"Old Put," Born 220 Years Ago, Was First "Strenuous American"

Israel Putnam, Best Remembered as a New England General in the Revolution, Was a Man of Action Who Had an Adventurous Career in Many Places-From Montreal, Canada, to Havana, Cuba, and as Far West as the Wilderness Outpost of Detroit.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

SK the average American "Who was Israel Putnam?" and he will probably reply readily enough: "Why, he was one of our generals in the Revolution!" For the mention of that name stirs in him a recollection of more than one incident in the saga of our fight for liberty.

It may be a memory of a familiar picture he has seen often-that of the Connecticut farmer leaving his plow in the furrow and starting posthaste for Boston when the news of Concord and Lexington was brought to

Or he may remember Trumbull's famous painting of "The Battle of Bunker Hill" which shows Putnam, clad in a splendid blue and scarlet uniform, defiantly waving his sword as the British charge up the slope with fixed bayonets.

If Mr. Average American's recollection of Putnam isn't based on either of these pictures, then it may be that he recalls another-that of an officer on horseback, riding at breakneck speed down a long flight of stone steps while a group of soldiers look on, aghast at his daring. For that officer was also "Old Put" and the scene pictured was his escape from the British at Horseneck near Greenwich, Conn.

It will be noticed that all of these are "action pictures," for that was characteristic of this New Englander who was born 220 years ago this month. He was indeed a man of action—
probably our first "strenuous
American" and he won the right
to that title long before Theodore
Roosevelt made it popular.

Moreover, his activities were not confined to one small section of the country (New England) nor to one certain period in our history (the Revolution) as, no doubt, most of his fellow-Americans believe. During the span of his very busy life he saw action on many fronts—from Mont-real, Canada, in the north to Havana, Cuba, in the south; and from Boston in the east to the frontier outpost of Detroit in the

Accolade of the Frontier

There is significance, too, in the fact that many years before the Revolution, when he was barely forty, he had been given the sobriquet of "Old Put." For that was the accolade which the American frontiersmen conferred american frontiersmen conferred upon a leader whose ability as a "first-class fightin' man" or whose other rugged pioneer qual-ities commanded their respect and affection. Putnam won it on the New York-Canadian frontier during the French and Indian men of that period called him "Old Put," they were saying it in the same spirit that later frontiersmen would refer to "Old Hickory" Jackson, "Old Tippe-canoe" Harrison, "Old Abe" Lincoln and "Old Rough and Ready"

Putnam was born on January 7, 1718, near Salem, Mass. He was the tenth of 11 children in the family of Joseph Putnam, one of the few men who was brave enough to defy the Rev. Samuel Parris when the famous witchcraft delusion held that village in its evil spell. In 1739 young Israel married Han-nah Pope and the next year migrated to Pomfret, Conn., where he had purchased a tract of land.

There for the next 15 years he was busily engaged in farming and providing a living for his rapidly growing family. For Israel Putnam emulated his sire in assuring that there would be no "race suicide" in the Putnam family-he became the father of four sons and six daughters.

At the outbreak of the French and Indian war in 1755, he joined the Connecticut volunteers who accompanied Sir William Johnson and his Iroquois allies in the expedition against the French at Crown Point. Putnam had his baptism of fire at the bloody battle of Lake George and also won his first commission, that of ant in the Connecticut Provincial troops. He evidently demneurated unusual ability as an indian fighter for he became a nember of that remarkable orps of backwoods warriors who ook their name from their com-



GENERAL PUTNAM STARTING FOR BOSTON (From a drawing by Lossing in Coffin's "The Boys of '76," courtesy Harper and Brothers.)

mander, Maj. Robert Rogers, and who have been immortalized in Kenneth Roberts' recent book, "Northwest Passage."

One of Putnam's narrowest escapes from death occurred while he was serving with Rogers' Rangers in the spring of 1758. He was captured by the Indians who tied him to a tree and amused themselves by hurling tomahawks at his head to see how near they could come to him and yet miss him. Next they started a fire et his feet to torture him but a sudden rainstorm came up and put it out. Again the fire was kindled and Putnam was prepared to die when Colonel Marin, a French officer, dashed in and rescued him.

Putnam was sent first to Ticonderoga and then to Montreal where he was held as a prisoner of war until autumn when an exchange of prisoners permitted his return to his home. year, however, he was back in the service as a lieutenant col-onel in the British and Colonial



army which General Amherst led against Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Montreal.

Off to Cuba.

After the fall of Montreal, which meant the end of the French rule in Canada, England prepared to make war on France's ally, Spain, and in 1762 sent a naval expedition against Havana, Cuba. Among the Colonial reinforcements was a Connec-ticut contingent of 1,000 men led by Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam. The ship on which he sailed was wrecked off the coast of Cuba but, by making rafts, his men succeeded in reaching the shore. Then they marched overland and reached Havana in time to join the main British force. And usual, when they stormed Morro Castle, the Spanish stronghold at the entrance to the harbor, "Old Put" was in the thick

He had hardly returned to his home from the Cuban expedition when Pontiac's war broke out in 1763 and it wasn't long before "Old Put" was in the field again. This time he was major of a Connecticut battalion of 250 men who accompanied Colonel Bradstreet on his expedition to Detroit, then besieged by Pontiac's warriors.

Bradstreet raised the siege. Then he led his force back to the place on the Sandusky river where the present city of Fremont, Ohio, now stands, to receive the pris-

oners which the Indians had agreed to turn over to him.
While there Putnam helped fortify the encampment, which included the present county fair grounds, now called the Israel Putnam Agricultural park.

After the successful conclusion of this campaign, Putnam restring of 1765 his life was saddened by the death of his wife and one of his daughters but he was soon in the midst of a new kind of activities to discuss the same of the sam kind of activity to divert his mind from his troubles. The passage of the Stamp Act resulted in the organization of the Sons of Liberty and, of course, "Old Put" was one of their leaders. In 1766 he was elected representative to the Connecticut assembly and the following year he mar-ried Mrs. Deborah Lothrop Gardiner, a widow.

In 1772 Putnam was made a member of the Company of Military Adventurers, organized by Gen. Phineas Lyman, who visited the Lower Mississippi and West Florida to look over the lands promised by the British government to provincial sol-diers who had served in the French and Indian war. However, nothing came of this promise and four months after Put-nam's return home occurred the Boston Tea Party and the pas-sage of the Boston Port Bill.

Boston's Benefactor.

When the Connecticut patriots decided to send food to their distressed brethren in Boston, Putnam was the man chosen to de-liver it—on the hoof! So he set liver it-on the hoof! out on horseback, driving before him 120 sheep and successfully delivered his flock after a tedious trip of nearly 100 miles. The newspapers, in announcing his arrival, spoke of his as "one of the greatest military characters of the age" and a person whose "bravery and character need no description.'

Although he did not live up to the first part of that description during the Revolution, there was no question of the truth of the second part. After the Battle of Bunker Hill, Putnam, now a major-general, took part in the fighting around New York and Long Island. In May, 1777, he was placed in charge of the defense of the Highlands of the Hudson but was removed from command because of the loss of Forts Montgomery and Clinton. However, a court martial exon-erated him of blame for these disasters, restored him to his command and he was later sent to Connecticut to superintend recruiting activities.

But "Old Put" was growing old and, after a few more skir-mishes, including his famous escape from the British at Horse neck, he asked for a leave of absence. In December, 1779, as he set out on horseback once more to join the army he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis which ended his military career for all time. He retired to his farm where he followed with keen interest the march of events-the final triumph of the patriot cause and the founding of the new na-tion which he had served so well —until death wrote "Finis" to his busy life on May 19, 1790.

In a cemetery in Brooklyn, is engraved this epitaph:

Sacred be this monument To the memory of Israel Putnam, Esquire, for Major-General in the Armies of of
The United States of America
Was born at Salem
the Province of Massachuset
On the seventh day of January
A. D., 1718;
and died
On the nincteenth day of May
A. D., 1790.

Passenger,
If thou art a Soldier,
Drop a tear over the dust of a Hero
Who
Ever attentive
To the lives and happiness of his Men
Dared to lead
Where any Bared to follow: To the lives and happiness of his Mea
Dared to lead
Where any Dared to follow:
If a Patriot,
Remember the distinguished and gallant
services rendered thy Country
By the Patriot who sleeps beneath this
If thou art Honest, generous and worthy
Render a cheerful tribute of respect
To a Man
Whose generosity was singular
Whose bonesty was proverbial;
Who
Raised himself to universal esteem
And offices of Eminent distinction
By personal worth
And a
Useful Life.

Despite the somewhat flamboy ant phraseology of this typical Eighteenth century epitaph, it is essentially a truthful summary of Putnam's character. And unlike many of his contemporaries, the passing of time and the la-bors of the "debunking" school of historians have not dimmed

As might have been expected from a man who led a life of such extraordinary activity and variety, even for the stirring times in which he lived, he became the hero of a number of folk tales. But, unlike so many legends which clustered around our early-day notables, all of these tales seem to have had a basis of solid fact.

Becomes "Old Wolf Put."

One of the most familiar is the story of his wolf hunt. During his early career as a farmer near Pomfret a she-wolf began preying upon his flock of sheep. He and his neighbors tracked her to lair, a small cave, from which they were unable to dis-lodge her. Finally, Putnam threw off his coat and waistcoat, tied a rope around his legs and, telling the other men to pull him out when he gave the signal, he took a torch and entered the cave. It was so small that he had to crawl on his hands and knees but far back in it he saw the glowing eyes of the wolf.

When he gave the signal, his helpers pulled him out so fast that his shirt was torn off and he was severely scratched and bruised. Undaunted by this experience, he took his gun and crawled into the cave again. The discharge of the gun in the narrow passage stunned him and he was pulled out half-choked by the gunpowder smoke. But he



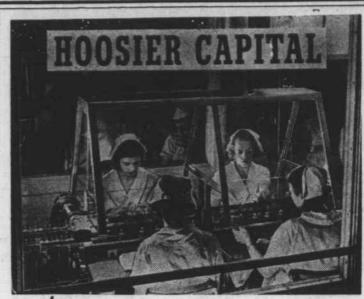
insisted upon going back into the cave and this time he emerged triumphantly, bringing with him his shirt and the dead wolf!

Because of this feat he became known locally as "Old Wolf Put" and, as his fame as a fighter grew during the French and Indian war, the "wolf" part was dropped and he was known as 'Old Put." During that war he became the hero of another familiar tale. While serving with the Connecticut troops near Ti-conderoga he learned that for several nights in succession the several nights in succession the sentinel at one of the posts around the British camp had mysteriously disappeared. eral Lyman gave orders for the sentinel to call out "Who goes there?" three times, if he heard any noise, and then if no answer came to open fire. In spite of this precaution, the sentinels continued to disappear.

The Mystery Solved.

Thereupon Putnam volunteered to try to solve the mystery. Soon after taking his post, he heard a rustling noise in the leaves as though some animal were scufabout on the ground for food. Peering through the dark-ness, he saw a huge creature which he recognized as a bear. As the animal shambled toward him, something in its gait aroused his suspicion. He immediately called out "Who goes there?", as ordered, repeated the challenge twice, then fired. Rushing forward, he found the its death agonies but when he turned the animal over, he found enclosed in its shaggy skin a painted Indian warrior with a tomahawk clenched in his

The mystery was solved at last. The other sentinels had believed was a real bear and had allowed the daring warrior to get near enough to them to use his tomahawk before they learned of their mistake. After Putnam's turn of duty at that post no more sentinels disappeared.



Filling Insulin Vials.

Books, Chemicals and Other Products of Indianapolis

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service. ROM atop a high building you see glittering Indianapolis spread over the prairie. Nebuchadnezzar, who viewed Babylon from his flatroofed palace, would enjoy the picture here, with all its temples, shrines, monuments, and tree-lined avenues. Here are restful parks and floral displays, quite as satisfying to many as were the hanging gardens by the Euphrates; and here is a war memorial as impressive as any temple raised by Babylonians.

No one great city, however, dom-inates Indiana; Chicago pulls at it on the north, Cincinnati and Louis-ville on the south. Yet Indianapolis, its capital and nearly its geographic

center, is the seat of Hoosier power. In 1820 a small spot was cleared of forest here, and the capital later moved from Corydon, in the south. One wagon, two weeks on the wil-derness trails, hauled all the young state's papers, furniture, books, and money. From the streams men seined fish in such quantities that wagonloads were fed to hogs.

Settlers increased; the national road came through from the East, driving west toward the Missouri. West-bound "movers" multiplied. Some days saw hundreds pass in covered wagons, freighters, stagecoaches, often with women or girls driving the teams while men and boys herded other animals after the

Crossroads for Highways.

Today Indianapolis stands, a typical, well-balanced midwestern city, intersected by four national highways used by three-fourths of all transcontinental motorists.

High above the city rises America's largest neon aviation beacon, usually visible from 75 miles away.

About the city runs the first beltline railway built in America, and the seven-acre Union station with elevated tracks accommodates 40 trains at once. Every 24 hours, 82 mails—by air, rail, and truck reach the city; and it averages a convention a day-five days out of every week the year round. One auditorium seats 10,000. What a change since Henry Ward Beecher preached here in his small church, and edited his farm paper!

Get up early, any morning, and you see some 500 trucks coming into town from all directions, hauling hogs, cattle, calves, and sheep to the largest stockyards east of Chicago. Among world grain market the one here ranks sixth, and as a cash mart it leads in the United States.

Some 840 factories make many things, from insulin and inner tubes automobiles and canned food, to birdcages and popcorn machines. One shop can make 5,500 bicycle tires every day. Another makes chains—chains that went with Admiral Byrd to the Antarctic; chains for the first Wright plane; for the dirigibles Macon and Shenandoah; for battleship hoists and elevators; chains for 40 foreign countries.

Doorbell ringers all over the nation sell silk hosiery made here, while another product is advertised by a singing barber who fills the air with saponaceous rhapsody.

Armored cars for the shah of Iran; trucks to haul pipes that carry oil from Mosul to the Mediterranean; hams and bacon for the world's breakfast - they originate

Center for Literature.

If wastebaskets gave up their dead, what a place a great publishing house in Indianapolis would be to trace Indiana's literary career! It has bought and published many a manuscript which brought fame to a hitherto unknown writer. Not only osiers, but writers from all over the Union have been launched by this house. Long ago it started Mary Roberts Rinehart, whose first work, "The Circular Staircase," other houses had ignored. Lately it published "Oil for the Lamps of China," which brought fame to Alice Tisdale Hobert

Look over its lists, old and new, and you are astonished at the mil-lions of books issued from this midwestern plant. Charles Major's
"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

sold more copies than did "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This firm, putting on what James Whitcomb Riley called "its literary overalls," published ev-ery book the famous Hoosier poet ever wrote, and all without ever a written contract! It introduced Har-old MacGrath to the world with

and "The House of a Thousand Can-Other titles are remindful of days gone by. Here Brand Whitlock brought "The Thirteenth District"; Emerson Hough his "Mississippi Bubble"; Anna Katharine Green, "The Filigree Ball"; George Randolph Chester, "Young Walling-ford"; Zona Gale, "Romance Is-land"; George Ade, "The Slim Prin-cess"; Earl Derr Biggers, "Seven Keys to Baldpate"; Ring Lardner, "Gullible's Travels"; and Irving Bacheller, "The Light in the Clear-ing"

"The Puppet Crown," and Meredith Nicholson with "The Main Chance"

Because of its early conspicuous success with fiction, fiction especially is associated in many minds with the publishers. But its contribution in other lines, aside from its law and educational publications, shows scores of titles on subjects from "Backward Children" to "The Chinese"-too many to list here.

Great Chemical Laboratory.

Carved on the stone front of a great laboratory at Indianapolis are the same chemical symbols used by ancient alchemists-who took them from the Chaldean - who thought the earth's metals were related to the planets! Hence such old planetary names for drugs as lunar caustic and saturnine poison.

Yet look into this plant and see what incredible strides chemists have made since the dim, distant age of alchemy, quackery, and philosophers' stones!

In this temple of scientific research and in the giant production plant attached to it, where machines roll 500,000 pills a day and grind tons of strange things, from dandelions to bovine stomachs and livers, you meet a thinking brigade of chemists, pharmacists, bacteri-ologists, and medical investigators representing the best scientific brains of many lands, from England to China.

How to turn new ideas, theories. and discoveries about medicine into practical use is the business of this vast industry. It worked with the Toronto Insulin committee and with the Harvard Pernicious Anemia committee to put their drugs quickly into doctors' hands.

Here is not only pure research in many things, from toad poisons to Chinese herbs, but such mass-production problems as packing mil-lions of doses of ground liver in capsules instead of vials.

In plain English, here in Indiana is an astonishing example of how highly organized, efficient business takes up where science leaves off.

Jenner learned long ago how to vaccinate against smallpox, but it takes huge capital and infinite skill to make enough vaccine and supply it fresh to the whole world, when and where needed.

You can think of many such examples, from common disinfectants to diphtheria antitoxin.

But for such mass production of drugs, chemicals, and medicines, we could not check or control infectious disease and epidemics, despite the great discoveries of Koch, Pasteur, Lister, Sir Ronald Ross, Schaudinn, Von Wassermann, and Ehrlich.

Nor could mankind benefit from the findings of a Hopkins, a Mendel. or an Osborne as to vitamins, nu-trition, and the prevention of nutritional disease, nor dare to hope in face of tetanus, diabetes, and ane-

Look at all the live animals on which tests are made; look at all the strange weeds, plants, roots, that come to this busy place—and look at the endless barrels, boxes, jars, and bottles of mysterious mixtures that issue from it, and are shipped to drugstores, armies, navies, and to doctors all over the world, and you walk out with this thought:

What good is any discovery in medicine—no matter how great its potential value—unless some indus-try exists like this one, able to make the new serum, vaccine, drug or tissue product in big lots, and then send it to places where people need it?

Gather Yarn Scraps for Flower Afghan

Rows and rows of flowers in all feature of this striking afghan which is the gayest, easiest thing out! You simply crochet it in strips that are 7 inches wide, and



Pattern 1623

do the flowers in scraps of yarn or in three shades of one color for a lovely jeweled effect. Ideal in four-fold Germantown. Pattern 1623 contains complete directions for making the afghan; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; a photograph of section of af-ghan; material requirements;

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Consider well what your
strength is equal to, and what exceeds ability.—Horace.

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Virtuous in Youth Be virtuous while you are

young; and in your age you will be honored.—Dandemis.

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