The President's Age

The place normally reserved for the President of the National Guard Association of the United States is yieldled this year to the secretary, educator and journalist, Major General Jim Dan Hill, Commanding General of the 32nd Infantry Division, President of Wisconsin State College of Superior, and Member of the Reserve Forces Policy Board and the Executive Council of the National Guard Association, as a natural corollary to his syndicated newspaper column, "Let's Look at the Record:"

KENYA COLONY news pictures are reminders that style, fun wearing move in cycles, the same as light skirts and heavy hats. As with any other region, pistol propriety is merely a matter of time and place.

Classical Old West, with the six-gun well down on the right thigh, for the quick draw, is definitely coming back. Down Kenya way it is now all the rage.

The U. S. ARMY was the first to depart from the bow slung holster. Dismounted, cavalrymen needed less leg freedom. Thus, army automatics were hip high.

In most British regiments, Tommy Atkins wears his pistol either high, on the left side, grips forward, with a shoulder lanyard attached—so keep some blighter from stealing it. Hits 'er Majesty's property; the less 'e knows the better.

Next officials were inurable pistol packers. A stubborn Waterton, well up and full on the starboard bow of a corvette, alighting from a sailboat was a sure sign of good party standing than any of numerous conspicuous savages.

The French Underground, as I briefly knew them, were rousing, happy, gut men, but usually with the weapon carried loosely in a side pocket. Today, I am told, thousands of Europeans in troubled areas are still wearing pistols of similar patterns, usually low cut coats, in the very best American "Rascal Style:"

The LOW HOLSTER, Bar-20 style, is definitely back. In Kentucky, African scores of big game hunting, all men, women and older children are wearing real, loaded six-shooters in low sling, thigh holsters. This is all hours and day and night. In bathroom there is a pistol rack alongside the soap dish.

We read in the Intelligence Reports of the old China song of free land for the Kikuyu tribesmen, and the resulting hunting terrorism are the causes.

A few years ago, band guns in Kenya were toys unworthy of real shooting men. Col Alges were concluded, stating enough to bring murder to the heart of a peaceful cattle-rangling man. A man needed a double-barrel, .400, cordite-express rifle, or nothing.

WHEN ROBERT BARKAR, big game musketeer extraordinary and columnist plentipointed, heard six men guarding in Kenya, he hastened to the high African plateau to combine a bit of heavy shooting with light writing.

In "Life" he spins a yarn that makes a busy day in Old Tombstone read like a story of gentle deeds in a home for old boys. He tells again the narrative of Dorothy Haynes-Smith and Kittie Henselberger. Alone, at night, on their farm on a hill near Narro-Moro, with a lantern burning to show distant neighbors all was well, they were suddenly attacked by trusted tribemen, led by a strange, giant headhunter with a razor sharp, two-edge knife.

Kitty, aided by a snarling, biting, boxing hitch, grappled with and disabled the assailants. Dot, fortunately still wearing her pistol, the late hour not withstanding, drew and killed the giant with her first shot. Her husband shot the other on September ridge.

The next two shots killed another attacker and the faithful dog. A third survivor, she killed in the hallway. A fourth took refuge in the bathroom. A blast through the door put him in flight, wounded.

Kitty then remembered the signal lantern. She raised her weapon,"Mr. Rurak reports, "and sort of casually shot the lamp out over her shoulder."

THIGGONOMERY like Dot's would be rated better than by such qualified connoisseurs as Silly Al, L. G. Harris and Wyatt Earp. But with reference to Kitty's lantern shot, there would be much honest head shaking. The toughies of the Old West office are not accustomed to such a one; but never for casual target practice, was it ever. Moreover, men of the Old West would argue that it is the target called for a shoulder high, bead shot, as did Kitty. He could burn out the man with a snuffing light in the usual manner. A pistol appears to be the top gun for quick accuracy. Actually it is most difficult to do the slowed down pinpoint shooting, be the target near or distant.

"UNCLE BOB" LEWIS was a peace officer in Socorro, New Mexico, thirty years ago. He had often ridden on outlaw hunts with Sheriff Whitey and Pat Garrett. The pistoleer who killed Billy-the-Kid. This last named gun, on a gun notch, is still rated one of the three quickest and most dangerous guns in the powder burnt history of the Southwest.

I once called "Uncle Bob" Alges Garrett's gunsman, generally admitted to have been better than Billy's. "Garrett never practiced anything but draw shots," he explained. "Pat's favorite weapon was a tin plate, pie size, twelve feet away and chest high. He did not always hit, but his draw made a striking rattlebucket seem slower than a Missouri mule's enthusiasm."

Dorothy proved herself to be a real pistoleer, cast in the mould of Belle Starr. But Kitty must change her techniques if she is to tote a six-gun in the style known as Classical Old West.

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our cover

Uniforms varied widely among America's citizen-soldiers of past wars, but the span of years over which Guard uniforms have been adopted is graphically in our cover picture this month. District of Columbia National Guardsmen who participated in the televised ceremonies at Mt. Vernon for the dedication of the National Guard commemorative stamp, wore uniforms of the periods of the French and Indian Wars, the Revolution, War of 1812-Mexican War, both sides of the Civil—(whups—War Between the States), Spanish-American War, and World Wars I and II, with the Air National Guard—a post-World War II separate component, added for good measure. (Army Photo.)

Staff:

Our guardmen: The National Guard commemorative stamp (front cover), THE NATIONAL GUARDIAN, Feb. 55, and stories and pix in this issue) has attracted even more widespread attention than we had anticipated. It's a wonderful tool for making millions of Americans aware of the oldest military organization in the land.

One of our comrades tells us of persuading a friend to put a stamp drawer in his cash register, to stock only National Guard commemorative stamps. Also, he has asked his family to use only these stamps for their correspondence, as long as they are available.

If 300,000 Guardmen, individually, and their families, friends and business associates, will use National Guard stamps only, the total will run into the billions and the impact will be sustained and tremendous. (Incidentally, if we're giving out postage meter cards, a virtual vacation and revering to stamp-stocking as long as the Guard stamps are procurable.)

Even after your local post office stocks are exhausted, you can buy more Guard stamps from the Philatelic Agency, Post Office Dept., Washington 25, DC.

On the same subject, so many individuals helped to obtain recognition for the National Guard in postage stamp form, that it is impossible to single out any one person as the "father" of the project. Some propounded the idea in letters, others drafted resolutions, some worked on philatelic societies and the post office department—that cumulative efforts produced the stamp, and all are well entitled to take a bow.

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