trench, we crept out in small groups and, in accordance with Napoleon's doctrine, "marched on our stomachs" to the new front line. The Hun's second line was 1,000 yards from the trench we now occupied and the Staffords had been so cut up by artillery fire in the first quarter-mile that their attack had quickly petered out.

The Seaforths didn't seem to be a cheery lot at all; even the arrival of another battalion of "kilties" failed to put them in good humor. From the Stafford men we learned the reason—it was whispered to us as though it was not a nice thing to talk about in the presence of condemned men. Our artillery, they told us, had run short of ammunition which meant that even if the "Jocks" got across, they would find the wire uncut and the Hun waiting for them.

(In the early days of the war, this lack of ammunition was a quite usual occurrence but one which never seemed to be taken into account by the Brass Hats. The rank and file wondered, of course, why they were pushed into one show after another without an earthly hope of success and, indeed, with very little hope of survival, but being for the most part hurriedly trained civilians, they supposed that that was war, and let it go at that).

At five minutes past four, we helped the Seaforths scramble over the parapet and wished them luck. After a moment's pause on the other side of our hastily erected wire to allow everyone to come up into line, they started forward at a steady walk. A line of shrapnel burst above them and at once every head leaned forward, as if the men were struggling into a head-on gale. Here and there men spun round and collapsed, or stumbled forward and fell sprawling on the ground; but those on either side paid no attention and merely gave an occasional glance to right

and left to keep their dressing. These men were Regulars and they showed us how to die.

Each second that passed thinned the slowly advancing line which plodded on beneath the following cloud of shrapnel bursts, and automatically the gaps closed up where men had dropped. The whole thing looked unreal to us who watched, like a slow-motion picture.

After covering four hundred yards at what seemed to be an appallingly slow pace, the line dropped for a breather. Then up, and on again, still at a walk. Now we could hear the distinct stutter of machine guns above the irregular shell-bursts. Men began falling more rapidly; the gaps could not be closed up fast enough. I heard a Stafford man say, "They'll be up with that bloody river soon," and it was on the near bank of this that the Seaforths dropped for cover. For five minutes nothing happened. The shrapnel barrage still hovered over the invisible line and the rifle fire maintained its monotonous crackle.

And then those that had got as far as the river started coming back—still in extended order, at a walk. Someone who had taken command (for the Colonel and both his Majors had been killed), had had the courage to face facts and to call the massacre off. As the battalion came back, each man who had not yet been hit, dropped by the side of a wounded Seaforth and helped him dress his wounds. For the next two hours, men were straggling back into our front line and improvised dressing stations were established in many fire-bays to look after the wounded who crawled or were brought in. There was no chance of getting them away before dark. Out in front I could see the bodies of Seaforths lying naked from the waist down, for as they fell forward their kilts had been flung up over their backs and shoulders.

At seven o'clock it began to drizzle and as if that wasn't enough to dampen our spirits, the rumor was passed along that someone had just seen a ration party arrive carrying four jars of rum. That looked as if my outfit was "for it."

At 7:30 the rum appeared, together with orders for the Camerons to be ready in twenty minutes to go over the top. Now that we knew definitely what our future was, we didn't feel so bad, and besides, the fire of that velvet, creamy rum helped a lot to dispel the chill of the penetrating drizzle. Even the drizzle had its consolation because, with the approaching dusk, the distant line of trenches was half-veiled in a thin mist and it might therefore be possible to leave our line without being spotted. This would serve partly to neutralize the lack of artillery preparation. Both the Staffords and the Seaforths were kind enough to point this out to us as we hitched our equipment on and got ourselves ready.

At 7:55, with an "Over you go and the best of luck!" the men we were leaving behind gave us a leg-up over the parapet and we dropped into the mud on the other side. For the last few minutes my mouth had felt curiously dry and I had been conscious of a weak smile of affected nonchalance on my face. But once over the top, I felt freer, more at ease, as if I had been relieved of every care in the world.

I wonder if others have felt the way I used to, when once I was over the top. It was something like being drunk. There was a sense of elation, an indifference to danger, an exaggeration of unimportant details and a total unconcern with anything save the immediate fleeting moment. As if there was nothing in the whole universe except oneself and one's little environment.

I heard nothing of the shrapnel that was bursting nor the whirr of jagged metal that was pinging down—there was a drunken sense of unreality about everything. Men seemed to tumble in grotesque ways. "Spoils the whole line," I thought. "God, it's a long way—I'd like some water. This pack's as heavy as hell. What did I want to collect all those damn' souvenirs for? They weigh a ton. After this show you just dump them, my boy!"

The artillery had picked us up when we had covered a couple of hundred yards. I was scarcely conscious of it. Men on either side of me began dropping; I heard some of them cry out as they fell; but the association between their falling, and pain and death, was completely lacking. I began to be troubled by thirst and fatigue. My tongue was like dry leather—my mud-clogged boots like lead. I could see the bare outline of the Hun parapet and was surprised at not hearing rifle fire yet. Time was slowing up—and a nightmare flashed into my mind that I was futilely treading the same bit of ground. I had no word now for my next-door neighbor. I hitched my pack higher up on my shoulders and plodded on.

Then the river appeared at my feet and a whistle blew. I flopped down and drank the stagnant water. That was better! A wave of desire to sleep swept over me. I yawned. I had a feeling of being safe there, although up till then I had not been conscious of danger. The damned whistle again. How the hell was I going to cross that stream? Fourteen foot wide—couldn't jump it with a pack on. They were wading it—well, here goes!

The water rose above my knees—up to my waist; my kilt floated out on the surface like a gigantic water-lily. The bottom of the stream was thick sucking mud. I heard shouts of "Hey, there! Pull us out! Give us a hand, Jock, I'm stuck!" but I was lucky and scrambled through. After a pause behind the friendly bank on the other side, the line went on again. Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop!—machine guns. Well, we were getting closer. Over the damn' river, anyway. I was sweating hot and yet the chill of my soaking kilt sent shivers through me. My pack grew heavier every step I took. I couldn't carry it much further. I slipped in a pool and went down on my knees like a broken horse. I couldn't get up. To hell with the pack and its damned load of souvenirs; I wriggled out of the straps—Phew! that was better.

A second stream. I took a running jump and landed three-quarters way over, slipped in the mud and went right under. My feet were stuck, gripped in the squelchy bottom and I could feel them sinking lower each second. The more I scrambled, the lower I sank. The water was up to my chest. There was a mighty splash beside me and I saw Cpl. McFee struggling out onto the bank. I yelled to him to pull me out; he handed me the butt of his rifle and with a tremendous effort my feet unstuck themselves. I hauled myself to the bank, shook myself like a dog and ran on to catch up with the line.

The shelling petered out and all I could hear was the frenzied cackle of rifle fire, and, curiously, the squelch of my sodden boots. Occasionally the cry of a man, but most of those who dropped lay quiet. The fire was murderous—sweeping a lethal sheet of lead waist-high which crumpled our ranks and left great gaps. Again that nightmare seized me of my laboring feet being rooted to the same spot—my mouth was parched. Our objective was getting closer, though—the spiteful sputter of machine guns grew louder. My platoon officer, whom I recognized on my left, toppled over with a grunt and a second later, the brawny Scotch sergeant next to him went down.

A whistle again blew and down I went, flat in the mud with my arms folded in front of my head. (This was in

the days before steel helmets were worn). I was tired—I wanted to stay there and fall asleep; just being motionless was sheer heaven. A foot above my head I could hear the vicious swish of bullets. Word was shouted down to double the next fifty yards; I yelled the message to the man on my right, who was thirty feet away. The gaps had widened. Only 150 yards to go.

There was the whistle—the fifty yards took ten seconds —flop! into the mud. It had grown darker in the last few minutes and I could dimly see the parapet ahead. I could just make out a gap, some thirty yards wide, in the trench and, being still raw at the game, decided to head for that. Especially as I heard no firing from that direction. The others were fixing bayonets—I got mine out and clicked it over the muzzle. The man next to me had closed in and was only ten feet to my right. It was the pale-faced 18-year old London clerk whom we had nicknamed Rib because of his undernourished looking physique. He was one of my two special buddies. "Where's Furnace?" I shouted. "He got it at the second river!" was the reply. I rolled on my left side and tried to yank my water bottle off my hip. I had to have one more drink before that last hundred yards. Hell! it had stuck.

BIFF! My left hand felt as if it had been struck with a white-hot hammer. I yelled to Rib, "I've got mine, Rib!" I didn't look at it—I was afraid of seeing the whole hand gone. That was what it felt like. Rib was squirming over to me. "Where's your field dressing?" he asked. He split the package, clamped on the pad, and then began winding the bandage round. "You're lucky," he said. "Lucky hell!" I answered. "Why," he said, "it's a regular Blighty!" I couldn't feel anything—the hand was numb. But the thought of Blighty was good if I didn't collect something worse in the meantime.

The whistle for the final assault sounded while Rib was fiddling with the safety-pin. "Go on, Rib,—they're off. Best of luck!" The rifle and machine gun fire had risen to a frenzy. Rib struggled to his feet and was off into that waist-high stream of lead.

From the silent gap I heard a Scotch voice cry, "Come on, boys! This way, lads! Follow me!" That must be McNaughton, I thought, the tall long-legged platoon officer of No. 9. The whole company heard the cry and surged towards the gap. I rolled over on my right elbow, holding my white-swathed hand out of the mud, and watched the silhouette of men draw together and merge into a dark, shifting mass. They had only fifty yards to go and already they were scrambling, jumping through the low, hastily erected tangle of barbed wire. The men were shouting—I could recognize the voices of some of them.

Then, like a sudden hailstorm, hell broke loose. At point blank range a row of machine guns, hidden in the gap, opened up in unison on that mass of men leaping through the wire. The company dropped as if a giant scythe had been swept through the knees of every man. Those who were in the entanglement collapsed on the wire and screamed as one bullet after another seared through their bodies. A few, who survived that first tornado of lead, scattered to the flanks, but Rib, whom I had followed with half an eye, went down in a heap about forty yards ahead of me. I began wriggling on my elbows through the mud. On my right the stutter of rapid fire grew less; there were wild Celtic yells that told me that in places our men were "in." I felt like adding a cheer to the confused shouting but my mouth was dry and a blazing pain flooded my left side as my hand throbbed into consciousness. I crawled by several bodies and peered into their faces; they were friends of mine—or had been—but it was Rib I was looking for.

I found him bunched on his side a few yards from the wire. He didn't answer when I spoke to him. His glengarry had fallen from his head and there was a gap in his forehead from the center, above the nose, to the top of his right ear. The whole face was smothered in blood which was pulsing from that black hole. First I rolled him on his back and then took his field dressing out of the little inside pocket. It wouldn't do any good, I told myself, but it seemed suddenly important, somehow, that the last obsequies (at least, a pretense of them) should be observed and I thought it would "look better" if, when they found his body, it had the appearance of having been tended.

So I awkwardly ripped open the waterproof cover of the packet on the end of Rib's bayonet and took out the iodine and "shell pad." I couldn't draw the bandage very tight with only one hand, but I got it fixed in a sort of way without getting it too muddy as I slipped the coils under his limp head.

The sound of the rifle fire had changed now and obviously came from our own men, firing ahead. But behind me there was a volcano of spouting flame all along the trench we had left. This doubtless had been dropped to harass any reserves that might be sent up to support our reduced front line. I decided to stay where I was until that barrage ceased before trying to make my way down to a dressing station.

A succession of muffled "woofs!" warned me of a new danger. The Hun was playing shrapnel over the line just ahead. With laborious, slow effort and much rolling and twisting, I extracted my entrenching tool from my equipment and, lying on my belly with my left elbow supporting my hand, I began scraping a small mound of muddy soil in front of us. When it was finished, I took a drink from Rib's water bottle (my own had been hit and all the water had drained away). Then I curled up under the lee of our little bank, and fell asleep.

It was still raining two hours later when I woke up. I noticed that the shelling over the rear had stopped and I thought it was time to start moving. For a few moments I lay on my right side and looked at Rib and let my thoughts wander back over all the good times we had shared. I put out my right hand and touched his shoulder. "Well, so long, old man!" I said, and began getting up. "Who's that?" he asked in a dreamy voice.

"My God, Rib! It's me," I said. "I thought you were gone."

"I think I got hit in the head," he replied in the same listless voice. "Have you a drink of water?"

The water gurgled into his mouth and when he spoke his voice had changed. "Is it bad?" he asked. "No," I told him, "it knocked a hole in your forehead but you'll be all right soon. Just take it easy!" I wanted to cheer him, but inwardly I thought he would be a "gonner" in less than twenty minutes. "Are you comfy?" I asked him. "Feel fine!" he said, and the amazing thing was, he sounded it.

A little while later, after another drink, he sat up and to my astonishment said, "Well, let's go up and join the others." I thought his brain was affected, or perhaps this was the last spasm of vitality before he passed out. "Don't be damn silly!" I replied; "you've got a nice one, and soon we'll start off back to the other trench."

"No," he continued, "let's go and see what the others are doing."

"Now look here, Rib," I said in a firm voice, "I know damn' well what they're doing. They're shifting wire from the back to the front of the trench and getting ready for a hell of a counter attack. Lie where you are for a bit and don't be a damned fool!"

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NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD

As a Mark of the profound Esteem and Respect

They bear towards their State Ordnance Officer

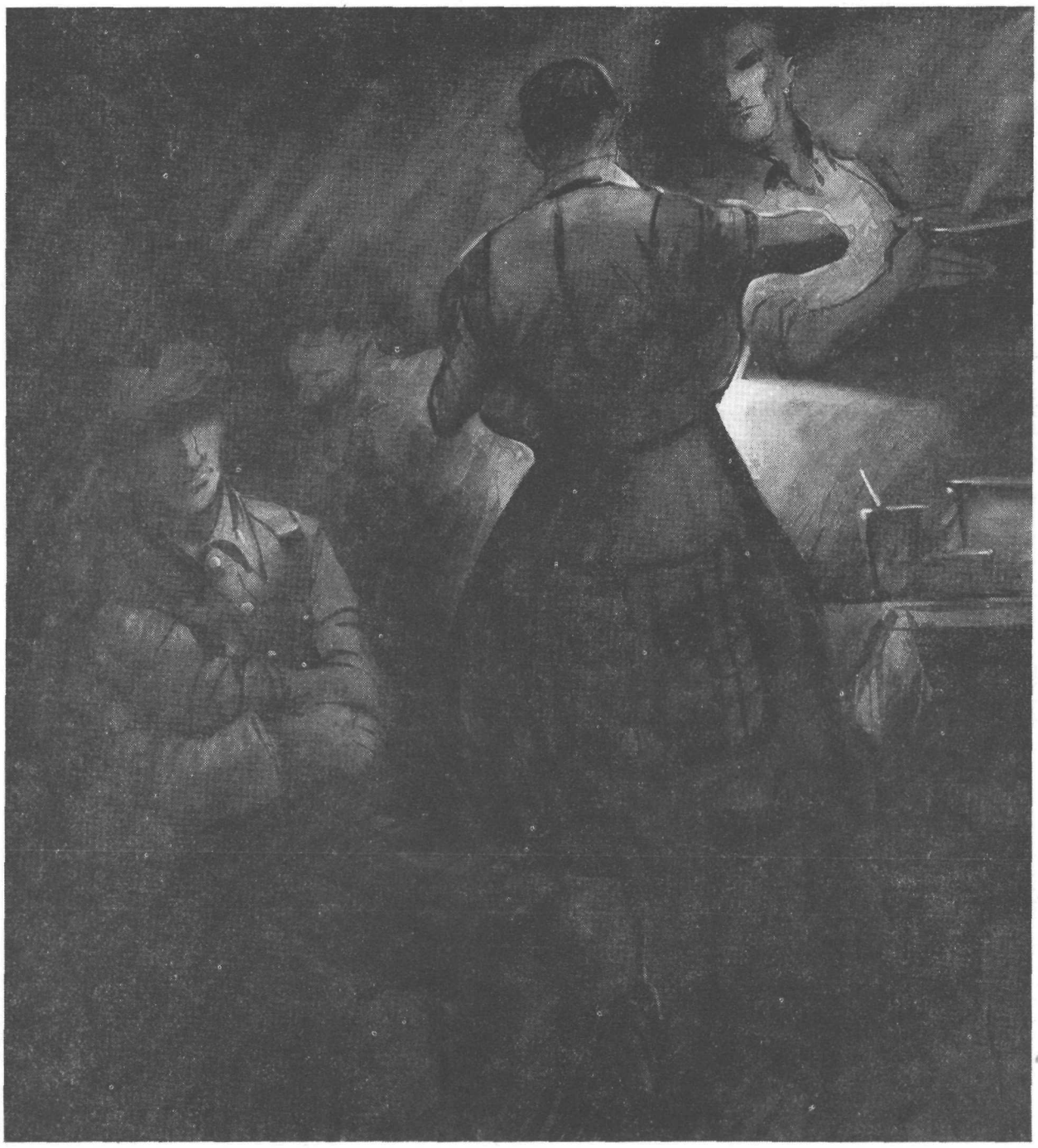
and Editor of their Magazine

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
FRED M. WATERBURY

Upon his Retirement

after

Forty-One Years of Long and Faithful Service



Drawn by

"Well, I'm going up, anyway," was all he said, and he struggled to his feet. So I scrambled to my feet as well and gave him my sound arm. If he'd gone off his head, I figured, he'd have to be humored and so I'd take him up to the captured trench for a minute.

He seemed a little groggy and we had some difficulty in getting through what was left of the wire, but he pressed on with amazing energy and very soon we hoisted ourselves over what had been the Hun parapet and slithered down into the trench.

Men appeared dragging timber, shouldering sandbags—evidently to build a barricade a little way along. Rib and I were only in the way; we couldn't help and we sat on the firestep gleaning snatches of information as the men went by. The Colonel, who had led the battalion over the top (as was customary in those early days) had been killed—so had the two majors and all four company commanders. McNaughton was either killed or badly hit—someone had seen him drop by the second river. "But I heard him shouting to us from the gap!" I put in. "That was a Hun," someone said, and explained how Sgt. Fraser of B Co. had taken a party along from the flank and scuppered the Bosche machine gun teams in seven small emplacements. At least four other teams had got away.

Everyone we spoke to was wretched with cold and rain. There were only about twenty men in our company left (we had four companies then to a battalion—250 men in each) but A Company had only lost about fifty men and B about eighty-five. C and D had caught it rather badly, though.

Rib and I had been there for about half an hour when the shelling increased—H.E. was dropping all around and I told Rib it was time to get out. He wouldn't listen. "But it's no use us waiting here for the counter attack," I urged. He said something about reserves coming up. "That's damn' silly," I argued. "When have you ever known reserves to come up in time?" My hand was throbbing and I wanted to get back.

Then, as if to give point to my insistence, I heard a new sound mingling with but quite different from the crash of H.E. Someone was bombing over to our left. Minute by minute, the sound grew nearer. The men in our firebay said we'd lost all our bombs in the river and those we heard must be Hun grenades. (The Mills bomb had not yet been invented and we used jam tins filled with metal scrap rammed in, with a two-inch length of fuse sticking out of the top. A wet fuse naturally put the bomb out of action).

"So much for your bloody reserves!" I said to Rib. "Let's go!" He told me to clear out if I wanted to; he intended staying. Bombing had started on the right as well; the remnants of the battalion were being pushed in on either side towards the center. It was close on midnight. The drizzle had stopped but it was near freezing and my sodden clothes chilled me to the bone. The night was pitch black except for the spouts of pink flame where the H.E. burst. Most of the men were at either end of the trench, erecting barricades or trying to creep round to the rear of the Hun bombing parties. A few were left in the center and these were maintaining a slow deliberate fire to their front. But each minute that passed brought the sound of bombing closer so that now the men were bunched into a section of trench not longer than 150 yards.

Rib and I sat side by side on the firestep while, in the flickering bomb flashes, we could see the shapes of men passing up and down the trench. I seemed to be living in a world of madness. I had the feeling that soon I would wake up and find myself safe in some billet, with all this nightmare a vague restless memory of the night. My left hand

George Gray.

burned and throbbed and I supported it with my right hand in an upright position; each time I let it drop, a torn nerve set my whole arm jumping and I bit my lips to stifle my instinct to cry out. And here was this madman beside me, with a four-inch hole in his skull, who had lost every particle of common sense he ever possessed.

Half an hour after the bombing had first started, word was passed down to retire. I got up and stumbled along, with Rib in front of me, until we came on a bunch of men filing into what had been a communication trench between the Hun's old front line and the trench we were just leaving. Men were shouting hoarsely, "Get a bloody move on there!" and the bombs were dropping on either side about thirty yards away. An officer shouted, "Don't bunch there, you bloody fools! Get across the open!" There was a place where the parapet had been blown in by a shell—men were scrambling up the bank. Rib and I headed for the gap and found ourselves out of the trench.

It was pitch dark while we were making our way through the wire. Then, all of a sudden, a group of Very lights went up—red and green and white. Hell! that was probably their signal that the trench had changed hands and soon we might expect a barrage out in front. Rifle and machine gun fire broke out behind us; white Very lights were now flooding the whole scene and I could see a ragged line of silhouettes to left and right of me, running, stumbling, slithering through the mud. Rib and I kept touch by calling out each other's names from time to time; sometimes, by the light of a flare, I could see his white-swathed head almost within arm's reach of me, but then the flare would flick out leaving us groping in darkness. Behind us spurted the spiteful cackle of machine guns—the bullets zipped by, but all that mattered now was to keep going. Here was the first stream. For a few moments, when we had slithered down the bank, we lay there, Rib and I, panting, dry-mouthed.

Some way ahead of us, perhaps three hundred yards, a crash and a line of flame told us the barrage had begun. "Look," I said, "let's get to the next stream and lie up there until we get our breath. Then we'll go through that shelling at the double. Can you manage that?" "Of course I can," he replied. The man was a miracle!

We got to our feet and waded through the stream side by side. Then up the opposite bank and steadily on through the mud and the swish of bullets. We walked slowly, the water dripping from our kilts, chafing a rawness at the back of the knees. Sometimes we heard shouts from different directions; men's names being called out by friends who had lost touch with them, or the cries of wounded, lying helpless out there asking for help or for stretchers to be sent out, some even imploring those who passed "for Christ's sake to finish them off!" I stopped occasionally to give these men water (I had taken a bottle from one of our own dead) and to reassure them that the stretcher bearers would soon be out to them.

We came to the second stream at a place where the bank fell vertically to the water, so we lay on top, close to each other: Rib on his back to keep the blood from pulsing through the gap in his forehead, I on my stomach with my bandaged hand upright in front of me. The rifle fire sounded high, but anyway I was too tired to care much. Again that desire to sleep surged over me. I think I was on the point of going off when I heard movements and voices on the other side of the stream. "What lot are you?" I shouted. "Staffords! Coming up in reserve," came their reply. I heard an officer shout, "Don't stay there all night arguing the toss. Get across the stream and look slippy!" The men plunged in up to their waists—a man in front of me was nearly through when he stuck. "Give us a hand, mate!" he shouted. I stuck out my right arm and felt it grabbed. Then, as he scrambled ashore, he slipped and clutched at the nearest thing—my bandaged hand, and hauled himself out by it, spluttering. Pain stabbed through every nerve in my body—my left arm blazed with excruciating agony. Then I must have fainted, for I came round to find Rib poking me. "Wake up," he was saying, "let's get on!"

We waded through the muddy stream with difficulty and entered the shelled area which was stabbed with pink flashes. We continued walking, wet and icy cold, reserving what strength we had left for our final spurt through the 100-yard belt of flame ahead of us. We might have lain where we were until the shelling died down, but now we had got so far we both felt an eagerness to reach the trench.

(*Concluded on page* 50)

THE NEW YORK
National Guardsman
(Official State Publication)

VOL. IX, No. 2, NEW YORK CITY MAY, 1932

LT. COL. FRED M. WATERBURY
Editor
LIEUT. T. F. WOODHOUSE
Associate Editor and Business Manager

Editorial and Business Offices
Headquarters New York National Guard
Room 782, State Office Building
80 Centre St., New York City

"30" FOR THE EDITOR AT 64

"Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene;
Age steals to his allotted nook
Contented and serene."

AS to the pressman "30" means the end of the article, so in this issue it means the passing of your editor, who has reached the military retirement age.

The history of The New York National Guardsman, your trade journal and mine for the past eight years, is known to most of the guardsmen of our own state and to our many military leaders throughout the country and the national guard of other states. It was just eight years ago last month that Major General Charles W. Berry, then commanding the New York National Guard, decided that the military branch of our state government should have its own magazine, for strictly military news and statistics, for the purpose of promoting a greater interest in the Guard and a closer relationship among its officers and men throughout all sections of the state. The work of laying out and compiling the magazine was wished on the present editor—a "friendly order" on account of previous journalistic experience and "in addition to his other duties without expense to the state." The task has been a busy one but with the constant aid and editorials from both General Berry and his successor, Major General William N. Haskell, the magazine has gone along, month after month, slowly strengthening its claims for existence in the field of publications by its strides of progress in both appearance and interest, until today we think we can modestly say it is the equal at least of any similar publications in the country.

We have believed in pictures and in giving the men in the units an opportunity to tell of their social military activities, as well as their achievements in marksmanship and athletics. We know it has increased the *esprit de corps*, the attendance, and the recruiting. It has also been the inspiration to other states to join the field of publications and likewise helped them solve similar problems.

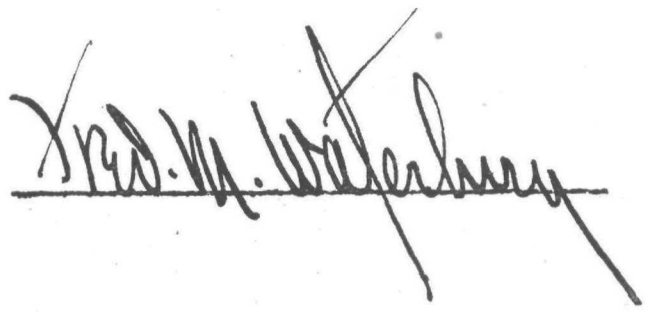
We have endeavored to keep away from sensational articles, to steer clear of all things political and to cover our own local news as thoroughly as possible. Perhaps everything you have seen in the magazine you could not believe, —advertisers are human and liable to err. However, we have had no bad reactions or fifty thousand dollar damage suits to defend—or perhaps "puff-up" over the compliment.

While the assignment has been a pleasant one, it has been strenuous, because there is no profession which makes such heavy calls upon the bodily and mental vigor of its servants as the profession of the journalist, with one magazine coming right out after another and the duty never finished. All this is multiplied when it is carried on as a sideline, during the issue of ammunition and the conduct of a peace time war with the battle of the target ranges.

However, with the loyal support of generals, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants and enlisted men, I have gone in and out among you for eight years, filling up the thirty-two pages and building up a closer friendship for our service and our men.

Farewell is a word lightly uttered and readily forgotten. But when it means the rounding-off and completion of a chapter in life, the severance of ties many and cherished, of the parting with many close military friends at once, it seems somewhat hard to pen—it becomes, indeed, "the word that makes us linger." I feel fortunate to have found my welcome as your editor almost an adoption and my farewell leaves half my heart behind.

"So do I,
To put all things from my memory
Of parting, drown it!
Say not "Good-bye"
But—"times up" and in signing off, just—
Cheerio!



PROVISIONAL ORDNANCE DETACHMENT

APPLICATIONS for the Provisional Ordnance Detachment must reach these Headquarters not later than May 15th, 1932. They will be forwarded through channels and addressed to: The Ordnance Officer, Hdqrs. N. Y. N. G., 80 Centre Street, New York City.

The tour of duty is at Camp Smith, Peekskill, N. Y., from June 4th to September 18th, 1932, and consists of usual range details.

Base pay of grade, transportation, and subsistence are provided.

GENERAL HASKELL'S EDITORIAL

AN OFFICER OF THE NATIONAL GUARD

AS this is to be a special "Waterbury" number of our publication, it seems to me that it is very appropriate to say a few words in my special department of the publication in regard to Colonel Waterbury's service, and, using him as an example, to speak also about our National Guard officers in general.

There is no question that our present National Guard is a success. I believe that, as now organized under our National Defense Act, it offers the very best means, in conjunction with the other branches of that plan, of providing our country with an adequate National Defense at the most reasonable cost.

There are several reasons for this success: the close cooperation with and the assistance given us by the Regular Army, the continued support of the states, and the experience gained in the World War by many of our officers and men.

And yet, as I see it, the main reason for the success of the National Guard, the reason above all others that it has survived years of discouragement and has finally become a cohesive and efficient force, is the officers who have served in the Guard.

These men, in addition to earning their living in the community, have given time, effort and thought, to an extent that few realize, to the benefit of their organizations. They have made sacrifices that few realize. In many cases they have sacrificed their personal civil success and prosperity to their interest in the National Guard. If, like Colonel Waterbury, they devote their entire time to their duties in the Guard and are paid for that duty, they still make sacrifices, for our permanent officers do not receive the same pay and allowances that they would receive for like rank and services in the United States Army—and the latter considers that it is underpaid in contrast with the average returns for civil occupations.

Colonel Waterbury's service is typical of the men of whom I write. It started over forty-one years ago, in February, 1891, when he enlisted as a private in the old 22nd Separate Company in Saratoga Springs, now Company L of the 105th Infantry. It includes active Federal service and active duty in connection with civil disorder. It covers duties as corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, and then lieutenant colonel again (for to be Ordnance Officer on the 27th Division staff he accepted a reduction from a previous well-earned higher rank). He will be retired by the Governor of the State as a Brigadier General as a reward for his services.

The State of New York has always been fortunate in its Ordnance officers or, as they used to be known, its Inspectors of Small Arms Practice.

General Wingate established a system of small arms instruction which was the basis not only for the New York National Guard but which was thankfully appropriated by the Regular Army as well, and in addition to his National Guard work, was a pioneer in many other community interests.

"Peggy" Thurston has become almost a legendary figure in the New York National Guard—and in many places outside of the Guard. His sayings and doings are still repeated wherever and whenever riflemen gather.

Colonel Waterbury took over a difficult job when he succeeded to Colonel Thurston's work: difficult on account of the prominence and reputation of his predecessor. That he filled that place no one will deny. That he will be remembered as his great predecessors are remembered, he can be sure.

The New York National Guard owes much to Colonel Waterbury and to the men like him who have belonged to its honorable company. They are the real reason for our success. Our strength lies in the fact that when one goes, others are ready to step into the vacant place and to carry on as their predecessors have carried on—with the inspiration of those careers to help them.

So long as we have men like this, actuated by the motives that have guided these men, determined to make good for the ideals in which they believe, our future history and our future success are secure.

The real reward for Colonel Waterbury will not be the deserved promotion, but the sure knowledge that the men who have served with him during any or all of his long forty-one years of service know what he has done, know how he has done it, and will long remember the man and the work.

W. H. Haskell

Major-General

Battle Casualties of the World War

RE-PRINTED THROUGH COURTESY OF **THE COMMAND POST, (COL.).**

ACCURATE statistics on casualties incurred by the American Army in the World War have recently been compiled by the office of the Adjutant General of the Army. The aggregate losses in combat for the Army were 244,173, and for the Marine Brigade of the 2d Division the losses were 11,348. While the statistics published do not include relative figures on the losses in the various branches of the fighting forces, the previously computed percentage of losses shows that the Infantry suffered approximately 90 per cent of the battle casualties.

Of the 37,568 killed in action, 1,656 (including one in Siberia) were officers and 35,912 (including 26 in Siberia) were enlisted men. Of the 12,942 who died of wounds, 559 (all A.E.F.) were officers and 12,383 (including eight in Siberia) were enlisted men. Of the 182,674 individuals who were wounded, but not mortally, 6,475 (including four in Siberia) were officers, three (all A.E.F.) were Army nurses, one (A.E.F.) was a field clerk, and 176,195 (including 48 in Siberia) were enlisted men. Many individuals were wounded more than once, the number of additional non-mortal wounds treated being 10,989.

The tables also show that 195,556 individual members of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe (including those who died of wounds) were wounded once, 10,535 twice, 436 three times, and 18 four times. Of the grand total of 206,545 wounds, 127,228 (61.60 per cent) were caused by gun-shot, 68,975 (33.40 per cent) by gas, 9,486 (4.59 per cent) by shell, 229 (0.11 per cent) by air raid, and 164 (0.07 per cent) by bayonet. In the remaining 463 cases (0.23 per cent) the records do not show the nature of the wounding agency.

The grades of the 1,655 officers of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe who were killed in action were as follows: Colonel, 6; lieutenant colonel, 10; major, 37; captain, 198; first lieutenant, 720; second lieutenant, 684. The 559 officers of those forces who died of wounds included 1 brigadier general, 1 colonel, 4 lieutenant colonels, 11 majors, 69 captains, 257 first lieutenants, and 216 second lieutenants. Of the 6,471 A.E.F. officers who were wounded, but not mortally, 2 were major generals, 3 were brigadier generals, 30 were colonels, 37 were lieutenant colonels, 195 were majors, 1,010 were captains, 2,681 were first lieutenants, and 2,513 were second lieutenants. In the following table the 244,173 battle casualties of the Army are classified by divisions:

Division[1]	Killed in action	Died of wounds	Total battle deaths	Wounds not mortal[2]	Total battle Casualties[3]
1st	3,730	1,266	4,996	17,324	22,320
2d	1,964	719	2,683	9,063	11,746
3d	2,637	764	3,401	12,000	15,401
4th	2,160	743	2,903	9,917	12,820
5th	1,630	490	2,120	6,996	9,116
6th	38	30	68	318	386
7th	204	83	287	1,422	1,709
26th	1,587	694	2,281	11,383	13,664
27th	1,442	387	1,829	6,505	8,334
28th	2,165	709	2,874	11,265	14,139
29th	787	266	1,053	4,517	5,570
30th	1,237	404	1,641	6,774	8,415
32d	2,250	778	3,028	10,233	13,261
33d	691	302	993	5,871	6,864
35th	1,018	280	1,298	5,998	7,296
36th	466	125	591	1,993	2,584
37th	794	272	1,066	4,321	5,387
41st	59	34	93	315	408
42d	2,058	752	2,810	11,873	14,683
76th	1	3	4	22	26
77th	1,486	624	2,110	8,084	10,194
78th	1,169	361	1,530	5,614	7,144
79th	1,151	366	1,517	5,357	6,874
80th	880	361	1,241	4,788	6,029
81st	195	53	248	856	1,104
82d	995	418	1,413	6,664	8,077
83d	49	18	67	257	324
85th	123	22	145	281	426
88th	12	8	20	58	78
89th	980	486	1,466	5,625	7,091
90th	1,091	405	1,496	6,053	7,549
91st	1,134	320	1,454	4,654	6,108
92d	120	62	182	1,465	1,647
93d	467	124	591	2,943	3,534
Total divisional battle casualties.	36,770	12,729	49,499	190,809	240,308

Total battle casualties in non-divisional units	771	205	976	2,802	3,778
Grand total A.E.F. battle casualties	37,541	12,934	50,475	[4]193,611	[5]244,086
Total battle casualties in Siberia	27	8	35	52	87
Aggregate	37,568	12,942	50,510	[6]193,663	[7]244,173

[1]*The 8th Division did not reach the A.E.F. in time to participate in operations. The 31st, 34th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 84th, and 87th Divisions were not combat divisions and had no battle casualties. The 41st, 76th, 83d, and 85th Divisions were depot or replacement divisions, but some of their units or personnel were in combat.*

[2]*The figures in this column represent the number of cases of non-mortal wounding that received medical treatment and do not represent individuals. For total number of individuals wounded, see notes 4 and 5.*

[3]*The total number of individuals represented by the figures in this column is shown in notes 5 and 7. Represents individuals*: [4]182,622; [5]233,097; [6]182,674; [7]233,184.

The tables prepared also classify the casualties by component of the Army, by State, by commissioned and enlisted, and by engagements. The following synopsis shows the relation between officers and enlisted men.

	Officers	Enlisted Men
Killed in action	1,655	35,886
Died of wounds	559	12,375
Total battle deaths	2,214	48,261
Wounded, not mortally, aggregate	6,471	176,151
Aggregate	8,685	224,412

A division of total casualties between the various components of the Army shows as follows:

	Officers	Enlisted Men
Regular Army	417	32,074
National Guard	1,831	64,382
Reserve Corps	4,574	675
National Army	1,739	127,281
U. S. Army	124	.....

In connection with the above figures and notes on the American casualties in the World War, it may be of some interest to quote the following on the military casualties of the British Commonwealth during the same war:

DISTRIBUTION OF CASUALTIES—BY COUNTRIES

Country	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Total	Total mobilized	Per cent of casualties to total mobilized	Per cent of casualties to population
United Kingdom	549,967	1,649,946	253,353	2,453,266	5,704,416	43.0	10.9
New Zealand	16,132	40,749	5	56,886	220,099	25.8	9.8
Australia	55,585	151,245	3,121	209,951	416,809	50.4	8.5
Canada	55,175	149,733	767	205,675	628,964	32.7	6.0
India	36,162	62,106	14,042	112,310	1,401,350	8.0	...
Others[1]	8,559	14,948	2,069	25,576	532,829	4.8	...
Total	721,580	2,068,727	273,357	3,063,664	8,904,467	34.4	...

[1]Includes Union of South Africa, and smaller British Colonies.

DISTRIBUTION OF CASUALTIES—BY THEATRE OF OPERATION

Country	Killed	Wounded	Missing[2]	Total	Per cent of total
France and Belgium	612,764	1,868,373	243,066	2,724,203	88.9
Dardanelles	33,522	78,420	7,636	119,578	3.9
Mesopotamia	34,278	52,499	14,772	101,549	3.3
Egypt	18,390	37,959	3,647	59,996	2.0
Salonica	9,362	16,901	1,829	28,092	.9
East Africa	11,069	7,928	575	19,572	.7
Italy	1,224	4,945	757	6,926	.2
Others	971	1,702	1,075	3,748	.1
Total	721,580	2,068,727	273,357	3,063,664	100.0

[2]Includes prisoners.

MEMORIAL DAY

A LAMENT

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON

WE who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun or feel the rain
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly and spent
Their lives for us loved, too, the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings—
But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

THE ORION MESSENGER

JOHN F. O'RYAN, *Hon. President, N. Y. C., N. Y.*
DONALD C. STRACHAN, *President, Brooklyn, N. Y.*
GEORGE B. BRADISH, *Vice-President, Malone, N. Y.*
HARRY J. GAYNOR, *Vice-President, Rochester, N. Y.*
WILLIAM F. S. ROOT, *Vice-President, Mount Vernon, N. Y.*
C. PEMBERTON LENART, *Secretary-Treasurer, Albany, N. Y.*

MEMBERSHIP

Any person who served as an officer, enlisted man, or field clerk with any unit of the 27th Division at any time between October 1, 1917, and April 1, 1919, both dates inclusive, or any person who was called into United States service for the World War on or before August 5, 1917, while an officer, enlisted man, or field clerk of the New York National Guard, and who, in either case, received an honorable discharge for such service, is eligible for membership in the 27th Division Association of the World War, Inc.

VETERANS OF THE 27TH DIVISION— HERE IS YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY!

PRIOR to April 1, 1931, the 27th Division Association of the World War, Inc., had no news organ. The advent of "The Orion Messenger" on that date overcame this deficiency, but it has proved too costly.

Through the helpful co-operation of Major General William N. Haskell, present commander of the New York National Guard and 27th Division, the news of the 27th Division Association will appear in the NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN, grouped under the old title "The Orion Messenger." This plan offers a double advantage as members will also be able to keep in touch with the activities of the present National Guard, with which many of us are still actively associated.

This copy of the initial issue of the GUARDSMAN embracing "The Orion Messenger" is sent, with the compliments of the publishers, for your inspection. Glance through its newsy, interesting pages. Note the many pictures and items which recall memories of the comradeships and experiences of a day, not so long ago, when these same comradeships were your very life: memories you can keep alive today through the medium of this monthly publication.

A subscription rate of one dollar ($1.00) per year will bring you a copy of the GUARDSMAN each month. Life members and members who have paid dues for 1932-33 will, by special arrangement with the publishers, receive the paper without charge up to October, 1932. Members who have not paid dues for 1932-33 must, in order to receive further issues, remit dues, together with the annual subscription fee, making $2.00 in all. If evidence of support does not warrant its continuance, the publishers reserve the right to discontinue the "Orion" page in their magazine.

If your wartime buddies have a place in your heart, you will rally to the support of this opportunity to expand our association. We have much to accomplish—the erection of a War Memorial to our veterans; the location of some 20,000 veterans not yet registered; the success of our next reunion at Buffalo; the building up of the 27th Division Association to make it the greatest of War Divisional Associations, and last, but most important of all, the care of our disabled and otherwise unfortunate veterans.

With our veterans scattered over the country, we must have this means of informing them of the Association's activities. General Haskell had sufficient confidence in the veterans of our Association to believe they would grasp this opportunity. We must justify this confidence. *Send in your subscription today!*

.....*Cut Along This Line*.....

PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS BELOW AND ENCLOSE YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO THE ORDER OF C. P. LENART, TREASURER, CAPITOL P. O., BOX 11, ALBANY.

PRINT NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STATE.....

Herewith my check (money order) in the sum of $..... in payment of the following:

—— Dues, 27th Division Association, to June 30, 1933, $1.00.

—— Subscription, for one (1) year, to the NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN-ORION MESSENGER, $1.00.

—— Additional contribution, to pay for annual subscription to the NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN-ORION MESSENGER for unfortunate veterans of the Association. (To be selected by your officers).

NEXT REUNION

JUDGING by the correspondence we have received, the 7th Biennial Reunion of our Association, to take place at Buffalo on October 20-22, 1932, will be the means of bringing together many of the veterans who departed from the Empire State years ago, only to wind up somewhere in the Golden West where they see very little of their former buddies.

ORION CLUB

MEMBERSHIP in the Orion Club continues to be popular. Since the last issue of "The Orion Messenger," the life membership has jumped from 81 to 109. The new members are Henry W. J. Nubel, Louis H. Gaus, Joseph P. Henry, Raymond H. Higgins, Jerome F. Langer, George W. Papen, Jr., Graham Youngs, Douglas C. Despard, Frederick C. Kuehnle, Waldo W. Woodcock, Charles B. Ulrichs, Gardiner Conroy, William L. Hallahan, Ernest W. Ehmke, William H. Tracy, Elmore F. Austin, Wade H. Hayes, John J. Schmitzer, Charles J. Schwartz, Willis R. McCroskery, Alexander R. Robb, John W. Ellis, Arthur V. McDermott, Gustave A. E. Anderson, Stanley Bulkley, Mortimer D. Bryant, Edgar S. Jennings, and Durant Rose.

Life membership can be purchased for the sum of ten dollars. The money is used for the purchase of New York State bonds and the interest therefrom helps to carry on the administration of our association. A neat celluloid card is issued to life members. Why not join the 109 others and get yours.

It Happened in the Guard . . .

SGT. M. J. GLICKMAN
27th Tank Company

The Concentrated Essence of War

CAPT. B. H. LIDDELL HART

By Courtesy of The Infantry Journal

THIS is the shortest article on the theory of war that one has ever written, and perhaps the shortest on record in a military journal. After twenty years' study of war, which has at least been both intense and extensive, I have the feeling of being able, as a beginning, to crystallise a few truths that seem so fundamental, and in analysis so universal, as to be termed axioms. They are practical guides not abstract principles. Napoleon knew that only the practical is useful when he gave us his maxims. But the modern tendency has been to search for a principle which can be expressed in a single word—and then needs several thousand words to explain it. Even so, these "principles" are so abstract that they mean different things to different men and, for any value, depend on the individual's own understanding of war. I frankly confess that I have shared in this search, and have spent many hours of thought in searching for what I now feel is a mirage, neither attainable nor useful, except as an intellectual exercise.

A Japanese Marine. Drawn by George Gray.

My axioms, in contrast, cannot be expressed in a single word, but can be put in the fewest words necessary to be practical. They comprise, *so far*, the following half dozen. They apply both to strategy and tactics, unless otherwise indicated.

"Do's"

1. *Always try to choose the line (or course) of least probable expectation*—by the enemy.
2. *Follow the line of least resistance*—so long as it can lead you to any objective which would contribute to your underlying object. (In tactics, this axiom applies especially to the use of your reserves. In strategy, it applies to the exploitation of any tactical success).
3. Aim to make these two lines coincide by taking a line of advance which threatens *alternative objectives*. Thus you will have your opponent on the horns of dilemma, and have the opportunity of swerving to gain whichever objectives he guards least. (This axiom applies mainly to strategy, but should be applied where possible in tactics).
4. Ensure that both your plan and your dispositions (or formation) are elastic. Your plan should foresee and provide for a next step in case of success or failure, or of partial success (which is the most common case in war). Your dispositions should be such as to allow this exploitation or alternation in the shortest possible time.

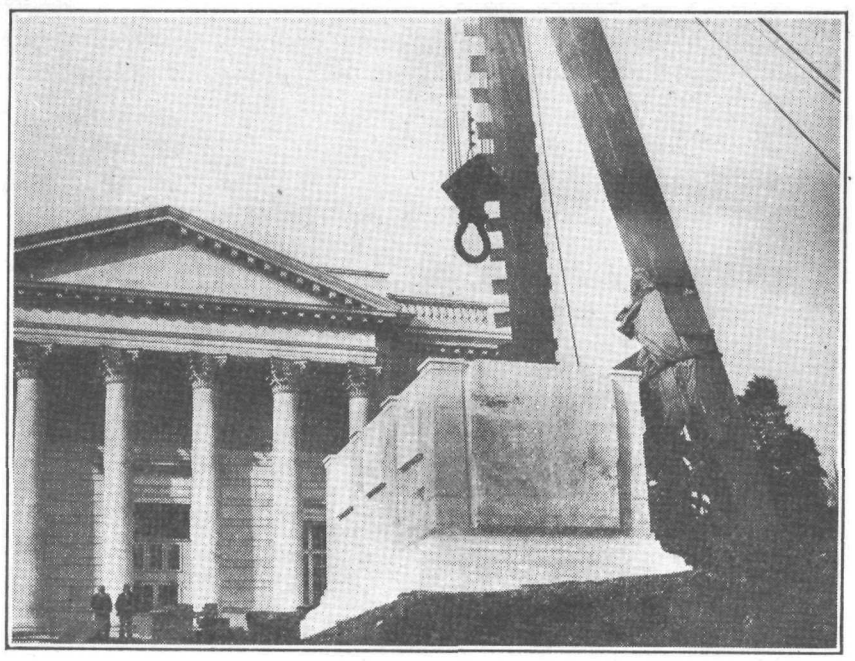
"Don'ts"

1. *Don't lunge when your opponent can parry.* A General has more resources, and should have more resources, than a bayonet-fighter. And in contrast, a body of troops has not the same power of quick recovery as an individual.

   The experience of history shows that no effective stroke is possible until the enemy's power of resistance or evasion is paralysed. Hence no commander should launch a real attack upon an enemy in position until he is satisfied that such paralysis has developed. (Although worded tactically, this axiom should also be construed strategically.)
2. *Never renew an effort along the same line (or in the same form) after it has once failed.* A mere reinforcement of weight is not sufficient to change, for it is probable that the opponent, also, will have strengthened himself in the interval.

In conclusion, I will forestall the kind of objection to the first axiom which is expressed in the glib question—"What will the enemy be doing meantime?" The historical answer is that he will be doing the obvious and assuming that you are doing likewise. The experience revealed in history is sufficiently abundant to justify this hypothesis. Each side tries to frame the plan which seems most sound; it credits its adversary with similar soundness, and the result is stalemate. Then they attempt further moves on similar calculations—until at last exhaustion or despondency calls "time" to the struggle.

Very infrequently a commander has rejected the obvious and pursued the unexpected. He has won a decisive success—unless fortune has played foul. For luck can never be divorced from war, as war is part of life. Hence the unexpected cannot guarantee success. But it guarantees the best chance of it. That is why the successes of history, if not won by abnormally clever generalship, have been won by generalship that is outrageously foolish. Perhaps, that is why Britain has had such a long run on the world's stage.



FOR THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

A HUGE block of Yule Marble, one of the largest ever quarried, has just been set in place as the keystone of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in front of the Amphitheatre in Arlington National Cemetery.

The marble block was quarried near the top of a mountain near Marble, Colorado. It was then shipped to the monumental shops of the Vermont Marble Company at Proctor, Vermont, where preliminary carving was done. Now that the block has been set in place, the final carving will be begun.

On the front panel, facing Washington and the Potomac, will be a composition of three figures commemorating "The Spirit of the Allies in the War." Each of the sides is divided into three panels by Doric pilasters and in each panel an inverted wreath will be carved. The panel on the back, facing the amphitheatre, is reserved for an inscription.

THE FIRST ENGLISH GENTLEMAN SLAIN BY ARTILLERY

WHEN a Catapult was first seen at Lacedæmon, Archidamus exclaimed: "O Hercules! now manhood is come to an end." But what would he have said, had he seen the Canon or great Ordinance of our Age; which made all ancient Engines to cease, as surpassing them all, in force, violence, impetuosity, suddainness, and swiftness?

So violent is it in breaking, tearing, bruising, renting, razing, and ruinating Walls, Towers, Castles, Rampiers, and all that it encountereth, that it might seem to have been invented by practice of the Devil to the destruction of Mankind, as the only enemy of true Valour and manful Courageousness by murthering afar off. . .

Thomas Montacute, last Earl of Salisbury of that Surname (1425), who was slain at Orleans with a great shot, is noted to be the first English Gentleman slain thereby; albeit now he is thought the most unfortunate, and cursed in his mother's womb, who dyeth by great shot.

—*William Camden*, 1586.

NATIONAL GUARD MEMORIAL PLANNED

IMPETUS has been given in various quarters to the erection of a fitting memorial in the City of Washington for the members of the National Guard who served in the late war.

Speaking before the delegates to the Annual Convention of the N.Y.N.G. at Buffalo, Major General George E. Leach, Chief of the Militia Bureau, outlined his ideas concerning the memorial and stated: "Memorials have been erected throughout the country in the past decade honoring the deserving of the World War. But there is no memorial for the National Guard. As the National Guard were the first in the war, participating with no less than 17 divisions, several of which had outstanding combat performances, it seems that the nation as a whole will welcome the privilege of erecting a memorial honoring the sacrifice and valor of the Guardsmen.

MEMORIAL DAY—MAY 30th

"At the going down of the sun, and in the morning
We will remember them."

By A. E. HOUSMAN.

WHEN I would muse in boyhood
The wild green woods among,
And nurse resolves and fancies
Because the world was young,
It was not foes to conquer,
Nor sweethearts to be kind,
But it was friends to die for
That I would seek and find.

I SOUGHT them far and found them,
The sure, the straight, the brave,
The hearts I lost my own to,
The souls I could not save.
They braced their belts about them,
They crossed in ships the sea,
They sought and found six feet of ground
And there they died for me.

A Chinese Infantryman. Drawn by George Gray.

THIS GIRL LEARNED TO "SQUEEZE" WHEN YOUNG

COLLEGE girls have been taking their rifle shooting seriously and devotedly for a number of years and have been constantly achieving new heights of distinction in this field, but this year one co-ed stepped way out in front of all of them.

Exhibiting rare consistency and determination and a cool unconcern about the tiny size of the bull's eye, Irene Knox, of Miami, Fla., a student at the University of Maryland, surprised shooters in general and completely vanquished all opposition from the feminine rifle stars and colleges of the country by her amazing marksmanship, according to a bulletin of the N. R. A.

Miss Knox first stepped into rifle shooting's hall of fame this year by capturing the national women's intercollegiate championship with the remarkable score of 599 out of a possible 600, which bettered by four points the previous record for the match.

Not content with that exceptional exhibition of marksmanship, she surpassed her record mark a little later by firing a perfect 600 in the national intercollegiate team matches in which her unerring shooting was largely responsible for her university team's taking the national team title.

The matches in which the co-ed distinguished herself were fired prone at 50 feet with .22 caliber rifles under the direction of the N. R. A. The "10" ring of the target is but .15 of an inch in diameter, .07 of an inch smaller than a .22 caliber bullet. This highest-scoring ring is so minute in size that if it alone were colored black, a shooter would be unable to discern it at 50 feet distance and would have no visible mark on which to sight, for which reason the "7," "8," and "9" rings also have to be black to form a sighting bull, which is 1.15 inches across.

In the two championship matches, Miss Knox fired 120 shots and all but one hit the literally invisible "10" ring, her only "off" shot missing by a hair's breadth and going for a nine, giving her a total count of 1199 points out of a possible 1200.

ESPRIT

By Robert S. Sutliffe

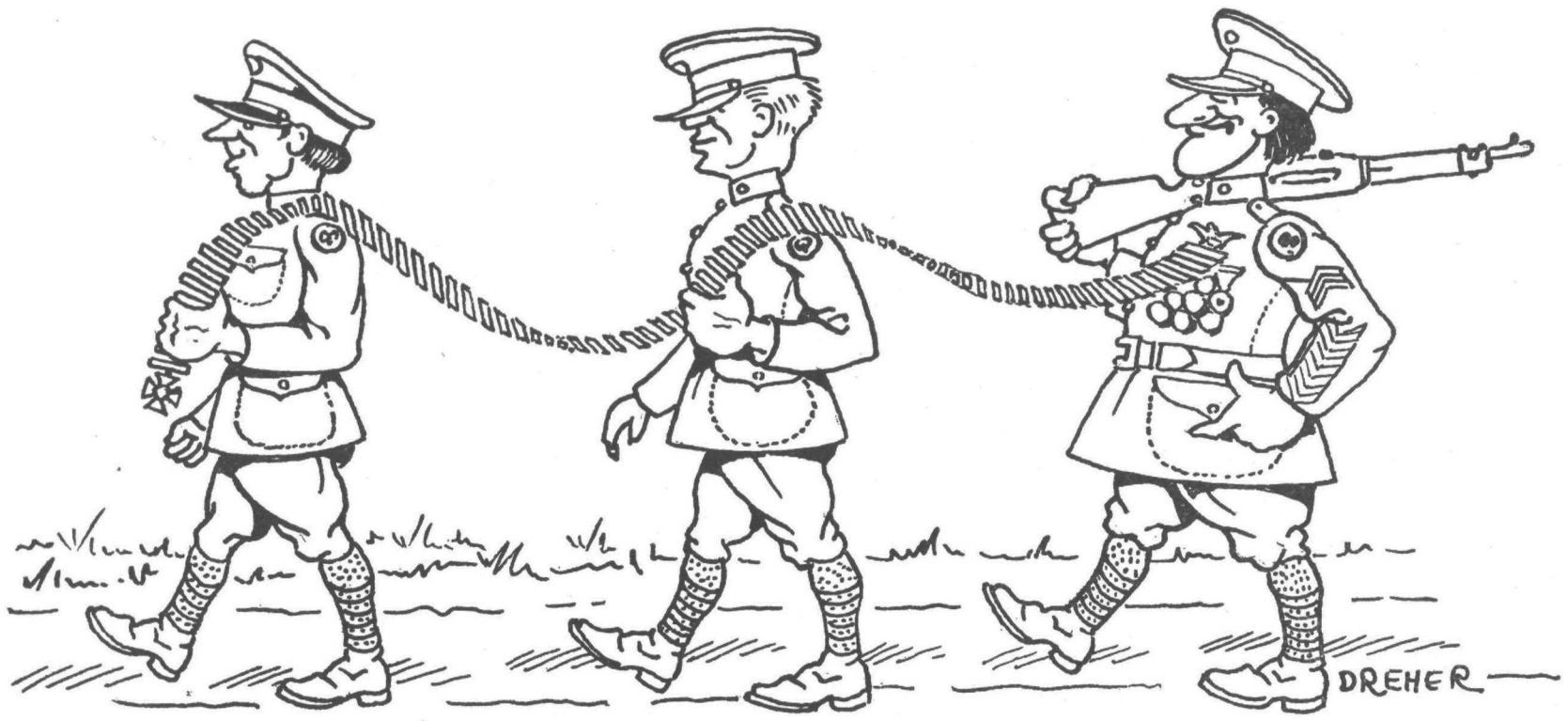
S omewhere there's an outfit that's numbered Seventy-one;
E very man that's in it is proud to be it's son;
V eterans and rookies, members one and all,
E nthuse whene'er they name it, are quick to hear its call.
N ineties in percentage their habit's got to be,
T isn't due to pressure, but just to fine esprit,—
Y ou have to hold your end up, or you get the old "G. B."

F rom camp tour in the summer to full-dress in review,
I n heat that is a hummer, when clouds are far from blue,
R ain makes little matter, nor cold nor blazing sun;
S ame old spirit's showin' in work as in the fun,
T ake it, boys, and like it, until the job is done.

I t's come to think that drillin' is "Johnny that means me,"
N o lookin' round for alibis, no S. C. O. to see;
F or every man's ambitious to see there is no flop,
A nd push the outfit's record up closer to the top.
N inety-five last season was good enough for then,
T hat isn't any reason, however, to these men
R ating for the coming year shan't be a higher one,
Y ou want to keep your optics on the outfit Seventy-one.

N.Y.N.G. OFFICER TAKEN FOR A RIDE

SECOND LIEUT. JOSEPH L. GURZNY, Btry. "A" 104th Field Artillery, who is a member of the National Guard and Reserve Officers' class at the Fort Sill Field Artillery School, was recently sent by airplane ambulance to the hospital at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, for further observation and treatment. On Friday, March 18th, Gurzny was thrown from his horse during an instruction period of the school and received a broken left shoulder. His transfer to Texas was necessitated by the limited hospitalization facilities offered at Fort Sill. We sincerely hope that by the time this appears in print, Lieut. Gurzny will have recovered from his attempt to emulate the Prince of Wales. —(*Capt. F. E. Shaw*).



THE RESULT OF THE REQUALIFICATION BARS

Near-sighted one: "Wha' did they do—kill a python?"
His Neighbor: "Naw—dat's Sergeant Murphy's qualification medal."

· KEEP SMILING ·

A Royal Gift

"Captain Dodger held a royal flush in a game the other night."

"What was wild?"

"The other two; one had an ace full and the other four deuces."

"King's English"

Clerk: "Howja spell sense?"

Adjutant: "Dollars and cents, or horse sense?"

Clerk: "Well, like in 'I ain't seen him sence.'"

Sabers (Texas).

Justified Anger

Noticing a dour-faced Scot tugging at a slot machine, a kindly passer-by inquired what was the matter. It took the Scot several seconds to recover sufficiently from his emotion to speak.

"Ah put a penny into this," he began, "an' four packets of gum came oot." And he started hauling again at the machine.

"But," exclaimed the passer-by, "what's the idea? What's all the fuss about?"

"Look ye here, mon,' said the other. "Ah put anither penny in, ye ken, an' naething's come oot. The thing's a swindle!"

Keeping Young

"Hello, George! You have changed, what's making you look so old?"

"Trying to keep young," was the reply.

"Trying to keep young?" queried the other, puzzled.

"Yes—nine of them," was the gloomy response.

A Study in Longevity

The horse and mule live thirty years,
They never taste light wines and beers.
Sheep and goats are dead at twenty,
They drink no liquor—water plenty.
At fifteen, dogs are mostly dead,
They look not on the wine that's red.
At ten, the cat's lost all nine lives—
No beast on milk and water thrives.
At five, most birds have passed away—
Far, far from alcohol they stay.
Bugs spend but few days on this earth,
And never learn the cocktail's worth.
But evil, wicked, rum-soaked men,
Live on to three score years and ten.

California Guardsman.

A Repository

When an ostrich died at the London Zoo, it was found, on post mortem examination, to contain two handkerchiefs, three gloves, a film spool, a comb, a key, a number of nails, a rolled gold necklace, two collar studs and five small copper coins. One theory is that it was saving up for income tax.

London Sporting and Dramatic News.

Taking the Air

"Pilot, what do we do if we are in the air and the engine fails?"

"Open parachutes and drop."

"Suppose the parachute fails?"

"Flap your arms and say, 'I am a dickey bird.'"

In the Promised Land

Mike: "This is a great country, Pat."

Pat: "And how's that?"

Mike: "Shure, the paper says yez can buy a foive-dollar money order for three cents."

Fifth Corps News (Ind.)

Good for Ethyl

"Have you some gasoline that stops knocking?"

"Yes."

"Then give my wife a glass."

Fifth Corps News (Ind.).

Back at the Base

General (to scared soldier running back from the front line trenches): "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Soldier: "To the rear, sir." (*Without saluting*).

General: "Haven't you been taught to salute an officer when you see one?"

Soldier: "Yes, sir, but I was in such a hurry I didn't see you, sir."

General: "Do you know who I am?"

Soldier: "No, sir."

General: "I am General Blank."

Soldier: "Hell's fire! I didn't realize I was that far back."

Sabers (Texas).

It's Close

"Mother," asked little Arthur, "are there any men angels in Heaven?"

"Why, certainly, dear."

"But, Mother, I never saw any angels with whiskers."

"No, dear, men get in with a close shave."

Recruit.

A Military Cross-Word Puzzle

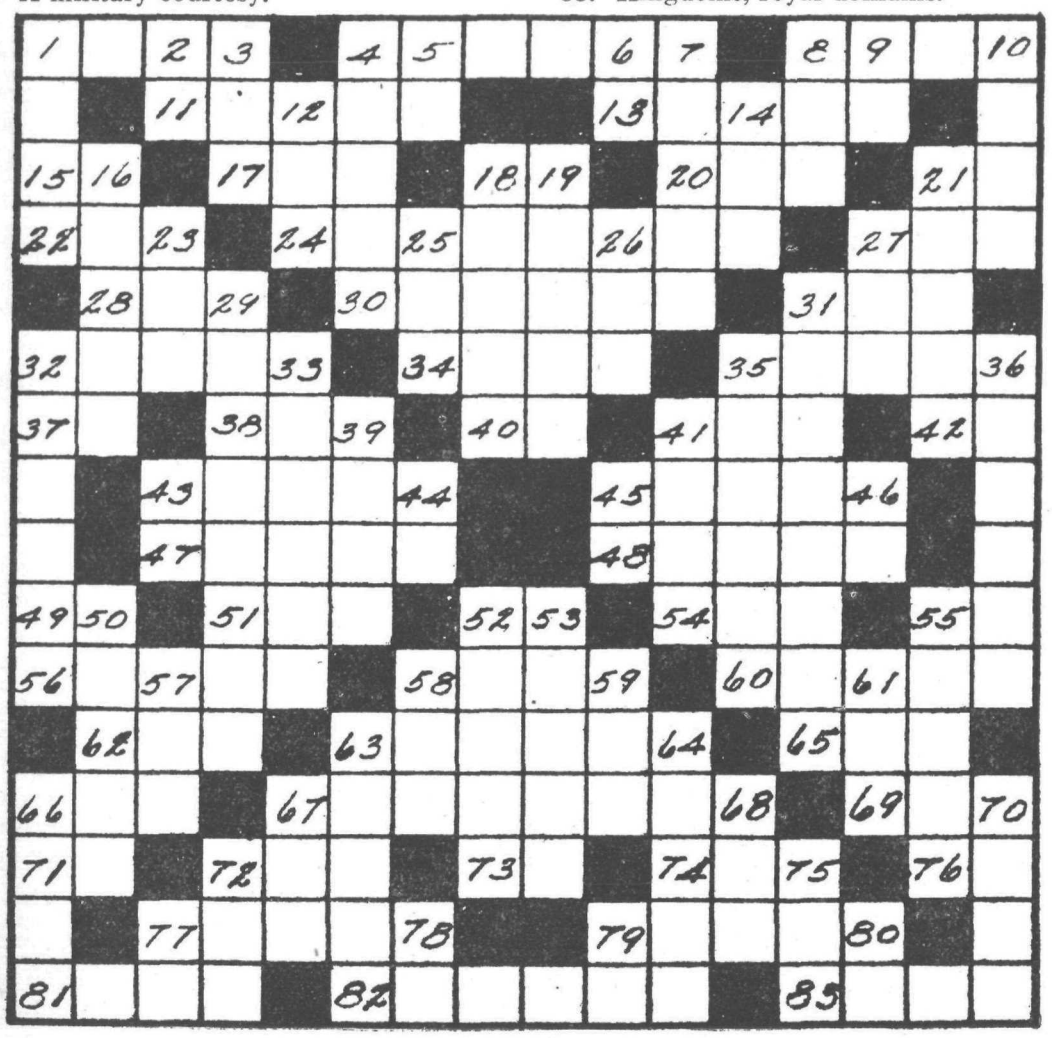
CONTRIBUTED BY
CORP. F. B. FERRANDIZ, 14th Infantry

HORIZONTAL

1. A bicycle.
4. A hollow projectile containing explosive substances. *Pl.*
8. Plunder, booty.
11. Adhesive compound, cement.
13. Bandaged.
15. Army constable. *Abbr.*
17. Also, and.
18. Kind of electric current. *Abbr.*
20. Hard-shelled fruit.
21. Two or more platoons. *Abbr.*
22. A male youth.
24. Attacks with artillery.
27. Regimental Commander. *Abbr.*
28. Corded fabric.
30. Worthless, trifling.
31. To decompose, to decay.
32. Distributed, treated.
34. Small mounds used in golf.
35. Resurround, re-entangle.
37. A boy's nickname.
38. American Revolutionary Army. *Abbr.*
40. Military circulars. *Abbr.*
41. Permit, allow.
42. Western continent. *Abbr.*
43. Wounds, pierces.
45. American explorer of the North Pole.
47. Disturbs, excites.
48. Pulled, dragged.
49. Nickname of former Commander in Chief of the N.Y.N.G.
51. Single, unit.
52. A New England State. *Abbr.*
54. Field Marshal Aide. *Abbr.*
55. Florin. *Abbr.*
56. Villages, hamlets.
58. A fortified place.
60. Not new, trite.
62. Officers' News Service. *Abbr.*
63. A military courtesy.
65. A disguised military agent.
66. A tree.
67. A non-com.
69. Spread to dry.
71. Us.
72. Wine, liquor.
73. Military circulars. *Abbr.*
74. Acted, performed.
76. Concerning, regarding.
77. Resources, capitals.
79. Reverence, respect.
81. To incline for support.
82. Grief, sadness.
83. Home of National Guardsmen for two weeks in summer.

VERTICAL

1. A shell, a great noise.
2. Cook's helper. *Mil. abbr.*
3. To feed, to take food.
4. To bend.
5. A pronoun.
6. An officer. *Mil. abbr.*
7. Full or consisting of sand.
8. Permit, allow.
9. Commander of the Guard. *Abbr.*
10. Instrument, implement.
12. To cry, to weep.
14. Matter inside a boil.
16. Absorbed, looked steadily.
18. A small fresh water fish, the bleak.
19. To provide, to supply.
21. Huts, cottages. *Obs.*
23. Yes.
25. Rug, carpet.
26. Trains. *Abbr.*
27. A bovine.
29. Company subdivisions.
31. Gives way, retires.
32. To conquer.
33. Drills, prepares by exercise.
35. Kingdoms, royal domains.
36. A fight between armies.
39. Capable.
41. A foliage, a sheet.
43. Older, higher in rank. *Abbr.*
44. Boats, liners. *Abbr.*
45. Philosophy. *Abbr.*
46. Three feet. *Abbr.*
50. Lax, not tight.
52. A Russian river.
53. More faithful, more constant.
55. An ace, a pilot.
57. Initials of the Commander of the N.Y. N.G.
58. Distant, remote.
59. Turn to Albany. *Abbr.*
61. Fit, suited.
63. Dispatches, emits.
64. To furnish, to enrich.
66. Playing hookey from drills. *Mil. abbr.*
67. To err, to offend.
68. Metal.
70. Profound, far down.
72. Deadly equipment of a soldier.
75. A physician. *Slang.*
77. Field artillery. *Abbr.*
78. Military circulars. *Abbr.*
79. Highest order. *Abbr.*
80. Lieut. Gen. of the Navy. *Abbr.*



Three Embarrassing Moments

A newspaper offering five dollars each for "embarrassing moment" letters received the following epistle:

"I work on an early night shift in a steel plant. I got home an hour early last night and I found there was a man with my wife. I was embarrassed. Please send me ten dollars, as my wife was also embarrassed."

The editor, we are told, sent a check for fifteen dollars, admitting the possibility that the stranger, too, might have been embarrassed.

London Tatler.

Silly, Doncha Know!

And then there is the tale of the English officer who was attached to an American regiment for a period of time. He returned to his own command very much impressed with the vim and vigor of the doughboys and their high spirits. When asked about their morale and its causes, he replied:

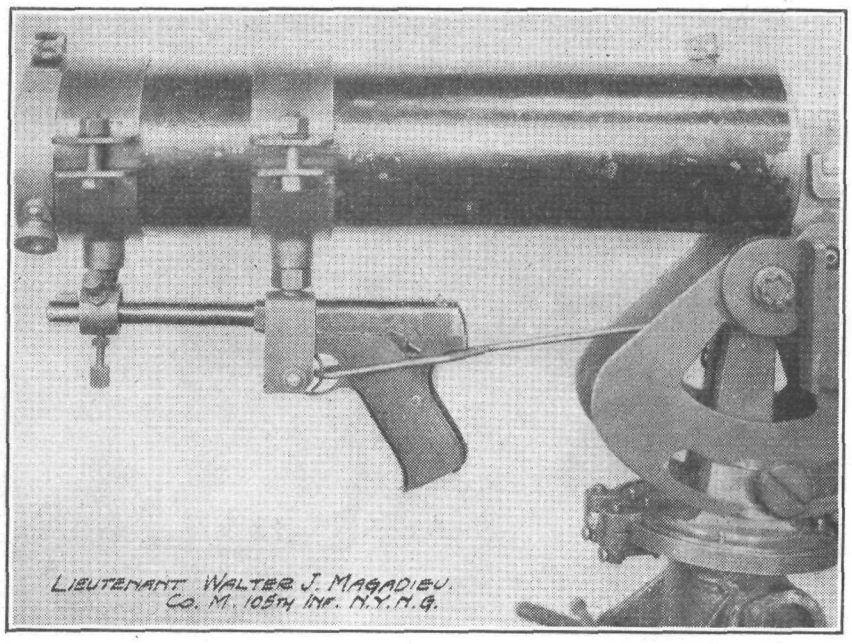
"Well, I believe a great deal of their high morale comes from their singing whenever they are together. Marching, or at rest, they are always singing, doncha know? They have one song they sing all the time. Silly sort of thing. No sense to it at all, you know. Never could see any point to singing it at all. It goes something like this—'Cheerio! Cheerio! The multitude is assembled. Why should we be concerned?' Silly sort of thing, doncha know?"

The Message Center, (Okla.).

A .22 Calibre Machine Gun Attachment

Simple Device for Efficient Indoor Range Practice

THE problem of adequate training for National Guard Machine Gun Companies has been a very difficult one, especially since the ammunition allowance for this training has from time to time been reduced and because of the absence of any scheme for the firing of a smaller calibre bullet which could be fired on an inside range. The desirability of an arrangement for some kind of actual firing which could be conducted on the armory small bore range, with which most armories



are equipped, is a very important point to consider since all units drill at night, and such an arrangement would allow them on drill nights to get in some training in the manipulation of the piece and allow the pointing out of the errors in actual firing. These methods are, of course, more interesting to the men under instruction than the day in and day out dry shooting which in many places has been the principal method of instruction in the training in manipulation.

Even should great quantities of cal. 30 ammunition be available, a problem would still exist, in that a suitable range would have to be found outside to do the firing. Very often, in order to secure such a suitable place, a great distance would have to be traveled to and from the place of firing, thereby causing the loss of a great deal of time. Another problem would be the matter of transportation of the men and material to the selected location.

The most important point, however, in favor of some method of inside firing, is the fact that most of the members of the various organizations work during the day and are unable to find the opportunity to go to such a range. With a means for inside firing the organizations may get in a good bit of inside firing during their drill nights throughout the entire year, where in many places, especially in upper New York State, firing outside, during about nine months of the year, would be impracticable owing to the very severe weather.

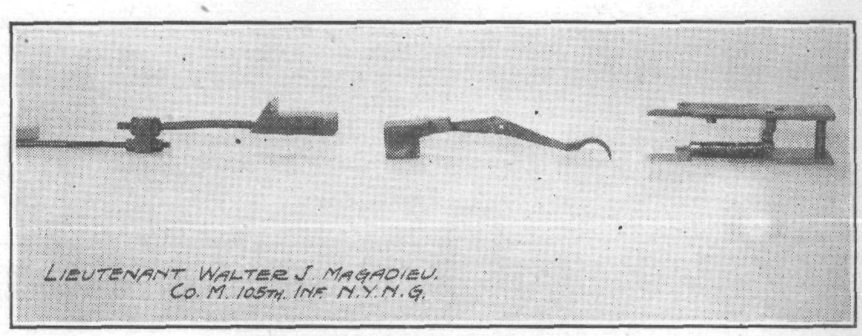
With all these things in mind and with the idea of improving the efficiency of his company in Machine Gun Marksmanship, 1st Lieutenant Walter J. Magadieu, Company "M," 105th Infantry, located at Schenectady, N. Y., has gone to a great deal of effort to fix up an attachment to the gun, which will allow them to make use of indoor shooting. Although similar devices have been used, Lieut. Magadieu has spent considerable time improving upon parts of the device and obtaining a very valuable weapon for the training of his company.

The attachment, as fixed up by Lieut. Magadieu in Company "M," consists of two movable bands which are bolted to the water jacket of the gun. Fastened to these two bands, and projecting down from underneath the water jacket, are two holders in which is placed a Colt Woodman Automatic Pistol, calibre .22. The forward holder has three set screws which allows the muzzle of the pistol to be moved for the zeroing of the piece, using the machine gun sights. A special feature of the attachments is the arrangement of the trigger mechanism so that the pistol attached to the gun can be fired using the machine gun trigger. The arrangement will allow only semi-automatic fire, it being necessary to use the trigger for each shot. The magazine of the pistol can easily hold nine or ten shots which eliminates any loading of the magazine during any particular phase of the firing until that phase is completed. With the Machine Gun Target "E," using the traversing, searching or oblique fire phase, one shot is used to represent a group, there being eight scoring spaces for each phase.

The attachment of the bands to the water jacket is so arranged that they do not interfere in any way with the machine gun sights and allows the full use of them causing the firer to become familiar with and accustomed to their use. The fact that no part of the gun is made unserviceable is a very important point to be taken into consideration. The whole arrangement can be taken apart with little difficulty while, if so desired, the pistol alone may be removed and used for pistol practice and again returned to the gun for machine gun firing. The whole arrangement, relatively speaking, is inexpensive, the pistol being the most expensive item.

One of the chief benefits which it is expected will be derived from the use of this gun is the increased accuracy of the men in the two mile traverse by the continuous use throughout the year. It will also do much to show in a concrete way other mistakes and their results. It will further allow interesting competitions between squads, sections and platoons within the company greatly stimulating the interest in Machine Gun Marksmanship.

From the use of this arrangement it is hoped to increase greatly the number of qualifications in Machine Gun Marksmanship as well as to maintain the interest of the entire company throughout the year.



In order to eliminate the frequent changes of the magazine made necessary by the present small pistol magazine, Lieut. Magadieu is at present working on further improvement in the way of a magazine holding 50 rounds, thus allowing two men to fire the complete course on the "E" Target without changing the magazine.

The 105th Infantry is Proud that General Waterbury

OUTLINE HISTORY OF 105th INFANTRY, N. Y. N. G.

HEADQUARTERS, TROY, N. Y.

STATE ORDNANCE OFFICER
COL. WALTER G. ROBINSON

EXECUTIVE OFFICER: **LT. COL. BERNARD W. KEARNEY**
PLANS AND TRAINING OFFICER: **MAJOR JOHN P. BUTLER**
ADJUTANT: **CAPTAIN CHARLES B. PLUMLEY**
SUPPLY OFFICER: **CAPTAIN DANIEL A. RUDDY**
ASS'T. P. & T. OFFICER: **CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER B. DEGENAAR**
CHAPLAIN: **CHARLES H. L. FORD**

No.

1 Company A organized as the Troy Citizens Corps, Sept. 23, 1835, and chartered by Act of Legislature, May 20, 1836. Reorganized and mustered into State Service, Feb. 20, 1877, as the Sixth Separate Company, S.O. 7, A.G.O., S.N.Y., dated Feb. 3, 1877.

2 Company B organized as the 3d Sep. Co., Feb. 26, 1876, S.O. 36, A.G.O., S.N.Y.; designation changed to Seventh Separate Company, Dec. 8, 1877, G.O. 22, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

3 Howitzer Company organized as 2d Separate Co., April 26, 1876, S.O. 60, A.G.O., S.N.Y.; designation changed to Ninth Separate Company, Dec. 8, 1877, G.O. 22, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

4 Company C organized as the 4th Sep. Co., March 20, 1876, S.O. 76, A.G.O., S.N.Y., dated May 20, 1876; designation changed to 12th Separate Company, Dec. 8, 1877, G.O. 22, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

5 Company K organized as the 5th Sep. Co. on November 10, 1876, S.O. 165, A.G.O., S.N.Y.; designation changed to the 18th Separate Company, Dec. 8, 1877, G.O. 22, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

6 Company D. organized as the 7th Sep. Co. Feb. 16, 1877, S.O. 9, A.G.O., S.N.Y.; designation changed to the 21st Separate Company Dec. 8, 1877, G.O. 22, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

7 Company L organized as the 22d Sep. Co. March 14, 1878, S.O. 31, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

8 Company I organized as the 27th Sep. Co. July 10, 1878, S.O. 126, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

9 Company E organized as the 36th Sep. Co. June 9, 1880, S.O. 108, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

Began his Splendid Career in its Ranks

No.

10 Company F organized as the 37th Sep. Co. June 10, 1880, S.O. 110, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

11 1st Bn. Hq. Co. organized as the 32d Sep. Co. March 20, 1885, S.O. 23, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

12 Company G organized as the 46th Sep. Co. Sept. 6, 1888, S.O. 94, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

13 2nd Regiment, Infantry, N.G.S.N.Y. organized per G.O. 8, S.N.Y., dated April 27, 1898, with the units mentioned above as a nucleus, was mustered into Federal Service as 2nd N. Y. Volunteer Infantry.

14 Reorganized and resumed its status as a State organization (2nd Infantry) upon its return from Spanish-American War service in October, 1898.

15 Company H organized as the 19th Sep. Co. Nov. 9, 1900, S.O. 63, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

16 Medical Detachment organized 1908, G.O. 7, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

17 Company M organized as M.G. Co. June 21, 1916, G.O. 19, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

18 Service Co. organized as Supply Co. June 21, 1916, G.O. 19, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

19 Headquarters Company organized June 21, 1916, G.O. 19, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

20 2nd N.Y. Inf. served in the 1st Brig., 6th Div., N.G., from July 1, 1916 to Oct. 23, 1916, on Mexican Border.

21 3d Bn. Hq. Co. organized as Company D Nov. 1, 1917, G.O. 19, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

22 2nd N.Y. Inf. mobilized for World War March 30, 1917, as a component organization of 3rd Brig., 6th Div. Reorganized as 105th Inf. of 53d Brig. in 27th Div. at Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, S. C. Drafted into U. S. Service Aug. 5, 1917, and demobilized April 1, 1919.

23 Mustered out of Federal Service 1919. War Dept. Demobilization Order.

24 2nd Infantry, New York Guard, organized per G.O. 37, A.G.O., S.N.Y., dated Aug. 3, 1917, with Depot Units of 2nd N.Y. Infantry, N.G. (which were organized per G. O. 15, A.G.O., S.N.Y., dated April 20, 1917) as a nucleus.

25 Designation changed to 105th Infantry 1921. G.O. 14-1921, A.G.O., S.N.Y. The 105th Inf. was specifically designated to perpetuate the history and records of the 2nd N.Y. Infantry in G.O. No. 17 (changed to 18) A.G.O., S.N.Y., 1924.

26 2nd Bn Hq. Co. organized Jan. 1923, G.O. 9, A.G.O., S.N.Y.

"Your Home Town Honors You, Fred!"

COLONEL FREDERICK M. WATERBURY ACCORDED HIGHEST HONORS BY SARATOGA LODGE, No. 161, B. P. O. ELKS, SARATOGA, N. Y.

COLONEL FREDERICK M. WATERBURY is credited with being one of the founders and organizers of Saratoga Lodge No. 161, B. P. O. Elks, becoming a Charter Member in 1902. He was first elected Exalted Ruler in 1905, and was again elevated to the Chair in 1912, and is past District Deputy of the Eastern District.

In appreciation of the great honor he has bestowed upon this Lodge, through his brilliant and distinguished military career of forty-one years service in the New York National Guard, which will terminate upon his retirement on May 11, 1932, a resolution was voted upon and unanimously adopted at the meeting on April 18th to present Brother Waterbury with an Honorary Life Membership in the Lodge.

A handsomely engraved gold case will be presented to Brother Waterbury by Major John T. Butler, Past Exalted Ruler of the Elks of Saratoga, representing this Lodge, on the occasion of a farewell dinner which is being tendered him by the officers with whom he served on the various division staffs, on May 20th at the Harvard Club in New York City.

SOME SARATOGA DATES IN COL. WATERBURY'S CAREER

Enlisted in Co. L, 22nd Sep. Co. February 5, 1891; appointed Corporal May 13, 1892; Sergt. Sept. 6th, 1892. Additional Second Lieut. May 8th, 1898.

Frederick M. Waterbury was commissioned Captain of the 122nd Sep. Co., N.Y.N.G., May 17th, 1898, which company was recruited to take the place of the original company for home duty during the Spanish-American War. Captain Frederick M. Waterbury was placed on the Supernumerary List when the original company returned home and reorganized under Captain Amos A. Rich, December 15th, 1898. Frederick M. Waterbury is now Lieutenant Colonel, State Ordnance Officer of the N.Y.N.G., of which the present Company L, 2nd Regt. N. Y. Infantry, N. G., is part.

COL. WATERBURY HELD HIGHEST HONOR IN WASHINGTON COMMANDERY, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

FRED M. WATERBURY attended the public school in his native city of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and graduated from the Saratoga High School in the class of 1886, among his class mates being the late Judge Nash Rockwood. He was a good student, and popular among his fellow classmates, holding at times several class offices.

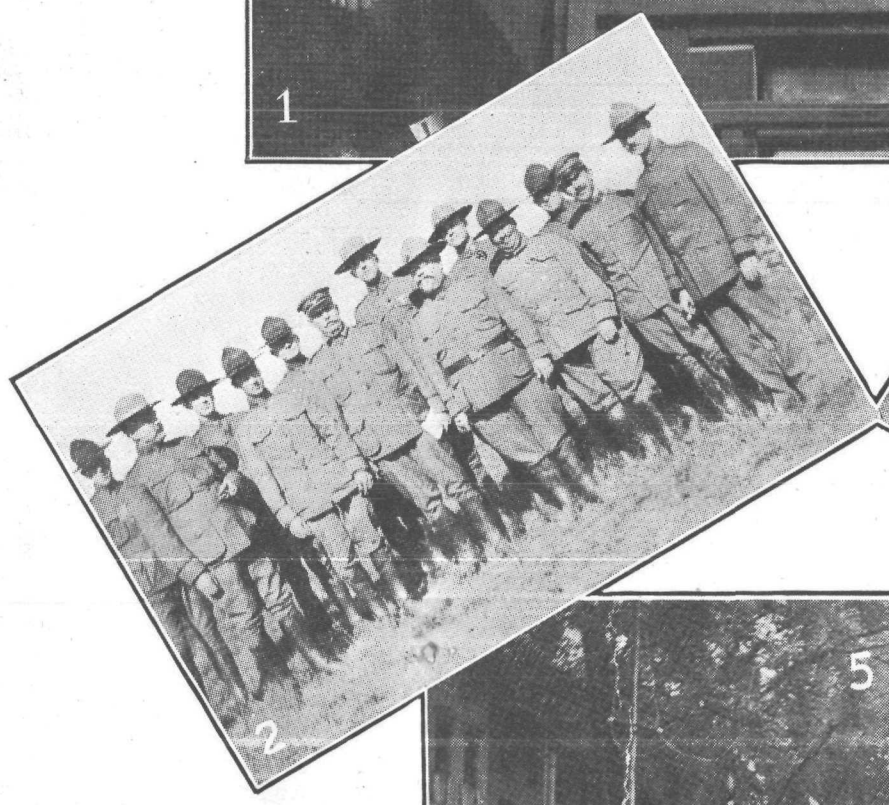
HE WAS an enthusiastic member of the Masonic Fraternity of his city, having been raised a Mason in Rising Sun Lodge, F. & A. M., in 1899. Following this initial Masonic Order, he at once joined the Chapter, and Council, and was Knighted in Washington Commandery, Knights Templar, in the year 1900. It was in this semi-military order of Masonry that he attained highest honors, being elected Eminent Commander in the year 1910, his father holding this same office in 1890.

As his Recorder, the writer can affirm that he was a most efficient and progressive Commander, raising the standard of both ritualistic and military excellence in the Order.

Addison E. Curtis, *Recorder*
WASHINGTON COMMANDERY No. 33,
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR,
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY IN SARATOGA

1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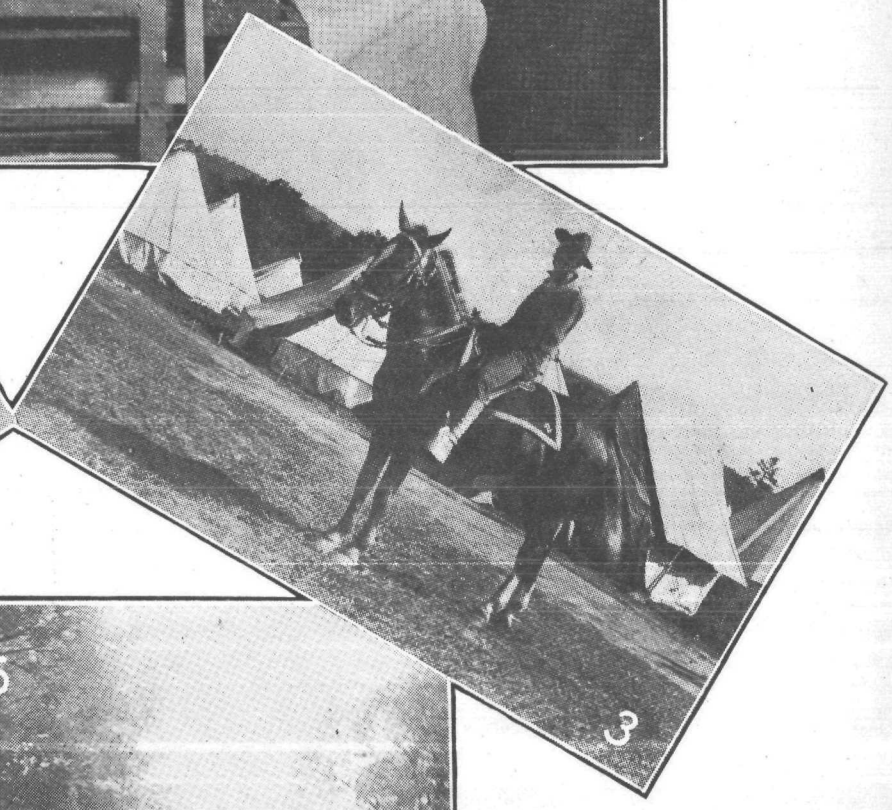
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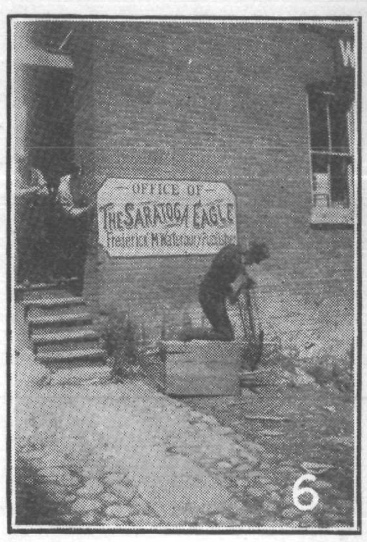

6

(1) Colonel Waterbury, straw hat on the right, getting out the First Edition of the New York National Guardsman, in the Saratoga Eagle Printing Company's plant, with his crew of Hobo Printers.
(2) Capt. Fred M. Waterbury, O.O., on General Jas. W. Lester's Staff.
(3) Col. Waterbury's famous horse "Gip" with his orderly Rowe mounted.
(4) As Ordnance Officer of the Old 2nd Regiment, N.Y.N.G.
(5) The 22nd Separate Co., National Guard, New York, with 2nd Lieut. Fred M. Waterbury in command, on the occasion of winning the Special Bicycle Prize of the Saratoga Floral Festival Association, 1897.
(6) Johnnie Look-up bucking wood to keep the boiler a-going in Colonel Waterbury's first printing plant at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS LOANED THROUGH COURTESY OF CAPT. JAMES H. ROWE, FORMERLY SUPPLY SERGEANT OF COMPANY L, 105th INFANTRY.

AN APPRECIATION

On Behalf of the Officers and Men
of the
New York Naval Militia

Acknowledgment is made on this occasion
of the
Generally helpful and cooperative attitude
Toward the Naval Militia
Which has at all times been manifested by

Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury
State Ordnance Officer

THE 27th DIV'N. AVIATION CONGRATULATES YOU, COLONEL

NEW DORP COAL CORPORATION
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Upon the Completion
Of His 41 Years' Service
We, of the
27th Division Aviation
Offer
Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury
Our Sincerest Congratulations

He has given us an Example
Of Loyalty, Enthusiasm, and Selflessness
Which has set its Mark upon the entire
New York National Guard

The 104th Field Artillery

extends to

Lieutenant Colonel Fred M. Waterbury

Best Wishes and Congratulations

upon his splendid record in the

NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD

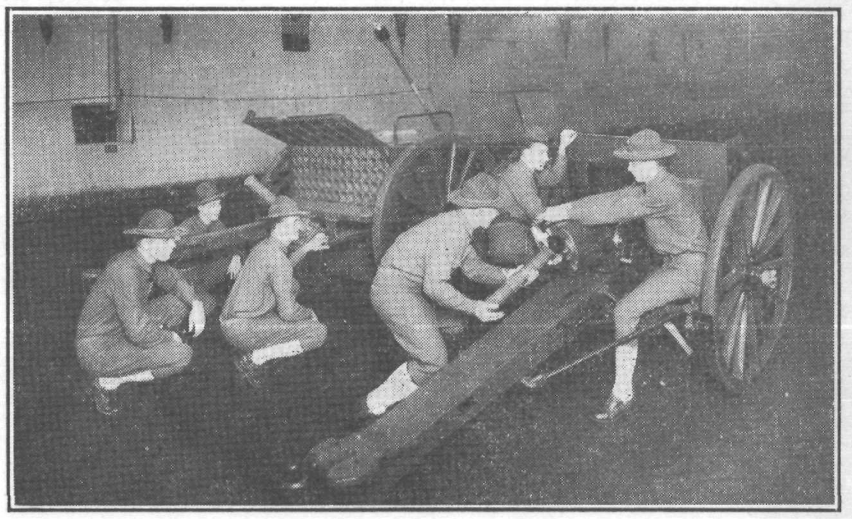
THE OLD COLUMBUS GUN OF THE 104TH F. A.

FOR many years, the 104th F. A. was honored by having Colonel Waterbury inspect the regiment at the Annual Muster and Inspection. The 75mm. gun reproduced in the accompanying photograph always interested him because of its unique history.

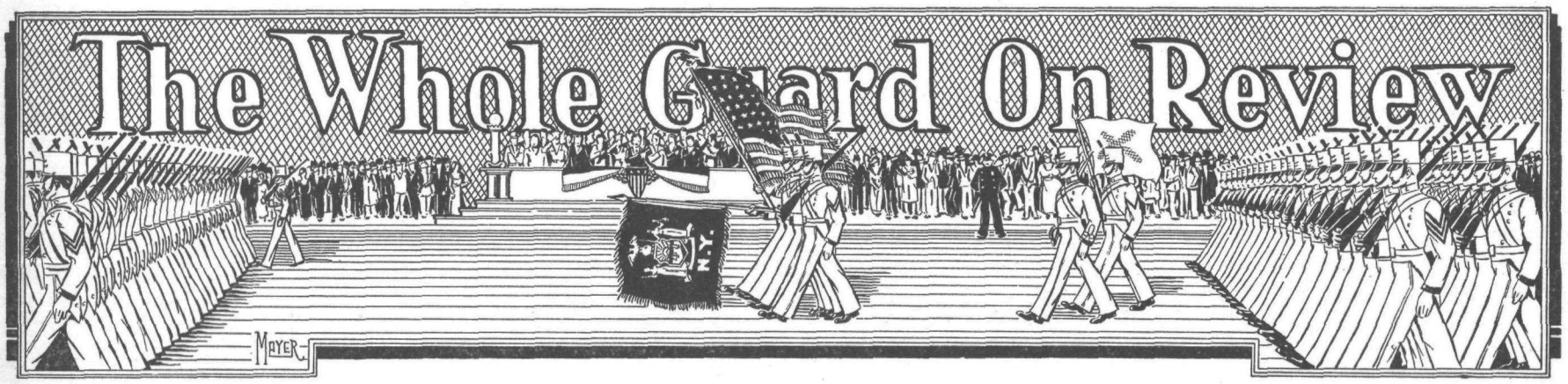
This gun, No. 14692, was issued to the 3rd section, Battery B, 104th F. A., at Camp De Souge, Bordeaux, France, July, 1918. According to the custom of the battery, each gun received its own designation and the number of this gun established its name "Columbus Gun."

As its gun book shows, "Columbus Gun" saw long service with the French Artillery before being issued to the regiment. With Battery B it fired approximately 1,200 rounds at the St. Mihiel salient and the Argonne Woods. Prior to the return of the regiment to the United States the gun was turned in and, for the time, forgotten.

Upon the reorganization of the 104th F. A., 1919 and 1920, the regiment requisitioned its "New Material" and one of the twelve guns received was old "Columbus Gun," No. 14692. It was issued to Battery F and is still property of that organization and, a tribute to its war time crew, is still serviceable. And, truth being stranger than fiction, Sgt. Adrian J. Jacques, Chief of the 3rd section Battery B, when the gun was issued in France, is, at present 1st Sgt. of Battery F—so it is marked "Property of the United States" with reservations.



Now, its war paint has been scraped, it has been repainted and highly polished, its breech block, handwheels and hub caps have been nickel-plated, but to the regiment it is still "Old Columbus Gun."



HEADQUARTERS 2ND CORPS AREA
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
GOVERNORS ISLAND, NEW YORK

April 6th, 1932.

Major General William N. Haskell,
New York National Guard,
80 Centre Street,
New York City.

My dear Haskell:

I wish to express my appreciation for your cooperation in assigning the Coast Artillery Brigade of the New York National Guard to take part in the Army Day Parade in New York City on April 2nd, 1932.

The appearance of the Brigade was excellent and reflects great credit on all concerned.

With very cordial good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) D. E. NOLAN,
MAJOR GENERAL U. S. ARMY.

245TH COAST ARTILLERY
BATTERY B

AT the close of a drill period a short time ago, our skipper, Capt. Herbert A. Jones, made a few announcements. It started me thinking that we should take an inventory of our activities. Our Bowling Team again is leading in this season's tournament with excellent chances of gaining another leg on the trophy. Then our newly organized basketball team has won three out of five games played in the regimental championship.

In addition to this, our two lieutenants, 1st Lieut. Marvin Rick and 2nd Lieut. Al Reinbothe, have been selected as members of the regimental pistol team, and boy, how they can use those "shooting irons"! Lieut. Reinbothe shoots "Marksman" with his right hand and "Expert" as a southpaw. What a man! Let's not forget that Lieut. Rick is training very diligently for the tryouts that are coming in May for the Modern Pentathlon Team in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles next summer. Here's hoping he will be selected—the only National Guard officer trying for the team.

While we missed getting an "Excellent" rating by less than 5 points on our target practice last summer, making a score of 70.7, we have been getting an "Excellent" rating on our attendance for some time—the only line company in the outfit, and that's something. The captain certainly is keeping after the attendance figures.

Now that the Food Show is a thing of the past, we can get out on the main drill floor again after two weeks of movies and lectures, and begin our final polishing up for a big time at camp. We hope to earn our "Excellent" rating in target practice this year without fail.

244TH COAST ARTILLERY
HEADQUARTERS BATTERY

BY the time this appears in print, we shall have emerged successfully from our 5th Annual Dance, and we have reason to appear optimistic in view of the good returns at this time. The Battery is in the running for 2nd prize for annual attendance for the year 1931. This is the first time in the history of our Battery that we have ever been in the race for annual attendance, so we look forward with extreme enthusiasm towards the possibility of our winning second prize. In any event we are sure of third prize.

It was with regret that Staff Sgt. George McMillin, former 1st Sgt. of Headquarters Battery, of necessity tendered his resignation in view of his position as Federal mechanic. However, immediately after his reduction to a Private, at his own request, he passed his examination for the grade of Staff Sergeant. In his capacity as 1st Sergeant, he established an enviable reputation in strengthening the discipline, character, and attendance of the men. We are fortunate in still having him on the roster and he has set an example for his successor to emulate.

We nevertheless will bear in mind his farewell address as 1st Sergeant which exhorted us to keep forging ahead. We can only hope, and feel sure, that 1st Sgt. Muhlenforth will endeavor to carry on his spirit and retain the character and discipline that we have enjoyed during Staff Sgt. McMillin's term as 1st Sergeant.

Pfc. Francis Frank was finally awarded his gold medals for taking first prize in the 440 and 880 yard runs in 1931, an almost impossible feat to duplicate.

102ND ENGINEERS
COMPANY *B*

AT the Veterans' Annual Review on Monday, March 28th, Company B was presented with the Honor Guidon, donated by the Veterans' Association to the Company of the Regiment having the highest average percentage over a period of one year in the following subjects: Attendance at Camp, 100%; Attendance at Armory Drill, 94%; Small arms qualifications at camp, 34%.

Company B was placed second in the Regimental Basketball Tournament with six victories and one defeat. Lieut. Gormsen was high scorer for our team, and with the aid of Comiskey, Carpenter, Norman Gormsen, Featherstone, Purtel, Hewitt, we expect to win the Regimental Championship next year.

Company B won the first rifle trophy to be competed for this year, and expects to take them all for the fourth successive year. Beside being Regimental Champs, the Team holds the record for all matches. This Team also won the Adjutant General's Trophy at Camp Smith in 1928 and 1931. We still have with us: Capt. Gormsen, Lieut. Gormsen, 1st Sgt. Fennell, Sgts. Jackson, Klein, Corp. McLinden, Pvts. Buechner, Featherstone.

The Officers, Rifle Team, and Enlisted Men

of the

SEVENTY-FIRST INFANTRY N. Y. N. G.

are indebted to

Lieutenant-Colonel Fred M. Waterbury

For the fine assistance and co-operation they have received from him for so many years in his official capacity. His genial personality has won for him the affection of all. May good health and good fortune attend his future.

"GOL DUMMIT"

WE'RE SORRY YOU'RE GOING

SPECIAL TROOPS, 27th DIVISION

Major John C. Mansfield, Commanding

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT
27th HEADQUARTERS COMPANY
27th TANK COMPANY
27th SIGNAL COMPANY
27th MILITARY POLICE COMPANY
102nd ORDNANCE COMPANY
102nd MOTORCYCLE COMPANY
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT DETACHMENT

GREETINGS

TO

LT. COL. FRED M. WATERBURY

FROM THE

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

OF THE

244th COAST ARTILLERY

(OLD NINTH)

102ND ENGINEERS
COMPANY E

EVENTS have been moving swiftly and successfully for "E" in the past few months, after the 2nd year at camp with 100% attendance. 1st Sgt. Oscar Pultz, former middleweight boxer, has been placed in complete charge of attendance at drills and has been receiving great co-operation from the boys with the result that the company is consistently one of the leaders in drill attendance.

Inspection this year was "aces high" as usual with 100% attendance. The basketball season just ended found "E" on top, having won six games and lost none. The team was as follows: *Team Captain,* M. DeVito; *Players,* J. Dolan H. Frohman, J. Peyton, D. Durso, N. Macleod, P. Devivi, P. Knob, W. Schimpf, O. Pultz, J. Herman, J. Crusco, and the Official Scorer, R. Durso. Congratulations to "Mike" and the team.

Staff Sgt. "Joe" Knob, who recently left the company, and Sgt. Sam Smith have just gone into the dairy business. It is reliably reported that the N.C.O.'s now hold their meetings at the store instead of the armory. We wonder why?

165TH INFANTRY
COMPANY E

AS this is our first contribution, you will have to be lenient with us or, as Louie the butcher says, "If we please you, tell your friends; if we don't, tell us." Here's our list of brothers in one company: Sgt. John Burke and Pvt. Michael Burke; Sgt. William Dunne and Pvt. Jerry Dunne; Sgt. Steve Roman and Pvt. George Roman. Quite a coincidence to have a sergeant and a private in each of three families! Sgt. DeFrieste says he's going to make it four—his brother will soon be of age.

Corp. Gorman celebrated St. Patrick's Day by getting married. Here's wishing him lots of happiness and may all his troubles be little ones.

This company has undergone quite a change in the last few months. Captain Doan was promoted to Major and Sgt. Kennedy to Lieutenant. The "Brass Hats" sure know what company to come to for men of initiative and ability. Both officers were presented with sabers by the Company. The men all wish them the best of luck. Captain Herold is our "skipper" now. We welcome him to Company E and want him to know that we are wholeheartedly behind him to keep "E" up in front.

Company E recently played a game of indoor baseball against Regimental Hdqrs.' team. "E" won by a comfortable score. George Roman held them scoreless. The opponents were in a position to score, but Walter Darcy's double put-out saved the day.

105TH FIELD ARTILLERY
BATTERY A

A FEW of our members were talking the other day and they agreed that it would be a good idea if all members got long Melton trousers to go with their uniforms. And talking of smart uniforms, we are all wondering if a certain First Lieutenant is going to bring his white flannel trousers with him to camp this year so that he can wear them when he steps out with Mrs. R. A. B.

Pvt. John Daly was promoted to the post of Guidon of this Battery. Sergeant Charles Yates has been assigned as Instrument Sgt. in charge of the Special Detail. Pvt. J. Appleman has been promoted and appointed Scout Cpl. No. 1 in the Special Detail, while Pvts. John Callahan, Charles Johnson, Steve Holing and Monroe (as driver) have all been assigned to that unit.

We, the cannoneers of Battery A, hereby challenge the drivers or Special Detail to any game from marbles to baseball on horseback, as we think we are the best department in the Battery. After looking at the drivers last Friday trying to maneuver the limbers preparatory to hooking up to leave the firing position, we, the cannoneers, *know* we are.

Ex-corporal Larry Jensen has re-enlisted after a year's absence. A good man, and we are all glad to see him return to the fold.

COAST ARTILLERY HEADQUARTERS

THE following are the results of the Inter-Regimental Pistol Match for the Coast Artillery Brigade Trophy fired in the Armory of the 212th CA. N.Y.N.G., on March 29, 1932:

	25 yds. slow fire	15 yds. rapid fire	25 yds. rapid fire	TOTAL
212TH CA. N.Y.N.G.				
Sgt. Nicholas Rieger	91	92	80	263
Capt. Howard S. Riggin	92	88	77	257
Sgt. Mario Antenucci	91	92	79	262
Sgt. John Hedgecock	82	84	60	226
Lt. Walter C. Kolish	89	92	78	259
Sgt. Joseph Giardina	90	85	83	258
Sgt. Louis White	94	84	77	255
Sgt. Harry B. Thomson	84	58	70	212
Sgt. Robert O'Neil	93	94	78	265
Sgt. Stephen Bennett	90	83	80	253
	896	852	762	2510
244TH CA. N.Y.N.G.				
Lt. John Mazzei	93	92	87	272
Lt. Eugene J. Schuff	89	96	72	257
Lt. Robert Martini	85	84	57	226
Sgt. Howard Kengott	77	73	65	215
Sgt. John Bendl	91	86	96	273
Sgt. Leo Bendl	82	92	74	248
Sgt. Donald Hall	79	81	50	210
Corp. Ralph Perfetti	82	97	82	261
Sgt. George McCann	74	57	36	167
Lt. James L. Squire	95	95	69	259
	847	853	688	2388
245TH CA. N.Y.N.G.				
Sgt. Albert Fentum	89	77	80	246
Sgt. George C. Whitney	87	86	75	248
Capt. Wm. Pabst	56	70	50	176
Sgt. Walter Rube	49	60	43	152
Lt. Edwin M. Rick	90	75	74	239
Capt. Henry Busener	36	87	57	180
Mr. Sgt. Ed. De Young	74	15	59	148
Capt. A. C. Weyman	85	61	40	186
Lt. Alfred H. Reinbothe	88	92	90	270
Lt. A. E. Schaffer	56	56	26	138
	710	679	594	1983

As a result of the match the 212th Coast Artillery, N.Y. N.G., has been awarded the trophy for the third time, and it will be retained by that regiment for a period of one year.

The Officers and Enlisted Men of the
"Old 13th" 245th Coast Artillery (H.D.)

Congratulate

Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury

at the Termination of His Distinguished Service to the New York National Guard

We desire to acclaim Colonel Waterbury for the interest in small arms practice that he has created, in this and every other unit of the New York State Guard.

We all know that his efforts in promoting and editing the NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDSMAN have resulted in a cameraderie between units that could not be accomplished in any other way.

We all take pleasure in being counted among his legion of friends.

Colonel Waterbury, we salute you!

THE OFFICERS & ENLISTED MEN

OF THE

27th Division Quartermaster Train

DEDICATE THIS SPACE TO

Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury

IN TOKEN OF

THEIR RESPECT, THEIR ADMIRATION,
AND THEIR GRATITUDE
FOR HIS LONG AND FAITHFUL SERVICE

TO THE

NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD

THE STAFF

of the

NEW YORK STATE ARSENAL

Offer their very sincere Compliments

to

Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury

Upon the Termination
of His Long and Faithful Service
in the New York National Guard

The

369th INFANTRY, N.Y.N.G.

Present their Compliments

to

Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury

And Wish Him
Good Health and Happiness
in the Years to Come

This Space is Donated

by the

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 106th INFANTRY

In Honor of our Friend

GENERAL

FREDERICK M. WATERBURY

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EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT AT THIS ARMORY

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MAin 2-4466

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MEL COOKE, *Matchmaker*

"God give us men! . . . .
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking."

Greetings

TO

Lieutenant Colonel Fred M. Waterbury

Fourteenth Infantry, N. Y. N. G.

Colonel William R. Jackson, Commanding

105TH FIELD ARTILLERY
BATTERY C

BATTERY C, 1st Battalion, 105th Field Artillery, salutes 1st Sergeant Junsch and congratulates him upon his commission to 2nd Lieutenant. With his promotion, the Battery loses a 1st Sergeant, about whom the men in the ranks honestly and sincerely can say, that it has been a pleasure and a privilege to serve under and with him and the Battery hopes for and looks forward to his return to Battery C. His commission is, indeed, a splendid recognition of outstanding merits as a soldier and a man!

His place will be taken by Pvt. T. Malone, former Sergeant in the Battery, and under him the Battery may well look forward to new laurels in efficiency. Other promotions in the ranks are Pvts. Peppard and Imbriani, from first class privates to Corporals.

Since April 5th the Battery has undergone some very intensive training in the employment and application of tactical problems under the guidance and supervision of the Battery Commander, Captain C. S. Simpson, and it is very evident that the Battery is out to make good its pledge to hold the efficiency guidon and also to acquire the Kleeburg trophy. There is a most extraordinary feeling of fellowship and co-operation and smooth-working discipline responsible for this efficiency guidon and its is getting to be known, not as the Battery spirit, but the Battery C Spirit! Beat it if you can!

And now, at last, you want the date, naturally. Well, the date—mark it down—is May 14th! May 14th! The Battery C Barn Dance! We can not definitely promise to accommodate you with tickets, but get in touch with Battery "C" Entertainment Committee at 171 Clermont Ave., and they will do everything possible to find room for you. Get your glad rangs on, any kind of costume, and if you haven't got any, come down and dance in your bones. That'll be a wow!

Major Clark will act as judiciary in a Competitive Drill between the Battery and Battery "F," 104th Field Artillery, where speed and accuracy will be the high points. Only selected personnel will participate. Both batteries are Efficiency Batteries in their respective regiments. There will be sports and games: Volley-ball, hand-ball, boxing, wrestling, mounted basket-ball, and after competition the heated spirits of the combatants will be cooled off with refreshments.

We repeat our challenge to indoor and outdoor baseball teams and also to handball teams, doubles. A trackteam will start training this month.

Now, what was the date of that Barn Dance?

174TH INFANTRY

COMMEMORATING the 40th anniversary of his enlistment in the National Guard, Col. William R. Pooley was guest of honor at a dinner given last month by officers of the 174th Infantry at Buffalo.

The event came as a complete surprise to "the Old Man," who was lured by a ruse to the celebration at the Buffalo Canoe Club quarters. There, after a whacking big banquet, Lieut. Col. Ralph K. Robertson presented to the colonel a handsome silver set, inscribed with the regimental insignia.

The committee in charge of the affair consisted of Col. Robertson, Maj. Alexander L. Gillig, Maj. George McK. Hall, Maj. Max Elbe, Maj. Joseph H. Robinson, and Capt. Joseph W. Becker.

His military career has been uninterrupted since his enlistment as a private in Company F of the old 74th Infantry,

Colonel William R. Pooley, comdg. 174th Infantry, who has just completed forty years' service in the New York National Guard.

on March 31, 1892. He served through the various enlisted grades, and was commissioned a first lieutenant in 1903, a captain in 1905, and a major in 1911. He served on the Mexican Border with the regiment, and on April 5, 1917, following the mustering in of the regiment for war service, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel.

He served in that rank throughout the World War. In France he was on active service on the Meuse-Argonne front with the Third Division, and at various times was attached to the 55th Pioneer Infantry, 101st Infantry, and the Seventh Infantry.

After the Armistice he was sent into Germany with the Army of Occupation, and was stationed at Andernach as superior provost court of the Third Division area. After the war, he organized the new 174th Infantry, and was commissioned its colonel, February 7, 1920.

Col. Pooley was founder and first commander of Semper Fidelis Post of the American Legion. He is a former city and county commander of the Legion, and a former national committeeman. He is a member of the Erie County Bar Association, Ancient Landmarks Lodge of Masons, Buffalo Consistory, Ismailia Temple, Buffalo Club and the Buffalo Turn Verein.

Last month's regimental review was just a rest period for officers of the 174th. Before an audience of nearly 5,000 persons, the regiment paraded, officered entirely by members of the 392nd Infantry Reserve. Col. George S. Minniss, commanding officer, was in command, through arrangements made with Col. Pooley.

It seemed like going back home, to Col. Minniss. He himself served in the old 74th, for twenty years, and many officers with whom he served are still in the regiment.

A dance in the armory main court followed the parade and review.

Compliments of

BAMER & McDOWELL

to

Lt. Col. Fred M. Waterbury

and

The New York National Guard

The 10th Infantry

in

ALBANY

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Lt. Col Fred M. Waterbury

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Lt. Col. Fred M. Waterbury

and

The New York National Guard

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102ND ENGINEERS
HDQRS. AND SERVICE CO.

ON Monday evening, March 28th, at the review tendered to the Veterans of the Regiment, the Company was presented with a Guidon donated by the Veterans, with the inscription, "Honor Company." This Guidon is to be competed for annually. The Company having the highest average in attendance, efficiency and small arms qualifications will keep the Guidon for one year. Headquarters and Service has the distinction of being the first Company to win this banner and the men have hopes of keeping it for quite some time.

On Saturday evening, April 9th, the Company held a beefsteak. Contrary to its usual custom of running it as a stag party, members of both sexes were present. Through the efforts of Ray Burke, Sam Weir, Lar Lynch, Jerry Donovan, Mike Walsh and the other members of the Entertainment Committee, the party was one of the best of its kind held in the Regiment in quite some time. The members of the Company wish to extend their thanks to the men who worked to make this party a success.

OH, WELL, THAT EXPLAINS IT

Sergeant: "This is the third time you have left your rifle in your tent."

Pvt. Blotto: "I always forget it—I—er—"

Sergeant: "Say, what do you do for a living in civil life?"

Pvt. Blotto: "I'm a plumber, sir."

258TH FIELD ARTILLERY

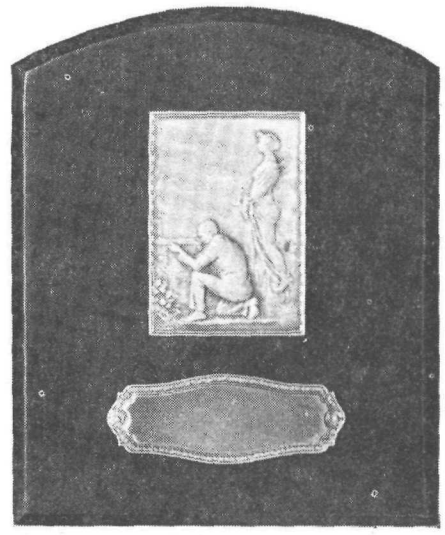
SATURDAY evening, April 2nd, marked the climax of one of the most eventful seasons ever enjoyed by the 52nd F. A. Brigade.

His Excellency, Titus Filipowicz, Ambassador of the Republic of Poland to the U. S. A., reviewed the Command at the 258th F. A. Armory, 29 W. Kingsbridge Rd., N. Y. C. It was indeed a striking military spectacle as led by Colonel Paul Loeser. The troops of the 105th F. A., under command of Col. C. H. Higginson, those of the 258th F. A., under Lt. Col. C. G. Webster, those of the 156th F. A., under Capt. Alfred Huddelson, Jr., and those of the 52nd F. A. Brigade, Headquarters Battery, under Capt. Chas. E. Dunn, flashed past the reviewing officer in long successive waves, at Salute.

Thunderous applause filled the dome of the vast 258th F. A. Armory as Ambassador Filipowicz stepped back after having pinned the Commander's Cross of the Order of Polonia Restituta upon the broad chest of Brigadier General William F. Schohl; for it was realized that such honors are not lightly won. General Schohl accepted this highest honor from our Sister Republic with that same quiet modesty which has made him so justly admired by all those with whom he has come in contact.

Guests of the 258th F. A., numbering among their ranks those high in military and diplomatic circles in this and foreign countries, vied with each other in expressing their appreciation of the Review and social functions enjoyed thereafter.

It was, indeed, a night to be remembered.



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106TH INFANTRY
COMPANY L

"YOU may not be the best, but at least you are second to none." This complimentary statement was made in reference to our company by Major Donald Stracham, Commander of the 27th Division Veterans Association, a guest last year at our annual Military Ball and Dinner. In spite of a self pride which tempted our vanity, a sense of modesty, plus the influence of others' beliefs, prevented

(*Continued on page* 47)

The Regimental Headquarters Staff

of the

105th FIELD ARTILLERY

Wish to tender their Sincere Congratulations
to their Good Friend

Lieutenant Colonel Fred M. Waterbury

For His Long and Faithful Services
as Ordnance Officer of our State

We Salute You, Colonel
And Wish You all Happiness
In the Years to Come!

The Officers and Enlisted Men

of the

FIRST BATTALION, 105th FIELD ARTILLERY

Wish to express their Deepest Regret

At the Retirement of their State Ordnance Officer

Lieutenant Colonel Frederick M. Waterbury

Congratulations, Colonel,
Upon your very fine, 41 Year Record.
We Salute You!

THE

102nd Medical Regiment

TO

Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury

THERE is little we can say, Colonel, in this small space, to express the regret we feel now that your 41 years in our midst are at an end.

Forty-one years is a long time—longer, even, than most of us in the National Guard have lived—and yet few of us are likely to achieve one-half of the fully deserved reputation which you have earned in that span of time.

No matter in what capacity you have worked—in civil life, in your regiment, on the Division Staff, or elsewhere in the National Rifle and National Guard Associations—you have justly earned the admiration, the affection, and the genuine popularity of all with whom you worked.

Among us, the officers and men of the 102nd Medical Regiment, you are regarded as the example, par excellence, of all that an officer and gentleman should be. Your personality has inspired us and will continue to spur us on even though you are no longer actively associated with us.

Our Regiment salutes you, Colonel, as a mark of respect and gratitude for all the services you have faithfully rendered to us, to our State, and to our Country.

A Tribute From the 156th Field Artillery

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to

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Upon his retirement

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An Officer and Soldier

WITH SINCERE COMPLIMENTS TO

General Frederick M. Waterbury

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(Retired)

Ordnance Department, New York National Guard

In the Faithful Performance of His Duties

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(1912 - 1932)

From the Officers and Men of the 174th Infantry

HEADQUARTERS 107TH INFANTRY
(7TH REGIMENT)
643 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Lieut. Colonel Fred W. Waterbury,
Division Ordnance Officer,
27th Division, N.Y.N.G.,
80 Centre Street,
New York, N. Y.

April 20, 1932.

Dear Colonel:

All of the members of the Seventh Regiment are delighted to avail themselves of this opportunity to express to you not only their sincere appreciation, as Infantrymen, for all that you have done to advance the art of rifle shooting in our State, but also to thank you for the kindly consideration and advice which you have never been too busy to show and bestow upon a prospective "Shot." The considerate manner in which you have treated many a nervous recruit has resulted in the making of many an excellent Marksman.

We all hate to see you go, feeling, that no matter who your successor may be, there will be a great void in the rifle fraternity of the State.

In closing, may we all extend to you a most sincere invitation to feel that you will always be more than welcome in our Armory and hope that with the lessening of your many duties you will find frequent occasion to visit us.

With kindest regards and best of good wishes from all the members of the Regiment and myself, I am

Faithfully yours,

Ralph C. Tobin

Ralph C. Tobin,
Colonel.

(*Continued from page* 42)

our accepting this last year. In view of this year's inspection report we now feel we can replace this modesty with justified boastfulness and we proudly quote from this report as evidence meriting this feeling:

> "The officers and non-commissioned officers and enlisted men are commended for the following: 100% attendance at inspection. A well-instructed unit, maintaining the highest average attendance at drill during the past year with the least number of men having less than one year of service. AN OUTSTANDING COMPANY."

We believe that we have established a mark in the outfit which can be used as a standard not only for ourselves but for the regiment as well. We apologize for our vanity but we insist we are proud and feel honored for this praise.

Our novelty dance, held April 16th, was a huge success, being attended by 1,900 people who, according to all accounts, enjoyed a very happy evening. The next event in our social season is the Annual Military Ball and Dinner to be held in May at the Hotel St. George Roof.

SEVENTH REGIMENT HOLDS SPRING MILITARY BALL

THE members of the old Seventh Regiment and their guests gathered at their historic armory on Friday evening, April 15th, to join in the pageantry of the Seventh Regiment Spring Military Ball. With all the pomp and ceremony familiar to Old World capitals, but rarely seen of late years in this country, the event presented one of the most colorful and spectacular scenes of the season.

Over eight hundred attended, admission being limited to four hundred subscribers. The gathering was reminiscent of the gay throngs which for the past century and a quarter have attended similar functions of New York's "Silk Stocking Seventh," in its famous old armory, a veritable museum of the military relics of five wars, works of art of national renown, and a collection of rare books of a military nature second to none in this country.

The ball was planned under the auspices of the Seventh Regiment Field Music Association, an organization composed of thirty-five men selected from the various line companies for their military qualifications. Assisting the Association was a Junior Committee of 18 debutantes.

Music was furnished by Joe Moss and his Meyer Davis orchestra, and Hayward Powers and his orchestra. At midnight, the ceremony of the presentation of the colors heralded the beginning of an unusual program of entertainment. First came a fashion show, the mannequins for which were members of the debutante committee. Following this, there was a series of exhibition fencing matches, in which Mr. Georgio Santelli, former European foils champion, professional champion of the United States, and coach of our Olympic fencing team, Mr. Robert Stringfellow, of the New York Athletic Club fencing team, Sgt. Thomas A. Moore, Seventh Regiment foils champion, and Sgt. William C. Fisher, the Seventh Regiment épee champion took part.

Several dinners were given prior to the Ball; notable among these was one given in the Colonial Room of the Regimental Mess by Col. Ralph C. Tobin, the Commanding Officer of the Regiment. The guests of honor were Major General and Mrs. William N. Haskell; among the other guests were Brigadier General DeWitt Clinton Falls, Captain Lamar R. Leahy, U. S. N., and Mrs. Leahy, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Murchison, Lt.-Col. William G. LeCompte, Captain and Mrs. John Haskell, and several members of the Junior Committee and their escorts.

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212TH COAST ARTILLERY
NON-COMS' ASSOCIATION

IT seems to be a common practice of ours either to praise or condemn a man at the head of an organization for the success of failure of that organization. The work of the intermediaries, name them what you please, in our case non-commissioned officers, is entirely neglected. But, as an actual matter of fact, their work cannot be overestimated. Let us look at this from the military angle.

In any regiment, the colonel must have a certain amount of confidence in his company commanders. He knows, however, that the actual instruction of the men, be it infantry, gunnery, or what-have-you, will be carried on by the sergeants and corporals. And, to go a step further, it is known that a company commander could not function without the whole-hearted support of the non-coms. From these two facts, it is self-evident that it will be to the Regiment's distinct advantage to have a strong and well-informed quota of these willing workers.

With this in mind, the 212th C. A., N. Y. N. G., has formed an association of non-coms. for the purpose of furthering the aims and ambitions of the Regiment. They have succeeded in getting for their officers men who have grown old in the service of their country, men who have been true to the standards of their organization, men who would be welcomed anywhere.

14TH INFANTRY

THE Fourteenth Infantry, N.Y.N.G., Colonel William R. Jackson commanding, was reviewed on Monday night, March 28th, at the Armory by Major-General William N. Haskell. The General's staff included Colonel Wright, Lieut. Colonels Mundy, McDermid, Hetzel, Lyons, Lovell and Lieut. William L. Schroeder. The Fourteenth Regiment feels proud of the fact that so many of the officers on the General's staff should have been former officers of the Regiment.

Of special importance on the above occasion was the presentation of trophies to the Regiment, by the Fourteenth Regiment Civil War Veterans' Association, to the Company receiving the largest number of members dur-

(*Continued on page* 50)

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The Commanding Officer,
The Regimental Staff, Officers of the Line,
And
The Enlisted Personnel of the
165th INFANTRY, N.Y.N.G.
(69th New York)
Regret the Retirement of their Friend
and Comrade
Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury
From Active Duty with the
National Guard of the State of New York
and Wish Him
Good Health and Happiness
for the Future

Our Message
to
Lieut. Col. Fred M. Waterbury

We, the Officers and Enlisted Men
of the
101st SIGNAL BATTALION
Congratulate you Sincerely Upon
Your Achievements in the Past
and Wish You
All Happiness in the Future

The Officers
Non-Commissioned Officers and Enlisted Men
of the
212th Coast Artillery (A.A.) N. Y. N. G.
Present
Their Compliments and Best Wishes
To Their Good Friend
Lieutenant Colonel Fred M. Waterbury

121st CAVALRY, N. Y. N. G.

The officers and men of the 121st Cavalry have learned with regret that it is necessary for Lieutenant Colonel Frederick M. Waterbury to retire from active duty with the National Guard. They unanimously take this opportunity to extend to him their best wishes and to congratulate him on such a long, devoted, and useful term of service with the New York National Guard.

Men of Colonel Waterbury's standing, who serve in public positions for such a long period and with such a devotion to public duty, are an inspiration to the young men facing the problems of modern citizenship. Especially do we feel that this is true with the officers and men of the 121st Cavalry, who have seen the real evidence of his interest and efforts on behalf of the National Guard. He has contributed to the enthusiasm and the loyalty of the personnel of this Regiment by his contacts at different times with the organization.

We hope that he may be spared for many years to come and that he may enjoy the just reward of his long and faithful service.

AT STUD

GOLD BUG—Br. s., 15.3, weight 1100, foaled 1921. Gold Bug is by Broomstick out of Golden Rod. He raced as a2, 3, 4 and 5 year old, winning numerous races at distances up to 10 furlongs. His 3rd dam was Modesty, the only filly ever to win the American Derby.
His services are recommended to breeders desiring substance, staying power and speed.

MAINTENANT—Ch. s., 16.3, weight 1200, foaled 1913. Maintenant is by Maintenon out of Martha Gorman. Mating with thoroughbred mares, he should endow their produce with increased quality, stamina and intelligence.

Both stallions are the property of the Jockey Club and will make the season of 1932 at Squadron C Farm, Huntington, L. I. Fee $15.00. Address

Major James C. Maclin

Care 101st Cavalry, 1579 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.

(*Continued from page* 47)

ing the year 1931. This honor was won by the Service Company: Captain Alexander G. Kampf commanding. The second trophy was presented by Major Alfred E. Steers, former Quartermaster, Second Brigade, N.Y.N.G., to Company H, Captain Walter H. Mullens commanding. This trophy was given to the Company having the highest percentage of attendance during the year. The third trophy was presented by the Council of Officers, Fourteenth Infantry, to Headquarters Company, Second Battalion, 1st Lieut. Frederick M. Graver commanding, for highest percentage of attendance.

Congratulations

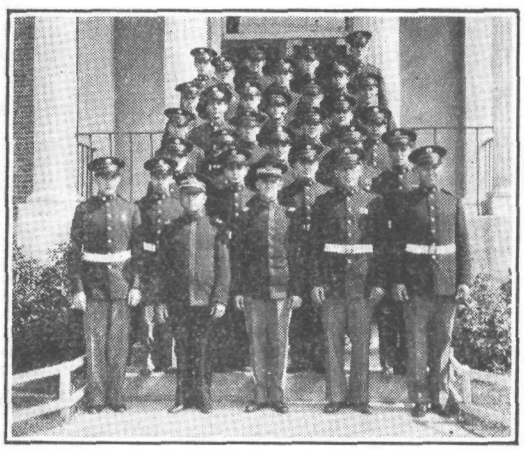
COLONEL WATERBURY

For your 41 Years Service!

COMPANY "E" 108th INFANTRY

"OUT OF OUR RANKS BUT EVER IN OUR HEARTS"

THOSE of the line seldom think of the organizations whose duty it is to supply and maintain the equipment used by them to carry on. One of the organizations of the Division to come under this classification is the 102nd Ordnance Company, which is a part of and attached to the "Special Troops" under the tables of organization for the purpose of administration.



"God Speed, Fred!" is the wish of the 102nd Ordnance Co.

Although a comparatively small unit, its duties are numerous. Consisting of forty enlisted men and two officers, maximum peace strength, the company is divided into five sections—Headquarters, Service, Armory, Artillery, and Automotive. Each section has its own particular phase of the Ordnance work to carry on, the two principle sections being the Armory and Artillery. These latter are charged with the responsibility of maintaining all of the infantry weapons of the Division and also the various artillery pieces up to and including the 155mm. guns. The company is equipped with the rifle for the purpose of defense and is required to fire same for record.

The 102nd Ordnance Company, although one of the step-children of the Division, has always felt the guiding hand and influence of our Divisional Chief of Ordnance, Colonel Fred M. Waterbury. He will leave us soon to retire from active service, but we of the Ordnance will carry on and live up to the teachings and instructions of our "Chief." Though he will leave our ranks, we shall carry him ever in our hearts.

GUN SHOT WOUND—LEFT HAND

(*Continued from page* 14)

It seemed better to separate when we started running. I went through the barrage head down, trying to keep my bandaged hand from being jerked, and I could see Rib in the glare of the flashes about fifteen paces away, making remarkably good time. Then came the scramble through our wire, and I moved across to give Rib a leg-up over the parapet. Someone from the other side then reached over and gave me a hand, and I experienced an immense relief as I slid down onto the firestep. For the past few hundred yards I had been feeling "windy" lest I should cop a bigger "packet" than the one I'd got, and it was mighty good just to be sitting there behind a thick, solid wall of sandbags.

After a cigarette, Rib and I moved off again and stumbled in the dark across the fields towards Indian Village. We fell in with a crowd of Camerons who were walking cases and making their way to the dressing station. No one spoke much except to ask if anyone had seen anything of so-and-so and so-and-so. The men's silence was due, not to depression, but to sheer exhaustion. We had all had a pretty rough time of it that night, and the psychological effect of having lost what we had won, tended to emphasize our feeling of weariness.

We found the road at Indian Village and later, in Festubert, an officer directed us to the Dressing Station. Two doctors were hard at it when we arrived, working by the light of lanterns on the stretcher cases that had come in. We, being walking cases, waited our turn. When mine came, I was put on the "operating table"—a large kitchen table from a nearby farm; the blood-congealed bandages were snipped off and my hand was plunged into a large basin of iodine. I fainted again.

When I came round, I found myself propped up against a wall with a blanket over me and a blue label round my neck inscribed, "G. S. W.—Left Hand." It was dark and I couldn't see Rib anywhere. An orderly came round and told off fifteen of us to follow him. We were taken outside and bundled into a large hay cart, and in this jolting conveyance we covered the six pot-holed miles to Béthune.

It was the fervent wish of every "Tommy" that, if he was going to be wounded at all, it might be in the middle of a "big show." Then, instead of being side-tracked in some hospital half-way down to the Base, he would be caught up like a leaf in a torrent and whirled through one hospital after another until, probably within forty-eight hours, he found himself between a nice clean pair of sheets in England. The Medical Corps had to keep the hospitals open for the steady stream of casualties and anyone who could possibly walk or be carried was hustled further and further away from the line to make room for all the others coming down.

That is what happened to me. Caught on the crest of the wave of wounded, I was carried to Boulogne (where my blue label was marked "E"—for England), thence across the Channel to Dover, and so to London. A week or two later, as I lay in hospital, news reached me of how the battalion had fared the night I was hit. From the time we left our billets in Festubert until the roll was called at dawn next morning, our losses in killed, wounded, and missing (including fifty men drowned in those boggy streams) totalled 789. Of my own company which went into the attack 231 strong, only 17 men came through unhurt.

Rib came through all right, with a large silver plate covering the hole in his forehead. I was soon patched up and ready for another—which I got. But that's another story.

From the 106th Field Artillery

To

Lieutenant Colonel Fred M. Waterbury

WHILE we know, Colonel, that every organization in the State must feel deep regret at your retirement, yet we assure you that to us of the 106th Field Artillery, your going seems to be a truly personal loss.

NOT a man in our Regiment but is a better soldier for having come under your personal and official influence, and while we offer you these few words in token of our sincere appreciation and admiration of all that you have achieved in your forty-one years' service, our real tribute to you will be more worthily manifested by our unceasing efforts to make our Regiment one with which you will feel proud to have been associated.

COLONEL FRED M. WATERBURY, we, the officers and men of the 106th Field Artillery, salute you and, one and all, we wish you all good fortune in the years to come.

The 108th Infantry

Honor

Lieutenant Colonel Fred M. Waterbury

On the Occasion of His Retirement

As a Regiment and as Individuals
We Congratulate Him on His Splendid Record
And Wish Him
Success in All His Undertakings

Engineer Your Dates so

As to Be at the

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Regiment Armory

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Minimum Strength New York National Guard	18,987
Present Strength New York National Guard	22,089

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174th Infantry	1229
369th Infantry	1088
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Maintenance Strength	647
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ARTILLERY 75's	
Maintenance Strength	602
104th Field Artillery	730
105th Field Artillery	693
156th Field Artillery	734
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Maintenance Strength	647
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Average Percentage of Attendance, N.Y.N.G.

MARCH AVERAGE ATTENDANCE FOR ENTIRE GUARD.....87.92%

SOMETHING NEW

(1) The small figure placed beside the bracketed figure shows the unit's position on last month's list as compared with its present standing.

(2) "Excellent' units (90-100%) in CAPITAL LETTERS;
"Satisfactory' units (80-90%) in *ITALIC CAPITAL LETTERS*;
"Fair" units (70-80%) in Regular Type; and
"Unsatisfactory" units (below 70%) in *Italics*.

121st Cavalry 92.44% (2)$_{2}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	7	7	100
HDQRS. TROOP	5	79	74	93
BAND	5	31	28	90
MACH. GUN TROOP	5	72	66	91
HDQRS. 1st SQD.....	4	2	2	100
TROOP A.....	4	66	57	86
TROOP B	3	75	73	97
HDQRS. 2nd SQD....	4	2	2	100
TROOP E.....	4	73	69	94
TROOP F.....	4	73	66	90
HDQRS. 3rd SQD....	4	2	2	100
TROOP I.....	4	77	66	86
TROOP K	6	76	74	97
MEDICAL DET.....	5	27	26	96
		662	612	92.44

71st Infantry 92.40% (3)$_{4}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
REGTL. HDQRS. ...	5	7	7	100
REGTL. HDQRS. CO.	5	67	59	88
SERVICE CO.	5	105	98	93
HOWITZER CO.	5	63	59	94
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	5	30	28	93
COMPANY A	5	66	57	86
COMPANY B	5	66	58	88
COMPANY C	5	68	63	93
COMPANY D	5	69	62	90
HQ. & HQ. Co. 2nd Bn.	5	32	31	97
COMPANY E	5	70	70	100
COMPANY F	5	67	59	88
COMPANY G	5	67	64	95
COMPANY H	5	66	60	91
HQ. & HQ. CO. 3d Bn.	5	33	32	97
COMPANY I	5	68	64	94
COMPANY K	5	71	70	99
COMPANY L	5	69	60	87
COMPANY M	5	70	66	94
MED. DEPT. DET...	5	31	28	90
		1185	1095	92.40

156th Field Art. 91.77% (4)$_{11}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	5	5	100
HDQRS. BATTERY..	5	53	48	90
SERVICE BATTERY.	3	71	67	94
1st Bat. HDQRS.....	4	3	3	100
1st Bn. HQ. BT. & C.T.	5	34	31	94
BATTERY A	4	71	61	86
BATTERY B	4	70	62	88
BATTERY C	5	74	71	96
2nd BAT. HDQRS....	4	4	4	100
2d BN. HQ. BT. & C.T.	5	36	35	97
BATTERY D	5	67	61	91
BATTERY E	4	70	65	93
BATTERY F	4	73	65	89
MED. DEPT. DET...	5	38	36	95
		669	614	91.77

258th Field Art. 91.14% (5)$_{20}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
HEADQUARTERS ..	5	5	5	100
HDQRS. BATTERY..	5	59	52	88
SERVICE BATTERY.	5	69	65	94
1st BAT. HDQRS.....	5	4	4	100
1st *BAT. COMBAT T.*	5	46	41	89
BATTERY A	5	66	59	89
BATTERY B	5	63	60	95
2nd BAT. HDQRS....	5	3	3	100
2nd *BAT. COMBAT T.*	5	48	40	83
BATTERY C	5	69	62	90
BATTERY D	5	72	64	89
3rd *BAT. HDQRS*....	5	4	4	89
3rd *BAT. COMBAT T.*	5	45	39	87
BATTERY E	5	68	64	94
BATTERY F	5	64	61	95
MED. DEPT. DET....	5	38	36	95
		723	659	91.14

The Honor Space

27th Div. Aviation 95.93% (1)$_{1}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
102nd OBS. SQD.	5	94	90	96
102nd PHO. SEC.	5	23	22	96
MED. DEP. DET.	5	6	6	100
		123	118	95.93

244th Coast Art. 90.44% (6)$_{13}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	6	6	100
HDQRS. BATTERY.	5	66	62	94
SERVICE BATTERY.	5	86	80	93
1st BAT. HDQRS.....	5	4	4	100
1st BT. HQ. BT. & C.T.	6	47	45	96
BATTERY A	6	61	56	92
BATTERY B	6	66	57	86
2nd BAT. HDQRS....	4	4	4	100
2d BT. HQ. BT. & C.T.	6	53	49	92
BATTERY C	6	68	60	88
BATTERY D	6	67	56	84
3rd BAT. HDQRS....	4	4	4	100
3d BT. HQ. BT. & C.T.	5	43	39	91
BATTERY E	5	68	60	88
BATTERY F	5	64	58	91
MED. DEPT. DET...	5	35	31	88
		742	671	90.44

104th Field Art. 89.96% (7)$_{15}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	6	6	100
HDQRS. BATTERY..	5	54	48	89
SERVICE BATTERY	4	72	65	90
HDQRS. 1st BAT.....	5	3	3	100
HQ. BAT. C.T., 1st Bn.	4	33	31	94
BATTERY A	3	74	69	93
BATTERY B	5	75	65	87
BATTERY C	2	71	65	91
HDRQS. 2nd BAT....	4	3	3	100
HQ. BT. & C.T., 2d Bn.	5	39	37	95
BATTERY D	5	69	58	84
BATTERY E	4	67	58	87
BATTERY F	4	72	67	93
MED. DEPT. DET....	4	30	26	87
		668	601	89.96

212th Coast Art. 89.94% (8)$_{3}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
HEADQUARTERS ..	5	6	6	100
HDQRS. BATTERY..	5	67	63	94
SERVICE BATTERY.	5	72	69	96
1st BAT. HDQRS.....	5	3	3	100
1st BN. HQ. & HQ. BY.	5	45	41	91
BATTERY A.....	5	69	61	88
BATTERY B.....	5	66	58	88
BATTERY C	5	69	63	91
BATTERY D.....	5	71	61	86
2nd BAT. HDQRS. ..	5	1	1	100
2nd *BN. HQ. & HQ. BY.*	5	15	12	80
BATTERY E	5	65	57	88
BATTERY F.....	5	63	54	86
BATTERY G	5	69	59	86
BATTERY H	5	72	68	94
MED. DEPT. DET....	5	23	22	96
		776	698	89.94

102nd Med. Reg. 89.27% (9)$_{7}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	8	8	100
SERVICE CO.	5	73	71	97
HDQRS. COL. BN....	4	4	4	100
104th COLLECT. CO..	4	68	62	91
105th COLLECT. Co..	4	65	60	92
106th *COLLECT. CO*..	4	69	60	87
HDQRS. AMB. BN...	4	5	5	100
104th *AMB. CO*.....	4	49	43	88
105th *AMB. CO*.....	4	52	46	89
106th *AMB. CO*.....	5	50	43	86
HDQRS. HOSP. BN..	5	5	5	100
104th *HOSP. CO*.....	4	70	61	87
105th HOSP. CO.....	5	73	67	92
106th Hospital Co.....	3	66	51	77
102nd VETTER. CO..	4	42	38	91
		699	624	89.27

369th Infantry 89.22% (10)$_{17}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
REGTL. HDQRS.....	4	7	6	86
REGTL. HDQRS. CO.	5	63	59	93
SERVICE CO.	5	65	58	89
HOWITZER CO.....	5	66	54	82
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	4	21	19	90
COMPANY A	4	64	58	90
COMPANY B	4	61	53	87
COMPANY C	4	63	55	87
COMPANY D	4	64	59	92
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2d Bn.	5	22	19	86
COMPANY E	5	65	57	88
COMPANY F	5	65	59	91
COMPANY G	5	65	57	88
COMPANY H	5	65	56	86
HQ. & HQ. CO. 3d Bn.	5	22	19	86
COMPANY I	5	66	56	85
COMPANY K	5	65	60	92
COMPANY L	5	64	61	95
COMPANY M	5	59	57	97
MED. DEPT. DET....	5	35	30	86
		1067	952	89.22

101st Cavalry 89.02% (11)$_{18}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	8	7	88
HDQRS. TROOP	5	72	64	88
Band	6	24	18	75
MACH. GUN TROOP	6	61	54	88
HDQRS 1st SQD.....	4	2	2	100
TROOP A	5	74	66	89
TROOP B	4	71	63	89
HDQRS. 2nd SQD...	4	4	4	100
TROOP E	4	101	90	89
TROOP F	5	102	92	90
HDQRS. 3rd SQD....	4	2	2	100
TROOP I	5	66	58	88
TROOP K	5	101	91	90
MEDICAL DETACH..	5	23	22	96
MEDICAL DEPT. ...	5	9	8	89
		720	641	89.02

174th Infantry 88.96% (12)$_{5}$

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
REGTL. HDQRS. ...	4	6	6	100
REGTL. HDQRS. CO.	5	69	61	88
SERVICE CO.	5	95	78	82
HOWITZER CO.	5	64	56	87
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	4	35	32	91
COMPANY A	3	70	57	81
COMPANY B	5	66	60	91
COMPANY C	5	72	66	92
COMPANY D	5	72	64	89
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2d Bn.	4	35	35	100
COMPANY E	4	79	76	96
COMPANY F	5	65	52	80
COMPANY G	5	74	74	100
COMPANY H	4	70	59	84
HQ. & HQ. CO. 3d Bn.	5	38	32	84

UNIT	No. of Rep. Rec'd	Aver. Pres. and Abs.	Aver. Att.	Aver. % Att.
COMPANY I	4	75	69	92
COMPANY K	4	69	64	93
COMPANY L	5	73	63	86
COMPANY M	5	69	59	85
MED. DEPT. DET...	5	37	34	92
		1233	1097	88.96
101st Sig. Bat. 88.76% (13)$_{16}$				
HQ. & HQ. CO.....	4	23	22	96
COMPANY A	5	69	57	83
COMPANY B	5	73	67	92
MED. DEPT. DET....	3	13	12	92
		178	158	88.76
106th Field Art. 88.69% (14)$_{6}$				
HEADQUARTERS ..	6	6	6	100
Hdqrs. Battery.....	6	92	66	72
SERVICE BATTERY.	6	74	66	89
HDQRS. 1st BAT.....	6	4	4	100
HQ. BT. & C.T., 1st Bn.	6	32	27	84
BATTERY A	6	76	71	93
BATTERY B	6	74	66	89
HDQRS. 2nd BAT....	6	3	3	100
HQ. BT. & C.T. 2d Bn.	6	32	29	91
BATTERY C	6	75	67	89
BATTERY D	6	75	72	96
HDQRS. 3rd BAT....	6	3	3	100
HQ. BT. & C.T., 3d Bn.	6	31	27	87
BATTERY E	6	76	72	95
BATTERY F	6	76	67	88
MED. DEPT. DET....	6	32	29	91
		761	675	88.69
105th Field Art. 88.67% (15)$_{12}$				
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	6	6	100
HDQRS. BATTERY..	4	51	47	92
SERVICE BATTERY.	4	67	65	97
1st BAT. HDQRS.....	4	4	4	100
1st *BT. HDQRS. BAT.*	5	41	35	85
BATTERY A	4	73	60	82
BATTERY B	4	73	62	85
BATTERY C	3	74	67	91
2nd BAT. HDQRS....	4	4	4	100
2nd BAT. HQ. BAT...	5	41	38	93
BATTERY D	5	73	64	88
Battery E	5	68	55	73
BATTERY F	4	68	62	91
MED. DEPT. DET....	4	37	34	92
		680	603	88.67
102d Eng. (Cbt.) 88% (16)$_{8}$				
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	8	8	100
HQ. & SERVICE CO.	4	82	80	98
COMPANY A	4	60	48	80
COMPANY B	4	65	61	94
Company C	4	62	47	76
COMPANY D	4	69	60	87
COMPANY E	4	62	58	94
COMPANY F	4	66	56	85
MED. DEPT. DET....	4	26	22	85
		500	440	88
14th Infantry 87.51% (17)$_{9}$				
REGTL. HDQRS.	4	7	7	100
REGTL. HDQRS. CO.	6	67	56	84
SERVICE CO.	4	95	87	92
Howitzer Co.	6	62	49	79
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st BN.	6	19	16	84
COMPANY A	6	62	56	90
COMPANY B	6	64	56	88
COMPANY C	6	63	52	83
COMPANY D	6	66	54	82
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2d Bn.	6	23	21	91
COMPANY E	5	64	54	84
COMPANY F	5	67	61	91
Company G	5	64	49	76
COMPANY H	6	68	63	93
HO. & HO. CO. 3d BN.	6	25	22	88
COMPANY I	5	71	63	89
COMPANY K	5	70	61	87
COMPANY L	5	73	66	90
COMPANY M	6	79	75	95
MED. DEP. DET.....	4	36	32	89
		1145	1000	87.51
27th Div. Qm. Tr. 86.89% (18)$_{26}$				
HEADQUARTERS ..	5	14	14	100
MOTOR TR. CO. 105	5	53	43	81
MOTOR TR. CO. 106	5	53	48	90
MOTOR TR. CO. 107	5	53	46	87
MOTOR TR. CO. 108	5	49	39	80
MOTOR RP. SEC. 103	5	25	23	92
MED. DEPT. DET...	5	20	19	95
		267	232	86.89
108th Infantry 86.79% (19)$_{14}$				
REGTL. HDQRS.....	4	7	7	100
Regtl. Hdqrs. Co.....	4	67	53	79
SERVICE CO.....	4	50	43	86
Band Section.....	3	32	24	75
HOWITZER CO.....	3	62	56	90
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	4	33	27	82
COMPANY A.....	4	67	57	85
Company B.....	2	64	45	70
Company C.....	3	67	53	79
COMPANY D.....	4	63	57	90
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2d Bn.	5	30	27	90
COMPANY E.....	4	64	59	92
COMPANY F.....	4	75	69	92
COMPANY G.....	4	65	59	91
COMPANY H.....	3	66	55	83
HQ. & HQ. CO. 3d Bn.	4	26	22	85
COMPANY I.....	5	66	60	91
COMPANY K.....	4	73	65	89
COMPANY L.....	5	74	70	95
COMPANY M.....	5	66	59	89
MED. DEPT. DET....	5	34	32	94
		1151	999	86.79
Sp. Tr., 27th Di. 86.72% (20)$_{19}$				
HEADQUARTERS ..	5	13	13	100
27th HDQRS. CO.....	5	57	53	93
102d ORDNANCE CO.	5	33	31	94
27th TANK CO.....	6	67	58	87
27th SIGNAL CO.....	5	77	65	84
102d MOTORC'L CO.	4	38	34	90
27th Military Police Co.	6	66	50	76
MED. DEPT. DET....	5	18	16	89
		369	320	86.72
105th Infantry 86.68% (21)$_{22}$				
REGTL. HDQRS.....	4	6	6	100
REGTL. HDQRS CO.	3	68	58	85
SERVICE CO.....	5	107	94	88
HOWITZER CO.....	3	61	54	88
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	4	32	29	90
COMPANY A.....	5	67	63	94
COMPANY B.....	4	70	59	84
Company C.....	6	62	48	77
Company D.....	6	68	50	73
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2d Bn.	5	29	26	90
COMPANY E.....	5	69	62	90
COMPANY F.....	4	66	55	83
COMPANY G.....	4	67	67	100
COMPANY H.....	5	71	63	89
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2nd Bn.	5	28	24	86
COMPANY I.....	4	69	62	90
Company K.....	5	67	51	76
COMPANY L.....	4	62	54	87
COMPANY M	5	71	61	86
MED. DEPT. DET....	5	24	23	96
		1164	1009	86.68
245th Coast Art. 85.62% (22)$_{21}$				
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	7	7	100
HDQRS. BATTERY..	4	74	65	88
HDQRS. 1st BAT.....	4	3	3	100
BATTERY A.....	4	59	52	88
BATTERY B.....	5	66	63	95
BATTERY C.....	4	62	50	81
BATTERY D.....	5	62	54	87
HDQRS. 2d BAT.....	4	3	3	100
BATTERY E.....	4	62	53	85
BATTERY F.....	4	76	61	80
BATTERY G.....	5	63	53	84
Battery H.....	5	61	48	79
HDQRS. 3d BAT.....	4	5	5	100
BATTERY I.....	5	60	52	87
BATTERY K.....	5	58	51	88
BATTERY L.....	5	77	71	92
Battery M.....	5	60	44	75
MED. DEPT. DET....	4	95	81	85
		953	816	85.62
10th Infantry 86.51% (23)$_{10}$				
REGTL. HDQRS.....	4	7	6	86
REGTL. HDQRS. CO.	4	65	58	89
BAND SECTION.....	5	36	30	83
Service Co.....	6	45	35	78
Howitzer Co.....	5	63	49	78
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	4	26	24	92
COMPANY A.....	6	67	61	91
COMPANY B.....	5	66	56	85
Company C.....	5	62	47	76
COMPANY D.....	5	72	59	82
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2d Bn.	4	28	23	82
COMPANY E.....	4	69	59	85
COMPANY F.....	3	62	50	81
COMPANY G.....	4	73	65	89
COMPANY H.....	5	76	67	88
HQ. & HQ. CO. 3d Bn.	4	34	30	88
COMPANY I.....	4	71	68	96
COMPANY K.....	4	66	59	89
COMPANY L.....	5	62	58	93
COMPANY M.....	3	72	64	89
MED. DEPT. DET....	5	35	33	94
		1157	1001	86.51
106th Infantry 85.18% (24)$_{23}$				
REGTL. HDQRS.....	4	5	5	100
REGTL. HDQRS. CO.	5	64	57	89
SERVICE CO.....	5	82	69	84
Howitzer Co.....	5	69	46	66
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	5	22	20	91
COMPANY A.....	5	71	57	80
COMPANY B.....	5	63	62	98
COMPANY C.....	5	66	57	86
COMPANY D.....	5	67	55	82
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2d Bn.	5	28	25	89
COMPANY E.....	5	65	53	82
COMPANY F.....	5	67	61	91
COMPANY G.....	5	62	55	89
Company H.....	5	60	47	78
HQ. & HQ. CO. 3d Bn.	5	22	20	91
COMPANY I.....	5	61	56	92
COMPANY K.....	5	63	53	84
COMPANY L.....	5	69	60	87
COMPANY M.....	5	72	60	83
MED. DEPT. DET....	4	36	31	86
		1114	949	85.18
107th Infantry 82.15% (25)$_{25}$				
REGTL. HDQRS.....	4	7	6	86
Regtl. Hdqrs. Co.....	3	53	39	74
SERVICE CO.....	4	79	68	86
Howitzer Co.....	4	52	38	73
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	4	24	23	96
COMPANY A.....	3	54	51	94
Company B.....	4	57	38	67
COMPANY C.....	5	56	48	86
COMPANY D.....	4	65	61	94
HQ. & HQ. CO. 2d Bn.	5	20	16	80
COMPANY E.....	4	65	56	86
Company F.....	5	66	51	77
Company G.....	5	63	46	73
Company H.....	4	61	46	75
HQ. & HQ. CO. 3d Bn.	5	26	25	96
Company I.....	5	56	44	79
COMPANY K.....	5	88	73	83
COMPANY L.....	5	79	74	94
Company M.....	4	61	45	74
MED. DEPT. DET....	4	33	27	82
		1065	875	82.15
165th Infantry 79.14% (26)$_{24}$				
REGTL. HDQRS.....	4	6	6	100
Regtl. Hdqrs. Co.....	4	64	49	76
SERVICE CO.....	4	90	77	86
Howitzer Co.	5	59	41	69
HQ. & HQ. CO. 1st Bn.	4	24	23	96
Company A.....	4	66	48	73
Company B.....	4	65	51	78
Company C.....	4	65	41	63
Company D.....	5	58	42	72
Hq. & Hq Co. 2d Bn...	4	24	19	79
COMPANY E.....	4	61	54	89
Company F.....	4	64	50	78
COMPANY G.....	4	64	54	84
Company H.....	4	60	44	73
HQ. & HQ. CO. 3d Bn.	4	27	23	85
COMPANY I.....	5	70	57	81
Company K.....	5	73	54	74
COMPANY L.....	5	56	45	80
COMPANY M.....	5	66	61	92
MED. DEPT. DET	4	36	30	83
		1098	869	79.14

State Staff		**100%**		**(1)$_1$**
A. G. D. SECTION...	4	5	5	100
J. A. G. D. SECTION.	4	4	4	100
ORDNANCE SECT...	4	28	28	100
MEDICAL SECTION.	4	3	3	100
Q. M. SECTION.....	4	29	29	100
		69	69	100
93rd Inf. Brigade		**97.43%**		**(2)$_3$**
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	5	5	100
HDQRS. COMPANY.	4	34	33	97
		39	38	97.43
Hdq. 27th Div.		**95.71%**		**(3)$_2$**
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	26	26	100
HDQRS. DETACH...	4	44	41	93
		70	67	95.71
Hdq. Coast Art.		**90.0%**		**(4)$_5$**
HEADQUARTERS ..	5	4	4	100
HDQRS. DETACH...	6	6	5	83
		10	9	90
51st Cav. Brigade		**89.74%**		**(5)$_4$**
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	7	6	86
HDQRS. TROOP.....	5	71	65	91
		78	70	89.74
54th Inf. Brigade		**89.47%**		**(6)$_8$**
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	4	4	100
HDQRS. COMPANY.	3	34	30	88
		38	34	89.47
87th Inf. Brigade		**89.13%**		**(7)$_7$**
Headquarters	5	5	2	40
HDQRS. COMPANY.	4	41	39	95
		46	41	89.13
52nd Field Art. Br.		**88%**		**(8)$_6$**
HEADQUARTERS ..	5	8	7	88
HDQRS. BATTERY..	5	42	37	88
		50	44	88
53rd Inf. Brigade		**86.36%**		**(9)$_9$**
HEADQUARTERS ..	4	5	4	80
HDQRS. COMPANY.	5	39	34	87
		44	38	86.36

Except in Leap Year

"Can soldiers marry without permission?"—Anxious Anne.

"No. It is customary to ask the girl."

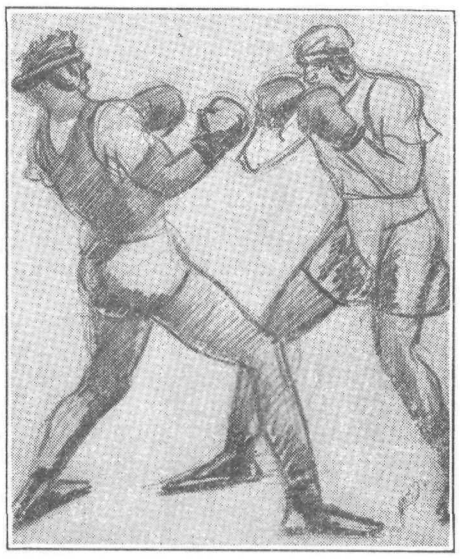
Sabers (Texas).

He'd Been Caught Himself

"Father, how do they catch lunatics?"

"With face powder, rouge, clothes, and coquetry, my boy."

Fifth Corps News (Ind.).



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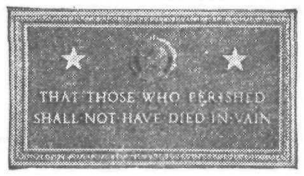

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Two little urchins stood with their noses pressed against a barber shop window. "Gee, Mickey, look at that one!" said one of them, pointing to a barber wielding a singeing taper: "He's lookin' for 'em with a light!"

A Good Catch

A man went fishing in forbidden water. He knew the keeper would be coming along, so he baited his line with a carrot. The keeper came. "You can't fish here," he said.

"Sorry; I didn't know I was trespassing," the angler replied. "I'm only just amusing myself.' He began to draw in his line. The keeper saw the carrot.

"What's that you're using as bait?" he asked. "Oh," the keeper laughed. "You won't do much harm with that!" he said, walking off.

Later in the afternoon, he returned and saw the angler with a tidy catch of trout. "You're not going to tell me you caught all that lot with a carrot?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, I only caught you with that."

London Tatler.

Conservative

This ought to be true if it isn't. An Irishman is alleged to have said to a friend who was successful in the Irish elections, "Well, I'm glad ye got in, but ye expected a far bigger majority, didn't ye?" "Och, no," replied the politician quickly, if obscurely, "I make it a rule never to expect as much as I'm expectin'."

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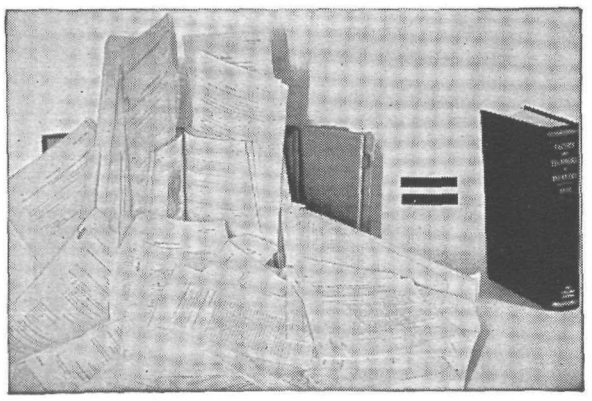

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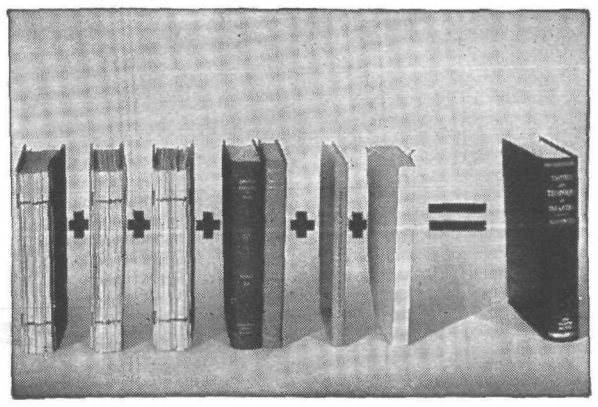

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