THE NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

National Guard Association of the United States
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Dear Guardsmen;

As we've said before, we're *never* satisfied with our product. We keep trying for new slants, new features, typographical innovations, and what-have-you, always with the idea of putting out a better NATIONAL GUARDSMAN.

For the past several months, we've been using an entirely different reproduction process. In a broad way, it's still "printing," but technically, it's not. For printing involves transferring ink from raised surfaces (usually metal) onto paper. The process we use is "offset," wherein a rubber cylinder deposits the ink. The process itself isn't new, but the machine we're using to do the job is new.

It's a wonderfully complicated $100,000 apparatus that does practically everything but push your doorbell and hand you your magazine. It was installed at The Telegraph Press in Harrisburg, Pa., where THE NATIONAL GUARDSMAN is printed, late last Winter. We were the first to give it its "run for record," with the April issue.

Let Production Editor Kenworthy tell about it:

"That first day everybody was excited—and handling the thing was a new process and strange. The ink was instant drying, and once started must be kept going or the ink dries up and there is hell to pay. And the paper passes through electric driers—like a huge toaster, with heater elements—and if it does not travel fast the paper catches fire. Well, that happened the first five minutes.

"By now the boys are used to it and there is little lost motion or confusion, and the general appearance of the magazine has improved, I think, as they go along.

"The process saves handling time. As fast as the mags came off the press, folded, they were taken over, covers attached, trimmed, and ready to go in the mail in a few minutes. It seems unbelievable after the older method with so many processes."

Turning, if we may, from *how* we print to *what* we print, we'd like to call your attention to a couple of editorial innovations. While we're primarily military in our appeal, that doesn't mean that we have no other interests, as witness the inclusion in this issue of a couple of sports features. Merrell Whittlesey came back from the National Open just in time to beat the deadline with a piece on Bantam Ben Hogan's amazing comeback. And for variety, see Joe Austell Small's column, "The Great Outdoors."

The Staff

OUR COVER

The Fourth of July brings to mind our forefathers' struggle for national independence. And through its field training, the National Guard fits itself to protect that hard-won independence. Symbolic of that training is this photo by the 45th Division's Sgt. Ronald Pyer of a heavy machine gun crew of Co. M, 279th Inf., Tahlequah, Okla.

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"PREPAREDNESS"

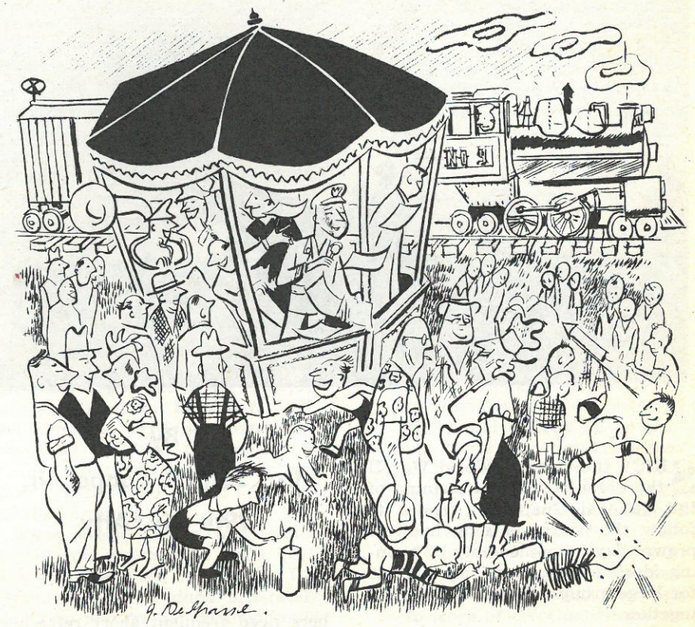
By HAMILTON H. HOWZE

WHEN I was in active service at Fort Riley, Kansas, just after the war, I was directed to present an Independence Day talk at Herington, a little railroad town some 30 miles South. In the morning of the appointed day my wife and I set out in the car, expecting a happy time. My speech was carefully prepared and neatly typewritten, and was about 35 minutes long. I had tried it out, with what I considered gratifying success, at the Rotary Club luncheon in Manhattan.

As per arrangement, I picked up my guide at the filling station on Main Street in Herington, and he escorted me to the Park. We left the car and walked across the grass, and I was pleased to see that a large number of people had turned out. The day was warm and the crowd was dressed informally, a fair proportion of the men having eliminated even the shirt from their garb. Small boys ran everywhere, exploding firecrackers.

We came to a small stone bandstand, around which and partially in which the crowd was gathered. There were no chairs, but there was an 18-inch-high wall around the edge of the platform, itself only about three feet off the ground. Two breaks on opposite sides of the octagon were served by wide stone steps; up the steps, across the bandstand and down the opposite steps rushed an endless succession of small boys, ducking and dodging through the crowd, and exploding firecrackers as they ran. I thought perhaps someone might put a stop to this bedlam when the "program" began, but no one did. With some difficulty I found a place to sit on the wall at the rear of the bandstand. My wife sat on the side steps.

A Legionnaire announced the first number as a performance of the Herington Clowns. I had seen the clowns as they made their last-minute preparations; their costumes were homemade, and I should say that the oldest clown was about 11. They performed in front of the bandstand and out of my field of view, but apparently the act consisted mostly of humorous recitals. The crowd listened quietly, except for the small boys, who continued their fusillade.



The Master of Ceremonies next introduced another Legionnaire who was to read the Declaration of Independence. This was executed in a low whispered monotone, and it was quite impossible for anyone to hear any of it. But eventually he was done, and the Master of Ceremonies took the stand himself and sought to enliven the festivities by singing, solo and without accompaniment, a song whose lyric I remember to be as follows:

H-E-R-I-N-G-T-O-N spells Herington,
Herington is her name,
Don't say anything against her,
Do not smir-rch her fame!

I don't remember any of the second verse except the last (punch) line, which went,

H-E-R-I-N-G-T-O-N, Herington, that's me!

Feeling a little dismayed, I began to shuffle through the pages of my manuscript, wondering if the speech might not be made a little shorter. A young lady sang "I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder" while I pondered, and once I caught sight of my wife on the steps; she was laughing at me. Presently I heard myself being introduced, and twisted my way through the crowded bandstand to the speaker's area.

I had intended this to be a pretty serious speech, on Preparedness, and I was sorry to see that at least half of the audience had come to the conclusion that the best part of the program was over, and had drifted away. The Master of Ceremonies handed me a microphone, a portable model with no means of support. There was no podium of any sort, so the problem arose as to how a man with two hands can hold a mike in one and manage 20 loose pages of manuscript in the other. I could improvise no solution to this so I laid the papers on the low wall, seized the mike in my right hand, and commenced reading. To see the manuscript at all I had to bend over, rather far, and to see the audience from such a position I had to turn sideways; in consequence, I presented my listeners with the profile of a military man in a deep, fixed, bow.

At the very start I extemporized a little joke about the Army having to worry sometimes in battle about running out of ammunition, but that Herington need have no

(*Please turn to page* 35)