

MEN OF WAR

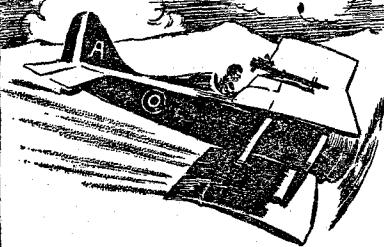
AN OFFICER OF THE LEGION

DESCENDANT OF A LONG LINE OF WARRIORS, INCLUDING ADMIRAL GUERRARD WHO SERVED SO GALLANTLY WITH LAFAYETTE DURING THE REVOLUTION. SOLDIER, LINGUIST, AVIATOR, HAMILTON IS THE ONLY AMERICAN TO HOLD A COMMISSION IN THE FOREIGN LEGION.



CAPTAIN
EDGAR G.
Hamilton

BORN IN WATERBURY, CONN., 1890, HE GRADUATED FROM CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY. IN 1916, HE ENLISTED IN THE U.S. AMBULANCE SERVICE AND DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY DRIVING AMBULANCES FOR LONG PERIODS WITHOUT REST AND UNDER HEAVY SHELLFIRE.



TO SATISFY HIS FIGHTING URGE, HE ENLISTED IN THE FOREIGN LEGION IN 1917, BUT WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE AIR SERVICE, WHERE HIS TECHNICAL ABILITY WAS SOON RECOGNIZED AND HE WAS DESIGNATED CHIEF TECHNICAL ADVISOR AT TOURS. THERE HE FLIGHT-TESTED AND MADE REPORTS ON EVERY TYPE OF PLANE THEN KNOWN.



REENLISTING IN THE LEGION IN 1920 FOR SERVICE IN NORTH AFRICA AGAINST ABD-EL-KRIM HE SOON REGAINED HIS COMMISSION AND FOUGHT THAT DOUGHTY RIF almost continuously for 2 years, RECEIVING MANY DECORATIONS. — AT THE SAME TIME HE LEARNED EVERY NATIVE DIALECT.



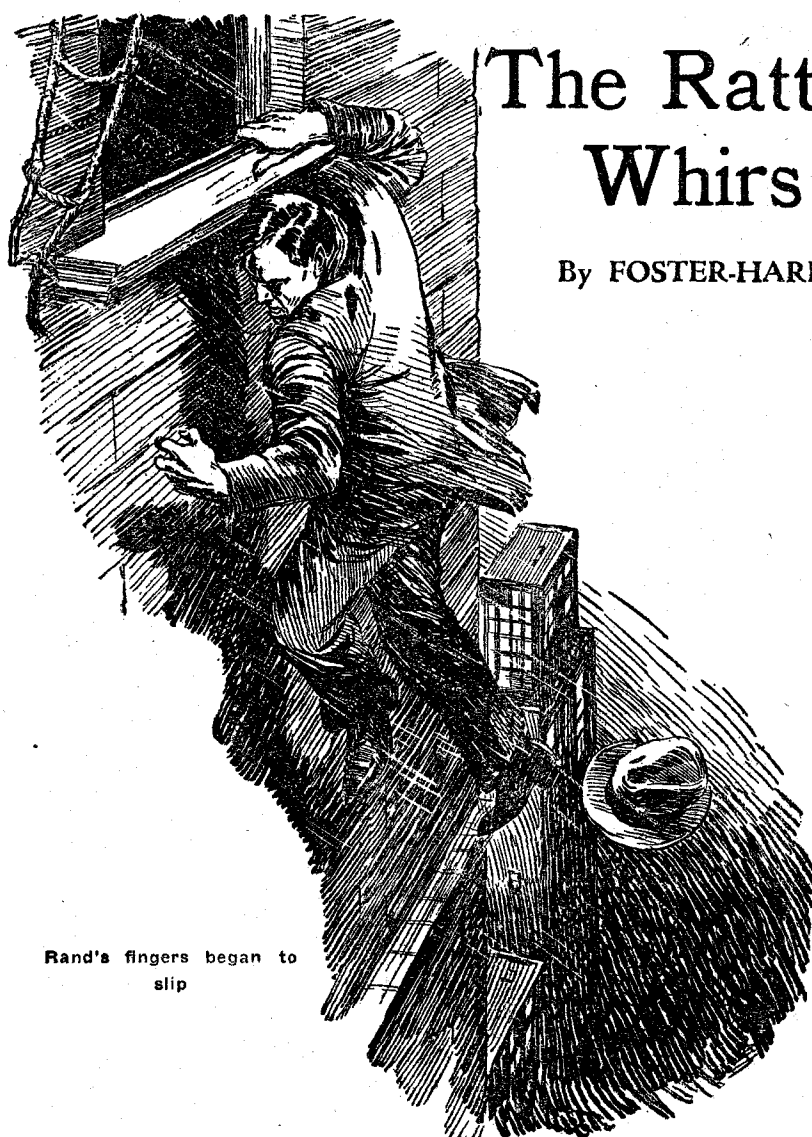
A True Story in Pictures Every Week



Next Week: Angus Walters, Fisherman Skipper from Nova Scotia

A 3—24

65



The Rattler Whirs

By FOSTER-HARRIS

Rand's fingers began to slip

High above the streets of San Antonio, Rand Robinson fights for a million dollar oil lease—and his life

PPULLING the collar of his trench coat higher against the chill rain, Rand Robinson started across the platform. Passengers from the night train scurried about him. Indifferently lighted at best, in the rain and mist the platform now was a weird, squirming tangle of lights and shadows. Yet luckily, Rand spotted his man almost at once.

Jack Hays had paused, trying to light a cigarette. His face was in shadow, but Rand could see his hands. They were shaking so badly he could not even get a match out of the box.

Somehow, even then, Rand Robinson felt a quick premonition. Jack Hays, shaking like that. Something was wrong.

He hurried toward the little oil scout