



MEN of

THE OLD GUARD (FOR FINLAND AND DEMOCRACY)

THE OLD GUARD STANDS EVER READY TO SHAKE OFF ITS YEARS AND COME BACK TO FIGHT AGAIN FOR AN IDEAL—WHEN THAT IDEAL IS DEMOCRACY!

Gen. De Grancourt

(IN HIS PRIVATE'S UNIFORM)

GENERAL CLEMENT DE GRANCOURT RETIRED FROM THE FRENCH ARMY A FEW YEARS AGO WITH CITATIONS FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN AFRICA AND IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR, WITH THE GRAND CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR AND FOUR ROWS OF CAMPAIGN RIBBONS ON HIS CHEST.

LAST SEPTEMBER THE GENERAL SOUGHT TO RETURN TO ACTIVE SERVICE. THE ONLY WAY HE COULD DO SO, THE BRASS HATS DECREED, WAS BY RE-ENLISTING—AS A PRIVATE. HE BECAME PRIVATE DE GRANCOURT. WHEN RUSSIA INVADED FINLAND, DE GRANCOURT, AT THE AGE OF 67, WAS RE-LEASED TO ASSUME THE POST OF COMMANDER OF THE FINNISH FOREIGN LEGION.

CARL VON HAARTMAN, SOLDIER AND DAREDEVIL, FOUGHT FOR FINLAND BEFORE IN ITS WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE. IN AMERICA HE ACTED AS MILITARY EXPERT FOR "WINGS" AND OTHER MOVIES. TWICE WOUNDED AND PROMOTED A COLONEL WHILE SERVING IN SPAIN, HE MADE A BEE LINE FOR FINLAND WHEN THE RUSSIANS STARTED MOVING IN.

Von Haartman

A True Story in Pictures Every Week



VON HAARTMAN
WAS SEVERELY WOUNDED AND
DECORATED FOR CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY
LEADING A BATTALION IN THE LAKE LADOGA SECTOR.

WILLIAM H. WALLACE,
COLUMBIA GRAD AND A STOCK-
BROKER WHEN THE FIRST WORLD
WAR BROKE OUT, ENLISTED WITH
THE FAMOUS LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE
AND SOON WAS AN ACE WITH THREE
CITATIONS, THE CROIX DE GUERRE
WITH PALMS AND MEMBERSHIP IN
THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOR.

AN ARDENT UPHOLDER
OF DEMOCRACY AND A
CHAMPION OF THE WEAK
AGAINST THE STRONG,
ALTHOUGH OVER 50,
WALLACE LEFT HIS
BUSINESS TO FLY A
FINNISH PURSUIT SHIP.
HE WAS SOON CREDITED
WITH DOWNING THREE
RUSSIAN PLANES.

ALIX LUCAS-NAUDIN
WON THE CROIX DE GUERRE
FOR BRAVERY AS A FRONT LINE
NURSE IN THE WORLD WAR.
DIRECTOR OF A MOROCCO HOSPITAL,
SHE VOLUNTEERED FOR SERVICE IN
FINLAND AND FLEW TO HELSINKI
FOR IMMEDIATE ACTIVE SERVICE WITH
OTHERS OF THE OLD GUARD.

Coming soon: Alfred Court—Animal Trainer

Man of the Flame



Dan crawled swiftly toward the boy. The air was painfully and dangerously hot

Just another kid who wanted to be a fireman; just another kid to get in the way. But when the test came, he proved that he could eat smoke with the best of them; and it was the best of them that brought him out

By MAURICE BEAM

Author of "Don't Look Now", "The Wind Won't Tell", etc.

THE pall of smoke which overhung the city had become a pall of fear, for people knew there was a firebug loose. The newspapers hinted it. Later, an overzealous newscaster blurted it into the ether from a local station. The result was something very near mass hysteria.

The talkative radio announcer seemed

to take pleasure in pointing out that there had been three mystery fires in a row, all in the same district: Acme Body Works, Intercity Venetian Blind factory, and the lying-in hospital on Quincy Street.

At the hospital a score of mothers and expectant mothers, nurses and doctors had narrowly escaped being roasted alive. At Intercity a woman worker was burned severely, would die; a fireman was crushed beneath a falling wall. Money losses were more than half a million.

It was pretty definitely established, though police and fire officials had dodged inquiries, that an intensive man-hunt for a firebug was under way. A pyromaniac. The radio speaker rolled the word and made of it a bogey. Protests came in, but it was too late.