

LEAVING HOME.
FIRST REGIMENT M. I. R. C. 77 P. M. 11 STREET, HARTFORD, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1898.

HISTORY

OF

Company K

First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry,

DURING THE

Spanish-American
War.



COMPILED BY

PRIVATE GEORGE B. THAYER.



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To

the memory of

MY SISTER

FLORINE THAYER McCRAY

who during her last illness did much to
sustain and inspire me while in camp

THIS WORK IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

To those who by pen or picture have aided him in this work, the writer gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness. Many things were written under circumstances that tried men's souls; but time has softened some of the sentiments expressed and all resentment has vanished. And so the work has been prepared and issued in the spirit of Othello's last words:

"Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

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CAPTAIN SAUNDERS.

LIEUTENANT WATERMAN.

LIEUTENANT VALENTINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL.



BY PRIVATE GEORGE B. THAYER.



CAPTAIN HENRY H. SAUNDERS.

Does he not hold up his head and strut in his gait.

—*Shakespeare.*

This excellent drill-master, than whom none better was in the regiment nor possibly in the brigade, found his voice quite early in life and it is presumed at once instinctively cried, "Company, atten——tion." This was in the city of Hartford some forty years ago and the company then present paid strict attention, without doubt. His father, P. H. B. Saunders was a successful merchant tailor and upon his death, the business was carried on by Captain Saunders whose laudable ambition, both in civil and military matters, has ever since been to induce men to dress up. He joined Company K twenty years ago and was elected captain in 1895.



FIRST LIEUTENANT EDWARD H. WATERMAN.

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar, and give direction.

—*Othello.*

Lieutenant Waterman first started for the front in the spring of 1858, following close upon the sun as it crossed the line in March. He lined up with Company K in 1879, rising from the ranks to his present position and making a model first sergeant on the way. Hartford has always been his home.

He was formerly with the firm of Wiley, Waterman and Eaton, printers and was one of the first to volunteer upon the declaration of war. He had an uncle on the famous flagship, Hartford.



SECOND LIEUTENANT NATHANIEL G. VALENTINE.

Business dispatched is business well done,
But business hurried is business ill done.

—*Bulwer Lytton.*

In 1863, in the midst of the Civil war, soon after his birth, Lieutenant Valentine at once engaged in business, the business of drawing rations. For many years past he has been associated with the Beach Manufacturing Company as book-keeper and with the Hartford Tube Works as superintendent. He joined Company K many years ago and made the best quarter-master sergeant the company ever had. He has always lived in Hartford. Upon the muster out of the regiment, followed by the resignations of both Captain Saunders and First Lieutenant Waterman, Lieutenant Valentine was elected captain of Company K, C. N. G.



FIRST SERGEANT SAMUEL G. HUNTINGTON.

Like other charmers, he wooed the caress more dazzlingly when daring in full dress (uniform).—*Byron.*

The Rose of New England, the beautiful city of Norwich, gave birth, some thirty years ago, to this member of Company K in whose ranks he has served faithfully for over eleven years. He comes of fighting stock, his great grandfather having served in the war of the American Revolution. For a number of years Sergeant Huntington has been connected with the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company of Hartford though Portland has a strong attachment for him still.

QUARTER-MASTER SERGEANT ROBERT L. BEEBE.

Good nature and good sense must ever join ;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

—*Pope.*

In 1873 the great financial panic occurred during which many, especially in Boston, were crushed beneath the wheels of fortune or misfortune. A year later this amiable bank clerk appeared at the Hub and ever since the wheels of trade and money matters have run smoothly.

Sergeant Beebe's father was in the Civil war, his uncle in the Mexican war and his great-great-grandfather helped to bring the war of the American Revolution to a successful close. How one so good natured could come from such fighting forefathers seems strange. Sergeant Beebe is now with the Connecticut Trust and Safe Deposit Company and has been in Company K four years. Upon the return of the regiment Sergeant Beebe was promoted, first, to regimental quartermaster and soon after to paymaster, with rank of lieutenant.



SERGEANT RICHARD W. DELAMATER.

For his patriotism, it was fit,
To match his learning and his wit.

—*Hudibras.*

Here is a member of Company K of eight years standing, a photographer by profession, whose uncle was in the navy during the Civil war and who had two great-great-grandfathers in the war of the American Revolution. It is hardly to be wondered at that there should descend from such good fighters a first class shot,—snap-shot. He now makes us see ourselves as others see us. He was born in Hartford twenty-six years ago, lives in Wethersfield and being a "trusty" is allowed at large outside the walls. He is a member of the firm of R. S. DeLamater & Son, photographers. Sergeant DeLamater has since been elected first lieutenant of Company K, C. N. G.

SERGEANT HENRY L. HUNTINGTON.

In arguing, too, the sergeant owned his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.

—*Goldsmith.*

This member of Company K like his brother, First Sergeant Huntington, was born in Norwich, assuming early in life the color of the rose,—a red rose in fact from the Rose of New England. Later in life he was transplanted to the capital city and learned the trade of machinist, at the Pratt & Whitney Company. Like his brother he comes of good old Revolutionary war fighting stock. Sergeant Huntington has been a member of Company K over six years and is twenty-eight years of age.



SERGEANT HENRY T. HOLT.

A favorite has no friends, I guess nit,
If that favorite is the captain's pet.

—*Gray.*

This favorite drill master has both English and Scotch blood to feel proud of. An uncle, Lieutenant J. A. Turnbull of Springfield, Massachusetts, served in the Civil war. Sergeant Holt is himself a son of Massachusetts, which explains why he is such hot stuff when there is any fighting to be done. He was born in Springfield twenty-four years ago and is now book-keeper in the *Ætna* National Bank. When the war broke out he had already served in Company K four years, and like the child, Samuel, "grew on and was in favor with his lord," the captain. Sergeant Holt has since been elected second lieutenant of Company K, C. N. G.



SERGEANT JOHN D. BONIFACE.

All people said he had authority.

—*Tennyson.*

While he says he never set forth to climb his ancestral tree, Sergeant Boniface has just the right solution of Irish and

English blood in him to make a good fighter, rheumatism aside. He is a New Yorker by birth, passing his first physical examination at White Plains. He is an insurance clerk and Hartford is his home. He also was a member of Company K of four years standing.



CORPORAL CHARLES A. CARROLL.

Eyes of gentianellas azure,
Staring, winking at the skies.

—*Browning.*

This natty member, was born in Hartford, of Irish parents, twenty-seven years ago. He had an uncle and several cousins in the Civil war and did his best to get mixed up in this. He has been three years in the company and many years as clerk with Smith, Bourn & Company, harness manufacturers. Corporal Carroll says he enlisted with the determination, as Macbeth puts it, to die, if need be, with a Smith, Bourn & Company harness on.



CORPORAL FRANCIS M. JOHNSON.

Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind.
Perhaps was sick, in love or had not dined.

—*Pope.*

Twenty-three years ago, at Newton, Massachusetts, this corporal, then a "little corporal," first began instructing in the school of the soldier, using his toes as individual recruits and trying in vain to keep his squad in line. More recently he has been acting as salesman at the Pope Manufacturing Company in Hartford. An uncle, with the rank of major, served on the staff of General Sherman in the Civil war. All his ancestors were English as far back as the family record goes. While at Camp Alger Corporal Johnson did not enjoy the best of health much of the time.

CORPORAL LOUIS SILVERNAIL.

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright.

—*Henry V.*

The bald hills of Salisbury, Connecticut, gave birth to this shining member of Company K and the family characteristic still continues to be exemplified. Corporal Silvernail, a favorite with his present squad, was himself, some thirty years ago, a member of an awkward squad, then so awkward that while being taught the use of his arms he lost the control of his legs and frequently fell on his face. At the first opportunity since, he tried to fall again, this time, not on his face, but on the enemy.

For many years he has been in the office of the Plimpton Manufacturing Company. His ancestors were Dutch.



CORPORAL CYRUS W. WHEELER.

Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain.

—*Coriolanus.*

Corporal Wheeler certainly has reason to feel that the end of war's uncertain. For weeks after the return of the regiment from Camp Alger his life hung as in a balance and it was many weeks more before he had sufficiently recovered to get out and around. He was born at Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1875 and his business is that of traveling salesman.



CORPORAL GEORGE K. DWYER.

The ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as his toes on them meet, kiss his feet.

—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

Corporal Dwyer, a little over twenty years ago, first cried, "Turn out the Guard" and without further formality announced himself. The proper salute was given. This

occurred in Hartford where the corporal has since lived. He now occupies a position with the Ætna Life Insurance Company. His ancestors were Dutch, Irish and American, and he had several close relatives in the Civil war and a grandfather in the Mexican war.



CORPORAL RALPH B. PIERCE.

High air-castles he cunningly built of words;
The words well bedded in good logic mortar.

—*Carlyle.*

Milton says architects need no Kings to make them happy but are the architects of their own happiness. This is true of the subject of this sketch. He never appeared otherwise than happy, particularly when discussing with the First Sergeant, the merits of his (Ralph's) Portland bill.

Blackstone, Massachusetts, is his birth place and Hartford is still to be his home, his biographer is glad to know. Corporal Pierce will be thirty years old before the end of the century. He is still drawing plans and building castles in the air, up eight stories in the air, in the Sage, Allen & Co. building, or was when this sketch was written.



CORPORAL EDWARD M. WARD.

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

—*Lamb.*

Corporal Ward's father served three years in Company K, Sixth Connecticut Volunteer Infantry during the Civil war and his great uncle took a hand in the Mexican war. An ancestor also fought for American independence so that good old English fighting blood still runs riot in the family. Corporal Ward himself came within one of being born on Independence Day but his anxiety to be present at muster and inspection on

July 3, 1877, made him decline postponing the event for twenty-four hours. The event occurred in Hartford. It is doubtful if Corporal Ward would again enlist, in case of another war, and run the risk of being deprived of his tobacco, for the indications are that black powder in the next war will be totally discarded and the men ordered to use nothing, but smoke less.



CORPORAL THEODORE GRUENER.

I must to the barber's, for methinks I am marvelously hairy about the face, (June 10.)—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

This thorough going soldier, who served his ten years apprenticeship in military matters in the New Haven Grays and the Governor's Foot Guard, was born in New York city thirty-nine years ago while his parents were temporarily living there. For many years, however, he has been engaged in merchantile business in New Haven. Corporal Gruener's grandfather, the first of his ancestors to become an American citizen, took part in one of the European revolutions so frequent in the first half of the present century, for which he suffered a long imprisonment. Upon being released he settled in America.



CORPORAL WILLIAM F. CAMPBELL.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young.
—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

This one, then, was caught young but how old he now is the writer has, as they say in legal parlance, "no knowledge or information on the subject sufficient to form a belief." New York city, however, was his birth-place and Scotch and Irish blood percolates through his capillaries. Corporal Campbell also had some relatives in the Civil war.

CORPORAL WILLIAM W. LOW.

I am monarch of all I survey.

—*Cowper.*

Another good soldier and a civil engineer came from the New Haven Grays to Company K, when Corporal Low joined the First Regiment and, like Corporal Gruener, he too was sorely disappointed in seeing other New England regiments, that both might have joined, sent to the front and the regiment of their choice broken up and kept near home. Corporal Low was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, twenty-eight years ago and came to New Haven not long after, graduating from Sheffield Scientific School as civil engineer. He had a grandfather and two uncles in the Civil war and an ancestor in the Revolutionary war. He was a member of the New Haven Grays three years.



CORPORAL FREDERICK L. APPLETON.

I cannot rest from travel. I will drink life to the lees.

—*Tennyson.*

About twenty-two years ago during the first Cuban insurrection a volunteer presented himself at Chelsea, Massachusetts, for examination and the surgeon present signed the following: "I hereby certify that I have inspected the above named volunteer and that in my opinion he is qualified to perform the duties of a soldier." This volunteer was Corporal Appleton and the surgeon made no mistake in certifying to his soldierly qualities, then, however but slightly developed. His father, Captain Thomas L. Appleton of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, served in the Civil war as well as did an uncle in the navy. Since coming to Hartford, Corporal Appleton has been in the office of the Pope Manufacturing Company, but is still full of unrest and anxious to travel.

CORPORAL EDWARD F. SANDERSON.

He is the sweetest of all singers.

—*Hiawatha*.

Cast thine emigrants upon the Western Reserve and their descendants shall return to Connecticut after many days. Moses Cleveland, a Connecticut surveyor, nearly a century ago, laid out the city of Cleveland, Ohio, and now one of his sons returns to Connecticut to try and lay out the Spaniards. Would that this descendant of Moses had succeeded. Instead, however, Corporal Sanderson has energetically resumed his studies at the Hartford Theological Seminary and, like Moses, is stretching out his hand towards all that is to be read. See! He is twenty-four years of age, has Scotch blood in his circulatory system, and a fine bass voice in his throat.



MUSICIAN HENRY P. CAMP.

The trumpets loud clangor
Excites us to arms.

—*Dryden*.

Trumpter Camp has always lived in the city of his birth, Hartford. Some twenty-three years ago he first began sounding calls, usually at un-dress parade, and a certain style about him soon caused his commandant to do away with dresses, altogether. So, this "young man" has ever since worn trousers. He is a machinist by trade. His ancestors were Scotch and English, some of whom fought in the Revolutionary war. Three uncles also took part in the Civil war.



MUSICIAN ROBERT R. ASHWELL.

Drummer, strike up and let us march away.

—*Henry VI*.

Musician Ashwell, after exhibiting considerable diffidence in the matter, finally drummed up courage to appear at Bloomfield, Connecticut, some nineteen years ago. One of his first

acts was to answer the call "To arms" and later, when the company there assembled had been dismissed, he too immediately fell out, out of his cradle. Musician Ashwell is a cabinet maker by trade and doubtless will be called upon, soon, to form a cabinet for the president. His blood is wholly English and American and some of his ancestors served in the American Revolution. He also had relatives in the Civil war.



ARTIFICIER GUY F. ROWLAND.

The great artificier of all that moves.

—*Cowper*.

Artificier Rowland is described by Webster as "a soldier-mechanic attached to the service and designed to be employed in the construction and repair of military material." The state quarter-master's department apparently intended to keep Artificier Rowland busy, judging from the number of guns, tents, etc., which, when issued, were out of repair. Private Rowland was born in Hartford twenty-four years ago, of American ancestors, some of whom served in both the Civil and Revolutionary wars.

Since the above was written, the true intent of the department, in issuing those perforated tents, has been disclosed. It was to dispose, in preference to other and better ones, of a lot of rotten, mildewed tents to the United States government, at full price—a bargain apparently justified because of its pecuniary benefit to the State of Connecticut. Now we know why it was we were compelled to seek shelter in such tentage, from the cold rains and sleet of the month of May. This seems the more unkind when we recall the fact that it was the act of an old veteran directed against a generation of younger ones.

WAGONER EDWARD F. AHERN.

We were two travelers, Jack and I;
 Jack's my dog.

—*The Vagabonds.*

Wagoner Ahern is a builder by trade. He began his profession in Hartford not far from twenty-four years ago, starting as a boy with building blocks till now, as a man, he is still building blocks. Before volunteering he had served five years in the Connecticut National Guard and upon the return of the regiment in September took Jack to his home and kindly cared for him till his death. (See Jack's biography.)



PRIVATE CHARLES D. BARROWS.

Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
 Nor whine out woes thine own right hand can heal.

—*Crabbe.*

Private Barrows was born at Farmington, Connecticut, in 1860, just before the breaking out of the Civil war. He joined the First Regiment, C. N. G. many years ago, serving one full term of five years in one of the New Britain companies. He is a machinist by trade but however thoroughly he understood the workings of an ordinary machine, his own physical system was out of repair most of the time, during the recent tour of duty.



PRIVATE WILLIAM R. BARBER.

He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk,
 He steps right onward, martial in his air,
 His form, his movement.

—*Cooper.*

Private Barber was born at Mooers, New York, eighteen years ago. His ancestry is American and he had relatives in both the Civil and Revolutionary wars. Though he had no previous

military experience, he carried himself like a true soldier, joining the company at Portland. He is an architect by profession, but realized the fact that if he volunteered and gave up his own draughting, Uncle Sam would be less likely to have to do any.



PRIVATE ALFRED BARKER.

"Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,

"Small beers have grace, great tanks do grow apace."

—*Richard III.*

Private Barker is, by profession, a dentist, having early in life displayed peculiar interest in the care of teeth by cutting his own. This was not far from eighteen years ago. He was born of American parents and has always lived in Hartford. He had a cousin in the Civil war but does not recall that any ancestor took part in the Mexican or Revolutionary wars.



PRIVATE GEORGE G. BEAUCHAMP.

I thought upon one pair of English legs

Did march three Frenchmen

—*Henry V.*

"Gay Paree" gave birth to this member of Company K some twenty-one years ago but Hartford, though said not to be so gay a city, in time became the home of Private Beauchamp's adoption. An uncle served in the Civil war. Private Beauchamp is a blacksmith by trade and his willingness to serve and become a part of his adopted country in time of war indicates the welding is complete.



PRIVATE MERTON W. BASSETT.

I am a soldier and hence unapt to weep

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

—*Henry VI.*

This member of Company K had four relatives in the American Revolution, five uncles in the Civil war, was himself

a Hartford member of the Connecticut National Guard for three years and a half and yet was not satisfied to rest on his arms with this record behind him. Being a watchmaker by profession, he could not resist winding up his military career by striking a blow for Cuba. For this act and others he seems in no danger of running down in the favorable opinion of his friends. Private Bassett was born in Bristol, Connecticut, twenty-six years ago.



PRIVATE HENRY E. BRYANT.

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this, our sleeper, feed,
That he has grown so great.

—*Julius Caesar.*

Twenty years ago Private Bryant woke up in Hartford and has managed, in one way or another, to keep awake considerable of the time since. He served in the Connecticut National Guard two years and his father before him saw nearly five years service, in the infantry and artillery, during the Civil war. His ancestors were all English. Private Bryant is in the insurance business and being such a good eater and sleeper is put down as a first class risk.



PRIVATE WILLIAM E. BRIGHAM.

Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn,
Lo, all things can be borne.

—*Elizabeth Akers.*

That tired feeling first took possession of the subject of this sketch early in life, some nineteen years ago, and has never completely let go since. Middletown, Connecticut is the place of his birth but Hartford now calls him her own. At present, Private Brigham is resting from the fatigues of Falls Church. He had two uncles in the Civil war and he traces his blood back to Scotch ancestry.

PRIVATE WILLIAM H. BROWN.

Your hero should be always tall, you know.

—*Churchill.*

This one first scanned the breadth and extent of the British Empire from the top of Brierly Hill, Staffordshire, England and has been trying to take a broader and broader view of this little earth ever since. Private Brown is now a sign writer and no modern sky scraper is much beyond his reach. He was a member of the Press Cadets at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, for two years before joining Company K.



PRIVATE DWIGHT E. BROWN.

Worthy fellow; and like to prove most sinewy swordsman.

—*All's well that ends well.*

Private Brown was born at Simsbury, Connecticut, at a very early age. He took to arms from the first and presented a very soldierly bearing at his first annual inspection. He joined the company at Portland and stood by till the last when he fell sick with the fever, as so many others did. His business is that of clerk.



PRIVATE FRANCIS C. BURNELL.

What, is Brutus sick ;
Or will he steal out of his disordered tent,
Avoid the drill, on which he is not bent.

—*Julius Caesar*

Private Burnell was born at Rocky Hill, Connecticut, nineteen years ago. He is now a student with his home in Hartford where he was once a member of the West Middle Cadets. He had ancestors in the Revolutionary war on both sides of the house and some near relatives served in the Civil war. Private Burnell has now fully recovered from a long and severe illness, the culmination of periodical fits of ill health which seemed to follow him through the entire term of service.

PRIVATE JOSEPH BURNELL.

'Tis the soldiers life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

—*Othello.*

Private Burnell is, by birth, a Canadian, having been born at Montreal in 1870. He came to Hartford later in life and learned the trade of polisher. Possibly this explains the cause why so many balmy slumbers at Camp Alger were waked with strife. The polisher, in trying to wear off the rudeness and rusticity of his tent mates, created considerable friction—in other words, strife. In the morning, however, on the surface all was smooth and serene.



PRIVATE HENRY L. BORLAND.

What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

—*Drummond.*

Twenty-two years ago, at Yonkers New York, Private Borland quietly took his place in line and if he cried at all it was to simply say "Here." His father served as captain in the Civil war, descending from good old fighting Scotch blood. Private Borland is a machinist, employed in Hartford and living at Thompsonville.



PRIVATE ARCHIE L. CANNON.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

—*Tennyson.*

No one blundered, however, when Private Cannon was proposed for membership of Company K, nearly five years ago, nor has this Cannon ever thundered since, though he came near saying, "By thunder" at Portland once, when his

fingers were split open trying to catch what he claimed was Cannon's ball. Private Cannon was born at Russell, Massachusetts, twenty-four years ago of English ancestry. An uncle served through the Civil war.



PRIVATE FRANK J. CADWELL.

Turn, turn my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound.

—Longfellow.

Those large "loving" eyes of Private Cadwell first opened, and took a sort of peep sight as it were, at Elmwood, Connecticut, nineteen years ago. Ever since they have been peeping into the hearts of the "enemy" but have never yet caught sight of a Spaniard, much to his regret and ours. His father served in the Civil war in an Ohio regiment. His ancestral blood is a mixture of Scotch and English. Private Cadwell is also widely known as a record breaking wheelman.



PRIVATE ROBERT A. CASE.

Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.

—Rock me to sleep.

Private Case (R. A.) still survives in the town of his birth, East Hartford, though he expresses a strong desire to be buried elsewhere. May no spot on earth, however, receive his (cigarette) ashes for several scores of years at least. Corporal Austin A. Case, an uncle, served in the Twenty-first Connecticut during the Civil war and another uncle was in the Union cavalry. Private Case also had ancestors in the Revolutionary war and that of 1812. English and Scotch blood mingle in his make up. "Mother" Case, as he was familiarly called, had been a member of Company K nearly two years. Though a good soldier, Private Case always disliked that general order which compelled him to salute all colors or standards and officers not Cased.

PRIVATE WILLIAM O. CASE.

Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain of Cynthia.

—*Keats.*

Private William O. Case was born at Granby, Connecticut, thirty years ago, his paternal ancestors coming from the state of his birth and his maternal from the state of Maine. An uncle died of fever while with his regiment in Virginia during the Civil war. His great-grandfather also fought in the Revolutionary war. While the poet seems to think blue is the natural domain of Cynthia, as Private Case was familiarly called, the members rarely if ever found him in that condition. For several years he has been stenographer for the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company. Private Case is such a capital fellow a printer would say he came from the upper case.



PRIVATE HENRY H. CHAMBERLIN.

A Rose my red, red Rose!
Where has thy beauty fled?

—*A Red Rose.*

Private Chamberlin was one of the smaller members of the company and necessarily, from early childhood, he always had a short memory. For instance, he failed, early in life, to observe his general orders in not walking in a military manner and it is said, he did not report every breach of his trousers which he had busted by force. He was born in Hartford twenty-two years ago and joined the company at Portland. His occupation is that of bookkeeper.



PRIVATE LAWRENCE A. CONVERSE.

FIRST SERGEANT.—“How does your patient, doctor.”

RATHBUN.—“Not so sick, my lord,

As he is troubled with thick-coming fancies” (just before drill.)

—*Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 3.*

Private Converse has lived in Hartford much longer than many of the shorter members of the company. In fact, there

may have been something about his birth-place, Long Meadow, Massachusetts, to cause him to live so long or rather, grow so tall. He first began to complain of not feeling well some nineteen years ago but has had spells of being in good health ever since. He had three uncles in the Civil war.



PRIVATE HOWARD S. CLAPP.

May that soldier a recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love.

—*Shakespeare.*

Another Massachusetts man, born at Hanam, twenty-one years since, and now night watchman at the Hotel Adams, Worcester, Massachusetts. He takes pride in the Yankee blood, undiluted, that courses through his system and may well mention the fact that an uncle served with Custer in the Indian wars. Private Clapp's experience with Company K was his first military venture, thus showing his love for his country, at least, by volunteering.



PRIVATE MINOTT C. DENNISTON.

Nightly sings the staring owl, To-who
Tu-wit, to-who, a merry note

—*Love's Labour Lost.*

In the Revolutionary war Private Denniston had a great-grandfather. In the Civil war his father and an uncle saw service and the son saw to it that his generation should not be unrepresented in this war. He was born in Washingtonville, Orange County, New York in 1872, and is, by trade, a civil engineer. He was also one of the quartet of sweet singers in the Denison tent at Camp Alger, filling as a civil engineer might express it, the part, not exactly of a gunner's but of a soldier's quadrant.

PRIVATE FRANK E. DENISON.

How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just than less sage.

—*Moore.*

Now we come to some fighting stock from 'way back.

From a full blooded Norman, possibly one of those who came over and fought with William the Conqueror, there has descended a line of Denisons to be proud of. First there was a Denison in both the Revolutionary and the Mexican wars; then George E. Denison, father of Frank and "Fritz," served all through the Civil War and now his two sons make the same offer for this. Surely the Denisons are hot stuff. Frank is twenty-six years old and was born and has always lived in Hartford.



PRIVATE FREDERIC R. DENISON.

Stay, little cheerful Robin! Stay,
And at thy window sing.

—*Wordsworth.*

The English poet when he penned those words, possibly with a prophetic eye, saw "Fritz," sitting at the window in his little pine arbor at Camp Alger and heard the fine harmony that came from the throats of the male quartet within. If Wordsworth didn't hear, the writer at least did, many and many a night, much to his delight. What is true of Frank's fighting blood is also to be said of Fritz's. Both are associated with their father, a contractor and builder, who by frequent visits to camp followed the fortunes of Company K closer than a brother. Fritz is twenty-three years old.



PRIVATE HOWARD L. DICKINSON.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

—*Goldsmith*

Company K seemed to want little men judging from the fact that two or three fours of short men were welcomed to its

ranks. Nor was there ever a time when the company wanted those little men long. The "little runts" got there every time, short as they were and "Little Dickey" was always among the number. His first appearance among little folks was at Marlborough, Connecticut, nineteen years ago and East Hartford is now his home. His father served in the Civil war, his ancestors coming from England and Scotland. Private Dickinson's business was that of window dresser at Fox & Co.'s dry good store.



PRIVATE CLARENCE J. DRISCOLL.

He bears a duke's revenue on his back
And in his heart he scorns our poverty.

—*Henry VI.*

Private Driscoll, in the Civil War, had a father, grand-father and two uncles—a pretty good record for one family. The son's record in this war was all right, too. He dropped the business of selling yeast and tried to raise the standard of the company by enlisting under its flag. Down at the kitchen, they say at mess he was like unto an oven into which he took and hid three measures of rations at a meal, till the whole supply was leveled. Furthermore, he had one advantage over the other members in their quiet little games at Camp Alger, to wit: He always knew how to raise the dough. The "Duke" is traveling salesman for the Fleischmann Yeast Company.



PRIVATE JONATHAN E. ENO.

Farewell! Eno's fighting occupation 's gone.

—*Othello*

Private Eno comes of unadulterated American ancestry, all his forefathers having come to this country previous to 1700. He had two great-grand-fathers in the Revolutionary war and his father, Captain Eno, was provost marshal during the Civil

war. He was born some twenty years ago, in the old town of Simsbury, Connecticut, and was brought up in a farming community, first acquiring, in his very early childhood, the art of milking.



PRIVATE EDWARD C. FOWLER.

Surely, He shall deliver us from the snare of the fowler.

—*Psalm 91:5.*

If Company K had no more to fear from the noisome pestilence of Camp Alger than from the snare of this fowler, the command would have feared nothing. A more reliable member was not in the company. He descended from English and Dutch ancestors, had a great-grand-father in the War of 1812 and an uncle in the Civil war. Private Fowler was born at Cornwall, Connecticut and his home is now in Bloomfield.



PRIVATE ALFRED M. FISHER.

Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord.

—*Jeremiah 16: 16.*

Four years under military instruction at Paris, France, was the experience of Private Fisher previous to joining Company K and this went far towards excusing him from the schooling necessary in the awkward squad. He was born at Syracuse, New York, twenty-three years ago and will make New York City his future home. By trade he is an electrician.



PRIVATE ALBERT C. FULTON.

Give him great meals of beef and iron and steel, he will eat like a wolf and fight like a devil.

—*Henry V.*

About the time that the great general of the Civil war was upon the point of leaving the presidential chair, another

soldier of equal greatness, in some respects, presented himself for military duty at Indianapolis, Indiana. This was Private Fulton who, as the writer knows, is as big-hearted as others in the company think him, a great-eater. He is now a student at the Hartford Theological Seminary. Both his father and grandfather served in the Civil war.



PRIVATE FRANK E. FULLER.

It takes a fuller to groove a bayonet.

—Webster.

When the Mayflower landed in 1620, Company K was represented, in embryo, in the form of the Scotch and English ancestors of Private Fuller. Later, an ancestor fought for American Independence; still later, in the war of 1812, a great uncle took a hand and in the Civil war three uncles served their country, one as first sergeant in the Twenty-fifth Connecticut. Private Fuller was born at Odel, Illinois, twenty-three years ago, now lives at Windsor, Connecticut and has turned his hand both to dentistry and carpentering, pulling teeth and drawing nails.



PRIVATE HENRY C. GILLETTE.

A better soldier never couched lance;

A gentler heart did never sway in camp.

—Henry VI.

At the age of nineteen, this lovable lad is found serving his country in time of war, the supreme act which can fall to the lot of any man to perform. He had relatives in the Civil and ancestors in the Revolutionary wars but had, himself, no previous military experience. His ancestors were French and English. Private Gillette was born in Hartford and is now in the office of the Pope Manufacturing Company.

PRIVATE JAMES P. HYNES.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
In the cause of humanity, if our creeds agree.

—*Moore.*

Private Hynes was born at Borris, County Dublin, Ireland, nineteen years ago. He came to this country several years since and settled in Hartford. Besides undergoing the fortunes of a soldier, he has experienced many other ups and downs in life. He runs the elevator at the Linden. An uncle served in the Civil war.



PRIVATE HENRY H. HALL.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
What plaguy fever and mishap
Do dog him as an after-clap.

—*Hudibras*

Private Hall, by his military bearing, exhibited the effects of three years training at the Riverview Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, New York. An uncle served in the regular army during the Civil war, ranking as lieutenant colonel, and an ancestor fought for American Independence. Private Hall's maternal ancestors were north of Ireland folk and his paternal ancestors came to this country before 1650. He is twenty years of age, was born at Short Hills, New Jersey, and is now clerk in the insurance agency of his father, James P. Hall, who, by frequent visits and opportune offerings, remembered Company K more than once in its hour of need. After his return home Private Hall fell sick with the prevailing fever.



PRIVATE WILLIAM H. HATTON.

To be slow in words is only a virtue.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Private Hatton was born at Yonkers, New York twenty-five years ago. Before he had left his cradle he had learned his

general orders, or some of them. At night he always exercised the greatest vigilance and long before broad daylight was challenging persons seen around or near his bed post. His ancestors were pure English. Hartford is his home, where he is employed with the Pope Manufacturing Company.



PRIVATE EDGAR G. HAYDEN.

My long sickness
Of health and living, now begins to mend.

—*Timon of Athens.*

Private Hayden was born in East Hartford about twenty-one years ago, and still continues to make that town his home. He had two years of previous military experience in a military school, and had relatives or ancestors in both the Civil and the Revolutionary wars. He has not as yet recovered sufficiently from his long sickness to warrant his undertaking any business.



PRIVATE JAMES D. HENDERSON.

Then and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being, little.

—*Henry VIII.*

This member in the ranks of the "little runts" comes of Scottish blood. In the city of Hartford he first took his place at the left of the line, where all little folks are told to be seen and not heard (they are not ashamed to be seen, either—ask any one of the little runts). Private Henderson has always lived in Hartford, and is a pressman by trade.



PRIVATE EBEN C. HOLLIS.

Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet.

—*Spanish Student.*

Private Hollis awoke from his first trance twenty-one years ago at Worthington, Massachussetts. Since he came, as

a builder, to help build up Hartford, as a rule he has successfully resisted the tendency to fall into the hypnotic state. He served two years in Company K before volunteering, and had an uncle who served in the Civil war. He is of the firm of D. W. Hollis & Son, builders.



PRIVATE ROBERT M. HUMPHREY.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength.
—*Measure for Measure.*

Private Humphrey was born in Burlington, Connecticut, twenty-four years ago, descending from sturdy English and Welsh ancestry. He had two uncles and a cousin who served in the Civil war, but knows of none taking part in the Mexican or Revolutionary wars. He had no previous military experience, but Holyday aptly describes Private Humphrey when he says his "strength must be either of love or war." We will call it war.



PRIVATE EDWARD W. JUDSON.

Let us sing by the camp fire
Ever higher,
Sing till the night expire.
—*Longfellow.*

Here is a member whose ancestors were Connecticut Yankees from 'way back. Private Judson, himself, was born at Woodbury, Connecticut, twenty-four years ago. He had had some experience at a military academy before volunteering. His profession is that of an electrician but Company K will remember him as a sweet singer—long remember him as the tallest of the Denison quartet, so tall, in fact, that he could easily carry the air, however high the notes. Hartford is his home.

PRIVATE WILLIAM C. JOHNSON.

Brother should not war with brother
But worry and devour some other.

—*Cooper.*

Private Johnson was born at Newton, Massachusetts, the birthplace of his brother, Corporal Johnson. He also went to war with him but did not war with him, as the poet seems to think brothers some times do. Private Johnson had several years experience in the Connecticut National Guard. His uncle, Major J. B. Bell, served in the Civil war. "Will" is now perpetual inventory clerk at Pope's. May he occupy the position so long as perpetual inventories exist. He is twenty-four years of age.



PRIVATE EDWARD G. KOBER.

Thanks to the gods! My boy has done his duty.

—*Addison.*

Private Kober, a post office messenger, volunteered with the other recruits and, as in the case of Private Sarvan, another post office messenger, not long after the coming of these messengers Santiago surrendered and the peace protocol was signed. They seem to have both been messengers of peace, then, and we can now sing, in the words of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul,"

"How blessed are the messengers that teach them (the Spaniards) the gospel of peace." Private Kober delivered his first message, announcing to his happy parents his safe arrival, about eighteen years ago, in the city of Hartford. He had a grand-father in the Civil war and a great uncle in the Mexican war.



PRIVATE ROBERT KIRKLEY.

Both plain and without pomp
And rich without show.

—*Dryden.*

Private Kirkley's biographical data are as brief as his previous military experience was short. He says he had had no

military experience whatever before joining the awkward squad. We must take his word for it, though he quickly caught on to the manual and movements afterwards. He was born in England twenty-three years ago.



PRIVATE JOHN B. KNOX, JR.

A polished perturbation! Sleep with it now!
He, whose brow, with homely night-cap bound,
Snores out the watch of night!

—*Henry IV.*

When Shakespeare thus referred to King Henry, could he have also had in mind the polished snorer of Company K? Possibly, for he exclaims, "Sleep with it!" as if the very thought was a nightmare. But this can be said to the credit of Company K's snorer. Like Macbeth, one who can so constantly murder sleep is not afraid to fight. Private Knox is nineteen years of age, was born of Scotch and French ancestors, and always lived in Hartford; had five years' experience as a West Middle cadet and one year in the Connecticut National Guard, and is now in the insurance business.



PRIVATE MYER LANDERMAN.

This disturber of our sleep
Buzzes in the people's ear.

—*Shakespeare.*

Private Landerman is of Hebrew blood, was born in Russia eighteen years ago, and later was engaged in making bicycles in Hartford. As a disturber of the peaceful sleep of the people of Camp Alger, there is considerable discord of opinion, and the final decision must be left to his tent mates. His military experience, up to the time of volunteering, was as a cadet at the Good Will Club. Since being mustered out he has joined Company C, First U. S. Infantry, and was ordered to Cuba.

PRIVATE OTIS D. MARION.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast.

—*The Silent Woman*

Private Marion has succeeded in tracing his paternal ancestry back to France and his maternal back to England. His success in that line of work possibly may have had its effect in securing him the position of tracing clerk for the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., which position he now holds. He has been a member—one of the neatest dressed members—of Company K for two years. He was born at North Woburn, Massachusetts, twenty-one years ago and now lives in East Hartford. In the Revolutionary war, Private Marion had an ancestor.



PRIVATE EUGENE T. MARVEL.

I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
But now I am returned and that war—thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

An electrical worker, born at Rocky Hill, Connecticut, and now a resident of Hartford; French paternal ancestor and English maternal; a father in the Civil war and a maternal ancestor in the Revolutionary. Such, in brief, is the biographical sketch of Private Marvel, now in his eighteenth year.



PRIVATE MICHAEL E. McGRATH.

I smelt roast meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
A cook in motion, with his clean arms bared.

—*Don Juan*.

Private McGrath, the company cook, had five years' experience in the regular army, in the far west, before joining Company K. He was born at Windsor Locks, Connecticut,

in 1865, and is now employed at Ingraham, Swift & Co.'s beef establishment, where, because of Mac's modesty, the men handle all the hind-quarters of beef and legs of mutton, dressed. The writer can add nothing as to the capabilities of Private McGrath as company cook. The unanimous opinion of the members of the company, as expressed in another part of this history, is the highest tribute that can be paid him.



PRIVATE JOHN MCKONE

Death is the universal salt of states,
Blood is the base of all things—law and war.

—*Bailey.*

This student of the law hoped, in common with the rest of the company, to also become versed in the art of war but like the others was disappointed. He returned at once to the study of law at Washington, D. C. upon coming home from Camp Alger. Private McKone is twenty years of age and was born at Hartford where his home still is. An uncle, during the Civil war, died in that hell, Andersonville prison.



PRIVATE ROBERT A. MCKEE.

“Is there no hope” the sick man said,
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee tomorrow.

—*The Sick Man and the Angel.*

Private McKee is a drug clerk, twenty-three years of age, and during the company's tour of duty, was detailed as a member of the hospital corps where he served efficiently. His home is in Hartford and he is of Scotch ancestry. He also had relatives in the Civil war. Though a drug clerk, Private McKee's duties at Camp Alger and later at Niantic were far from being so slight as to cause him to exclaim with Byron “with pleasure drugged, I almost long for woe.”

PRIVATE JAMES McLAUGHLIN.

Among common folk the law of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty.
—*Froude.*

Private McLaughlin was born in Hartford and at the age of twenty-one made the greatest offer that lies within the power of man to make—his life for his country. His ancestors were Irish. Private McLaughlin is now engaged as salesman in Hartford.



PRIVATE PETER J. MOLLOY.

Wisely and slow! They stumble that run fast.
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Private Molloy was born on the "old sod" twenty-two years ago and he never has let the grass grow under him since, neither while escaping from court martial at Portland nor while running the private canteen at Camp Alger. His nearest relatives in the Civil war were cousins. His business is that of waiter.



PRIVATE JAMES L. MORAN.

Maintain your post; that's all the fame you need.
—*Dryden.*

Private Moran had some experience with munitions of war before enlisting, having been employed in a cartridge factory at Bridgeport, Connecticut. He was born at Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1877, of Irish ancestors and had an uncle who served in the Civil war. Private Moran was one of the faithful recruits, of whom Burke says, "The state is to have recruits to its strength and remedies to its distempers," but, like some other members of the company, Private Moran himself fell a victim to the prevailing "distemper," typhoid fever, luckily, however, recovering after a time.

PRIVATE JEREMIAH MORGAN.

We came into this world like brother and brother ;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

—*Comedy of Errors.*

Here is another son of Ireland ready to fight for the country of his adoption. Private Morgan was born in Ireland twenty-two years ago, and came to this country with his brother, Joseph, both of whom were among the stalwart recruits that joined the company at Portland. Since coming to this country Private Morgan has been employed as watchman, which, possibly, accounts for his readiness at Camp Alger in answering "All's well" when the call, in biblical language, was, "Watchman, what of the night."



PRIVATE JOSEPH MORGAN.

The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

—*Macauley.*

Private Morgan, like his brother, Jeremiah, offered to fight for his adopted country, and both alike were disappointed in not reaching the front. Joseph was also born in Ireland nineteen years ago. Since coming to this country he has acted as "elevatorer," an occupation which consists in lifting men till they become tipsy, if we may believe Walter Scott, who tells of the "elevated cavalier" who "sent for two tubs of merry stingo."



PRIVATE REUBEN H. MORLEY.

A-sleep-in' Jesus, blessed sleep.

—*Sacred Hymn.*

Private Morley was born at Saginaw, Michigan, twenty-two years ago, where he has since lived. He entered Yale, but gave up his course of study when the war broke out.

When the company was sent to Portland Private Morley, in his effort to get nearer the firing line, succeeded in getting transferred to the 32nd Michigan, then stationed in Florida. There he remained with his regiment, however, till November 10, when the regiment was mustered out. "My transfer," he writes, "did not get me to the front, as I so fondly hoped, and, needless to say, I am pretty sore." Private Morley is of English descent and had relatives in both the Revolutionary and Civil wars.



PRIVATE EDMUND P. NUNAN.

I will attend my mate, be his nurse;
Diet his sickness, for it is my office.

—*Comedy of Errors.*

Private Nunan was born at Terryville, Connecticut, twenty-seven years ago and is now clerk in the dry goods store of Brown, Thomson & Company, Hartford. His ancestors were Irish and, like many of that hot fighting blood, if Private Nunan could have got at the Spanish army there would have been a terrible mix up. The gentler side of his nature, however, had an opportunity to assert itself when Private Walsh fell sick at Camp Alger with the fever, for then it was that Private Nunan stayed behind and nursed him like a mother.



PRIVATE EDWARD M. OVIATT.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Private Oviatt has used a pen. He is a newspaper man. Immediately upon the arrival of a certain Hartford newspaper at Camp Alger one afternoon in August, an order was issued compelling the members of the regiment to vote upon the question of coming home and being mustered out. For fuller details

as to the cause of this mighty commotion at regimental headquarters see the daily doings of the company as recorded in The Diary. Private Oviatt was born at New Britain, Connecticut, twenty-four years ago, of maternal Scotch ancestors. His father and uncle served in the Civil war.



PRIVATE GEORGE E. PATTISON.

Fair fighter, with ironlike legs spread out,
And blood-extracting fist and mighty arm.

—*Bryant.*

With paternal ancestors from Scotland and maternal ones from Ireland, is it to be wondered at, the Herculean result of such heredity. Private Pattison fails to give his age but it is safe to presume he is no older than he used to be. He had an uncle in the Civil war but none in the other American conflicts so far as he knows. He was born at Simsbury, Connecticut.



PRIVATE JOHN B. PERRY.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

—*Milton.*

Private Perry was formerly a member of the Naval Reserve at New Haven but had had no previous experience in the National Guard. He was born at East Norwalk, Connecticut, nineteen years ago and now lives in New Haven where he is employed in a buckle shop. His ancestors were French but none of the present French love for the Spaniard survives in his make-up. Like the other members of the company, he willingly served his country though it was but to stand guard at Camp Alger and wait, only to be ordered back home.

PRIVATE ALFRED B. PIMM.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 First orderly, then private, always looking for fight.

Henry V.

Private Pimm, besides his three years in the National Guard, has done more camping since than any member of the company, Trumpeter Camp not excepted. First he went to Niantic, then Knox; then Preble and Niantic again and finally Alger and back to Niantic. For further information in regard to his experiences in going "from camp to camp, through the foul womb of night," see his article further along in this history. Private Pimm was born at Newington, Connecticut, twenty-three years ago, and had an uncle in the Civil war. He is now stenographer at Stedman & Redfield's. This is understood to be a life position, as he is kept constantly busy taking down, in shorthand, the excuses being made by one member of the firm, why he didn't go to the front.



PRIVATE JAMES H. POTTER.

We are the clay, thou our potter.

—Isaiah 64:8.

Private Potter is a Southerner by birth, first reciting his general orders at Atlanta, Georgia, possibly as a member of the Gate City Guards. This was twenty-one years ago. For several years he made his home in Hartford and is now located at Suffield.

He is a bookkeeper by occupation. When the prophet Isaiah spoke of our Potter and of the rest of us as being the clay, he had in mind Virginia clay, no doubt. During the water famine at Camp Alger, to be sure, it was pretty hard to say which was clay and which was Potter. For that matter, we were all clay, most of us, from head to foot.

PRIVATE EDWARD H. RATHBUN.

If they cannot cut, it may be said,
His saws are toothless and his knives are lead.
—*Pope.*

The 'doctor' was born at Oswego, New York, some thirty-five years ago, and is now engaged in the printing business in Hartford. His ancestry was English and he had some relatives in the Civil war, just how near the writer is unable to state. Private Rathbun had no previous military experience and was detailed to the hospital corps soon after the regiment went out, where he served efficiently.



PRIVATE WILLIAM A. ROBERTS.

Small service is true service.
—*Wordsworth.*

Private Roberts, another one of the recruits, served his country well, though his term of service was not so long. He was born in Hartford eighteen years ago, and, in answer to the question as to his present occupation, replies "draughtsman." Webster makes a distinction among draughtsmen: some are skilled in the execution of drawings; others, he says, drink drams. In which class Private Roberts intended himself to be placed is not a matter of serious doubt. The statement that he drinks drams without any scruples must be taken with several grains of salt.



PRIVATE HERBERT E. ROOT.

Let us leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method.
—*Richard III.*

Private Root is a native of Connecticut, having first shown an interest in land by taking root at West Suffield twenty-three years ago. While, at first, as an infant, he observed his general

orders to this extent, that he held conversation with no one, in time he became sufficiently interested in military matters to offer himself as a volunteer. He, too, was one of the many who fell sick with the fever upon returning home.



PRIVATE WILLIAM H. ROGERS.

Every one is the architect of his own fortune.

—*Pseudo-Sallust.*

Private Rogers is an architect, in business in Hartford. He was born in South Windsor, Connecticut, of English ancestors. His father served in the Civil war as engineer on the flagship Hartford. He also had a great-grandfather in the American Revolution. Private Rogers served as a member of the First Company Governor's Horse Guards before volunteering.



PRIVATE HERBERT J. RIPLEY.

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

Cassius probably got that lean and hungry look doing the skirmish and other drills four or five hours a day in the hot sun at Camp Alger. At least, if he didn't others did. The Cæsar at Camp Alger, unlike the other ambitious one, did not seem to want men about him that were fat. The fat was tried out of them trying to get them to Cuba.

Private Ripley, however, since his recovery from the fever, appears to have succeeded in getting rid of his lean if not hungry look very well. He was born at Unionville, Connecticut, is twenty-two years old, and is a telegraph operator by occupation.

PRIVATE ANTHONY J. SANDNER.

He did look far into the service of the time,
And was disciplined of the bravest."

—*All's Well That Ends Well.*

An Austrian by birth and a piano-maker by profession, Private Sandner played well his part. Before volunteering he had served in the Connecticut Naval Reserve from New Haven, where his home now is. He joined the company at Portland with the other recruits. Engaged as he was in manufacturing musical instruments, when the Maine was blown up and every Spaniard to a man denied complicity in the matter, then it was that Private Sandner gave up hammering at pianos and, like Apollo, turned to strike the liar.



PRIVATE ERNEST A. SCHARPER.

Like hungry guests, a standing company looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks.

—*The Way to Win Him.*

Private Scharper's chief claim in the book of fame is as "Mac's" right-hand man in the kitchen, where he served long and well. Next to "Mac," no other man deserved so well of the company. They both strove to win the good will of the men by studying the lesson every good housekeeper must learn, to wit: "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Private Scharper, besides being a good cook, is incidentally a poet, at times. He is twenty-four years old, was born at Hartford of German ancestors, but says his previous military experience was so slight he only knew what "rest" meant. His father served in the Civil war.



PRIVATE FRANK H. SARVAN.

The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commissioned to expound.

—*Dryden.*

Private Sarvan, before volunteering, was connected with the post office at Hartford as special delivery messenger. On

his return, he was appointed to a position inside the post office. He was born at Sufferns, New York, twenty years ago. His only previous military experience was as a member of the Boys' Brigade. Instead of coming with the recruits, had Private Sarvan joined the company during the first weeks of wet weather at Niantic and Portland, the company would have turned upon this post office messenger and, in the words of the Countess of Ronsillon, exclaimed, "What's the matter with this distempered messenger of wet."



PRIVATE CARL H. C. SCHULTS.

Heaven (or Schults) sent us good meat, but the devil sent some others, cooks.—*Garrick.*

Private Schults was detailed to the commissary while at Camp Alger, which may account for the good quality and quantity of rations issued to us. During the Civil war both his father and grandfather served their country, as the son and grandson has since done. Private Schults does not trace his ancestry farther back, claiming he is not accountable for antiquities. But he will say the blood of his ancestors was blue. He was born, he says, at Canton, Connecticut, twenty-two years, eleven months, two weeks, six days, eleven hours, thirty minutes, fifteen seconds and two ticks ago, so exact does the professional stenographer that he is become.



PRIVATE MAURICE B. SHEA.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay?
And the end of the wonderful one-hoss shay.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Private Shea is far from being a one-horse attachment, but is in himself a whole team and a horse to let. And as for

the attachment, they say Private Shea has formed such an attachment at South Portland that they can easily see his finish—in other words, the end of the wonderful Maurice B. Shea. May he never go

“To pieces, all at once,—
All at once and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.”

He was born at Hartford twenty years ago, of Irish ancestry.



PRIVATE JOHN A. SOBIERALSKI.

’Tis a petty kind of fame
At best, that comes of playing violins.
—*George Eliot.*

Private Sobieralski and his fiddle seem likely to become famous in the annals of the company, judging from the recent claim for damages presented to the company. But, nevertheless, the violin and the violinist aided materially in causing many a moment to pass pleasantly away during the twilight hours at Portland. Private Sobieralski was born at Brooklyn, New York, nineteen years ago, and still makes that city his home. His ancestors were German and Polish, and by profession he is an actor.



PRIVATE FREDERICK L. SHERMAN.

They serve best who best bear the mild yoke.
—*Milton.*

Private Sherman was born at New York City and now makes West Haven, Connecticut, his home, where he served for a time in the Naval Reserve. His father served in the Civil war and was confined in both Libby and other prisons of the Southern Confederacy. He comes of a family famous not only in the history of the state but nation as well.

PRIVATE GEORGE B. THAYER.

What a beard thou hast got! Thou hast
got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my
thill-horse, has on his tail.

Merchant of Venice.

Private Thayer was the oldest member of the company, having been born at Rockville, Connecticut, May 13, 1853. He had served seven years in Company K, going out some two years ago as sergeant. When the Maine was blown up and war seemed inevitable, he at once re-enlisted, asking only that he be allowed to remain a private, whatever else befell him. He was nearly through his three years' course at the Yale Law School when the regiment was ordered out. He had relatives in the Civil war and both paternal and maternal ancestors in the war of the American Revolution. Upon the return of the regiment he began the practice of law.



PRIVATE MICHAEL J. THOMPSON.

My voice is still for war.

—Addison.

Private Thompson was born at Fallins Naas, County Kildare, Ireland, twenty-six years ago, and after coming to this country made Hartford his home, where he is now engaged in the grocery business. He had a great-uncle in the Civil war and comes of fighting blood, or as Milton puts it, in writing of the people of Ireland, "The whole Irishry of rebels."



PRIVATE ROBERT K. VIBERT.

We relish him scarce more in the soldier than in the scholar.

—Othello.

Private Vibert was, for a time, occupied as teacher in the public schools about the state, but rather than continue in

the task of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," he preferred trying his hand at a little shooting himself and so enlisted. He was born at Unionville, Connecticut, of French and Scotch ancestors; and, besides the satisfaction which he has in having had a grandfather in the Mexican war, he had two uncles in the Civil war. He is a graduate of Yale.



PRIVATE THOMAS H. WALSH.

You are a worthy judge;
 You know the law; your exposition
 Hath been most sound.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

Private Walsh, though now a mere salesman with Brown, Thomson & Company, will figure in history as not only the great exponent of, but as the efficient instrument in the enforcement of the law at Portland. And it is doubtless true, also, that no member of the company who came under his searching investigation, from Marvel to Molloy, ever felt the water, cold and raw, with good opinion of his law. "Judge" Walsh was born in Hartford twenty-one years ago, having in his veins, from his father's ancestors, the blood of Irish martyrs, and from his mother's that of the Highland laddies. His father fought in the Civil war and the "Judge" mentions the fact, with some inward satisfaction, it would seem, that the son came within one of being in as many engagements as fell to the good fortune of his father. The writer cannot refrain from here mentioning the fact, though the "Judge" seems to dislike being reminded of it, that a brother of the "Judge" also had the good fortune to fight under Dewey at the battle of Manila.



PRIVATE ROY C. WEBSTER.

His slumber was an iron sleep—
 While fighting for his country.

—*The Iliad.*

Private Webster, for a time, was detailed as stenographer at regimental headquarters. He and Admiral Dewey are both

distinguished sons of the Green Mountain state, the only distinguishing difference in their service being this—while Dewey was blowing up Montejo, Webster was taking down Burdett. The effect was much the same in each case. Both detonations, as the Parisian chemist, Fourcroy, describes it, being accompanied “with considerable noise.” Private Webster is twenty-five years old, of English and Scotch ancestry, and is now stenographer at the Pratt & Whitney Company. He had an uncle in the Civil war and ancestors in the Revolutionary war and had served two years in Company K before volunteering. As a sound sleeper his tent mates say he had no equal.



PRIVATE PAUL L. WHEELLOCK.

Virginia answered: “O, my dear brother, the rays of the sun in the morning give me less joy than the sight of you.”

—*Paul and Virginia.*

The rays of sun down in Virginia, it is true, gave us all less joy, morning, noon or night, than the same rays up at Portland, and doubtless Paul and Virginia separated in this instance with far less lamentations than was the case so famous in fiction. Be that as it may, Private Paul has survived the wreck. He was born at Paterson, New Jersey, twenty-two years ago, of English ancestors, and some of his family relatives served in the Civil war, just whom the writer knoweth not. His home is in Hartford.



PRIVATE CHARLES B. WOLCOTT.

In worst extremes, and never on the perilous edge of battle.

—*Paradise Lost.*

This seems to have been the experience of not only Private Wolcott, but of many other members of the regiment. From the cool coast of Maine to the hot cornfields of Camp

Alger, and never once on the perilous edge of battle or anywhere near the edge—this was the common experience of all. Hold! The First Connecticut was once under orders to join the provisional expedition to Porto Rico, but it never joined. Private Wolcott was born in Hartford twenty-six years ago and his occupation is that of clerk.



PRIVATE ROY H. WILEY.

Who'er has gone thro' our company street,
Has seen a Butcher (Weyler) gazing at his meat.
—Hood.

Twenty-three years ago Private Wiley first started the growth of whiskers which, when cut in the approved style, made that remarkable resemblance, later, to that infamous author of the reconcentrados, "Butcher" Weyler. The beard first began its career at Wakefield, Massachusetts. Private Wiley's home is now in Hartford. He had an uncle in the Civil and lineal ancestors in both the Mexican and Revolutionary wars. He had been a member of Company K two years before volunteering.

In Memoriam.

PRIVATE IRVING DIMOCK.

God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs
I would not wish them to a fairer death.

—*Macbeth.*

Private Dimock, one of the recruits who joined the company at Portland, was the first to fall. He died at the home of his father on Vanderbilt Hill on the evening of Wednesday, September 21, while his comrades, little realizing his dangerous condition, were celebrating their last night in camp. He contracted typhoid fever at Camp Alger and was brought home, about three weeks before his death, with a number of other sick soldiers, his father making the arrangements for the transportation of the entire party to Hartford by special sleeping car. Medical skill and the tenderest care failed, however, to arrest the progress of Private Dimock's disease and, while the whole city was welcoming home the other members of the regiment, one home in Hartford was inconsolable with sorrow. Private Dimock was born at West Haven, Connecticut, and was twenty-five years of age, the oldest of five children. His father, President Ira Dimock of the Nonotuck Silk Company, for many years has owned the beautiful home on the summit of Vanderbilt Hill. An ancestor, Captain Shubael Dimock, was with Washington in crossing the Delaware and other maternal and paternal ancestors served in the Revolutionary war.

The funeral occurred on Saturday afternoon, September 23. The bearers were Corporals Silvernail, Sanderson, Campbell, Appleton and Gruener, and Privates Ahern, Fowler, Morgan and McGrath. Lieutenant Valentine was in command of the company and the firing party consisted of Corporal Carroll

and Privates Pattison, Marion, Humphrey, Gillette, Hollis, Brown, Denison and Bassett.

The escort proceeded to Cedar Hill after the services at the house and fired three volleys over the grave. Following this ceremony taps were sounded by Trumpeter Camp.



PRIVATE CHARLES D. GALE.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more.

—*Lady of the Lake.*

Private Gale joined the company at Portland, enlisting with the other recruits who came to fill the ranks of the company at that time. He was twenty-eight years of age and was born in New York City, where, for many years, he had been engaged as salesman. He contracted typhoid fever upon the arrival of the regiment at Niantic in September and was brought to the Hartford Hospital, where he died Friday, October 7. The remains were taken to Jamaica, New York, for burial, Captain Saunders, Corporal Carroll and Privates Bryant and Knox attending the funeral.



PRIVATE MERLIN A. PIERCE.

Sleep, soldier! Still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing,

—*Song of the Camp.*

Private Pierce, one of the twenty-five who in June helped to recruit the company up to 106 men, was born at Moria, New York, twenty-four years ago, and had been a teamster in that section for many years. He contracted typhoid fever, probably at Camp Alger, and, with nearly 100 soldiers, all suffering from the same disease, was brought to the Hartford Hospital soon after the regiment returned to Niantic. He died in that institution Tuesday, September 27.

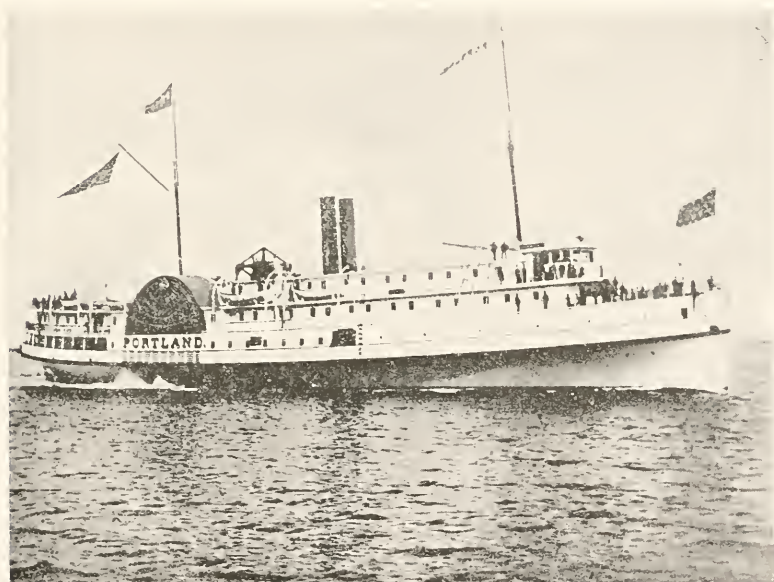
The remains were taken to Dickinson Center, New York, for burial, accompanied by Corporals Carroll and Campbell.

PRIVATE CHARLES A. TINKHAM.

Wild was the night; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand.

—Bryant.

Private Tinkham lost his life on the steamer Portland, wrecked off Cape Cod in the gale and snow of Saturday night, November 26, 1898. His body was washed ashore at Orleans, Massachusetts, and was identified by the discharge papers from the regiment found in his pocket. His friends knew he was going



STEAMER PORTLAND.

Wrecked off Cape Cod. Saturday Night. November 26, 1898.

to Portland to enlist in the Heavy Battery, regular army, on duty in that city, but knew nothing of his having taken passage on the steamer until a telegram came announcing the finding of the body.

Private Tinkham was born in Hartford and learned his trade as a florist with McClunie. After working for some time in New York at the business, he came home and enlisted with Company K. He was assistant cook for a time and was well

liked by the members of the company. He was a graduate of the West Middle School and formerly belonged to the Asylum Hill Cadets. He was twenty-four years old and when he was mustered out of the service, having worked for McClunie during his furlough, he made up his mind that he would enlist in the regular army and was on his way to do so, as has been said. The name Tinkham did not appear on the passenger list of the Portland, as published, and his death was a great shock to his comrades.

His watch stopped nearly two hours later than the watch of any other of the ill-fated passengers, indicating that Private Tinkham fought long and hard, as he doubtless would had he been given an opportunity to battle for his country, instead of for his own life. Chaplain Kelsey conducted the funeral services and the bearers were Corporal Campbell and Privates Fisher, Brigham, R. A. Case, Cadwell, Barber and Wheelock. The firing party was Corporal Dwyer and Privates Webster, Cannon, Gillette, Hollis, Johnson, Hatton, Scharper and Hall. The burial was at Zion Hill Cemetery, Trumpeter Camp sounding taps.



PRIVATE ARTHUR W. ZOLLER.

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.

—*Spurgeon.*

Private Zoller was born at New Haven, Connecticut, and at the age of nineteen, with the other recruits, joined the ranks of Company K with Privates Perry, Sandner and Sherman, all from the same town. By trade Private Zoller was an iron-worker. While the company was at East Falls Church he was stricken down with typhoid fever. The day the company broke camp he refused to give up, even when the company started for the station to take the train for Dunn Loring, and insisted upon walking, with the assistance of some of his comrades, across to the station. Upon being brought home he was taken to West Haven, where he died at the home of his parents, on Tuesday, October 18.

The bearers were Corporals Silvernail and Gruener and Privates McGrath, Marvel, Perry, Sandner, Driscoll and the firing party, consisting of Privates Fuller, F. R. Denison, Denniston, Nunan, Brigham, Gillette, Hollis and Cannon, were in charge of Corporal Campbell.



JACK BRUTUS.

Et tu, Brute,
Then fall, Santiago!

—*Julius Caesar.*

That, in effect, was what General Toral, the Spanish commander at Santiago, said when he learned Brutus had joined Company K.

Jack's ancestors came of good fighting stock and served in many a battle. He himself was born at Cumberland, Maine, in 1891. He had friends in most of the cities in New England through his associations with the traveling public at the West End Hotel at Portland. Frequently he visited them in their own homes, taking passage in some steamer or boarding some train, and returning to Portland in due time. His longest stay was two weeks in Boston, but he also frequently visited New York, New Brunswick and other cities connected with Portland by lines of steamers. When the company arrived at Portland, Brutus at once enlisted for the war and followed the fortunes of the company faithfully. At Camp Alger he suffered much from the heat and possibly would not have survived but for the tender care of Sergeant Boniface. Upon the muster out of the regiment Wagoner Ahern gave Jack the freedom of his home and during his last sickness had a physician attend him once or twice. Jack died of spinal troubles and constipation, November 20, 1898, and was given a suitable burial.



JACK-BRUTUS.
Armed and Equipped.

STATISTICAL.



BY PRIVATE GEORGE B. THAYER.



The average age of the members of Company K was between twenty-three and twenty-four years. The oldest member was Private Thayer, who was forty-five, four days before the company was mustered into the United States service. The youngest members were Privates Barber, Barker, Kober, Landerman, Marvel and Roberts, each of whom was in his nineteenth year.

Connecticut is the birthplace of sixty members; New York, fifteen; Massachusetts, twelve; Ireland, four; England, two; New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Georgia, Canada, France, Russia and Austria, one each.

The occupation of the different members was as follows: Clerks, thirteen; insurance clerks, six; traveling salesmen, five; machinists, five; students, four; stenographers, four; electricians, three; tailors, bank clerks, architects, printers, civil engineers, joiners, builders, dentists, watchmen, elevator-men, two each; photographer, mason, draughtsman, blacksmith, watch-maker, sign-painter, bicyclist, contractor, book-keeper, window dresser, pressman, bicycle-maker, cook, drug-gist, waiter, cartridge-maker, newspaper man, stamper, piano-maker, actor, teamster, grocer, florist, teacher, iron-worker, lawyer, one each.

Eight members left wives and children behind when the company started for the front.

The ancestral blood of the company, upon being analyzed, resolves itself into the following elements: American and

English, fifty-four; Irish, twenty-one; Scotch, eighteen; French, nine; Dutch, three; German, three; Welsh, Hebrew, Austrian, Polish and Indian, one each.

The fathers or grandfathers of twenty-two members served in the Civil war. Uncles or cousins of thirty-five other members also took part in the same conflict. Ancestors of thirty members, other than the above, served in either the Mexican, Revolutionary or War of 1812. Only seventeen members report no relatives or ancestors in any American conflict.

The record of the previous military experience of the members is as follows: Membership in Company K for periods varying from a few months to nearly twenty years, forty; membership in the Connecticut Naval Reserve, four; regular army, one; military instruction at schools or colleges, fourteen; no previous military experience whatsoever, fifty. So, it appears, scarcely more than half the members had ever before shouldered a gun. One member writes: "My previous military experience was so slight that I only knew what 'rest' meant." Another replies: "None, except sweeping floors."



QUARTERMASTER'S SUPPLIES.

The following were the prices for clothing issued to the enlisted men: Blouse, \$4.41; blanket, \$3.33; cap, \$0.74; campaign hat, \$0.85; leggins, \$0.64; shoes, \$2.25; trousers, \$2.75; flannel shirt, \$1.95; stockings, \$0.23; drawers, \$0.48; undershirt, \$0.24; gloves, \$0.10; suspenders, \$0.19; canvass suit, \$1.91; overcoat, \$11.74. The first six months of the first year of enlistment the privates were allowed for clothing, in addition to the \$15.60 per month, the sum of \$56.57 and for the balance of the year, \$9.67. The total allowance for the second year of enlistment was \$28.10.

The following were the prices at which the arms and accouterments were charged to those who retained them:

Springfield rifle (caliber .45), \$10.00; Colt's revolver (caliber .38), \$10.00; saber, \$3.60; blanket bag, with straps, \$1.15; scabbard, \$0.50; belt, \$0.75; belt, double row of loops, \$1.00; canteen, \$0.43; gun sling, \$0.24; haversack, \$0.72; meat can, \$0.14; tin cup, \$0.08; knife, \$0.04; fork, \$0.03; spoon, \$0.01.

The following were the prices for the clothing issued to the enlisted men by the State of Connecticut: Blanket, \$1.00; blouse, \$0.75; cap, \$0.35; campaign hat, \$0.20; leggings, \$0.20; overcoat, \$1.50; poncho, \$1.15; trousers, \$0.50.

The symbol of the Second Army Corps was a four-leaf clover. The divisions of the corps were represented by colors—first division, red; second division, white; third division, blue.

General Order, No. 99. "The corps symbol, to be habitually worn in the form of a small badge on the front of the hat or in the center of the crown of the forage cap by enlisted men, and upon the left breast by officers, will be of felt of the color designating the division to which the wearer belongs; the badge to be $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, or occupying a space $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square."

The regiment, upon its arrival at Camp Alger, was assigned to the first division of the Second Army Corps but was not brigaded. On August 2nd, the First Connecticut, Second Texas and the First Delaware were assigned to the fifth brigade of the Porto Rico expedition. Later, the First Connecticut and the Third Virginia were organized into the second brigade of the third division of the Second Army Corps.

PERSONAL.



BY PRIVATE GEORGE B. THAYER.



When the idea of writing a history of Company K was first suggested, the writer sent out to the members a circular asking for their individual opinions upon some fifty different topics. These opinions, or answers, have been compiled and are presented without change except by way of slight abbreviations.

The motive uppermost in the minds of the members when they made the offer (none greater ever falling to the lot of man to make) have been expressed, so far as it is possible to put such a thing into words, as follows: Sense of duty to his country, fifty-four; loyalty to Company K, twenty; love of travel and adventure, twenty; desire to test his courage in battle, nineteen. Some members answer: "A little of all four;" others, "A great deal of each." A sergeant replies: "My reasons for going were, first and principally, duty to the old flag; secondly, a pride for dear old K, and thirdly, a slight desire for adventure and glory in battle." Another sergeant writes: "The desire to serve the company and positive hatred of the Spaniard in regard to the Maine incident and the treatment of the reconcentrados were the prime factors in the case, although my love for the United States knows no bounds, and it is my sincere desire that it never will." One of the newer corporals writes: "I knew men in Company K;" and then he gives as his motives in enlisting: "Duty and love of country, a little love of travel and adventure, and desire to test my courage in battle." Another member replies: "If I hadn't belonged to

K I should have stayed at home." A member, of English birth, answers: "Duty to my adopted country and love for Company K." Another member, of Connecticut birth, writes: "I belonged to Company K and was single. The country called for volunteers; old K was going, and as I was proud to represent her in peace, I was doubly proud to do so in war." Another private answers: "I wanted to help protect our country and was willing to test my courage in battle. I also loved the travels and adventures we had." Still another private, one of the recruits, says: "My motives were to try army life, and more or less a sense of duty to my country." "Love for my country and the desire of giving liberty to others" were the motives urging another to enlist. Another member, who joined just before the departure of the company, gives this answer: "The community was laughing at K (referring to the current report that only four members had volunteered), and I knew quite a few of the members. My motive was to save the reputation for courage the company had and as far as possible I wanted, as an individual, to help save it. I also desired to test my courage under fire." This is the reply of another: "Having once enlisted in Company K and not having completed my term of service, I was bound, when the country called for them, to be in the bunch. Sense of duty to my country was partly my motive also." Another fighting member puts it this way: "I wanted to help revenge the Maine and free Cuba, and also to fight for my country." "I thought young men were needed," is the answer of one of the older members. A member of the hospital corps says: "Love of country," and adds, "The welfare of the members of the regiment was mostly in mind—to minister to them in sickness and distress." "Loving excitement and being of a curious disposition, I thought enlisting would fulfill my wishes to the fullest extent," writes another. "To revenge the battleship Maine," was the sole motive of another. This is the way one member puts it: "Loyalty to Company K, because it was composed of men of my own standing, therefore, gentlemen.

As for courage, I had none. My stand-by was plenty of gall, and my ability as a bluffer." One member says he enlisted to have a good time; another, for sake of humanity. But five members reply that love for the Cubans was a moving cause in their enlisting.

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To the question, "Do you regret enlisting," but one answered "Yes." Most of the members (some still on beds of sickness) answered briefly, "No." Some replied: "Not a bit," "not at all," "not on your life," "no, glad of it," "no, am proud of it." One sergeant writes: "Decidedly no. Would not sell my experience for many dollars." Another "regrets being held in reserve without a chance to try our metal and serve our country in a manner that was our intent. Possibly we are better off, but I would rather see our men die in action than to be obliged to return home wasted with disease, only to die at their homes and in the hospital, as four of our poor comrades have." One of the corporals replies: "I consider I have gained an experience that is very valuable to me." Another is emphatic: "Regret? No, sir, not by a damn sight." One of the privates replies: "I am only sorry we saw no action." Another looks at the question in this light: "I don't regret enlisting, for I never loved home as I do since our return." Still another answers: "I think I have had enough." One private replies: "No; I am glad of the experience." Another: "I am well pleased that I enlisted." Another: "My experience was one I shall always look back upon with pride and pleasure." One member answers: "I lost time, spent money and didn't see what I wanted to see." The question stirs up one member to say: "Have never regretted enlisting (think of the suppers in Portland!!)." One member answers: "Yes; because of the treatment we received from the government and our state." Another replies: "No, not a damn bit."

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In reply to the question, "Would you again enlist in case of another war?" the members speak out as follows: "Under

some circumstances I certainly would enlist again." "No; have tried to do my duty once, and am not pleased with the fiasco." "It all depends upon whom the next war is with." "Yes, in defense of our country, but not if the war would take me out of it." "No, unless there was a great need of volunteers." "Yes, sir, if not too old." "No, unless we were in danger from invasion." These answers came from the "non-coms." The privates talk this way: "I should think twice. If really needed, yes." "Yes, if I was positive we were going to the front." "Yes, if I could get a commission." "It would depend on the cause of the war, the need of men, etc." "Yes, if I was going to see some fighting." "I suppose I should have the fever again as bad as any, and should awfully hate to see old K and the First Connecticut march away and leave me behind." "In case of another war a few years from now, I should advise younger men to go and stay at home myself." In all, seventy members of the company answer "yes" without qualification, fourteen say "no" just as decidedly, and the others qualify their answers more or less. This vote indicates that the patriotism of the members has not been dampened to any great extent by the alleged ill-treatment by the government. Whatever else may have been preserved by a patent process, the patriotism of the members of Company K has not been embalmed—except in history. It will again spring up afresh, let only the occasion arise.

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Are the members inclined to do garrison duty in any of the American colonies? One corporal replies: "Yes, in Porto Rico." Another: "Yes, in Honolulu." One of the privates answers: "Yes, in Cuba." Another: "No, not by a damn sight." Another: "I do not think garrison duty very profitable for an ambitious man." Another: "Yes, in Porto Rico." One private is willing to go to the Philippines. Two privates concur in saying: "Such duty belongs to the regulars." Another answers: "My time is too precious to waste in doing

garrison duty, but if ordered I would choose Porto Rico." Another replies: "Yes, if I could choose Portland, Maine." Still another writes: "I have no use for garrison duty. Too much like a county home." Another says: "The regulars, who are in it as a business, should do it." Still another: "Not on your tin-type, Georgie." In all eighty members answer "no," eight reply "yes," and the others are non-committal.

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What military duty did the members like best? One of the sergeants answers: "I enjoyed moving as much as anything in my line of duty." Another says: "The parades and ceremonies—they were inspiring." A corporal replies: "Reading the articles of war." One of the privates says: "Receiving and spending my salary." Another replies: "Building tables for the First Sergeant." One private puts it this way: "Learning how to curse." Another says: "I suppose digging is a military duty, hence I prefer digging to drilling." Still another answers: "Falling in to be paid off." Dress parade was the favorite with sixteen; guard duty, eleven; provost duty, ten; ordinary drilling, ten; answering to the mess call, five; digging sinks (the writer is ready to verify this count), three; extended order drill, three; calisthenics, guard mount, practice marching, two each; police, hospital work, running canteen, cooking, sighting and aiming, sleeping, acting as quartermaster sergeant's clerk, evening parade, one each. Two members join in preferring to obey the order "Rest" to any other duty. One member likes the duty of stenographer at headquarters best. Another says: "I wasn't wildly fond of any particular duty, after the novelty and surplus patriotism had worn off."

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What military duty did the members detest most? One of the sergeants answers: "Detailing men for anything and everything." Another replies: "I really disliked nothing." Another one was displeased at nothing "excepting digging

sinks." A corporal detested "check roll call, especially when I wasn't in camp." Another corporal says: "Drilling Fulton in the awkward squad" he detested most. "The duty of drilling by trumpet signals on a hot or windy day" our trumpeter disliked most. "Fatigue duty with a pick and shovel" was what a private detested most. Another answered: "Being obliged to keep still when I wanted to say a hell of a pile." "If listening to the Top-notch call out 'Fall in for drill' was a duty, I detested that most," said another. Still another writes: "What I detested most was being obliged to salute some of the officers of the regiment." Not to give in detail further, the summary of the vote is as follows: Guard duty was what twenty-four members detested most; digging sinks, nineteen; fatigue duty, eleven; drilling, four; digging sinks on Sunday, four; practice marching, two; policing, guarding prisoners, provost duty, dress parade, waiting to be mustered out at Niantic, getting up in the morning, guarding sinks, digging holes all day, special duty at division headquarters, show parades, one each.

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The causes of the sickness in the company, in the opinion of the members, were many. The location of the company at East Falls Church and the provost duty at Aqueduct Bridge were, in the opinion of twenty-eight members, the direct cause of so much sickness. "Too much intoxicating liquors," "too much sporting" and "poor water" were the answers given, two members concurring on each. Other members gave these replies: "Six in a tent," "poor drainage," "drink," "booze," "too much to eat," "climate and food," "no will power," "climate," "neglect of men," and "situation of camp," one each. Other members go into detail a little. One of the sergeants thinks "close proximity to the sinks, over indulgence in sweet things, and something (I can't say what) about East Falls Church." Another puts it this way: "Georgetown bridge, the stagnant Potomac, with its mosquitoes and malaria, and the camp at East Falls Church that had been occupied for

so many months by different companies." "Whatever the cause," writes another, "it was not from neglect or fault of the men." One of the corporals thinks this: "The boys stayed in their tents too much during the day instead of getting out and finding a cool (sic) spot in the open air. With one or two exceptions our sick contracted the disease in that way." Another corporal says: "It was a combination of unpleasant circumstances." Another: "Being placed near typhoid fever infested troops, and camping on old, contaminated grounds at Falls Church." Another: "Lack of floors and mattresses upon arrival at Niantic from Virginia. Situation of camp at Falls Church." Another: "Poor camp ground, heat, insufficient water supply and carelessness on part of men." Among the privates these opinions are given: "Excessive heat and unhealthy locality;" "sinks too near the kitchen and food that should not have been issued to us in such a warm climate;" "extreme heat and volunteer officers who were unfit to care for the men, but instead, had some political pull, water that was unfit to drink, rotten meat and no facilities whatever for bathing;" "locality of camp, a typhoid section, as shown by the dozen cases of fever every year among the few inhabitants at Dunn Loring;" "change of climate and water, and overloading of stomachs with cake, ice cream and other things;" "refreshments sold around the camp;" "poor location of camp, hot weather, insufficient water supply and carelessness of men;" "proximity of division hospital, from which germs were carried by flies to the food, also carelessness and dissipation among the men;" "men didn't let liquor alone and ate everything;" "improper care of the person;" "improper care of themselves, eating and drinking everything they ought not to, change of climate and allowing the system to get run down;" "many causes—great swarms of flies from the sinks to the kitchen, covering the food and breeding disease—water that was never pure nor tasteless, to my knowledge, should have been boiled—location of camp, in a poverty-stricken and God-forsaken spot, prominent for its rich mud, clay, stagnant water

and half-starved population—proximity of camp to Washington was the only redeeming feature;" "camping at East Falls Church on grounds already full of typhoid germs;" "eating everything that was sold in camp;" "lack of discipline in sanitary matters;" "poor water and rotten whiskey;" "homesickness and worry about camping out;" "living so near the barn at Falls Church and drinking the water from that barn;" "indiscretion of the men in regard to temperance;" "poor food and impure water;" "using water from a well at Falls Church that was but six feet from a livery stable floor;" "camping on grounds used all summer by previous details;" "proximity to division hospital;" "eating improper food, drinking filthy water, loss of appetite caused by heat and homesickness—systems in such a condition they could not resist the invasion of the ever-prevalent germs of more serious illnesses;" "sinks and water;" "fault of men in most cases, such as uncleanliness, drinking liquors, eating everything and at irregular hours, and inactivity of mind as well as body;" "men lost interest after peace protocol was signed;" "the diarrhœal effect of the artesian well water at Alger made the conditions ripe for typhoid germs and the malaria at Aqueduct bridge."

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Were the sick men in the company treated as well as they could have been under the circumstances? Sixty members answer "yes" and seven answer "no" without further explanations. One member says: "yes, when Dr. McCook was there." Two replies: "no, not at division hospital." Another says: "yes, if Dr. Griswold had been sent home." Among the "non-coms." these replies were received: "Very well, indeed;" "could not have been treated better;" "the best of care under the circumstances;" "the stewards in the hospital were neglectful;" "the sick men, some of them, should have been sent home sooner than they were;" "the treatment might have been better." The privates talk this way: "our sick were treated as well as the attendants knew

how, which is not saying a lot;" "they received fine treatment;" "yes, but the circumstances could have been improved;" "no, hospital men didn't seem to care;" "yes, but there was a very great lack in camp of sympathy on the part of the officers;" "yes, our surgeons were superior to any in our army corps;" "everything possible was done for them;" "yes, in regimental hospital, but not in the other:" "the Hartford Hospital treated us white;" "yes. Captain Saunders did nobly, and too much praise cannot be given him for his untiring care when the men were ill or in trouble;" "the only complaint I ever heard came from the worst kicker in the company, so I think all it was possible to do was done for them;" "no, and but for the extreme kindness of a comrade yours truly would have received a grand military funeral;" "in some cases I know they might have been treated better;" "Captain Saunders deserves the approval of all for his kindness to the sick."

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What changes in the daily duties at Camp Alger, either from a military or sanitary point of view, the members would have had adopted, appear in the following answers. A sergeant who was often at guard mount suggests: "The blouses should not have been worn at guard mount." Another sergeant says: "I would have had the men drill more and would have compelled some to bathe more frequently. They should have spent less money during their Washington trip." "Practice marches for a day or two, camping out in the meantime," says another. Another writes: "Large bodies of men should not stay in one camp longer than a week. By moving frequently, practice in marching, loading and unloading baggage and, best of all, a change of scene, would follow. Danger from and disease caused by the sinks would thus be avoided. The minds of the men would be kept in a happy condition, there would be less suspense and moving would not have been anticipated with dread." Another sergeant says: "Setting up exercises in the cool of the early

morning, frequent change of camp grounds, thus giving the men something to do, though it might look like hardship at first, danger from infection would thus be reduced to a minimum—more shade for camp grounds.” A corporal would “do away with dress parade and devote more time to rifle practice and skirmish drills. Instead of starting in the next day at Camp Alger to drill the men, their health and sanitary condition should have been looked to first.” Another corporal says: “The best change would have been to change the entire camp.” “Better accommodations for bathing and sinks farther removed,” says another. “Shorter drills and none at all in the heat of the day. Sanitary conditions too bad to talk about,” says another. “More light exercise in the cool morning hours and more lime to spread around everywhere;” “inspection of food by officers and sinks farther removed;” “half-hours drill at calisthenics might have done more good than the regular drills;” “more water and floor in tents”—these from the “non-coms.” The privates think: “The prisoners should do the policing and the sink digging instead of the faithful privates;” “two hours only of drilling and sinks farther removed and constantly kept filled with a good disinfectant;” “no drills at all when it was so hot;” “sinks too near and no swimming place;” “frequent but not too long marches and fewer troops in a camp;” “no drills and compulsory baths five times a day;” “drilling was carried on too near the sinks,” “less drilling and better sanitary arrangements;” “less drilling, and sinks more than ten feet from kitchen;” “higher ground for a camp and the custom of covering the sinks should have begun sooner;” “drill by moonlight, as other regiments did, and sleep days;” “the lying down part of the skirmish drill should have been omitted, in view of the foul condition of the drill grounds;” “drills only in the early morning;” “floors in tents, sinks better attended to and more good wells;” “calisthenics every morning and company or battalion drills on alternate days only, retreat parade only, Sundays included;” “calisthenics in

place of morning drill and sinks farther removed;" "calisthenics for forty-five minutes and all other drills over before 9:30 A.M.;" "shorter and less fatiguing drills, in the heat of the day. Larger hospital facilities and greater variety of supplies, removal of sick farther away from the spot where the diseases were contracted," "we should have been compelled to go somewhere, once a week, and take a bath, such as General Graham said we took, but didn't;" "drills earlier in the morning or later at night;" "rising an hour later and calisthenics when the dew was off—then no drills till evening;" "another team to bring our meat in than one that was used without being cleaned afterwards to cart every and anything in during the rest of the day;" "the reducing of several officers and 'non-coms' to the ranks;" "camp should have been near a stream of water, hospital sinks should have been regulation depth;" "no company drills—as it was, the heat itself was almost unbearable;" "drills only in the cool of the day and when there was any fatigue work, have all do it instead of small details;" "earlier drills and no Sunday sink digging at all"—these are some of the answers from the privates. Twenty-two members have no changes to suggest. Fourteen merely answer "shorter drills" or "none at all." Eight say "move the sinks farther away;" seven, "change the camp;" two "better water" and one "remove division hospital." "Placing a guard at the sinks and making the men use a shovel should have been adopted from the first. Compelling the men to throw themselves, hot and perspiring, down in the dirt and dust of that old cornfield, when the opportunities for bathing were so poor, was entirely unnecessary."

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The election returns show a wide divergence of opinion as to some of the candidates and a remarkable unanimity of choice as to others. The most popular officer in the company is Lieutenant Waterman. In voting for him, a sergeant explains his vote: "All tried to do their duty impartially and justly." A private puts it this way: "Well, you know Captain Saun-

ders was, at times, troubled with a swelled head. Lieutenant Valentine was little more than his parasite. Good old Ed. Waterman, always the same, was surely first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of Company K." The vote stands: Waterman, 83; Saunders, 6; Valentine, 2.

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The most popular non-commissioned officer is Sergeant DeLamater. One of the privates replies: "The 'non-coms' were, generally speaking, all right. Dick DeLamater (accent on the Lam) and Ralph Pierce respectively as sergeant and corporal were very popular but I might mention several more." Another answers: "Who the the most popular? Dam fino." Another: "Give it up." Another, "All popular with me." The vote stands: DeLamater, 44; Pierce, 20; Holt, 8½; Silvernail, 6½; Gruener and Beebe, each, 3; Dwyer, Carroll and H. L. Huntington, each, one.

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Who was the most popular private? The figures elect Private Thayer but you know figures can be made to lie, especially when the one who counts them is himself what the Irishman calls a "liyer." Be that as it may, the writer under the circumstances can only make this offer—if, as the vote progresses, there arise any contested elections, as for instance, over the result as to who is elected the "biggest eater" or "the worst one to whine about himself," the writer promises to seal up the ballot boxes and preserve them, to be opened for the purpose of a re-count upon a proper order of the supreme court. In this instance the vote cast and counted is as follows: Dimock, Bryant, Chamberlin, Gruener, Marvel, Denison, F. R., each 1; Case, W. O., Walsh, each 2; Gillette, 3; Case, R. A., 4; McGrath, 5; Thayer, 64. There were also eight scattering votes, not counted on account of attempted bribery, irregularity and profanity, as follows: "Geo. B. Thayer by Gosh," "Little Georgie Thayer, of course," "Geo. B. Thayer, the sawed off," "This is a hard one to answer, I don't think, Geo. B. Thayer," "Geo. B. Thayer (25 cents,

please)," "I don't want to 'taffy' him but think our oldest and shortest member is the most popular," "Why, George Thayer, of course." "Georgie Thayer, I'd play him for first place against odds."

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The best drill-master, among the officers, is Captain Saunders, the vote being: Saunders, 86; Waterman, 3. Several members add: "Saunders, the best in the regiment." One member replies: "Waterman, he could get the most out of the men."

The best drill-master among the "non-coms." is Sergeant Holt, the vote being: Holt, 56½; DeLamater, 24½; Pierce, 3; Dwyer, 2; Boniface, Wheeler and Carroll, each 1. One member writes: "Boniface puts on too many airs." Another, in voting for DeLamater adds: "Especially when he allows us to rest through our drill and then refuses to wake up those who have fallen asleep."

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Who, among the privates, was the best all round soldier, doing every duty well and without complaint? Again the writer is open to the charge of having employed the Louisiana Returning Board methods and elected himself. Some of the members divided up their votes among several, as follows: "Fuller, Hall, Scharper, Thayer and Walsh," "Pattison, Judson, Fulton, Denison, F. E., Potter and Humphrey," "Marion, Cannon, Hynes, James and Jeremiah Morgan and others." One member voted for Thayer because "he never heard him complain." Another says: "Thayer, I never heard him complain but once and that was when Colonel Burdett made us vote to retract our oath of military service;" "I guess you are it, again, George;" says another. The vote is as follows: Humphrey, Webster, Vibert, Scharper, Fuller, Dimock, Zoller, Landerman, Potter, Pierce, Rowland and Thompson, each, 1; Fulton and Dimock, each, 2; Chamberlin, 3; Case, W. O., 5; Gillette, 10½; Thayer, 50½. The following votes were

thrown out, in accordance with a recent ruling under the Australian ballot law: "Oh, Thayer;" "George Fair;" "Thayer, the nonpareil," (meaning a small type of a soldier, doubtless) one each.

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Corporal Gruener kept his uniform and equipments looking the neatest, in the opinion of the members. The vote is as follows: Gruener, 23; Marion, 9; Burnell, F. C., 5½; Fisher, 5½; Fuller, Brown, W. H. and Zoller, each, 4; Thayer, 3; Hynes and Carroll, each, 2; Gillette, Barber, Pattison, Bryant, Hatton, Eno, Knox, Tinkham, Camp, Holt, Pimm, Humphrey, Morgan, Jeremiah and Scharper, each, 1. One member replies: "All the sergeants and corporals and Thayer, Knox, Marion, Rathbun and Frank Denison." Another says: "Mac, our cook, because he never put it on only on state occasions." This is the opinion of still another: "Private Fulton was the company dude, as was shown at guard mount."

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Considerable wire pulling is to be seen over the contest for the best tent. The combinations are numerous and the vote close, except for first place. The tent occupied by Corporals Gruener and Low wins by a handsome plurality, as follows: Gruener and Low, 14; First Sergeant's tent, 9; Denison tent, Sanderson, Fulton, Thayer and Webster tent, each, 8; Camp, Case, Tinkham and Chamberlin tent, 6; Holt and DeLamater tent, Ahern tent, each, 5; Pierce, Barker, Rogers and Burnell tent, Bryant, Sobieralski, Pimm and Cadwell tent, each, 3; Schults and Barrows tent, Henderson tent, each, 2; Tent 17, Tent 3, Fisher, Silvernail, Brown, W. H., Gillette, Johnson, W. C., Thompson, Vibert, McKone and Tinkham, each, 1. Probably this vote will appear somewhat undecisive. Some may have had in mind the Portland tent; others, those at Camp Alger. Possibly the only thing settled by this vote is that in regard to first place. About that there can be no doubt. The writer has separated and analyzed the various and somewhat

confused answers as best he could, as to the other contestants. One member replied: "If it was, who had the worst, I would say, Roberts."

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The most popular regimental officer is Major Schulze. The vote is: Major Schulze, 86; Lieutenant Colonel Hammond, 7; Chaplain Kelsey, 2; Colonel Burdett, 1.

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The most popular surgeon is Lieutenant McCook, his vote running well ahead of his ticket and making his election practically unanimous. The votes cast is as follows: Lieutenant McCook, 90; Major Rockwell, 2; Private McKee, 1; Lieutenant Griswold, 0.

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In case of another war and the regiment was going into battle, the members express the following preferences for officers to take command: To lead the regiment, Schulze, 61; Hammond, 21; Burdett, 3. To command the company: Waterman, 42; Saunders, 38; Moore, 2; Newton, 2. One member replies: "Saunders, for he generally keeps his wits about him and does the right thing at the right time" Another, apparently trembling at the very thought, answers: "By giminy, I wouldn't want Burdett!! Hammond, that regular, is the man."

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The duties of the First Sergeant are, without doubt, the most trying of any which it falls to the lot of a soldier to perform. This fact should be kept in mind in considering the answers to the question, "How did the First Sergeant perform the duties of his position?" Here are some of the answers: "As good as could be expected;" "He could have done much better;" "As well as he could;" "His treatment of the men was anything but commendable;" "Upon the whole, very well, but his whining manner and lack of tact and system gained him the ill will of the men;" "Very faithfully;" "He lacked tact

and was quite unsatisfactory;" "Pretty fair;" "Very poorly;" "Acceptably;" "Unmilitary;" "Rotten. His reports may have been O. K. but the details were made with very apparent partiality;" "Mediocre;" "On the hog;" "He made too much of his position;" "On the bum;" "Very well, considering;" "He did nothing in a decent manner but in the meanest and most unmilitary manner possible. In fact, rotten;" "Awkward, thick-headed manner;" "Rotten. He was too mean to the men;" "He lacked tact;" "Those that didn't stand in with him got the blunt of it. I'm not afraid of him. He can't lick me, big as he is;" "He did as well as any one could but had an underhanded way of doing things;" "With a rare show of partiality and in any but a military manner. He lacked tact and good judgment, though having much to contend with;" "In my estimation, all right;" "Like the south end of a livery stable, going north;" "With amazing incompetency, partiality, meanness, slowness and to cut a long story short, simply rotten;" "He did as well as I could in his place, it was a hard place;" "Very well, when social duties didn't interfere;" "I think Sam did his damndest to do right but—but—let us draw a veil over this distressing topic of conversation;" "It was a hard position to fill but I think our top-notch-er could handle a company of ladies much easier, of which occupation he was very fond;" "Hard position to fill—room for improvement;" "Faithfully and but for his womanishness would have been more popular with us;" "Well, considering the material;" "Half and half;" "Can't complain;" "Sordidly;" "Very rotten;" "Rank to rotten." Two members each say: "Fair;" "Passably good;" "Ritten, rooten, rotten." Three members each say: "Might have done better;" "Fair to rotten;" "Satisfactorily;" "First class." Four members each say: "Very well;" "Fairly well;" "Well enough." Five members say: "All right." Eight members simply say: "Rotten;" "Very poorly." "He was too easily irritated and too willing to soak some willing non-kicker in place of some shirk who made a bluff to get out of it. In short, he didn't have back-bone enough for his job," this is opinion of one member. "He should have had an assisant;" says another.

Private Knox is elected the loudest snorer, though Jack Brutus snored well, considering the nasal combinations against him. In fact it might be said that "Jack" Knox and Jack Brutus, together, lead the whole company by the nose. One member writes: "Brutus was pushed pretty hard by Corporal Gruener. They slept in the next tent to me and I used to wake up in the middle of the night, hearing an awful noise in Gruener's tent. I lay there one night and wondered which it was, Brutus or Gruener, till, at last, to satisfy my curiosity, I got up and found that the dog was quiet and all the noise came from Gruener." Another member answers: "Knox and the dog, both. I know them well for I have slept with both dogs." Another member writes: "John Brutus Knox." Another: "McGrath, aside from Jack." The vote is as follows: Knox, 48; Brutus, 33; Fulton, 2; Henry L. Huntington, 2; Gruener, Nunan, S. G. Huntington, Jos. Burnell, Moran, Marvel, McGrath, R. A. Case and Gale, one each.

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The vote for the best natured member of the company is scattered among twenty-four men, showing that a large proportion of the company were remembered with kindly feeling by their comrades. This ballot is as follows: Barker, Webster, Fulton, Jos. Burnell, Pattison, Jack Brutus, Frank Denison, Sanderson, Ahern, Dickinson, Gillette, each 1; Bryant, Corporal Pierce, Dimock, Silvernail, Jeremiah Morgan, Fowler, Bassett, each 2; Marvel, Walsh, each 3; DeLamater, 4; Gruener, 5; R. A. Case, 15; Thayer, 34. No one has a majority, hence the result, under the Connecticut constitution, rests with the legislature.

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While there were found to be many good natured men in the company, the next ballot shows also some twenty members who, like boys at school playing hookey, delighted in playing shirk. The vote for the biggest shirk is as follows: Bryant, 23; Barrows, Knox, each 12; F. C. Burnell, 9; R. A. Case, 4;

Tinkham, Ashwell, Brigham, each 3; Converse, Fulton, Kirkley, each 2; Landerman, Dwyer, Rogers, Hynes, First Sergeant, Judson, Rowland, Walsh, Shea, each 1. Here too, no one has a majority.

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The number of lazy men in the company is not so large. The vote results in the election of Private Knox, by a majority of only one vote, however. The governor of Massachusetts was also once elected by a majority of only one vote, hence Knox, at once, finds himself in distinguished company. The vote: Knox, 41; Bryant, 17; Kirkley, 4; Ashwell, Barrows, each 3; F. C. Burnell, Barker, each 2; Brigham, R. A. Case, D. E. Brown, Rowland, Fulton, Shea, Molloy, Walsh, Wiley, each 1. One member answers, "It is hard to say who was the laziest. We had several laziest." Another replies: "Too much competition. I think I won."

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The contest as to the worst kicker had a large field of entries. The result showed such a close vote that the official returns were found necessary to determine that there was no election. F. E. Denison had 11 votes and Brigham the same. Barker and Judson were also tied for second place, each receiving 8 votes. Barrows and F. C. Burnell were tied for third place, each receiving 7 votes. The other candidates were: Knox, 6; Henry L. Huntington and Converse, each 2; Corporal Pierce, Denniston, Campbell, R. A. Case, Sarvan, Fulton, Fisher, Bryant, W. C. Johnson, Rathbun, and Tinkham, each one.

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The canvass to determine who of the 106 men was the greatest eater has brought about some curious results. Henry L. Huntington started off with a good lead but the friends of Fulton soon began to rally about him and from that hour the contest grew closer and closer. In short, the right of either to the title of being the greatest eater became day by day more and more uncertain and precarious till it was little less

than a hand to mouth affair. Some of the friends of Thayer, later in the contest, undertook to run him in as a sort of dark brown horse but the attempt failed. In the end the result was: Fulton, 24; H. L. Huntington, (including 4 for "Red Muzzler") 17; Thayer, 11; Bryant, Landerman and Beauchamp, each 3; Kirkley, Converse, W. H. Brown, each 2; Low, Boniface, Barker, Henderson, D. E. Brown, Marvel, M. A. Pierce, W. O. Case, Jack, Barber, Schults, Shea and Ward, each one. One member writes: "I honestly believe, in cool weather, Geo. B. Thayer is the biggest eater." Another, recalling the first rations of field corn at Camp Alger, answers: "Thayer (9 ears of corn)." Another swears to this statement: "Beauchamp. He would go around four times and then kick."

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The freshest member—here again no one has a majority but Barker comes within two of it. The vote (including three for "Willie Sponge") is as follows: Barker, 41; F. C. Burnell, 9; Landerman, 7; R. A. Case, Sobieralski, each 5; Tinkham, 3; Camp, 2; Bryant, 2; Shea, Hynes, Kober, Wheeler, Judson, Molloy, Marvel, Walsh, each one.

There is less diversity of opinion upon the next question—who was the biggest tank. Among other big tanks, the most famous, perhaps, is the Heidelberg tun, a tank capable of holding 49,000 gallons or, in more familiar terms, 800,000 glasses of beer. Yet, 50 members of the company notwithstanding, think the biggest tank is Private Chamberlin. One member thinks "the straws lie between Chamberlin and Bryant." Two others reminds us that "Barker could hold nearly as much as his uncle." The vote is: Chamberlin, 51; Bryant, 10; R. A. Case, 8; Camp and Barker, each 5; Driscoll, Fisher, McLaughlin, Jeremiah Morgan and Walsh, each one.

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Private Dimock, by a large plurality, is found to have been the most generous member in the company with which

decision his own tent mates fully concur. The vote was: Dimock, 27; Corporal Pierce, 9; Gruener, 7; Nunan and Thayer, each 5; Holt, 4; Silvernail, W. O. Case, Scharper, McGrath, each 3; Gillette, Bassett, Hall, Fowler, S. G. Huntington, each 2; Captain Saunders, Walsh, Dwyer, Landerman, Sanderson, Webster and Beebe, each one. One member says: "The most generous were Sergeants Sam Huntington (?) and Bob Beebe (?) (two for one)."

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Twenty-three different men in the company were looked upon by one or more of their comrades as the most accommodating, which speaks well for the average accommodating spirit in the command. The vote is as follows: Nunan, 16; Gruener, 13; Thayer, 10; Silvernail, Fowler, each 5; Corporal Pierce and Dimock, each 4; Gillette, Beebe, Holt, and S. G. Huntington, each 3; Walsh, Bassett and DeLamater, each 2; Gale, Chamberlin, Hatton, Waterman, Wolcott, Scharper, Webster, McKee and Sanderson, each one.

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Who was the biggest gambler? The canvass of the votes upon this question produced such a surprising state of facts that a recount was at once ordered. The result, however, was the same. Some one in the company thinks that Private Webster was the biggest gambler in it. The first impulse of the canvasser in stumbling upon this vote, was to suppress the damaging fact but he soon saw his only course was to let the truth be known. But Webster did not receive all the votes for the biggest gambler. There are others. The official count or recount is: Bryant, (including 3 for "Fat" Bryant) 25; Driscoll, (including 3 for "The Duke") 21; Carroll, 15; Corporal Johnson, 8; Shea, 6; Rowland, 3; Hollis, 2; Ahern, 2; Corporal Pierce, Scharper, McKone and Webster, each one.

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Will wonders never cease! Not only is Webster thought to be the biggest gambler but some one else claims Corporal

Sanderson is the most profane. Possibly the same mistake was made in his case as was made in that of Private Hawkins of Company F, charged, during his trial by court martial at Portland, with excessive use of profanity. The evidence was that Hawkins was simply reciting portions of scripture, which the ungodly mistook for swearing. The vote is: Hollis, 23; R. A. Case, 16; Camp, 10; Tinkham, 9; McGrath, 8; Barker, 4; Landerman, 3; Jeremiah Morgan, 2; Bryant, Frank Denison, Marvel, Dickinson, Webster and Sanderson, each one. One member is of the opinion that, in the matter of swearing, "the company had a super-abundance of good (?) material." Another member puts it this way: "The whole damn company was 'most profane'."

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One member of the company, possibly now that he is out of it, dares to vote Captain Saunders the homeliest one in it. But upon this subject there is a great diversity of opinion. The vote is: Kirkley, 13; Rogers, 10; Rathbun, (including 1 for "Cross-bones") 7; H. L. Huntington, (including 3 for "The Red Muzzler") 6; Marvel, 6; Beauchamp, Jeremiah Morgan, Barker, each 5; Walsh and Hynes, each 3; Thompson, Molloy, each 2; McGrath, Bryant, Sherman, Hatton, Corporal Pierce, Nunan, Joseph Burnell, Borland, Dickinson, Chamberlin and Captain Saunders, each one. One member claims "Thompson, when shaved," was the homeliest. Another claims Rogers was the homeliest in the regiment. A third says: "Corporal Johnson was the worst looking mug." Still another replies: "All coons look alike to me."

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The company beauties are many. In the opinion of eighteen members Private Zoller was the handsomest soldier, while sixteen members took Sergeant Holt as their type of beauty. On the other hand, eleven of Private Marion's comrades saw in him the handsomest man in the company. The vote in detail is as follows: Zoller, 18; Holt, 16; Marion, 11; Sanderson, 9; Fred R. Denison, 6; Campbell, 4; Marvel,

Gale and Scharper, each 3; W. H. Brown, 2; Silvernail, Bryant, Dickinson, Fulton, Brigham, S. G. Huntington and Gruener, each one. One answer was: "The whole company are beauties." Another replied: "My innate modesty forbids an answer." Another answered: "Otis, of course." "Where do you mean? Down at Alger? We were all beauties down there," says another.

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Among the sleepy members in the company, the name of "Reuben" Morley, now long absent but not forgotten, is found upon one of the ballots. The vote upon this question is more scattered than upon any other, thus far no less than twenty-eight members being looked upon by one or more of their comrades as the sleepest. The vote is as follows: Rowland, (including several for "Chick" Rowland), 16; Knox, 8; Kirkley and Marvel, each 7; Ashwell, 5; Wiley, Ahern, D. E. Brown, Brigham and Bryant, each 4; Holt and Hayden, each 2; McKone, Dwyer, Corporal Johnson, Hollis, Camp, Pimm, Fulton, S. G. Huntington, W. C. Johnson, Beebe, Driscoll, Hynes, Ripley, W. O. Case, Converse, "Reuben" Morely and Landerman, each one.

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No election since the Hayes-Tilden campaign in 1876 has been more exciting nor was the result in any election for a long period ever more in doubt than in the contest now just brought to a close to determine which member of Company K was the "greatest one to whine about himself." The early returns seem to insure the election of Barrows, but when the results in the smaller cities and towns became known, it was evident Brigham was polling a handsome vote, leading all other candidates and running far ahead of his ticket. The fickleness of political fortune, however, is proverbial and the present is no exception to the rule. The later returns from the country districts showed that Brigham was losing heavily and when the result in Barkhamsted was thrown upon the canvass, the defeat

of Brigham became overwhelming. The vote shows the triumphant election of Barrows by a large majority over all other competitors: Barrows, 50; Brigham, 22; Barker, 4; Frank Denison, Tinkham, Bryant, R. A. Case, Driscoll, Rogers, Judson, Shea, F. C. Burnell and "Jack" Boniface, each one. One member meets the question by a plea of "Guilty—seven and costs."

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Snaps? Who were looking for the softest ones? Well, two members say: "Everybody was looking for them," and "I never found enough of them," says another. Another replies: "No choice, each was looking for them." "Judson," another answers, "yet he did the most work." The vote is: Knox, 34; R. A. Case, 10; Bryant, 9; Barrows and Brigham, each 3; Fulton, Boniface, Hollis, Cannon, Barker and Kirkley, each 2; S. G. Huntington, Marvel, F. C. Burnell, Judson, Marion, Rowland, Converse, Gale and Ahern, each one.

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The greatest masher at Portland is found to be First Sergeant Huntington, though Private Tinkham polls within one as many votes. One member writes: "Tinkham, but all did their share, except George Thayer," unconsciously dropping into rhyme. Another answers: "There were too many to mention." Another: "Hard to tell." The vote is scattered among sixteen members as follows: S. G. Huntington, 27; Tinkham, 26; McKee, 7; Scharper, 6; Carroll and Fisher, each 3; Dickinson, Cadwell, each 2; F. C. Burnell, R. A. Case, Wiley, Kirkley, Brigham, Captain Saunders, Ashwell and Sobieralski, each one.

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The worst, or possibly he might be called the best borrower, was Private Bryant, though several others have not been forgotten. One member mentions: "Fulton, except money." The vote shows a large class of borrowers, 28 in all, as follows: Bryant, 20; Marion, 10; Rogers and Landerman,

each 6; Barker, 5; Fulton, 4; F. E. Denison, 3; Brigham and Chamberlin, each 2; Campbell, Carroll, Dickinson, Rowland, Barber, Bassett, Fisher, Beebe, Sherman, Clapp, Cannon, Judson, Camp, Kirkley, Molloy, Nunan, Driscoll, Converse, Walsh and Boniface, each one.

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Private R. A. Case is easily the brightest or wittiest member, if his comrades are any judge. In voting for him one member says "Bobby Case—snorers and snorters are inseparable." Another member votes for "Sachel-back" Rogers. The vote is as follows; R. A. Case, 38; Camp, 12; Corporal Pierce, 8; Walsh, 7; Thayer, 6; Fulton, 3; De Lamater, Sobieralski and Scharper, each 2; Landerman, McKone, Knox, Captain Saunders and Rogers, each one.

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How did "Mac," our cook, perform the duties of his position? Let the members speak: "No other company in the entire service fared as well and all on account of "Mac;" "Very well and very sacrificingly;" "He was the whole thing;" "Hunt the United States over and you can't find a better;" "He will always be remembered by the boys as deserving all praise;" "He treated all alike and did more than was expected of him;" "He had his failings, but they were personal and did not affect his being the best cook in the regiment;" "He discharged his duties with a care, zeal and understanding that was pleasant to look upon and will always be a happy memory;" "The boys have lots to thank him for;" "An excellent cook with an ungovernable temper, who would become angry and be over it in a minute, always accommodating and on the lookout for the welfare of the sick;" "There was little room for improvement;" "Through the medium of fire—Buzzacott outfit, the best cook in the regiment;" "As only a Mac could;" "To the letter;" "Could have done no more for us;" "Out of sight;" "Great;" "Damned well;" "On the top notch;" "Splendid;" "Damned fine;" "18-carat pure;" "Bang-up." Two members say: "Perfectly;" four, "Excel-

lent;" six, "First-class;" ten, "O. K.;" ten, "All right;" three, "A No. 1;" four, "Well;" four, "Good;" eight, "Could not have done better;" two, "Very satisfactorily;" two, "Best in regiment;" four, "Very well, indeed;" six, "Fine." And the writer would like to add that no work in preparing this history has been more pleasant to him than compiling this feature of it—a record with no word of complaint in it, from beginning to end.

* * * * *

Among the other regiments at Camp Alger, the one most popular with Company K was the Third Virginia, why is not difficult to discern. These are some of the answers: "We had a good chance to snub them and didn't, but treated them the best we knew how;" "Because they were our opposites in so many ways;" "We got along with them the best;" "They were very friendly;" "Our first friends after we left home;" "Treated us kindly every time we called;" "They came to us and made friends and were a capital crowd of soldiers;" "Most sociable;" "Treated us better;" "They were gentlemen;" "Because of their polite manners;" "Because we stopped the riot." The vote was: Third Virginia, 05; Seventh Ohio and Sixty-fifth New York, each 3; First New Jersey, 2; Eighth, Twelfth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania, each one. One member answers: "The Twelfth and Eighth Pennsylvania, because of the beer and whiskey they sold. When we had such stuff ourselves the Virginias were the most popular." Two of the members in voting for the Sixty-fifth New York say: "They were popular because of their beer."

When the result of this ballot became known the writer communicated the fact to Colonel H. Nalle of the Third Virginia and incidentally mentioned the fact that Company K was the first to reach the hospital grounds on the night of August 8th. The writer added, however, that he hoped the Virginians did not take K's promptness as evidence of any unfriendly feeling in the matter. The following letter has been received in reply:

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA,

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

RICHMOND, VA., April 6, 1899.

Mr. Geo. B. Thayer, Hartford, Conn.:

DEAR SIR:—I was greatly pleased to receive your letter of the 2d of March, last, in which you very kindly gave me the result of a vote taken by your company to ascertain "which regiment at Camp Alger was the most popular with Company K," of your regiment, the First Connecticut.

Let me thank you, most sincerely, for having thus advised me of the feeling entertained for us, of the Third Virginia, by your company. The feeling is reciprocated, I assure you, and the First Connecticut will always hold a warm place in the hearts of the Third Virginia.

You need be under no apprehensions that the action of your regiment, on the evening in August, last, to which you referred, was misunderstood, in the least, by any of us. You received an order, and, like true soldiers as you were, you obeyed it. There was nothing else to do. Your letter reached me while I was in attendance upon three of my children, who were then critically ill, and one of whom, an exceedingly bright and interesting little boy, of three and a half years, lately died.

Knowing these facts, you will, I am sure, pardon the delay in replying to your letter.

Very truly yours,

W. NALLE.

* * * * *

Did the members save up or send home any money? That question seemed to paralyze most of them. See what they say: "I sent home one dollar because I thought I might want to borrow a dollar and so would be sure to get it when I asked;" "Yes, I sent home some once but drew it out at the ratio of 16 to 1;" "No, broke in twenty-four hours after I was paid, every time;" "No, I was a private;" "Yes, but it was'nt

exactly from my governmental pay but rather from my poker-al pay;" "A soldier can save money only by being either in the guard-house or hospital all the time. As I was in neither I saved none;" "Hully gee, no;" "Yes, in pig's eye;" "Divil a cent;" "Barrell full;" "Not so's you'd notice it;" "Not a damned cent." In all some twenty-five members answered "yes," and sixty, "no." One member replied: "If the truth were known I spent upwards of one hundred dollars more than the dear government paid me."

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Shall we keep the entire group of Philippine Islands? Here are some of the opinions of the members: "It will be a great mistake to keep them;" "Only a coal station;" "Yes, we won them, so keep them;" "Not if Japan or any other civilized nation will give us \$200,000,000 for them;" "We went through enough to keep them;" "Yes, if such men as McKinley say keep them;" "Yes, if there is anything in it for us." In all forty-seven members say "yes," and twenty-four say "no."

* * * * *

In politics the members expressed themselves as follows: Republicans, 55; Democrats, 8; Prohibitionists, 7.

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Did love for the Cubans enter in as a motive for enlisting? Two members answer "Yes;" one, "a little;" one "sympathy, partly." The others answer, "No."

* * * * *

Company F received every vote in answer to the question: "Which was the most popular company in the regiment."

* * * * *

Finally, what is the opinion of the members in respect to the treatment of them by the State of Connecticut and the United States government? Here it is: "We had poor clothes, rotten tents and were forgotten by the state;" "We fared as

well as a soldier could expect;" "The state sent us off with clothes and tents which the government at once condemned, but the state furnished good rations;" "Tentage was rank;" "Our hay-making governor was the cause of our being far behind other states in equipments, at the outset;" "Incompetent jack-asses occupying positions secured by political influence was the cause of the ill-use by the government;" "The state was decidedly parsimonious;" "Connecticut treated us very shabbily, by comparison, our tents and equipments being very poor;" "U. S. rations were very poor for a hot climate and we were too many in a tent;" "Connecticut, through its chief executive, brought us into discredit by his supine neglect and inefficiency. The war department, represented by the West Pointers, showed its contempt for us volunteers, who eventually bear the burdens of supporting those aristocratic paupers with high salaries and subsistence that they may lord it over the civilians;" "The State of Connecticut is the most miserable piece of property on the face of the earth;" "We were charged too much for our clothes but our rations were all right;" "No complaint except leaky tents;" "Poor clothes and leaky tents, rotten to the core;" "Connecticut treated us very mean;" "We had reasons to kick about our tents;" "The dear State of Connecticut never treated us anywhere near right. Six in a tent made sleeping anything but comfortable;" "No use to kick now;" "No kick except against the old corn field we camped on;" "The tents were so rotten we might as well have been outside;" "Connecticut treated us about as mean as it could;" "I would cut my head off before I would volunteer again, knowing how Connecticut treated us;" "The tents Connecticut gave us were full of dents;" "Connecticut apparently waited to see what other states were going to do in getting their quota full. Our uniforms were seven years old and much worn. Our tents were rotten and full of holes. Plenty of new tents were in possession of the state at the time. Our authorities seemed to think our regiment would cost a little money. Our transportation from Niantic home should have been paid by the

state, as other states did;" "When, by some mistake we were overpaid \$6, the State of Connecticut began crying like a school boy 'I want my money back.' This is only an instance of the way Connecticut treated its volunteers;" "Connecticut treated us shabbily enough. Gave us tents that had been condemned three years before;" "I want to kick a little but least said soonest mended;" "Connecticut showed herself close and grasping;" "I was a 'Rookey' so Connecticut did not have a chance at me;" "Through an oversight no sash was issued with which to decorate the holes in the tents doubtless intended as windows;" "Connecticut was ungrateful in giving us poor tents, in trying to make us pay high prices for old uniforms and in taking no interest in our welfare while at Camp Alger;" "My only kick is, we didn't get into a fight." Many of the above answers are substantially repeated by others not given. In all, but 15 members answer: "I have no fault to find." Another says: "Yes I have fault to find. I think the reason why there was so much apparently needless sickness, hardships and discomfort in the big military camps, might be summed up in these three words: *Incompetency of Officers*. They did not know how to take care of their men, nor how to make a vigorous kick for necessaries in the way of equipment, food and medicine. Then, besides this, there was a big undercurrent of politics and boodle that was constantly creating trouble. You will find plenty of men in small country towns, in this state, who personify the characteristics displayed by Connecticut towards her volunteers. They are close-fisted, narrow-minded, 'small' kind of people, who applaud when others do a generous thing, but never do one themselves."



RATION ALLOWANCE.

To each one hundred men in the army the government issued, each day, the following rations: 125 pounds of fresh beef or 75 pounds of bacon or mess pork; 112½ pounds of

flour or its equivalent in hard tack, bread or corn meal; 10 pounds of coffee; 15 pounds of sugar; 10 quarts of beans, split peas or rice; 100 pounds of vegetables, potatoes, onions or tomatoes (canned); plenty of salt, pepper and vinegar.

At Camp Alger each company could draw fresh meat seven days and salt meat three days in every ten days. Once in ten days 125 pounds of canned salmon could be drawn in lieu of fresh meat. The fresh meat could not be commuted but the salt meat could be and the flour also. In case the allowance of these last were not all drawn, the balance, at the end of each ten days was paid to the company commandant in cash. Eight cents a pound was allowed for the salt meat and three cents a loaf for the bread. The amount thus commuted by Co. K. during five weeks at Camp Alger was \$152.16. This sum was used for the purchase of eggs, lamb chops, sausages, sweet potatoes, green corn and other extras. During the thirty day furlough the men were allowed twenty-five cents a day for rations. While at the armory, waiting to be mustered out and until finally paid off, November 7, 1898, the men were allowed fifty cents a day for rations.



NICKNAMES.

What's in a name?

That which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet.

—*Shakespeare.*

Captain Saunders, "Don Garcia Maceo," "Corkscrew."

Lieutenant Valentine, "Old Business," "14th February."

First Sergeant Huntington, "Black Muzzler," "Top Notcher."

Sergeant Beebe, "Boree Eyed Beeb."

" DeLamater, "Ragged Richard."

" H. L. Huntington, "Red Muzzler."

" Holt, "Captain's Pet."

" Boniface, "Bonnie Sergeantface."

Corporal Carroll, "Natty."

" Johnson, "Joss."

" Silvernail, "Slippery Top."

" Wheeler, "Side Wheeler."

" Dwyer, "Pop."

" Pierce, "Ramrod," "Old Man."

" Ward, "Eddie Winders."

" Gruener, "Dixie."

" Campbell, "Scottie."

" Low, "Billy."

" Sanderson, "Sibyl."

Musician Camp, "Scamp," "Young man."

" Ashwell, "Sheepskin Bob."

Artificer Rowland, "Chick."

Wagoner Ahern, "Bronco Buster," "Mule $\frac{1}{2}$ Skinner."

Private Barrows, "Sissy."

" Barker, "Uncle."

" Bassett, "Mother."

" Bryant, "Hoppie."

" Brigham, "Whiner."

" W. O. Case, "Cynthia."

" Dickinson, "May."

" Driscoll, "Duke."

" Fisher, "Pogey."

" Fulton, "Spike Hennessey."

" Gale, "Rookie."

" Gillette, "Secret Service."

" Hynes, "Regular Army."

" Hollis, "Mother Metcalf."

" Humphrey, "Hump."

" Judson, "Chang."

" Johnson, "Bud."

" Knox, "Chain lightning."

" Landerman, "Isaacs," "Buzz Saw," $\frac{1}{2}$ "Collar buttons."

" Marvel, "Ikey."

- Private Marion, "May."
" McGrath, "Sow Belly."
" McKee, "Doctor,"
" Molloy, "Dog Robber."
" Morley, "Sleeping Jesus."
" Nunan, "Yank."
" Pierce, "Old Buckskin."
" Rathbun, "Rattle bones."
" Ripley, "Snorter."
" Schults, "Major."
" Shea, "One Horse."
" Sobieralski, "Fiddler."
" Thayer, "Joggie."
" Tinkham, "Ding Dong."
" Vibert, "School Teacher."
" Walsh, "Judge."
" Webster, "Noah."
" Wheelock, "Birdie."
" Wiley, "Butcher."

FORT KNOX—FORT PREBLE.



BY PRIVATE ALFRED B. PIMM.



I well remember the Sunday of May 22, 1898, one of those lovely spring days when the sunshine so warms us and the soft blowing zephyrs, laden with the perfume of blossoms, fill the nostril and make even the poor soldier "glad he is livin'." The First Connecticut had been under canvass at Niantic for a little over two weeks and, seated in the spacious tent at headquarters across the field, I could hear the merry shouts of the basket-ball kickers, the base-ball fiends begging the batter to "line 'er out," and even the spectators of some boxing match, coaxing their favorites to hit harder and more often, while from another part of the camp came the strains of some popular melody, the distance blending the various sounds into one joyous uproar.

Why shouldn't we be happy? Had we not been promised we would see active service? The First Connecticut was the only regiment we knew anything about; of course the President knew of us too and would surely prefer us to any other in helping to drive the accursed Spaniard from Cuba. No doubt of that and most of us could already see our names inscribed in the "American Soldier's Temple of Fame." We were assured by those in authority that it was only a question of time before we started south. A question of time? Yes, yes, they were right after all, but —

On the afternoon of this glorious day, the officers, at the call of the colonel, journeyed across the field to headquarters, with elastic step and smiling faces; possibly they thought the long looked-for orders had arrived, but no, nothing

had been heard as yet from Washington. The gallant commander had, however, received a brand new map of Cuba, which he trotted out to his own undisguised pleasure. He explained in a most elaborate manner the situation of the many cities, the provinces controlled by the Cubans and those held by the Spanish, pronouncing with easy versatility the tongue-twisting names of those towns and villages, etc.,—when out of the clear sky came a thunder-bolt that knocked even the poor orderly speechless for a time. A courier, coming post-haste from Fort Trumbull, had arrived, carrying the startling news that the First Connecticut was destined to do coast defence duty; all split up! no head! no tail!! no Cuba!!! Of what was the President thinking? Surely there must be some mistake, but no, the orders were explicit. The map of Cuba disappeared; no one knew where it went, no one cared. For a moment all was confusion, but with the promise that the wires to Washington would be kept hot, the assembly dispersed. With slow, measured tread, with heads bowed, the officers thoughtfully and mournfully returned to the officers' street.

* * * * *

The next day Companies F and K started for Fort Preble, Maine, and C for Fort Constitution, New Hampshire, followed a few days later by E and I for Plum Island and B for Gull Island, New York. What a change! Dear old K had gone! The four companies that were left were lonesome and an air of desolation permeated the camp. The ghost-white tents that once seemed filled to overflowing with life and fun, now stood like spectres of the grave yard of the dead; while the rain fell in ceaseless torrents, drenching us, chilling us to the bone and as we splashed through the puddles, we came to the conclusion that army life "aint what it's cracked up to be." But finally the sun broke through our clouds of discouragement and ill-temper; the remaining four companies were ordered to Fort Knox, Maine, and it is to that place we will shift our scene, for I, acting as orderly to the colonel, and stenographer in the quartermaster's department, besides doing work for a number of other



PUCKERING PIMM.

illustrious personages on the staff, commenced to get acquainted with the "high and mighties." It is away from home, away from friends, away from all who are near and dear to us that the characteristics of the men we serve are seen in their true light.

Allow me right here to indulge in a few harmless personalities, the veracity of which can be confirmed by applying to any of the members of the Fort Knox companies, (A, D, G and H.) although possibly living as I did with them I have become somewhat better acquainted with their whims, fancies, eccentricities, etc. than the other enlisted men.

First comes our gallant colonel whose chief and only cry was "On to Cuba" or to "Gather the dismembered regiment together and have it sent to some southern camp," while the majority of his staff, surmising that they would see no active service, preferred to stay on the cool banks of the Penobscot River rather than go south and bake under a tropical sun, but they held their peace.

Major Hickey, next in command, quiet and unostentatious though he was, held the esteem and good will of all.

Then comes dear, old Major Schulze, who, by his tact, earnestness and good-will, his kindness to even the most humble private, his hatred of all that was mean and *unwholesome*, placed him second to none in the hearts of the boys. Nor was his influence confined to the companies stationed at Fort Knox, but was as a guiding star wherever the boys of the First Connecticut were encamped. With Major Schulze at our head, I think the boys would stave Hell's portals in.

I also found the sterling quality of the make-up of Major Rockwell. From beginning to end, he fought dirt and filth with such aggressiveness that it is no wonder the health of the camp was of such a high order.

We were also blessed by having with us Assistant Surgeon McCook, whose magnanimity and whose untiring efforts towards the sick and the suffering, almost hallowed him in our eyes. Our mothers could not be more gentle or sympathetic than he.

It mattered not to him whether the patient be some officer or a prisoner in the guardhouse, he did his best at all times with such tenderness that many of us could and will rise up and call him blessed.

Lieutenant Bronson, our quartermaster, was popular, of course, with the boys; shall I say with the fair dames of Bucksport also? It is needless. It was very apparent from his numerous trips across the river that he went over to see about something more than the governmental goods that came in, every now and then, but of course I am not supposed to know.

Nor must I forget our worthy chaplain. When we arrived at Fort Knox, all know that *his* chief cry was for "wood"; "wood for the stables", "wood for the officers' floors", "wood for the officers' eating place" and finally, "wood for the floors of the privates." It seemed strange to me then that the horses should have been thought of before the soldier boys, but experience has taught me that strange things are happening all the time in military life. Horses cost money, you know, while privates can be picked up anywhere, gratis.

Captain Wainwright, whose face was frescoed with a bushy substance resembling the trimmings of some nanny-goat's whiskers, was very much in evidence there. With Napoleonic vigor, he issued forty orders a day (more or less) forbidding the men to do this or that. A private seen drunk in Bucksport? "Then I'll issue an order that no man shall go to Bucksport unless he signs the pledge." This is of course a somewhat exaggerated statement on my part, but some of his orders were issued on this principle, which shows in what *esteem* he was held by his men. A private seen loafing about the store steps? (just outside of the governmental grounds) "No man shall leave the grounds without a pass." "All passes are void after 6.30 at night." "No enlisted man shall go out of his company street after retreat." These were some of his orders. To get a pass, this was the formula: The enlisted man applies to the first sergeant for a pass, who, in turn applies to his captain. All being satisfactory, he presents himself to the regimental

sergeant major with side arms and musket. The R. S. M. examines his clothes, belt, gun and hat to see if any flaw may be found in his dress. If not, he is requested to repeat the General Orders. The private is then passed to Captain Wainwright, who looks him over and, with a guttural sound resembling the growl of a dog, he signs the pass and the soldier can then pass through the lines for two or three hours. Laugh, ye men of the regular army; I am sure you never heard of a similar instance before and *we* never want to again. Do, we, fellow privates? Court-martial was his uppermost thought when his men strayed, however little, from the straight and narrow path he marked out for them.

While the line officers of the various companies for the most part upon being mustered into the service of Uncle Sam, assumed a rather haughty air toward the men in their commands, they soon found out that it did not pay as well as being human, so they came off their high perch a little. Captains Bailey, Leonard, Nichols and Mahoney of the Fort Knox companies fought for the comforts of their men, for fight they were obliged to at times and, while their lieutenants, being subordinate officers, did remarkably well in the performance of their duties, I wish to pay a special tribute to the first lieutenant of Company D, a man having many of the fine qualities and nearly the same name as his most worthy superior, Major Schulze. Lieutenant Schutz, though quiet and unassuming in his manner, dealt out justice to all, be he officer or private, bringing him very close to the hearts of not only his own men but to all with whom he came in contact.

With the permission to join my company, on the 29th of June, 1898, I was once more with dear, old K at Fort Preble. What a life of freedom and good fellowship we led, how the hours seemed like minutes, how the girls seemed like angels after living so long in the woods around Fort Knox and, as I look back on those happy days, it seems more like a beautiful dream than a reality. Although we had the freedom

of South Portland, with its places of amusement, its fine surf-bathing and almost all that one could ask for, a K boy said to me one day, complainingly, "We cannot go to Portland without leaving our name with the first sergeant." With the memory of how a pass at Fort Knox had to be obtained fresh in my mind, I could not help but congratulate the boys of F and K that they belonged to the two most fortunate companies in the world. How different was the life; at Portland we had our drills and our work was consummated, we could then do what we wished; at Fort Knox, nothing but work, work, work, chopping down trees, for each company was obliged to chop their own fire wood as well as for the officers' mess, digging trenches, sinks, clearing land, repairing roads leading to the fort, making foot bridges, building steps up some very steep hills, etc., and yet, after the regiment was joined together, I heard several Fort Knoxers say they had better times than the companies at the other places, not excepting F and K at Fort Preble. If they really think so, I am glad but I imagine they would hardly wish to repeat their experience there.

My life at Fort Preble was a most happy one but it was destined to be of short duration, for after living a few weeks there, orders were received to pack up and proceed to Niantic, where the regiment was to be once more collected, prior to our departure for Camp Alger. We bade our many friends an affectionate good-bye and, as the train moved from the station, we received a shower of "God-speeds" that seemed to me almost like a mighty benediction and, as we looked back from our now rapidly moving cars, we could see handkerchiefs waving a farewell but some were wiping away tears.

Colonel Burdett's prayer was finally answered; the regiment was once more together; the regiment went South to Camp Alger where it remained until sent North to be mustered out. What good did we accomplish by going? It satisfied our colonel's ambition? Perhaps so. However, I cannot help but think what empty honors were bestowed upon him when I bring to mind the many brave fellows we have buried as a result of this ambition.

SOCIETY AS WE HAVE FOUND IT.



BY CORPORAL EDWARD F. SANDERSON.



For a U. S. volunteer in time of war to enter into the mad whirl of social life is so decidedly anomalous and unmilitary that it is with mingled feelings of regret and shame that we chronicle the "society acts" of Company K.

"The evil that men do lives after them" and it is probably such "social stunts" as Boniface's "beautiful dancing," Holt's debonairity at theater parties and Fulton's trumping his partner's ace at the "Shore Whist Club" which will linger longest in the minds of the hospitable inhabitants of Portland and vicinity.

Our first introduction to the social life of the place was a grand banquet and dance at the Unitarian Church. The captain and his staff having seated themselves and made sure of the best looking waitress in the room, the rank and file entered and the work of demolition commenced. Henry Huntington and George Thayer were tied for first place that night in the eating contest. The friends of Henry felt, as they saw his glorious work, that he had never been in better trim and confidently wagered their all on him. But the doughty little lawyer, though saying nothing, was quietly absorbing everything that came his way and when the last vestige of anything eatable had disappeared he was still fresh and smiling while the blase lassitude depicted on Henry's face showed with unerring certainty the absolute repletion within. Had the ladies provided one more boiler of beans, the outcome might have been different. As it was, the six waitresses who had confined themselves solely to George and Henry held a meeting after the first effects of their exhausting labors were over and, after a heated debate, decided

that it was a tie and that the first prize of one dozen loaves of bread would be divided equally between them.

While they were consuming these, the floor was cleared for dancing and the blue blood of Knox, Eno and Marvel pulsed with unwonted activity as they glided over the polished floor, each with some seductive siren imprisoned in his grasp, their languishing eyes seeming to say louder than any words, "Am I in heaven or is this only Portland?" And then, as they



"WAR IS HELL."

	Davidson.	Richardson,	Pierce.	Calvocoreses,	
Cook.	S. H. Campbell.		Bassett,	McCook,	Robbins,
Fisher.	Silvemail.	Carroll,	Hawkins,	Ackerman.	
	Pickard,	Dresser,	Jones,	Thayer.	
	E. C. Green,	R. A. Case,	Clark,	Flagg.	

collided at the corners with McGrath and Humphrey, (who were having troubles of their own on reversing) they came back to earth and fluttered out to get the cool night air and become better acquainted with their partners. It is so difficult to get acquainted in a crowded, brilliantly lighted ball room!

That night the maidens of Portland put little pieces of wedding cake under their pillows and dreamed of McKee and Landerman and Kirkley and blushed even in sleep as the delicate compliments of "the handsome captain of Company K." flitted again in phantom procession through their brains. Everybody had had a "gorgeous time." De Lamater had forgotten for the time that he was married and Holt, that he was going to be, and all entered into the true spirit of the occasion. From that time forth, the world was ours, that is, as much of it as we could see with the naked eye from Prospect Hill.

Dance followed dance till Hollis got his "hop walse" down to absolute perfection and Humphrey could reverse as easily as he had once caught flies on the "Unionville Terrors" baseball team.

The large armory in Portland witnessed one of the swellest balls of the season. The carriages which rolled up to the door poured forth a steady stream of the city's wealth and beauty. Everything was arranged on a lavish scale. Fulton did not discover till rather late that the large punch bowl at the end of the hall was not an individual cup for him, but when he was appraised of his mistake, he was most profuse in his apologies and gallantly filled it up with water.

Interspersed with the series of dances came strawberry festivals, theatre parties, card parties, long rides and picnics, sails in and out among the islands of Casco Bay, clam-bakes, moonlight tete-a-tetes on the rocks, in fact every conceivable pleasure which a kind and indulgent people could invent or scare up was afforded us. Every afternoon after three and every evening until ten, for two months, was one continuous whirl of social gaiety.

Not that there were no drills nor fatigue duty, not that we did not stand our weary tours of guard duty and undergo the strictest of camp discipline, that goes without saying with Captain Saunders in command, (there was not a better drilled company nor a finer on parade in the whole regiment,) but

when the camp duties were over there was always something "going on" and the monotony of drill and guard duty were lightened to no small extent by the thoughts of some pleasant soiree when the work was finished.

The gala time came at dress parade after mess each evening. Clothes newly pressed, buttons polished, shoes shined, a white neckcloth and white gloves were required. Hundreds of gaily dressed summer girls stood on the hillside and watched with unstinted applause the machine like precision of the evolutions and manual of arms.



SOCIETY AS WE LEFT IT, AT PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1895.

We were proud of that parade. Every man was on his mettle. The captain tells me that night after night he stood before those companies when not a man was a fraction of a second behind the rest from start to finish. Absolute precision! It testifies that there was something more than the pursuit of social amenities in the two month's experience.

After parade it was a sight for sore eyes to see the chic and laughing maiden gaily wandering off to all points of the

compass with her hero in blue and the picture of Marvel, silhouetted against the evening sky on the summit of Prospect Hill with a dream of angelic loveliness beside him, looking wistfully into his handsome face, was a study for Raphael or DeVinci.

Mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts came up from Hartford and New York. They were caught in the social whirl and chased the phantom of Happiness with the rest.

One long sweet dream that was, until there came one morning the clarion notes of the bugle, sounding the assembly; tents were struck, baggage packed, tear stained eyes of grief stricken maidens were looked into for the last time; promises were made to write every day and twice on Sunday and, amid waving of handkerchiefs and a prodigality of pursuing kisses, the train pulled out for Niantic and the South.

Long live Portland! Long live the landed gentry and their wives! And Portland maidens, live forever!

Social life ended with Portland. Camp Alger saw those gallant knights of K and F, dirty, unshaven and unwashed. Many a sigh was there for Portland, but only the letters of the faithful maidens cheered our weary lot. We tried to brush up and "do a little society" at Falls Church but it was a feeble attempt. Fulton was the only man who was really successful and he needed no assistance. So the rest of us lay around and watched his masterly conquests and wished we had been born handsome instead of intelligent.

The war is over. Our joys and troubles are a thing of the past. But if it is ever our lot to run across a man, woman or child from Portland or vicinity, there will be nothing which is within the purchasing power of money which we shall not make their own.

THE RIPPIN', ROARIN', ROOKIES—COMP'NY K.



BY CORPORAL EDWARD F. SANDERSON.



We enlisted in the Spring time for to lick the bloomin' Yap
 What was persecutin' niggers an' defyin' us to scrap.
 We pranced around the howlin' streets to music o' the band
 And the women called us heroes and the men admired our sand.
 The birds was croonin' love songs in the branches over head
 And our mothers' breasts was heavin' and their eyes uncommon
 red
 When we rippin' roarin' rookies left the town.

We was planted in Niantic for to learn the blasted drill
 And the slashin' sweatin' sergeants gave each "rooky pup" his
 fill.
 Then they shipped us off to Portland 'cause they raised a beastly
 scare
 'Bout Cervera bein' sneakin' up to-only God knows where.
 Our orders was to comfort in a sympathetic way
 The weepin' Portland maidens while their lovers was away
 And we rippin', roarin', rookies never flinched.

The gen'rous hearted matrons ransacked their larders store
 Till Fulton was the only pup had speech to ask for more.
 The sports around the bloomin' town broached "bots" and even
 kegs
 Till half the men got shockin' tight and lost their bloomin' legs.
 The mothers brought their daughters to see the dress parade
 And lost them in the bustlin' crowd and what a fuss they made
 Till the rippin', roarin', rookies brought them back.

One night the snorin' Morley got a paster in the neck
And he swore the perpetrator should become a bloody wreck.
So he challenged him to fight and he took him to the well
And what Fitzsimmons gave to Jim, young Morley gave Burnell.
He fetched a rattlin' soaker and caught him on the trap,
And the soldiers cheered like mad for it was a lovely scrap
Such as rippin', roarin', rookies love to see.

They took Malloy "the Robber" and held him up for trial
And the shrieks of boistrous laughter could be heard for mor'n
a mile.

The judge he sat upon him and the jury tore his hair
And the bailiff soaked with water all the places that were bare
And they fined him just sufficient to secure a case of beer
And he skinned for Captain's quarters 'bout as fast as he could
steer
And the rippin', roarin', rookies helped him on.

We was shipped back to Niantic at the Colonel's sharp com-
mand
And 'twas there we rippin' rookies got a hot tomali hand.
We escorted Gen'ral Hawley from the station to the camp
And there wa'n't a bloomin' sound 'cept our steady rattlin' tramp
And we swung along the line with the shivers up our spine
And ev'ry blasted beggar praised the marchin' superfine
Of the rippin', roarin', rookies, Comp'ny K.

We was sent to old Virginny for to guard a bloody field
Till the hospitals was filled and half the rookies keeled.
Our bloomin' anger roused, till our tempers like to burst
And ev'ry beggar sat around and swore and sweat and curst.
And we vowed we'd shoot the colonel if we ever saw a scrap
And we'd plunk the captain too, if he didn't close his trap
We rippin', roarin', rookies—sizzlin' there.

But they shipped us off for home and we've lost our troubles
now

And we greet the "Cap" and Colonel with a most pretentious
bow.

We swore we'd smash the sergeant and noses we would pull
But ev'ry man forgot his grudge—when gov'ment "paid in full."
It would take a team of horses and a windlass and a rope
To get us in again but we bear no grudge, I hope,
We rippin', roarin', veterans, Comp'ny K.



Driscoll.

Shea.

Sanderson.

SIZZLIN' "SANDY."

"And ev'ry beggar sat around
and swore and sweat and curst."

THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE.



BY PRIVATE ROBERT K. VIBERT.



At eleven o'clock of the 4th of May, Company K's room in the Armory was the scene of much confusion. The eighty-two men of the company were hurrying to-and-fro—some tying up blanket rolls bulging with extra pairs of trousers and articles of comfort supplied by fond friends, some overturning piles of rubbish to see, if, per-chance, they could find a fatigue cap which would not come over their ears, while here and there some of the more stalwart of our number might have been seen vainly trying to force a connection between their state trousers and their state leggins.

But what cared we for such trivialities, for were not we going "to the front" and were not adventure, hardship, fighting and perhaps victory and glory in our van? However, the most spare-chested men of us made the buttons of our blouses strain their fastenings as we marched up Main Street and as we passed our friends yelling "Hooray for K." How we resolved to deserve them or die!

We reached Niantic and straightway our soldier life began. For a day or so life at Camp Haven seemed like old camp week but, our money failing and the shackle-like regulations hanging heavy, our lives became less roseate quite soon. Soon, too, we were pregnant with the idea that straps and chevrons were things to be respected. Instead of "How are you Herb?" and "Say, Ed." it became "Good-morning Captain" and "If you please, lieutenant."

Drills were frequent and hard, for, as we soon learned, a soldier is not made by a change of clothes. To get an idea of what a good soldier should be, one must imagine a mass of

matter, intelligent, yet courteously subservient to the every wish of another—durable, though exposed to sparsity of food, changes of climate, storms, loss of sleep and the omni-present disease germ. Whether the soldier be durable or not is supposed to be determined by the surgeons before he is mustered in, but to be made to take orders like an automaton the soldier must be drilled. The question was once asked of Demosthenes what is the thing most necessary for good oratory? He



LIFE OF A PRIVATE.

DETAIL OF SAPPERS AND MINERS AT PORTLAND.

answered Action. What next? Action. What next again? Action. In this way it might be said that the most necessary thing in the making of a good soldier might be said to be drill, DRILL, DRILL, and he is a foolish and unhappy soldier who does not recognize the fact.

At seven thirty we had squad drill for an hour; then came battalion drill for two hours. Two hours more of drill and dress-parade at night finished up the days work unless, per-

chance, a sink had to be dug or the parade ground policed. The recruits were not at first allowed to drill with the old members of the company but were drilled in little squads by a "non-com."

"Take your places in line now men;" "Right dress;" "Every head and eye to the left—er r—I mean right;" "Hold your gun straight, Fisher and Root, pull in your stomach;" "Front;" "Heels together, everybody;" "Hold your head up, Rodgers, and Sherman only two fingers to the front of your gun;" "Now, right shoulder—Landerman do wait for the command; Case, are you chewing tobacco in the rank? Well! you ought to know better; Throw it away;" "Heads straight, everybody;" "Right shoulder!—harms!" "Now that's very good only Marvel you duck your head and your whole body shakes. Smith! and you are a little slow, Brown;" "Order—Steady men, wait for the command." "Order—now don't move the head—harms;" "Very good. Well, you must be careful and not drop the butt of the gun on your toes;" "Pick up your hat, Landerman, and swing the gun out around the head."

Thus they pass many a dreary hour until the trumpeter sounds the recall when, keeping time to the *hep! hep! hep!* of the sergeant, they go into the street and are dismissed. But we were not without that spice of life, variety, for every fifth day we "went on guard." How we polished up our brass, shined our shoes and oiled our guns hoping thus to be appointed colonel's orderly and to escape the inconvenience of being out a night's sleep.

But we cannot all be fortunate and I was placed on post No. 17, down by the "loud sounding sea" but hark, for the Company A sentinel, next me, has challenged some one.

"Vel, standt oudt mit der countersind to pe recognized."

Ha! ha! the ubiquitous officer of the guard! The "Dutchy" gets the devil for not knowing how to challenge and I think over my "General Orders." But my relief comes on before the officer arrives near enough to challenge and, after

"Open Chambers" and "Close Chambers," I take my place in the crowded guard tent and am in the sweetest of sleep in a second and, though the mattress may be wet and my pillow my hat, dream on as pleasantly as I would in the Waldorf Astoria.

Our food which was purchased with an allowance of twenty-five cents a day was naturally somewhat plain. The



MONTE CARLO.

Driscoll.

Ahern.

Judson.

R. B. Pierce.

McKone.

Sherman.

Perry.

steaks that we got were sometimes evidently "off the horn;" and beans and greasy "Sow belly" seemed quite too frequent, but how good it tasted just the same.

The best thing about the life was the "bon camaradie" which always prevailed. The college is supposed to be a place where good fellowship is most prevalent but there is not

such good fellowship in college as there is in a company. The essential for universal good fellowship is universal democracy and, although various colleges boast of their democracy, they have none which can compare with that in a company. In a company of soldiers there is no distinction. A man may be rich or poor, be bright or dull, educated or unlearned, he must do the same work, wear absolutely the same kind of clothes, eat the same kind of food and at night roll up in the same kind of blanket. Can conditions be more perfect for absolute democracy? How soon we got to calling one another "John," "Charlie," and "Pop!" What good old poker games we had by the light of the candle! Five cent jack pots went swift for us on our "fifteen sixty" which went so soon. Was there a man in the company who had money and refused to loan it? Will anyone ever forget the blanket tossing—that leveler of all distinctions. And the singing and the orchestra! How pleasant were those nights in Maine when we all sang "Nellie was a Lady," and "Tenting on the old Camp-ground," and even yet I seem to hear the voice of one who has since left us carrying the air of "Good night my sweet," our closing song. Soon taps would sound and then to bed.

These are a few pages from the life of a private.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A NON-COM.



BY CORPORAL RALPH B. PIERCE.



Just why I should be detailed to police this subject is not exactly clear to my mind, but I have acquired the habit of obeying orders in my poor, weak way and filling the air with large, sea-green cuss words afterwards.

Some are born non-coms., some get there by their winning ways, while others have it rudely thrust upon them without regard to their own feelings or the feelings of those whom they are supposed to boss around and be nasty to. It may be fun to be able to walk around with a chip on one's shoulder, feeling perfectly secure in the knowledge that nobody will knock it off, but, for my part, I had much rather be a high private in the rear rank than to ever have my sleeve decorated with three V's with a cute little square in the corner.

The first intimation that I was to be made a corporal was on the evening of May third when the captain admitted it in a shamefaced sort of a way, and, when I tried to show him what a foolish thing it was for him to do, he became obstinate and would hear of no getting out of it. Then "Bob" Beebe and Henry Holt began to call me, "Corporal," and I kept them busy dodging old boots and things till they let up. The following day "Billy" Case and I bid a tearful farewell to the folks at the home and trudged down to the armory, resolved to either bring home enough Spanish scalps to make a door mat or to leave our own in some far off place. This was the first time "Billy" had been in uniform and he put his leggins on so they laced up on the inside. I remind him of that occasionally when he makes sneering remarks about my failings.

There are many things in this life to be thankful for, many times when you are glad you are living, but the proudest time of my life was when we marched from the armory to the station, through the throngs of people who witnessed the departure of those who responded to their country's call. We may be called out a dozen times again but we will never experience just that same feeling.

Well, we arrived at Niantic and then the trouble began.

I'll never forget the first time I took a squad out to drill. It was composed of men who had actually forgotten more about military matters than I ever expect to know and they were dead on to the fact and executed the orders with a snap and vigor that made me wonder just how they did it. Archie Cannon would look sideways at "Chick" Rowland, then they would both grin and nudge each other when they thought I wasn't looking and expectorate with needless elaborateness. When the recall sounded we were the first ones to return to the street and from that time on I always had a copy of the manual of arms where I could refresh my memory at any moment.

It is an easy matter to make the life of a non-com. miserable. For instance: while in Portland, Fulton and Sanderson were in a squad I had on drill one day. This was before "Sandy" got his stripes. We went a short distance from the camp and, after a cautious reconnoissance, discovered an imaginary enemy concealed in the tower of a church about half a mile away. Promptly bringing my brave followers to a halt, we prepared to dislodge the Spaniard with a tremendous volley from empty rifles. "Squad, ready—aim—fire!" and, "Bang!" went the rifle of Fulton, he having slipped in a blank cartridge which he had swiped on the glorious day we gained the victory at the battle of the Eastern Promenade. It was a joke on me, all right, but I expected every moment to see the captain come tearing over to see what had happened, or to have the top soldier rubbering, so we trotted off down the road to get out of the way. Several other squads had

been near enough to witness "Spikes" little joke and they commenced to jolly me and ask foolish questions, till, just as we came to the dustiest, dirtiest part of the road it occurred to me that we were out for the purposes of drill, so I gave them the order to fire by squad, *lying down*. "Sandy" stopped laughing so quick I could distinctly hear his thorax click, for he



"THE ASCENSION." BY RA(L)PHAEL.

RALPH B. PIERCE.

and Fulton had just had their uniforms pressed and cleaned so they might look pretty when they paid a party call that evening, but they went down in the dirt like little men and came to the conclusion that it wasn't always best to monkey with a non-com. till after drill, anyway.

The illustration of my ascension shows what they do to them between drills and I wish to state right here that it seems an awful time coming down. "Bet your sweet," as Barker says "Buckskin" would say. I remember one time we put "Cynthia" up so high that the colonel sent over and said that he liked to see a man rise from the ranks but not feet first.

When Barker was "dog-robbing" for the captain he was a man you wanted to stand in with, I tell you, for if you ever woke up in the morning with a pink taste in your face all you had to do was to mention the fact and Barker would take you over and set up the captain's whiskey. I suppose the captain was at least a gallon shy by my own individual effort.

Brigham used to have a whole lot of cigarettes sent him and I would call him one side and tell him a funny story while "Robbie" Case would go in and pinch enough to last us several days.

Now that we are out of the service we can look back to many things which seem funny to us now, but at the time they were mighty serious. None of us would want to go through the same experience again, yet we would not have missed it for anything. We had sufficient cause to kick about poor management and the too visible inefficiency of some of the officials, yet there are many pleasant things which will always remain in our memory. We can congratulate ourselves that we had such a man as "Mac" to cook for us; there wasn't a man in the company who was more thoroughly on to his job than he, and Scharper was also just the right man in the right place. Lots of times when I was feeling blue and grumpy, Mac would come over to my tent and we would have the nicest little mix-up imaginable. We would both loose considerable hair and may be skin a few knuckles, but at the finish we always felt a great deal better and able to stand a little more rubbing in from the top notcher.

Perhaps it will interest Lieutenant Valentine to know that I did e'en swindle him out of a pair of trousers. When we were drawing our clothing at Portland my trousers were getting

decidedly baggy at the knees and did not compare favorably with those worn by "Nattie" Carroll. In fact they were what might be called picturesque. Still, "Old Business" thought I wasn't due for a new pair, but I used to do a little society stunt myself on the side, so I went over to Corporal Jones of Company F and explained the situation to him and he kindly loaned me what had once been the nether portion of a C. N. G. uniform. I'm glad that only a few of you chaps saw me in that rig for I was a sight. You know how his clothes would fit me and when "Nat." cast his eagle eye on me he said he didn't realize my clothes were in such condition and said I had better have some new "panties." If those trouserloons of Jones' had held together long enough, half the company would have drawn new ones on them.

Now I think I have made a clean breast of everything and my conscience ought not to trouble me any more. We were mighty glad to go to the cruel, cruel war and were tickled to death to get back. No more getting to bed at taps, unless you want to, no more reveilles nor drills and roll-calls are things of the past.

There certainly is a bond of friendship between the men in our old company which exists only in organizations of that kind. When we started out my circle of friends was very small but I fully appreciate that some of my best friends today are those whom I hardly knew six months ago. I wish I could fittingly express my feelings towards the men who have so often shown their friendship but all I can say is, "God bless you every one." I want to thank my squad for the soldierly manner in which they performed their duties; never once did I ever have cause to complain. I am proud of "Yank" Nunan, the man who saved Walsh's life; "Eddie" Oviatt, who had so much to contend with and who had the toughest luck of any one in the company; Pattison, old, steady and reliable; Potter, bound to kick in any event, but always did his duty and did it well; Schultz, always to be depended upon, and Shea, who could raise more deviltry and get out of it easier than any man I ever saw.

AN ALGERIAN PASTEL.



A sergeant sits on the ground with his back against the guard tent. He is not happy; he is not pleased. Hear him curse. The lantern beside him flickers and grows dim. He damns the lantern but the lantern is all right,— day is breaking. A red light shoots up above the trees over towards Dunn Loring and the sergeant mutters something between his set teeth about a hundred and thirty in the shade as the distant tents begin to show a faint pink tinge. Tiny columns of smoke rising beyond the camp indicate that the cooks are preparing the frugal meal of fried chicken, poached eggs and cream puffs to tempt the failing appetites of their dainty charges.

Day is breaking. A corporal yawns and looks at his watch; then he spits on his hands, grasps his rifle and smites twenty sleeping men on the bottoms of their feet. Hear them grunt. "Second relief, fall in!"

A blinking trumpeter ambles across the parade ground, buttoning his blouse as he comes. The camp begins to awake. Here comes some drummers, then more trumpeters; a soldier emerges from the colonel's tent with a flag. Men shuffle over toward the flag-pole with drums and horns and things.

Tired sentinels with bleary eyes sigh contentedly, thinking that their last tour of guard duty is nearly over.

Day is breaking. Corporals go down the company streets awakening their squads. Listen: hear Jack McKone swear because some one is tickling his feet. What a vocabulary he has.

A captain sticks his head out of his tent and calls for the dog-robber to put some cracked ice on his forehead. The colonel turns over in bed and dictates another circular letter.

Day is still breaking. Slippery-top, in a moment of abstraction, tries to comb his hair, then disappears behind the cook-house with a low, sad wail of anguish.

Barrows stubs his toe on a blade of grass and goes to the hospital. Men crowd around the first sergeant's tent to inquire the bill of dress for roll-call and white gloves and knapsacks are hastily donned. The "Red Muzzler" puts another hot potato in his mouth. Reveille sounds.

"Fall in for roll-call!" Day is busted wide open.



CORPORAL PIERCE'S CAMP ALGER SQUAD.

Converse.	Fulton.	Fuller.	Pierce.
Judson.	Ripley.	Webster.	W. H. Brown.

AMONG THE RECRUITS.



BY PRIVATE EDWARD C. FOWLER.



June 18, 1898, was a memorable day for twenty young fellows who were, on that day, mustered into the United States service and sent to Portland, Maine, to help fill the ranks of Company K, First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry. In column of twos we were marched to the Union depot about 2 P. M., by Sergeant Beebe. Before boarding the train we received our first ration from Uncle Sam, consisting of ham-sandwiches, doughnuts and a large bottle of coffee. The journey to Portland was accomplished without any very exciting incidents. The only amusing event was the deluging of a lady passenger with coffee from one of the bottles in the rack overhead springing a leak. Some of us had never had any military experience and, as we recall some of the thoughts that were in our minds at that time, we see how far the reality was from what we imagined it to be.

We arrived in Portland in the rain, about 10.30 P. M., and were met by Lieutenant Valentine and Sergeant DeLamater who quickly formed us in line and started us away for camp. Soon after leaving the ferry we struck the board walks of South Portland which were rather narrow for two in the darkness of that first night. After what seemed like a long march we arrived at the hall which was to be our quarters for several days to come. We found no feather beds waiting for us but had to content ourselves with the soft side of the benches and chairs in the hall. We had no blankets.

We did not need reveille to wake us up the next morning, as three or four hours lying on boards combined with the

chilly air of the hall, was enough for most of us that first night. When taking our bath in the morning at the faucet by the camp kitchen, we found the air of Maine was several degrees cooler than it was in Connecticut.

Part of the first morning was spent in looking around camp and being initiated by the fun lovers of Companies F and K. Among the performances was a roll-call and guard post-



SOME OF THE RECRUITS.

Sherman. Jos. Burnell. Zoller. Moran. McLaughlin. Driscoll.

ing at the flag, well and other points of interest around the camp. It soon began to rain, however, and taken altogether our first Sunday in camp seemed as long as two ordinary days.

Monday morning opened up bright and clear and we found a half hour of calisthenics was to be our first drill.

These setting-up exercises put more aches in our bodies but as we found they were good for us physically, and helped to make us better soldiers, we liked this drill the best of any, for a while. Memories of the awkward motions of some of us on these first drills cause us to laugh, even now, as we think of them.

Sergeant DeLamater took us out on our first squad drill. Some of the orders were so much alike that we got mixed up quite often but there was one order we always remembered, "Rest." We never forgot how to execute that movement correctly.

Pleasant memories come back to us of the time when we lay around, on the green grass of Maine when on drill, talking about the future. One of the topics which came up frequently was about our uniforms. "When will we get our uniforms, Sergeant?" was one of the questions the sergeants had to answer oftenest but their stock of patience was large and our questions were always answered cheerfully.

The spirit of good-natured rivalry with the recruits of Company F was prevalent among us. Some times it seemed to us as if they were making more progress than we and at other times vice versa.

About ten days after we arrived in camp we received orders to go over to the officers' quarters and draw mattresses. We were not long in getting them filled with straw and placed in position ready for use that night. But for the generosity of the K boys, who lent us their overcoats at night, and also of the ladies of South Portland and vicinity, who sent us one comfortable apiece, the "rookies," as we were soon called by the rest of the company, would have passed several much more disagreeable nights than they did.

Among the first to move from the hall into the tents were Dimock, Driscoll, Gale, Chamberlin and Barker. Each "rooky" was initiated on the first night of his arrival in camp, some by going up in the blanket and others by running the gauntlet, etc.

One of the red letter days in our military experience was the one in which we began to learn the manual of arms. We soon discovered that it was easy to learn the different movements but we had to apply the old adage, "Practice makes perfect," to the work. We would think we were doing finely until Captain Saunders would come and watch us drill, when we soon found how far from perfect we were.

After three weeks of impatient waiting for our uniforms, we received orders one day to go over to Fort Preble and draw



"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

Chamberlin.
Denniston.

Roberts.
Sarvan.

Beauchamp.
Rogers.

Thompson.

them. It was a great day for the "rookies" who had felt as if they were a little out of place doing guard-duty, etc., with citizen's clothes on. We had to look twice at some of them in order to recognize them as they came out for the first time in uniform. Some of the best looking fellows now made more mashes than ever among the young ladies who came over to our dress parade every night.

The first dress parade in which the recruits participated was on the evening of July 15th, the night before Companies F and K left for Niantic. The success of this first ceremony showed the faithful work which had been done by the officers and recruits in the past. From this time we felt as if we were a part of Company K and shared the honors and discomforts of camp life with the rest.

Our hearts are saddened as we think of Irving Dimock, Merlin A. Pierce, Charles D. Gale and Arthur W. Zoller, whom sickness and death have called away from us. We sometimes wonder why all those of the company who have died have been from among the ranks of the recruits, but while we cannot understand these things we feel that their lives have been given in a good cause and we remember their faithful work with pleasure.



MORE RECRUITS.

Landerman.

Jos. Morgan.

Thompson.

ARMY RATIONS.



BY PRIVATE ALBERT C. FULTON.



"Tell me what a man eats and I will tell you what he is" says an Oriental sophist.

"An army moves on its belly," said General Sherman, as he marched "from Atlanta to the sea," his hungry soldiers foraging right and left, leaving a track fifty miles in width, where never a porker, a sheep, nor a chicken could afterwards be discovered.

Whether an epicurean or an ascetic, a man's food is an important factor in his life. The dyspeptic is a pessimist, the hungry man is a poor listener and a hungry, ill-fed soldier is a poor servant to his government. But this sophistry never reaches as far as the commissary department of the United States Army.

Just at present there is an impression abroad—which is justly prevalent—that our soldiers in Cuba were poorly fed. This may be true—or partly true—or wholly false.

Perhaps the commission which President McKinley appointed to look into these charges will find where the real trouble existed. It seems improbable that the commission can ascertain whether the food which was fed to the soldiers at San Juan, was good or bad, by going to Chicago and inspecting the stock yards and riding up and down the elevators in the several packing houses, from which our government bought the fresh beef which was served to our soldiers in Cuba.

But Company K, First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, did not go to Cuba and they were not served with poor meat,

consequently we can only speak of army rations from the point of view of the soldier who staid in the home camps and ate bread fresh from the baker's oven in Washington and partook of good meat, or feasted upon the festive clam and lobster which inhabited the coast which Company K was commanded to guard.

And, fellow-soldier of Company K, you who fought bravely in the Hispania—Americo war, do you recall those feasts at



"MAC" AND HIS STRIKERS.

Scharper,

Wal-h.

McGrath.

Portland, Maine, while we were guarding the North Atlantic coast and Sawyer's store,—with Springfield rifles and not enough ammunition in camp to furnish the first relief of a guard of fifteen men, not counting the supernumerary? Do you recall those festive occasions when "bread money," furnished by an opulent government, bought pies and not bread, when our cook, Mac, master of magic as well as of

cookery, evolved a three course dinner and *one kind of dessert*, (his kind) from simple army fare?

Those were the days when Georgie Thayer marched three times past the generous Mac, each time with an empty mess-plate extended full-arms length and with a hungry look upon his face that would have melted the heart of the meanest army cook on the government pay-roll. And, gentle reader, subservient to this same strong law of self-preservation that sent him once, twice, thrice and often four times a meal to the cook, for extra rations, this same Georgie Thayer seeks to shift the reputation of being the biggest eater in the company to a fellow soldier, on whom the cares of this late war rested heavily and who can but illy bear this added weight of responsibility. But, with the uncomplaining stoicism of a soldier, he accepts the burden, though a reasonable doubt still exists in his mind as to the importance of the influence which the compiler of this book exerted on the voters at the polls and whether the count represented unsolicited and independent opinion.

But to lay aside personal strife. Would that this controversy could have been decided with the unanimity of opinion which elected Johnnie Knox, Barrows and Barker to their respective offices. Those were strong tickets and could not have been defeated. But this is far afield from the subject of "Army Rations."

Army rations are all right for the army! Judge them from the standpoint of the soldier and not from that of the civilian. The food which was issued to the volunteer soldiers, for instance at Camp Alger where at one time twenty-five thousand men were encamped—was of good quality and was issued in sufficient quantity. The greatest difficulty was experienced in the individual companies, because of the inefficiency of the cooks and the negligence of the company officers in allowing the men to be served with poorly cooked food.

It has been said by those capable of judging, that the regular army officers attended to this matter in the efficient

manner which its importance demanded, while the tendency of the volunteer officers was to minimize this phase of company life and interest himself in the appearance of the company on the drill and at dress parade.

This of course would be as fatal to the welfare of the company as would the policy of a house-wife be disastrous to the happiness of her home, who busied herself with the



KITCHEN AND CANTEEN AT CAMP ALGER.

appearance of the parlor and allowed her family to eat cold breakfasts and poor dinners.

Fortunate indeed was the company who enlisted a good cook. This should have been an object of the utmost importance to the recruiting officers.

Much of the discontent and trouble caused in a company was not due to the unpopularity of a first sergeant or the severity of the officers, but was directly attributable to the cook, who either spoiled the rations in preparing them or who

was too lazy to accomplish for the men what could be done by reason of his position, the men suffering accordingly.

From what observations the writer was able to make there should be some better system devised, or the present system better enforced, for the feeding of the sick and the prisoners. The army food does very well for the healthy soldier whose appetite gives his plain dinner a relish which the civilian rarely knows, but it is not adapted to those who are ill or for those who are recovering from illness. Also the prisoner, that unruly member of the command who is confined to the guard house, finds his punishment sufficient without being tortured daily by the thought that possibly he may miss a meal or two because no one from his company feels inclined to bring him anything from the kitchen.

It should be the *duty of someone* to see that he is properly fed. Even with this added comfort the guard house will never be so attractive that men will seek to be put under arrest. The fact that the people have become intensely interested in the question of "how the soldiers were fed"—intimates that the subject will be investigated. While no charges came from the home corps relative to issuing of impure food to soldiers, yet such charges have been made against those who were responsible for the feeding of the United States soldiers in Cuba.

May just punishment be meted out to those who are guilty, if such charges are substantiated, and may the punishment of those who are guilty be severe enough to be remembered until the next war, that it may deter any future commissary officers from similar conduct.

No soldier in any standing army of any nation today is better clothed or so well paid as the soldiers in the army of the United States. And may it be known to the world at large, because of its truth, that the nation loves too well its soldiers to ever allow them to be illy fed.

CARE OF THE SICK.

BY PRIVATE EDMUND P. NUNAN.

Within a week after we camped at Niantic a few of the boys were over at the camp hospital, ill with petty troubles such as would naturally come with so great a change in food, manner of living, etc. It was a change to every one of us. Some were laid up merely from some trifling accident. Not that it was necessary they should be there, but as they could get a better, quieter place to lay down, they went. The hospital was the one used by the state militia at the yearly encampment and was the first one used by our regiment. Most of the boys that went had the same trouble I had (stomach trouble), and, from my short stay there, I learned how some things were done.

Major Rockwell was in charge, assisted by Doctors McCook and Griswold. Six male nurses were in attendance, ever ready and willing to do what they could. None of these had any experience except what they had acquired as clerks in drug stores, but doctors or nurses alike had no chance at this hospital to put into practice their skill, as all the cases were very simple ones. Each patient had a small iron cot furnished with a mattress, a pillow and a pair of army blankets. We could get milk or beef tea at almost any time, by asking the nurses for it, but if we wanted any solid food we had to get it from our company mess. Willing hands were always ready to bring us this and supply us with anything else that could be expected. So, on the whole, we were as well taken care of at Niantic as any soldier could expect to be, the little fault finding that was done coming from those that would not have been treated any better at home. There was no kick from the "tin soldier."

Private Morley was the first of our company to go to the hospital and was there a good deal of the time while at Niantic, yet he never found fault.

While at Portland we had a large round tent for a hospital with four comfortable cots, where any one that did not feel just right could go and lay off for a day or two. There, we could get quinine, salts, or plasters and a few other simple remedies; but there was no doctor with us at the camp and the few boys that were sick enough to need the care of one, went over to the hospital at Fort Preble. When they were well enough to come back to camp, they could stay in their "quarters" or at the hospital until they were well and strong enough for duty.

But the best hospital we had at Portland was at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Barbour. They wanted any one that was sick to come to their home, and those that did go there were well cared for and made very welcome. Private Barrows was convalescing there most of the time and he will never forget their kindness, nor the pleasant hours he spent there, while others performed his duties at camp.

Not until we had been at Camp Alger for about two weeks did we know the real need of a good camp hospital, but before we shook the Virginia mud off our feet we knew the real intrinsic value of such a place much better than ever before. There, the regimental hospital was quite near our street and consisted of two large square tents for the patients and two small tents for the dispensary, etc. Floors were not used in any of these tents and it was better without them except when there was a very heavy rain. We had the same doctors and nurses as at Niantic, except the last few weeks, when Dr. Griswold was sent away to Major General Graham's headquarters where he was of more use. This left Major Rockwell and Lieutenant McCook to look after the whole regiment. The number of sick began to increase and each of the fever patients needed more attention than ever. At times the hospital was filled and some of the sick men had to get along

as best they could in their own tents, where Lieutenant McCook would run in to see them whenever he had a chance. In the hospital were a number of iron cots, as at Niantic, but a few canvas cots were used which were little less than implements of torture. They were hard to turn in and the patient was in a hollow all the time and less than a foot from the ground. These, I think, should have been excluded from the hospitals.



DIVISION HOSPITAL, CAMP ALGER, VIRGINIA.

The nurses had a good deal to do and most of them tried hard to do their duty, well and faithfully. I am quite sure that the sick soldiers were quite content with what was done for them and only a few "babies" longed to be at home with "ma-m-a." The hospital was not well supplied with anything in the line of improved, modern conveniences and some actual necessities were missing which should not have been the case. But a soldier does not expect to have everything handy when he goes to "war." We were, however, almost under the shadow of the White House and yet did not

have them. But, as all enlisted men know, it was a case of "What he did for his country and what his country did for him," this trip.

All the men that had typhoid fever were sent as soon as possible to the division hospital, which was over near the Virginia regiment. About the first of August there were over three hundred typhoid patients there from the New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Connecticut regiments.

It was at this time that the hospital was so crowded and the nurses so worn out, that a volunteer nurse was called for in each company of our regiment for one night to help the few men of the hospital corps to care and do for the sick as best they could. Each volunteer was ordered to report to Major Hickey and when we were all together and accounted for we marched to the regimental hospital where Lieutenant McCook explained the nature of the typhoid germ, what to do to guard as much as possible against it, and followed with a little general advice on the treatment of the disease. When this was over we marched over to the division hospital.

All were to get to work at once but, as in everything else, we had to wait for some one to report to some one else, who, in turn had to see Dr. so and so as to arrangements etc. and so for a while we had to wait. At last, however, we were placed and from one to three men left in each ward. It was then that we started in on a long and dreary night's work, after drilling all day. Two men besides myself were left at ward No. 4, which at that time was filled with very sick men. These two men were to take special care of two poor fellows that were not expected to live through the night.

It was about eight o'clock when I entered the ward and the night head nurse had just started giving the medicine. As I reported to him for duty he seemed very pleased and thankful to have any one to help him. He was alone and had a great deal to do and any little help I could give him would be a help most sadly needed. He at once started me giving the medicine, while he made it ready for me to give. All

medicines were in tablet form, except the brandy, which each man drank from the cup that some one else had just used. There were only two cups in the whole ward that night and no way at all handy for washing or wiping those two.

We had a great deal to do besides giving medicine and it was near half-past ten before we were through. When he had medicine ready for any one, the head nurse would say—"This is for 'Jones,' I think he is near the end." And in such a way he would locate the man as near as possible. Then I would go where I was told and ask any one that was awake if he was "Jones" or if he knew which man was "Jones" and several times I had to awaken two or three men to find the right one. This was very unpleasant for me to do, as I knew it might be hours before they went to sleep again, but these were my orders—"wake 'em up, and make them take it," and so I did. But I was more than glad when the last pill was given and I could let them sleep if they would. One candle was burning at the head nurse's desk and I carried one in a little box to shield it from the wind, but at times and just when I did not want it to do so, as a little gust of wind would strike it just right, out it went. At two o'clock in the morning our last candle was used up and the nurse had to go to the next ward to get enough to last until daylight; they could spare only a half of one and this was just enough to get along with.

There was but one towel in the ward that night, which was intended for us to wipe our hands on, but before I was there an hour it was soaked in cold water and put on the head of a poor fellow, and we had to use our handkerchiefs for towels. About five o'clock I went to the supply tent and asked, then begged, for one towel, but could not get it. The answer was, "I would like to, my dear boy, but I cannot and will not give you anything without an order from Dr. Butler." There was none in the ward when I left it.

The cots that the men lay on were very good indeed, but few if any had sheets or pillows and most of the men had only the blankets that were around them when they were brought

in. The uniforms, rolled up, answered for a pillow with some, that night, at least.

In the morning when Dr. Butler came to the ward I saw he meant business that day and that there was to be a change for the better. His orders were clear and decided and he suited his actions to his words, helping here and there, and before I left, at about eight o'clock, most everything was in ship-shape order. From that hour I am sure the place was much improved in every way and when I went over to take care of "Judge" and be a regular nurse, a week later, I found that the men were about as well treated and looked after as they would have been anywhere.

Twenty-one Sisters of Charity had then arrived from Boston, Massachusetts, and were in charge during the day, two in each ward. They would come at seven A. M., and leave at seven P. M., going to dinner at twelve o'clock M., and returning at one P. M., as regular as if they had to "ring up" their time. Coming and going to their boarding house they went in ambulances. They were all trained nurses from the Kearney Hospital. They were kind and gentle and did all they could to save and relieve as much as possible from his suffering, the poor soldier who was destined to do his little part of the "Yanks Spanko" war, on a hard, hot, narrow cot.

At this time each man had a good cot, a pillow, two sheets, a blanket, night shirt, handkerchiefs, a blanket or two to lay on, and there were plenty of towels, sponges, basins, cups, etc., and each man received his medicine regularly and without any trouble, and also his food, if we could get it from the diet kitchen.

When the Sisters arrived in the morning, they went to work with a will and soon had each man ready for a little breakfast of beef-tea, malted milk, rice, or they took the temperature, gave the medicine, washed the dishes, etc., while we scrubbed the floors, gave each man a soap and water bath, changed his clothing and made him as comfortable as possible.

There they lay, those hot days in July and August, sometimes asking for ice, when there was no ice to give them, sometimes for a little cold water. At times there was no cold water to give, as we had no way to make it cold. One very hot day, when this was the case and they were all the time asking "just a little ice," I felt as if it were another case of "Give me three grains of corn, mother." At five P. M., however, when the ice at last arrived, each man had all he wanted of it.

The Sisters kept the wards and everything in them very clean and no work was too hard or dirty for them to do, if they saw others were not willing to do it. In this way as well as others they did a great deal of good and saved at least a few lives. They did not partake of any refreshments whatever at the hospital during those hot, tiresome days they were there, but worked hard and faithfully and for what? For the love of God. I am sure they deserve it, and this little tribute given here.

Major Rockwell and Chaplain Kelsey came over once or twice a day to look after the Connecticut men and their word was law, and their advice was respected by every one. Our good chaplain left a standing order with one of the sutlers for all the ice cream that would be wanted by the men under his care at the hospital. This is what I have to say of Chaplain Kelsey, his face, manner, encouragement and his advice as well as his cream was always welcome, pleasing and good for all. Major Rockwell knew his business better than any other M. D. in the place and often I have heard the other doctors say, "I guess I'll have to ask Major Rockwell about that."

One day about ten A. M. ambulances came and took all the Pennsylvania boys to the depot at Dunn Loring, where they were put aboard a special car and sent to a hospital at Philadelphia. Soon after, they came again and took all the New York boys, who were sent to a hospital at Buffalo, and then a few others were taken over to Fort Meyer near Washington. This left only Virginia and Connecticut men. They were all put in ward No. 2. In the meantime, ward after ward, tent

after tent, was taken down, rolled up, and sent away, until at last all that was left standing of that white city of sickness was the officers' tents, ward No. 2, the kitchen tents, and the dispensary.

Finally came the long looked for day for the sick men from Connecticut, the day when they were to start for home. So, one morning about five o'clock four or five ambulances and a detail of men from our own regiment came and took all but one Connecticut man over to the station. This man was too sick to be moved. Two others had to be carried on stretchers, all the way to the car, as they were not strong enough to ride with the others. They were very tired by the time they were rolled into bed in the sleeping car that was to bring them all back to the place they started from on May 4th, then well, happy and full of hope. What a change there was in that carload of men. If they had been well enough to stay and go back to Niantic with the rest of us, however, they would have been compelled to do as we did before we could get home to our beloved ones—pay eighty-five cents for transportation from Niantic, or walk home.

The hospital at Niantic, after our return from Camp Alger, was nothing but a hell on earth and every one that was in those tents for twenty-four hours should, by all that is just and right, receive a pension for life. But I have said enough.



PRIVATE OVIATT.
FROM THE HOSPITAL TO THE TRAIN.

RELIEF COMMITTEE.



Soon after the departure of the regiment, members of Company K, C. N. G. met and appointed a committee, consisting of Sergeant George S. Batterson, chairman, Corporal Herbert S. King and Private Charles E. Meyers, treasurer, to provide the war company occasionally with such delicacies and provisions as were not included in the regular army rations. This was done and the war company fully appreciated the motives which called forth such acts of kindness. In the fall, when the sick began to be sent home, the labors of the committee were at once largely increased. The committee thereupon collected some \$300 which was generously contributed by the members, ex-members, veterans and honorary members of the company. The committee and other members of the company met the invalids at the Union Station on the arrival of the trains from Camp Alger and later visited them at their homes, in Hartford, New Haven and elsewhere. In many ways the committee thus relieved the heavy burdens which those who fell sick with the fever were compelled to bear.

CHRONOLOGICAL.



BY PRIVATE GEORGE B. THAYER.



COMPANY K, FIRST REGIMENT, CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.

ORDERS No. 4.

HARTFORD, May 2, 1898.

I. In compliance with G. O. No. 7, R. H., May 2, 1898, the members of this command who are to serve for two years (unless sooner discharged) in the war with Spain are hereby ordered to assemble at the Armory at 12.15 p. m., on Wednesday, May 4, 1898.

II. Members will report in fatigue uniform, with haversacks and knapsacks equipped for heavy marching order. Those not provided with knapsacks will be directed as to equipment.

III. Each man will provide himself with one pair heavy wide sole black shoes, two flannel shirts (blue preferred), two sets heavy underclothing, two abdominal woolen bands, socks, white silk and linen handkerchiefs, towels, soap, and sponge, toilet articles, including fine tooth comb, shaving outfit, blacking-brush, and blacking, needles, thread, etc., one pair of rubbers, and extra shoe laces. A pair of thin trousers and a vest will also be provided. All articles not worn will be packed in knapsack, or, in case of members not provided with knapsack, will be stowed inside of blanket roll, as directed.

IV. The commandant is confident that the same spirit which has animated the members of Company K in times of peace will be with them in this more serious undertaking, and that the high reputation which the command has borne for intelligent and faithful performance of duty will be maintained.

H. H. SAUNDERS, *Captain.*

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4. In obedience to the foregoing order the members of Company K assembled at the Elm Street armory promptly at 12.15 o'clock. For several hours previous friends of the First Regiment had been gathering in and about the armory till the street in front and the hallway and floors within were crowded with people, all anxious to do what they could for the comfort of those of us who were to leave.

For weeks and weeks I had been looking forward to this day—the opportunity of a life time. At night, in anticipation, I had not only lived the day over and over again but my imagination had reached out into the future and often, before dropping off to sleep, I found myself fighting hand to hand conflicts with Spaniards, receiving and giving savage bayonet thrusts and finally clubbing my gun with deadly effect. And during all these weeks of anticipation I looked forward to the hour when I should, for the first time, be under fire, with a feeling much more of curiosity than of dread. I really was curious to find out if I was, in fact, a coward. So far, during my life, I had never yet struck a person in anger and I wondered if there really was devil enough in me to kill a man. The time was close at hand, now, when I should have an opportunity to test myself, to find myself out and I look forward to that event much as you would to meeting a friend about whom you had heard much but never seen face to face. Only once during these weeks did I wince at the outlook. One night *The Times* had an article on the front page conspicuously headed “The penetrating power of Spanish bullets. Colonel Burdett receives important information in regard to them.” When my eye struck that article, for a moment I shivered and dodged and refused to read further but soon coming to myself I went back and read the article through and through.

The time had now come—I was going to war. I went up to my room in *The Linden*, took a last look at all my books and things, wondered if I should ever see them again, locked the door and left the building. Let the following letter written home tell the story of the day:

My Dear Florine:—

“ First of all, I want to thank you for making it so easy for me to go. You didn't raise a single objection so far as I remember and incidentally I have heard, from several sources, things you have said to others, which makes me think possibly you felt rather proud than otherwise that I was going. At least I imagined so.

I was glad, after all, that you went to New York and we didn't have to say ‘ Good-bye.’ It would have broken me all



“ HEADS UP.”

COMPANY K COMING UP ELM STREET, HARTFORD,
WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1898.

up and possibly you would not have been able to keep the stiff upper lip you did.

Mrs. S. at first didn't think much of my enlisting, said she didn't think I was such a big fool, but when I went down to her to say ‘ Good-bye,’ she finally threw her arms around my neck, kissed me again and again and said she would be a mother to

me if she could. She wanted to send me a box of things to eat, right away, etc., etc. That was the first time I weakened about the eyes.

Then I asked Mrs. M. to do some little sewing for me and she was so willing, and the chef was so good getting me an early luncheon, and Jack, the elevator boy, was so anxious to do something by acting as waiter for me, and Mr. Ackley, (the manager of The Linden), was so thoughtful as to come down to the armory at the last minute to see if there wasn't something he too could do for me—well, all I can say, The Linden was awfully good to me, from Mr. Ackley down to the pastry cook and elevator boy and that just melted me. O, I tell you, Florine, people are not so selfish, after all. Those that had to stay at home had the hardest part of it. It was much easier to go than to stay and have no chance to do anything. When you get a good chance, let Mrs. M. know that what she did, in sewing my name upon my uniform and in fixing a silk handkerchief about the neck of my thick sweater, was all that even mother, if she were alive, could do for me. Do you suppose mother would have made it so easy for me to go as you did?

But I got down to the armory finally and when we started up Elm Street the opportunity of a life time came to pass. Old customers from Vernon were in to see me off and the march up Main Street you must imagine. It cannot be described from the point of view of those of us in the ranks. Everywhere it was cheers and tears and good-byes. One of the librarians at the public library writes me he tried to catch my eye but could not, so he kept yelling to keep from crying. I didn't see Will either, if he was there.

An old charity fraud, whom I once exposed, saw me and cheered me on by yelling, "Damn you, I hope you will get shot." A gang of frequenters of the City Hotel also took this occasion to hiss Company K, as we passed there. Aside from these little things, the contrast was great—all and more than we expected.

But every one of us agree that the view down into Union Place as we ascended to the railroad platform was the prettiest

of all the pretty sights that day. A mass of human beings, composed largely of women, decked out in their prettiest, giving us one last farewell. The pretty colors of the hats massed in groups or singly, made the whole square one human flower garden, alive with faces. That was a fitting sight to leave with us.

O, I could write a book about the going. But I must tell you a little something this time, of the novelty of this camp over any other. Heretofore we have eaten in mess-houses, with seats, plates, course dinners, waiters, etc., just as we would at home, practically.

This time we got into camp just before dark. In a short time, a long row of camp fires were going and when it had grown quite dark, the company lined up in the company street and marched over to our camp fire. In single file each one passed by the fire, getting a piece of fried ham and fried potatoes on one tin plate, a piece of bread on the cover and a cup of hot coffee. Each man found a seat on the ground somewhere or on a log of wood and with knife and fork drawn from the haversack thrown over his shoulder, began to eat. Of course, the cup of coffee had to be placed on the ground while the ham was held in the lap and cut up. Thus were one thousand men served the first night in camp. It was a novel sight,—the long row of camp fires (one for each company) with one thousand men crouched about in the dark on the ground. Each man washes his own dishes by going over to a kettle of hot water and swashing his dishes about in it. After eighty-four men have thus swashed around, the water you can imagine gets somewhat greasy. Then the dishes are put back in the haversack which we take back and hang up in the tent. Now, we have benches put up about the fire to eat at. When it rains—as it has every day so far—we stick our heads through a slit in the center of our rubber blankets and that keeps the rain off of us but not off the food. Light tents have been up over the fire places so the rain will not put the fire out but this (Sunday) morning the wind blew the tents into the air, piled the benches into heaps, so that we had to go into the mess houses to eat breakfast.

But I must stop, for now. Each man of us is worrying about the possibility of failing to pass the physical examination this week. I am below the standard 5 ft. 4 in. and cannot bear the thought of failing in that when I am so tough otherwise. Captain Saunders has asked me to keep the company diary—the doings of the company for each day.

The men already are beginning to have boxes come, with fruits, cakes, etc. I don't need anything in that line, for the food *is all right*. But still, if you feel that you must, you could make it pleasant for me to return some of the favors the men are showing me already. Enough for this time. When it gets warmer you and Will must come down. I sleep as warm as toast."

Little else needs to be added. Our section of the train left the Union Station at 2.20 to the music of a Gatling gun salute and everywhere along the line of the Valley road, were crowds gathered to see us off. At Colt's factory a salute was fired, another at Rocky Hill and at Cromwell, two old men (veterans, perhaps) came out with old shot guns to get us accustomed to the music of the musket. The Keating Bicycle factory whistle at Middletown and the Essex Drum Corps stirred the country with their noises and everywhere the school children made the most of the occasion. It was, in fact, a great send off.

We got into camp at 5.15 and K was the first company in the regiment to get supper. The permanent kitchen detail was: Private McGrath, cook; assistant, Private Tinkham; detail, Sergeant Beebe, Privates Cannon, Rowland, McKone and Hollis. Guard mount at 9 p. m. with Privates Hollis, Johnson, Bassett, Wheelock and Webster as detail for guard and Private Sobieralski on the battery. Lieutenant Valentine was officer of the guard.

THURSDAY, MAY 5. We had, for breakfast, beef steak, potatoes, bread and coffee; for dinner, soup (it was great) bread and coffee and for supper, baked beans. At guard mount at 9 o'clock Private McKone was "touched" for colonel's orderly. Company drill was from 9.30 to 11.30

a. m. At 5 p. m. the Yale light battery arrived, marching by our street and taking up a position on the extreme left of the camp grounds. The appearance of this fine set of fellows, coming into camp and making the same offer we did yesterday, begins to give me a broader and deeper idea of what this all means. With the exception of a few drops of rain at breakfast, the weather was fair all day.

FRIDAY, MAY 6. Fried blue fish for breakfast! How's that! Today the weather was fine and I went in swimming over by the sea coast battery. One of the funniest performances I ever saw was the Gatling gun drill by Privates Calverly and Sheedy of Company H late this afternoon. With a wheelbarrow for a gun and a man at each handle, they rushed about the parade grounds, charging the enemy from various points of attack. When the command was given to dismantle the gun, they would suddenly turn the wheelbarrow bottom up, throw themselves flat upon their bellies and with faces close to the ground and hands upon the wheel, they made it revolve with lightning rapidity. Calverly is very fat about the waist and soon was very red about the face and the fact that both men had a slight "edge on" did not lessen the ludicrousness of the whole proceedings.

The Night Guards met at the bath house tonight and effected an organization with Private W. C. Johnson as Officer of the Night and Private McKone as adjutant. After taps they passed in review at the bath house, posted the guard, held a court-martial and selected candidates for initiation and blanket tossing.

SATURDAY, MAY 7. At breakfast this morning we ate out in the rain. Rubber blankets were soon issued to us, however, and this saved us a wetting. Shoes, shirts, drawers and stockings were also issued to us during the forenoon. I had to take stockings two sizes too big and shoes five sizes too large but I think I can send the shoes back to Marcy Brothers and get a smaller size made. Captain Saunders acted as adjutant of the second battalion to-day. To-night, for the first time I think, in the history of the C. N. G., the band played "The Star

Spangled Banner" at retreat and every head was uncovered. It seemed queer, at first, to see men back of the mess houses, out of sight of the flag and almost out of hearing of the music, take their hats off and stand or go along bare-headed. But that dear old flag means more to us than it did a few days ago. "Mac" made us a meat pie to-night that was equal to any the chef at The Linden ever made.

SUNDAY, MAY 8. Heavy rain and high wind. Mess tent blown down. Hail and cold rain all day. Camp flooded. Big pond of water near kitchen. Breakfast and dinner in the mess house. Cooking done in the mess kitchen. Captain Saunders was officer of the day to-day. This afternoon he called a number of us into the mess house out of the rain and put us through the manual, for the purpose of selecting six corporals from the number. In turn, some of us put the captain through. Private Bassett called the captain down, in fine shape. "You're a little slow, there, captain" he said and then we all laughed. Later in the afternoon the captain announced the following promotions: Privates Cannon, Bassett, Ward, W. C. Johnson, Marion and Gruener to be corporals. Captain Saunders promised, when I re-enlisted for this, that he would allow me to remain a private if I meant what I said. I told him I did, but I was afraid this afternoon, when he called on me, to go through the manual, he had forgotten his promise.

MONDAY, MAY 9. This is wash day and many of the men made their first attempt at washing their own clothes. It was a cold night but the sun came out fine at six o'clock this morning. It soon went into clouds however. Sergeant Holt and Privates Low, Fulton and Sanderson were detailed to go over to New London to hunt up men away from camp without leave. At guard mount I was selected as post orderly.

TUESDAY, MAY 10. Ice formed last night in the basins. Private Eno was chosen as post orderly this morning. At 10.30 this morning the company was ordered over to the surgeon's quarter for the purpose of passing the physical examination. Only two men, Privates Ripley and Guidot, out of the entire company, failed to pass and later, upon a re-ex-

amination, Private Ripley was accepted. How I succeeded in getting through, see my next letter home.

Colt's Band gave a concert in honor of Battery A (Yale Boys) at their mess house to-night which was largely attended by the officers and men of the regiment. How relieved the men all feel, now that they have passed the physical examination.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11. To-day was clear and mild. At company drill the order "Form for attack" was given and fairly well executed. We also had the setting up exercises for the first time. Private Knox has been detailed as quartermaster's clerk. To-night Privates Bassett, Eno, R. A. Case and myself with Corporal Dwyer and Sergeant Moseley went over to Farmer Saunders and had all the oysters out of the shell we could eat, for ten cents.

THURSDAY, MAY 12. Private Fulton was post orderly to-day. The boxes from home are beginning to come, to such an extent that some of the men have given the kitchen the cold shoulder and, as the result, have eaten themselves sick with the good things sent from home. My box came to-day but I am bound to stick by "Mac," he makes everything taste so good. Private W. O. Case took some fine shots of blanket tossing to-day. The "Thirteen Club" had a fried oyster supper at Saunders to-night. There were present: Lieutenant Keeney, Sergeants Moseley and Hines, Corporals Silvernail and Pierce, Privates W. O. Case, Cadwell, Eno, Pierce (Drum Major) Johnson, Pattison, Appleton and myself. A fine spread for twenty cents!

FRIDAY, MAY 13. Lieutenant Waterman was officer of the guard last night. He reported a fine display of shooting stars during the night. It's funny what queer things some folks see or think they see when no one else is around. Private Ahern was colonel's orderly to-day. Governor Lorrin A. Cooke, Colonel W. B. McCray and other members of the governor's staff visited the camp to-day and were received with the usual salute from the battery. This afternoon, during the regiment drill, the order "Form for attack" was given and,

during the execution of "Advance by Rushes" across the field, the charge was so rapid and such a hot pace was set that one or two men fell from the ranks and were carried from the field on stretchers. Corporal "Cy" Wheeler gave a "tat-tee" to-night at his tent but taps stopped the performance before its close. The boys began to have some fun with the tent of Privates Marvel and Morley to-night. Forty-five years old to-day.

SATURDAY, MAY 14. At company drill this morning a camp photographer took us during the setting up exercises and some one suggested the novel scheme of forming the company, single file, in a circle and at a given signal each man sat down upon the knees of the man behind him. In that way the whole company rested and could have continued in that easy position indefinitely. Private Morley has been dubbed "Sleeping Jesus" but there was little sleep for him to-night. Among other things that happened Morley's tent came down in a heap. Sergeant Beebe strongly objected to such treatment of Private Morley but every one, excepting those on the inside—the inside of the tent—strongly suspected "Bob" himself had something to do with the sudden collapse of the tent. Company K, "Home Guards," began to arrive in camp to-night and so, in order to get some sleep, I induced the members of the hospital corps to let me in to the hospital tent. Captain Saunders acted as major of the second battalion at review to-night.

SUNDAY, MAY 15. Inspection of uniforms, arms and tents this morning at 8. Religious services at the pagoda at 10.30. Crowds of visitors. Clam chowder and rice pudding for dinner. At 2 o'clock another cold rain, similar to the storm last Sunday, set in and soon flooded the camp again. Our tent is like a sieve and everything in it had to be covered with our rubber blankets to keep them from getting soaked. The tent of privates Cadwell, Hall, Ward, Pimm and Knox had recently been equipped with a commodious cellar, into which they had stored their laundry, shaving apparatus, etc. When they returned to their tent after supper, the cellar was found flooded.



MERRY-GO-ROUND, OR "COMPANY, REST!"

to the brim and shirts, stockings, shaving apparatus, hair brushes, etc. were floating about promiscuously. "Mac" gave us an orange short cake for supper to-night. We had to seek shelter in the mess house to eat it and how he managed to cook it out in this rain seems a mystery. Possibly the cold rain to-day may have had something to do with the tone of the letters I wrote home to-day. Here they are, however just as they were written :

" My Dear Florine :—

I have just had to tear myself away from headquarters where Will is, telling stories and making every one laugh, in order to get time to write you. I am so busy every minute all the week that Sundays must hereafter be reserved for letter writing. The box came all right and of course broke me all up. It don't take but mighty little to make me cry, these days. Last Sunday, in the Y. M. C. A. tent, I cried like a baby writing you and with every one around likely to see me. To-day I have gone over by the Sea Coast battery, all alone, but it is just the same. I can't talk or think of where I am, with all that "In Camp" means, this time, without filling up as if I should burst. It is not that I look forward to a thing that is unpleasant or is to be dreaded. On the contrary, when I think that I have been permitted even to take the most humble part in the great events that are transpiring and am in a position, *now*, to-day, to do whatever is required of me, I feel so grateful, so thankful, that I can hardly hold myself. Usually, whenever a person's nerves are unstrung, the symptoms are just those that I now exhibit, but the truth is, my nerves were never stronger. In loading and firing, as we do every day now, I never was able to take such good aim. I know my eyesight, at a distance, is better than two years ago and I can pick off an object easily at seven hundred yards and an object not larger than a horse, at that.

But just think how the United States of America has suddenly taken upon itself to expand and acquire territory. The only "I told you so" that I have made is, that this would

eventually turn out to be a war of conquest. Isn't it already that and then, to think I am taking part in it and can continue to take part in whatever service we are called upon to perform!

Florine, I never could nerve myself up at home to talk straight from my soul but now the whole subject presents itself to me like this. Two courses were open to me— one, to finish my course in the study of law and then to begin practicing. Whether or not I should be successful in that was not certain. In any case, the practice of law will be still open, to be taken up at any time but in looking forward to that, the thought of having finally and forever turned my back upon the other course, suddenly opened to me, but opened, in all probability, but this once, during my whole life,—to carry with me, for all time, the thought that I had turned my face away from the chance of a life time, the one opportunity to show to myself and to you what stuff there was in me—that thought was unbearable. I could not live with myself hereafter, feeling that the greatest opportunity ever presented to any one had been by me neglected. Hence, I am here in camp, and with that thought, come these tears.

But enough for now, although it does me good to relieve the pressure from within.

About the box—don't send anything more till I let you know. Two other boxes have been sent by some one—Mrs. S. and the cook at The Linden, probably. My tent mates have also received two or three boxes and the nice things would upset my stomach if I let myself eat much between meals.

We have all the daily and Sunday papers and everything we need.

It is the joke of the camp how I passed the surgeon's examination. I raised up on my toe nails to my utmost and stood firm. "Five feet, four," he said and that will be my official height, when we are mustered into the service of the best country that ever existed on the face of this earth. I tell you, the study of law gives a man as nothing else can the true idea of what the Stars and Stripes stand for.

Every night, at sunset, the gun fires, the flag is slowly lowered while the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" and every enlisted man in camp, whether he is cooking supper, playing foot-ball or far in the rear of the mess houses and out of sight, uncovers his head and remains so till the flag reaches the ground. That makes me cry, too.

The only thing you can do, just now, is to write, if you can find anything to write about. How much I want to say. I hope this blubbering letter won't upset you."

" My Dear G :—

What say you and the " Strategic Board," in your office of Sampson's chances in getting at the Cape Verde fleet? That is what we are mostly interested in, down here, now.

I have been writing to Florine and Mrs. S till I couldn't see much else than a lot of blurred lines, so I decided to take another tack and write to you. Possibly, however, I may get to blubbering again, thinking of you all. It don't take much to set me crying down here. If it was not that we are kept busy all day and don't have time to think of that march up Main Street and what it all meant, I should have red eyes most of the time. But Sunday there is a let up on the drilling and then I well up and run over about the eyes, when I begin to think of you all.

Ask me what I am crying about—a man forty-five years and two days old—and I could not tell you. It is not because I am sitting in a tent, covered over with a rubber blanket and a cold, north-east storm blowing in my face. I have been out in cold storms before, many thousand miles from home too, away from friends and a stranger in a strange land and yet I had no thought of crying. But here, among a thousand friends, within a few miles of home and not a thing, so far, to prevent my returning home and yet I would not go home for all the money in Hartford. Nay more, the very thought of being compelled to return, now, would break my heart. I cry because I *can* stay—stay where I am or go farther from home, should the opportunity arise, or the order be given. It is because I

have been permitted, during the course of my life, to do as I have recently done and as I am doing to-day, that I fill up and choke—almost burst with gratitude. There it is again.

How do you suppose I passed the U. S. surgeon's examination? You know I am about $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 inches short, so I went to a cobbler the day we left home and bought for fifteen cents sufficient heel leather to put inside of my shoes to raise me to the required standard. But what a homesick feeling I had when I learned that the surgeon examines every man of us with our clothes off. That made my little leather scheme of no use and I am out the fifteen cents. But when the time came, I stepped off the scales on tip toe, walked over to the measuring machine on my toes and then raised myself up on my very toe nails and stood firm. "Five feet, four" said the assistant, the surgeon never looked down at my feet and from this time on, if any fellow says I am short, the official records of the U. S. Army will be conclusive documentary evidence sufficient to rebut and repel the slander.

Last Sunday the ground was covered in spots with hail and slush and the wind blew such a gale that many of the tents went down. To-day, beginning about 2 o'clock, a similar cold rain began and bids fair to repeat last Sunday's experience. Leaky tents add to the inconvenience, for if a drop of cold rain leaks in anywhere it is sure to eventually trickle down upon my bald head, if I undertake to lay down to sleep. Last Sunday night each one rolled up in his own blanket and double underclothes and stockings failed to keep me warm, hot stuff as I usually am. To-night we are going to lay spoon fashion and see if we can't keep warm. This cold rain is making me hungry, so I must stop and go to supper. We shall have to eat in our tents to-night, I guess."

MONDAY, MAY 16. A class-mate from the Yale Law School writes: "Are there any vacancies in the regiment." I am afraid he will get left if he waits for "vacancies." Uncle Sam isn't advertising "vacancies" just at present. Letters from home tell us we have been ordered to Mobile, Tybee Island or some other southern camp. Florine, when she heard of it,

wrote: "My blood felt cold in my veins for a long time." If *we* had heard of such an order how different would have been the effect upon us. Again we see how much easier it is for us to go than for those, dear to us, who have to remain at home. Will, (Colonel McCray) writes: "I understand there would have been a revolt in the company if the surgeon had refused to pass you." The faculty of the Yale Law School have just voted to recommend me for the degree of Master of Laws, in consideration of the fact that I had enlisted and in view, they write me, of the fact of my "previous high standing." Standing on tip-toe before the surgeon—that's what did it. I never stood so high in the community in my life, before or since. But I wonder how the faculty heard of it.

Lance Corporal Cannon was chosen colonel's orderly to-day. Some of the men were allowed to go home on twenty-four hour furloughs to-day. This afternoon Colt's band left for home, playing "Auld Lang Syne" as they marched out of camp. Another heavy rain set in before 6 o'clock to-night and we had to fall back on the mess house for shelter again, at supper time. The Yale battery boys called on Private Morley to-night during the rain. He is from Yale and is suffering from a severe attack of the asthma. As they started away in the dusk, each wrapped about with his poncho, they began their familiar serpentine dance, going across the field over to the pagoda, four abreast, in a long wriggling line of jumping rubber blankets. It was a queer sight. The rain prevented the oyster supper "gang," as they are getting to be called, from getting back to camp to-night, the men making the best of it over in the Spiritualist camp.

TUESDAY, MAY 17. At guard mount, this morning, there was, of course, no music. The drummers beat a very undemonstrative tat-too, however, on the sides of their drums, during inspection. Private Gruener was colonel's orderly. One of the men was sent to the guard house this noon for disorderly conduct. He was soon released, however.

This afternoon we were formally mustered into the service of the United States of America. The company was formed

in column of twos and marched out upon the field. Then, in single file, as each name was called, we answered, "Here," and passed by the mustering officer, Lieutenant Rowan. The company was again formed, facing to the west, in two ranks, and with hats off and right arm uplifted, Lieutenant Rowan administered the oath to us. Then we signed the muster roll in triplicate and the ceremony was over. It certainly was the most important act in the life of each one of us and the men all seemed to appreciate this fact. During the waits, however, (for the ceremony took nearly the whole afternoon), the men



SWEARING IN COMPANY K, AT NIANTIC, TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1898.

got to fooling among themselves, while other companies were being sworn in and Captain Saunders received a very sarcastic call down from Lieutenant Rowan.

At the oyster supper to-night Privates Bassett and Thayer, having earned the privilege by cleaning the table of fried oysters, successively kissed the cook, but only after a Priscilla Mullins hint from the old lady herself.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18. I was on kitchen detail to-day with Private Johnson. Adjutant General Havens passed as I was splitting up some wood and spoke to me pleasantly, as he always does, in fact. I wonder if what the reporters say but don't dare to publish, just now, is true—that he went to

Washington sometime last month and spent several days quietly trying to get placed at the head of some brigade other than the Connecticut brigade, leaving an impression with the government that Connecticut troops were not ready nor fully equipped. Does this explain why Governor Cooke was so slow in calling us out? Was his chief military adviser the one upon whom the blame should, in fact, rest?

The Courant this morning says Lieutenant Colonel Redfield has resigned "on account of his health;" that he had



SIGNING THE MUSTER-ROLLS.

Saunders. Valentine. Waterman. Moseley.

made up his mind to remain with the regiment to be mustered into the United States service and go to the front, but that last Saturday he was examined by Doctors H. G. Howe and William D. Morgan, and they told him he mustn't. So he didn't. To say the least, this seems a little rough on Doctors Rockwell and McCook, who had examined him a day or two before and found him physically all right and able to go to the

front. But then, when doctors disagree who shall decide? If still in doubt take the side of safety. Better be safe than sorry. Henry is safe and the rest of us are sorry, sorry, for he was an old K man, "'tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The regiment was ordered out upon the field this forenoon and two men from New Britain, who refused yesterday to sign the muster roll and boasted that they never intended to when they left home, were drummed out of camp, after marching along the entire line of the regiment at the point of the bayonet. Private Pierce was to-day appointed drum major of the new band being formed. Private Molloy, the captain's servant, but more familiarly know as the "Dog robber," was visited to-night in his tent by the White Caps.

THURSDAY, MAY 19. The articles of war were read to us to-day. Private Barrows was severely injured this afternoon, during a game of ball in which he was a spectator, by being struck by a wild throw. He was taken to the hospital.

FRIDAY, MAY 20. This extract is from a letter home: "Last night while out on guard, a ripping thunder storm came up from the west and gave me a new experience. I was No. 1 man at guard quarters and had to be specially alert. The lightning was magnificent and for an instant made the whole sleeping camp light as day. Then, how dark! I had on my overcoat and over that a rubber blanket with a slit in the middle through which we poke our heads. When the storm struck the camp I turned my back to the wind and let it pelt away, careful only to keep the muzzle of my gun down. I rather liked it, standing there alone at 2.30 a. m., with not a soul near. Pretty soon No. 2 man, a mere boy, loomed up out in the dark. Of course I yelled "Halt, who is there." He told me who he was and then asked, in a low voice, "Do you think that is chain lightning." I told him I guessed not, though it was coming down as sharp and fast as any lightning, chain or chainless, I ever saw.

"I hope not," he answered. "I don't mind sheet lightning but I wouldn't want to be around with this gun if that was chain lightning." We stood there and talked in

low tones till we found the water coming up over our shoes and then we started out to find higher ground. He finally moved away, considerably reassured when I told him I was now sure it was nothing anyway but sheet lightning.

One of the things I like about this whole affair is the way men are tested. If a man is a shirk, here it is found out. If he is indifferent to the rights of others, he shows it. Put four men into a space eight feet square and make them all sleep, dress, undress and possibly eat there and still compel them, once in twenty-four hours, to have every article of clothing and every piece of equipment in just such a place—under such conditions you find a man out. A hair brush in sight or a towel carelessly folded causes the tent to be called down and each of the tent mates suffers for the carelessness and indifference of the others. I tell you, under such conditions, the essentials in a man's character are brought to the surface. If he has anything of real worth you find it out. A good tent mate is a pretty good man. I am pretty lucky in mine, all things considered but perhaps the joint opinion of the other three, as to myself, would be of more value to an inquiring mind."

Battery B left camp this morning at 9.30 for coast defense duty. The regiment marched out into the country about four miles, before dinner. Upon their return the whole company were ordered to wash their feet. Private Morley went on a tour of inspection in front of his tent looking for bugs. Trumpeter Camp and Musician Ashwell moved over to the band street to-day. My police duty this afternoon included the work of disinfecting the sinks of the entire camp, a pretty malodorous matter in one or two instances. Tent 21 was "raided" to-night and the inmates scattered. Private Marion sought shelter with us "little runts" in Tent 12.

SATURDAY, MAY 21. Lieutenant Waterman was officer of the guard and Private Fulton colonel's orderly, to-day. The regiment took an out-post tramp towards Crescent Beach of about six miles. The veteran members of the company remembered us to-day with a box of oranges and tub of butter.



"CALM BEFORE THE STORM."

BEFORE AND DEPARTURE SUNDAY—MAY 22, 1868. AT ATLANTIC, CONN.

The "regulators" got a rope around the "dog-robber's" leg and nearly tore him, limb from limb, astride the tent pole, to-night.

SUNDAY, MAY 22. About 3 o'clock this morning Private Morley made an unsuccessful trip down back of the mess house but soon returned to the neighborhood of his own tent. One of his tent mates, Private Walsh, a few hours after, upon turning out at early morning roll call, discovered some government property in the wash basin outside the tent and immediately demanded:

"Who owns that?"

"That's mine," replied Private Morley, meekly, taking upon himself all the burdens which such ownership imposes. Private Cannon split his fingers apart at base-ball this afternoon.

To-day has been of the finest. At dress parade a photograph of the entire regiment was taken. Not long after, rumors of an order breaking up the regiment, were noised about. Later in the evening the rumors began to materialize. At 9.30 the order came, smashing the regiment into fragments. They say when the order for two companies for Portland was read during an officers' meeting at regimental headquarters to-night, the officers of two companies instinctively turned and looked towards each other, and that is how Companies K and F were ordered to go to Portland. The boys are wild, yelling and cheering like Indians. I had turned in but in less than a minute the tent was full of men, piled up almost to the ridge pole, lying across each other in all directions and shouting like mad. The street did not get quieted down till late at night.

MONDAY, MAY 23. Company turned out at 5 a. m. Tents stripped, things packed and street thoroughly policed by 9.30. Dinner at 11. Left camp at 12 and joined Companies F and C at the station. Cheers for Colonel Burdett, Adjutant Wainwright, Dr. McCook, Sergeant Moseley and all those left behind. Left Niantic at 12.45. At New London the K cheer was given with a will. Arrived at Providence

at 2.30 and Boston at 3.40. Considerable enthusiasm shown at Somerville. Coffee and sandwiches at Portsmouth during which Private Sobieralski, better known, eventually, as "Sober-whiskey," received a swat in the mouth with a piece of ham fat, much to the entertainment of all but the recipient of the ham. Reached Portland at 8 p. m.

TUESDAY, MAY 24. Up at 6 a. m. Rain during the night. Went over to West End Hotel and had hot water to wash with. It felt fine. Breakfast at the station—ham, corn beef, beans and coffee. At 9 a. m. we took four trolley cars through the city for the ferry. All along the route there were girls to burn. Arrived at Prospect Hill, South Portland, near Fort Preble at 10.30. Soon began to rain. At the fort not a gun is mounted nor did I see but one man on guard. We have not a single round of ball cartridges. This is doing coast defense duty with a vengeance. What fine condition we are in to repel an attack from Spanish marines, for instance.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25. Rain before breakfast and during most of the day. The retreat roll call is at 7, tattoo at 9 and taps at 9.15. Check roll call to-night at 11. To-day the boys had lots of fun with an old flat trolley car down by the beach, pushing it up the grade and letting it run down the hill with a rush.

THURSDAY, MAY 26. Another cold and cloudy day. Let the following extract from a letter of even date tell how we pass the time:

"Whether I can make you see us as we are, depends on whether the boys stop firing each other in upon us, huddled together in our tent. I am sitting doubled up on a pile of straw, against the side wall of the tent. Four others are lying in the center of the tent playing whist, a sixth is at the door trying to shave and two others are just outside, watching the game. A little kitten has become our guest and is crawling about all over everybody and everything. Occasionally some one comes in and walks right across the whist table (which is a newspaper raised up on a pile of straw.) Before the intruder can get what he is after and get out, some one grabs him by

the leg, another gives him a push and he falls full length over the players, nearly crushing the cat in his struggles to get up.

The tent floor is about two feet deep with a conglomerate mass of knapsacks, blankets, overcoats, caps, shoes, leggins, haversacks, pipes, boxes of tobacco, glass jars of raspberry jelly, marmalade, pine-apple cheese, canned cherries, canteens, tin cups, newspapers, rubber blankets, underclothing, bundles of unwashed laundry, towels—all the personal property and household furniture of six men. (Now there are six of us in a tent.) This assortment is thoroughly concealed (whenever any particular article is wanted) by a mass of straw, more or less wet from the thirty-six hours' rain which has just ceased, temporarily.

How do we sleep in such a mess? Simply great! When we arrived Tuesday the ground was so soaked with the rain of Monday night that a floor to sleep on was a prudent thing to provide ourselves with. Two of us had noticed a big board sign, back on the road a short distance. It didn't take long to pull this up out of the ground, run with it to the tent and saw it up to fit. But that only covered half of the space, so I started out foraging again. A vacant cottage a short distance away was provided with a two-plank walk to the woodshed in the rear. Those planks were borrowed but still the cold, cold ground in that tent stared us in the face. Finally, the matched plank walk leading from the front door of this vacant house out to the sidewalk appeared to be willing to serve its country and it was forthwith removed bodily to our tent. It was just a fit and will be returned uninjured when we are through with it.

With a floor in, the rest came easy. A bale of straw to each tent was issued, to last for thirty days, so we only shook out part of it. On top of the straw we laid our overcoats and covered ourselves with blankets, feet towards the flap of the tent. As the tents are all pitched on the side hill of a rocky cow pasture, the floors were far from being level. I was on the lower side when we went to sleep that night. The next morning all five of my tent mates, big strapping six-footers, had rolled down hill on top of me, leaving plenty of room on the

upper side for three or four more, in case there was any necessity for putting more men in a tent. I think it might be well to put about four more in each tent and then we shouldn't shuck around so much. As for the straw, it is everywhere, in our hair, in our underclothing, in our stockings and shoes, in our eyes, in our knapsacks, in our raspberry jelly, canned cherries—but no one minds it, no one cares a straw. Since we came here it has rained all the time, so we had to keep to our tents and with the whole bale of straw shaken out, as some of the men have done, it is like crawling up on to a hay mow to get into a tent. But we sleep warm anyway and the bits of straw in our underclothes—I take off shoes, stockings and all but my underclothes—keep us itching through the day and keep us warm by night.

The trip here was uneventful. At Portsmouth, where we left Company C, we had coffee and sandwiches issued to us from the baggage car door. On arriving at Portland at 8 o'clock, no one apparently knew we were coming, but soon the station was crowded. Fort Preble was four miles by trolley and ferry or seven miles by road. Men with fifty to sixty pounds of baggage each and a gun could hardly be expected to make that, that night, so some old passenger cars were run into the station and we stayed in them that night. Lucky we did, for rain began to fall before midnight and had we made for Fort Preble that night, sleeping on the ground in the rain would have been our lot. That may come later, all well enough, but I hope it will be in a warmer climate than Maine. There would have been little sleep in the cars, so cramped were the quarters, but I got on to a scheme of shifting the seats and raising the backs of the seats, so that the six-footers could lie out straight, with their feet sticking through into the next seat. I fixed a dozen men up in that way before midnight.

Tuesday morning, after breakfast of coffee and ham sandwiches, out of the baggage car, we took four trolley cars through the city to the ferry. Everybody, though the crowd was not large, welcomed us heartily and we enjoyed the trolley rather than tramping three or four miles. Both the City

Guard and Company K gave their company yells as we rode along, whenever a sufficient provocation arose.

Prospect Hill, where we pitched our camp, is about one-fourth of a mile outside Fort Preble, a dismantled fort with barracks. Beds for sixteen mortars are being quarried out of the solid rock there, but further than that Fort Preble is useless as a present defense. About eighty men are now in the barracks, sleeping and lying around in hot, stuffy rooms, heated to nearly 80 by big coal stoves. I had rather sleep six



THE MUSICIANS, A LA SOUSA.

Foley. Taber. Camp. Ashwell.

in a leaky tent than stop one night in those barracks. None of that for me.

Before we got our stakes down it began to rain. But our cook had dinner ready, (fried pork, tomato soup, coffee and bread,) and we sat around on the rocks in the rain without a complaint. The rain made the bread a little soggy and the cold stones cooled the coffee pretty quickly, but we all had enough to eat.

Yesterday a few of us walked two miles over to Portland Head, in the rain of course. Five ten-inch disappearing guns

are there ready for business. The switchboard for firing the mines in the harbor is also located there. Men with glasses patrol the headland day and night and three patrol boats ply just outside, holding up every craft that comes near. It really looked like business out there.

Guard is posted around the two company streets, day and night. This morning at guard mount our little bugler, at sound off, paraded up and down before the guard with all possible pomp. The come down from Colt's fine band to a single bugler was very funny. The corps of musicians will soon be increased to four. Thus far we have done nothing but eat, sleep, guard and police the streets. What we are to do no one knows."

This extract from a Portland paper speaks for itself:

"The two Connecticut companies now encamped on the northerly slope of Prospect Hill, near Fort Preble, have had a wet time of it ever since they arrived here. Their tents are soaked and they are waiting patiently for sunshine to dry them out, when their camp life will be much pleasanter.

These two companies, F and K, have some fine looking soldiers in them. Company K is composed entirely of Hartford boys and is the crack military organization of that city. Its members are nearly all from well-to-do families and many of them are prominent in Hartford society. In the company are several college graduates and a number of Yale boys. The men have left good positions, such as clerkships in banks and insurance offices, and some of them were engaged in business for themselves. They expected to be sent south and the orders to go to Maine were a surprise to them which they did not welcome. It is probable that they will soon be transferred from their present camping ground to Portland Head or Fort Preble."

To-day a photograph of the company was taken in the company street, all of the members but Private Morley getting together. When asked to come in he replied: "O, go away with your damned photographer." Our cat has been named

COMPANY K AT FOKLELAND, ALASKA, 1917



- | | |
|-------------------|-----------|
| Wheeler, | Converse, |
| H. E. Timminaton, | Low, |
| Naman, | |
| W. O. Case, | |
| Appleton, | |
| Gard, | |
| W. W. Johnson, | |
| Asbyell, | |
| McGrath, | |
| Oviatt, | |
| Fulton, | |
| Webster, | |
| Brigham, | |
| Root, | |
| Barrows, | |
| Thayer, | |
| W. C. Johnson, | |
| Campbell, | |
| Schultz, | |
| Sanderson, | |
| Hayden, | |
| Podler, | |
| Sobieraiski, | |
| Roeland, | |
| Waldh, | |
| F. R. Denison, | |
| Judson, | |
| Ripley, | |
| Dwyer, | |
| Basset, | |
| Humphrey, | |
| Eno, | |
| Henderson, | |
| Wheeler, | |
| R. A. Case, | |
| Ahern, | |
| Kirkley, | |
| Cannon, | |
| Brown, | |
| Hall, | |
| Beebe, | |
| F. C. Burnell, | |
| Greener, | |
| Mekton, | |
| Hutton, | |
| Shen, | |
| Fisher, | |
| Scharpet, | |
| Whitlock, | |
| Cadwell, | |
| F. E. Denison, | |
| Dickinson, | |
| Tinkham, | |
| Vibert, | |
| Hollis, | |
| Rowland, | |

"Infanta Isabella." To-night the first drum-head court-martial was held, Privates Grucner and Thayer, two judicial bald heads acting as judges. Private Marvel, the accused, was ably defended by Sergeant Beebe who, in his closing argument was completely overcome with emotion, so wrapped up in his client's cause had he become. Private Walsh was judge advocate and among the witnesses were Privates Low, Camp, Dwyer and Webster. The charge against the prisoner, who was placed under guard in one of the tents at the lower end of the street, was wasting his substance by riotous living. The government's case at first did not prove a strong one and the accused seemed to stand a good chance of being acquitted when, just as the court was about to render its decision, new evidence was discovered by Private Nunan. This damning evidence contained clear and overwhelming proof of the prisoner's guilt. It was admitted and marked "Exhibit A." The court, without further delay, found the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to be hanged. A plea for mercy was, however, entertained and a fine of \$1.75 was imposed instead. This remaining unpaid, the prisoner was forthwith taken by the guard, thoroughly cleansed with cold water, rigidly inspected and then allowed to go. To-night a fleet of Spanish warships were reported off Halifax harbor, close by. Who's afraid!

FRIDAY, MAY 27. Private Marvel has gone to the hospital. At 2 o'clock this morning another cold, driving rain set in and continued all day and nearly all night. I went on guard at 9 o'clock. Another extract from a letter written during the day best describes how we live:

"I wrote you yesterday that the rain had ceased, temporarily. It did, but only for a few hours and began again last night. I have just come in from guard duty and have three or four hours to lie around in the wet guard tent, so will use up the time in writing you. The rain has been falling in sheets all day and the temperature is none too high, but I have kept warm by putting on two pairs of stockings and my feet have only been slightly wet once. This afternoon, while I was standing in front of the guard tent, out of the rain as much as

possible, an old farmer approaching from out in the mist and rain and said, "Haven't you got a couple of sick men you can send over to my house? I want to do something for you and can take care of two just as well as not."

As soon as I was relieved I went down our street and peeked into every tent. In one were Private W. O. Case, and Corporal Pierce, both coughing as if they were trying to raise their lungs. Both had got wet through some way and neither saw anything before him but another night in a wet tent, sleeping in wet clothes. I hustled them out and started with them to find where the farmer lived. I did not know his name but after inquiring at one or two houses and describing the man I found the house. When I knocked a woman opened the door instantly and smiling quickly said, "Yes, this is the house; come in." I explained that I was not the sick one but introduced the other two and left them in the hands of these good people. This forenoon another farmer notified our officers that his large barn, with all his hay, was at the service of the one hundred and sixty Connecticut men here, to sleep in. Another man this noon, not far away, hunted up the key to a large Good Templar hall near by and this has been thrown open to all who chose to leave their tents to seek better shelter. Still another man has offered his hay mow to us. The hospital would not hold all the men who have severe colds and these spontaneous acts of the people hereabouts show the good people in Maine are not all gone, by a large majority. My hours of duty to-night will be from 7 to 9 p. m. and from 1 to 3 a. m.

This noon, when I was relieved, I went down the side hill to the store tent to get something to eat. In some miraculous way our cook (he is a fine one, having had experience in the regular army) had got dinner for eighty-four men and did it out in the driving rain. Each man took his tin plate and cup of coffee and sought shelter as best he could. A few ran back into their tents, but many hustled into an old barn near by. I pushed my way into an old hen coop where were perhaps a dozen others, sitting on boxes or standing up. The dinner

was, salt pork, very fat ; boiled potatoes, coffee and hard tack. The coffee and potatoes were hot but the pork got pretty cold before we could finish it. The farmer had hung up some of the remnants of a butchering bee in this hen coop and coal ashes, boxes of straw, etc., were freely distributed about. While this detachment of the United States army was still in forcible possession of this hen coop, an old hen, with more



"TURN OUT THE GUARD, ARMED PARTY."

courage than discretion, walked boldly in between our legs, went directly to her nest of straw and began business at the old stand as usual, ignoring entirely the presence of guns and bayonets. Some of the boys threatened to await events and the egg, but the old hen proved, for once, that all things do not come to those who wait.

Our kitten is still with us, contented as can be.

I thank my stars for the rough experience the different trips on my wheel compelled me to endure, for I don't mind this at all. But I feel sorry for the young fellows who cannot

eat salt pork three times a day as I can. To-night, for supper, we had a fine beef stew, as good a supper as any man could asked for. We reached here Monday and this is Friday. So far, all we have done in the way of protecting the city of Portland from the Spanish fleet has been to eat, sleep, roam about where we please, in the rain, and once or twice a day answer to roll call."

Private Oviatt nearly lost an eye while on guard last night. A stack of guns in the guard tent fell over in the dark and a bayonet struck him just above the eye, cutting a severe gash but just missing the eye-ball. It was a lucky escape.

SATURDAY, MAY 28. Another cold and foggy day. Privates McKee and Hayden went to the hospital to-day. Guard mount was re-hearsed three times this morning. The company drill to-day was the first since leaving Niantic and to-night we had a dress parade with a four company formation. "Jack," our new mastiff, took a prominent position in the center of the parade grounds. He is all right, but snores terribly.

SUNDAY, MAY 29. Rain during the night but the morning was foggy and slightly warmer. From forty to fifty of F and K men attended the State Street Church, South Portland, this forenoon. The church was appropriately trimmed with red, white and blue bunting and the singing by the many male voices was fine. Extra dinner to-day of roast beef, mashed potatoes, peas, coffee and pie!! Many of the men went to church this afternoon also. Tent 12, (Sergeant Henry Huntington, Corporal Campbell, Privates Ward and Bassett) gave the company a treat to clam chowder for supper. The good people of the neighborhood still continue to throw open their houses to those of us who are under the weather. Private McKee has been detailed to the hospital corps. Six in a tent is conducive to one thing, at least—interesting theological discussions between my two tent mates, Privates Fulton and Sanderson. "Al" says "Sandy" is nothing but a human bed hog.

MONDAY, MAY 30. Memorial Day. Rain fell heavily during the night and the morning was cloudy with a thick

mist. At seven minutes and twenty seconds past nine, however, the sun came out and the men let go a hearty cheer in honor of the event. The time I noted, so remarkable was the event. Later there was a company drill for an hour. At 12.30 Companies F and K left camp and marched over to Portland for the purpose of taking part in the Memorial Day ceremonies. The Bosworth Post, G. A. R. entertained us later in the day, the old veterans and the new. We returned to camp at 6 o'clock.

The Portland papers had the following, misnomers and all:

"The afternoon parade was, as usual, the feature of the day's observance which attracted the most public attention. Portland's four companies of the Maine National Guard, which have every year regarded it as a part of their official duty to tender their services as escort for the veterans on Memorial Day, were missed from the ranks.

Their absence on this day of tender memories was keenly felt by many a spectator who watched the procession pass.

But the place of the Portland militia men was filled by the fine looking, well drilled, gentlemanly companies of Connecticut infantry who are stationed as guard for the batteries at Fort Preble. The favorable mention of these companies that had appeared in the newspapers made Portland especially anxious to see the Connecticut troops. The sight was not disappointing. All along the line of march they were greeted with handclapping and cheers. Two companies, K and F, were marched in battalion formation, Capt. H. H. Saunders acting as major, Lieut. N. S. Valentine as adjutant, and the companies being commanded as follows: First, Lieut. E. H. Waterman; second, Sergt. Huntington; third, Lieut. F. H. Smith; fourth, Capt. C. W. Newton."

"The procession started promptly on the hour named, 1.30 o'clock. First marched a platoon of stalwart policemen and then came Chief Marshal, Major Holman S. Melcher and his staff, all well mounted. Chandler's band came next and then the two companies, K and F, of Connecticut Volunteers, under command of Captain Sargent of Co. F. These two companies

are made up of finely built young men of soldierly bearing and splendid appearance in every way. It is a long time since two better companies marched through the streets of Portland and the applause all along the line proved that the people gave them their full approval and appreciation. The faces of the men were set steadily to the front and the whole line swung along with an easy marching step that was delightful to see. They are the crack companies of Connecticut and their state may well be proud of them. Along the line of march the boys got the first glimpse of the sun they have had since they arrived here a week ago."

"The streets were thronged with people as the parade passed and the Connecticut boys must have felt complimented by the liberal applause and cheers as well as the many complimentary words concerning their appearance and marching that were spoken as they passed. They marched with the snap and steadiness of veterans and their manœuvering was watched with great interest. They were in fatigue uniform with black web cartridge belts and leggins and marched with unfixed bayonets a sure sign that there is a state of war. On turning into Cumberland street from Pearl the formation was changed from column of fours to platoon front amid great applause. Later on when the line reached Congress Street coming down Capt. Saunders showed the people his new "electric car formation" which pleased the onlookers even more. This movement consists, the company being in line of platoons front of the command, one set of fours break from left to the rear. The set of fours halts for six steps and then executes an oblique movement bringing them to the rear of the next set of four and just opening up one track for cars. When the car passes the command is given to double quick into line again and the platoon formation is resumed."

Another court martial was held to-night, this one in Good Templar's Hall. Dog-robber Malloy was the accused and Sergeant Beebe and Private McKone were his counsel. Several distinct complaints were brought against the prisoner, one being disobedience to orders in firing from his tent, lying

down. Private Morley testified he heard the report and after chasing it for nearly a mile, ran it down. He exhibited it to the court. Corporal Silvernail and Privates Gruener and Thayer acted as judges. The sentence of the court was that the prisoner should be given a cold water shower bath. He was accordingly partially undressed and the water was gently sprinkled over him. While the sentence was being executed, however, some one, by accident, upset the whole pail full of cold water upon the prisoner and with a yell of fright and still partially undressed he broke from the guard, ran out of the hall



"ARMS VERTICAL," AT PORTLAND.

across the parade grounds towards the officer's quarters and fell in a heap just before reaching that place of safety. He was brought back to camp by Private Eno who was close upon him as he fell. After consultation, the accused was released by the court on parol, upon his promising to "set up" several dozens of beer for the company.

TUESDAY, MAY 31. Weather fine. The company was put through the setting up exercises for the first time and we all enjoyed the movements. Upon the question of a company photograph the men divided apparently according to height, the "little runts," as those on the left of the line are getting to be called, defeating the motions by four votes. Half a dozen

of the men went sailing a dozen or fifteen miles, to-day. Muster and inspection was held on the parade grounds. Some of us went in swimming off the rocks but the water was, oh, so cold. The daily rain came at dress parade to-night. Private R. A. Case, better known as "Mother" Case, found an old cow bell somewhere and became quite frisky this evening. She kicked Private Tinkham over when he tried to milk her and smashed the milk pail.

Here is another letter written home to-day :

"This morning we saw the sun for the first time since we went "to the front." Yesterday the sun cast a shadow for a few seconds, but it failed to appear after that during the day and the daily rain came as usual, late in the afternoon. But to-day the sky is blue and the water on three sides of the camp is bluer still. Surely, if we must remain in this vicinity, no pleasanter outlook could have been selected—June 1st. Before I could finish this letter we were called out to muster yesterday and the dress parade at 6.30 was held in the rain, so I take back what little commendation was inadvertently expressed yesterday in regard to the weather. But our straw and blankets have finally been thoroughly dried and we all feel better.

Memorial Day had a peculiarly tender effect upon us all. We marched over to Portland and paraded with the G. A. R. and other organizations. The crowd applauded us heartily but when we were finally massed about the fine Soldiers' Monument, the G. A. R. in front, and large wreaths of lovely flowers were placed upon the four sides of the pedestal of the monument as the band played the familiar "Prayer from Der Freischutz," then I began to fill up and run over at the eyes again, as I did at Niantic so often. The day has a new significance to us from this time. How proud I was to act as escort to that body of gray haired veterans!

Captain Saunders, in reply to a short address by members of the G. A. R. at their quarters, referred to the possibility of flowers being placed upon the graves of some of us, a year from now. The few words he said were just right, well chosen

and to the point. I was glad to have such a captain, at such a time.

Our officers are not with us now nearly as much as formerly, they having taken as their quarters a cottage near by, but Lieutenant Waterman whenever he comes into the company street shows by his actions that the U. S. Army regulations regarding intercourse between officers and men have not changed him in the least.

The two men upon whom the brunt of work falls, in our



OFFICERS' "PERFORATED TENT" AT PORTLAND.
Morley. Newton. Valentine. Smith. Waterman. Saunders. Ripley.

new camp life, are First Sergeant Huntington and Quartermaster Sergeant Beebe and if there ever were two fellows for whom I like to work it is those two. You can realize how the little things to be done about a house fret a woman. These two men have all the details of camp life to see to and their characters are being tested as are the characters of no other men in the company. It is not too much to say they are turning out pure gold.

We have had two drum-head court martials, both of them as funny as they could be. The last one was held in the Good Templar's Hall, close by, and the three judges were Corporals Silvernail and Gruener and myself, all bald heads. Some of the testimony, however, upset the usual dignified air which we all tried to maintain. The captain's servant, better known as the "Dog-Robber," was the prisoner and the manner in which he escaped and ran across the parade grounds in the moonlight only partly dressed, after the sentence of the court had been but partially executed, was the funniest thing of all.

To-night, in place of the regular mess, there will be served up to us, out on the parade grounds, the best that the good women of South Portland can supply. The tables are now being set, with the assistance of a detail of men from each company. O, the life of a soldier (if he is in Company K or F) is hard indeed, isn't it? Really the most that can be said regarding our experience, so far, is that it has been most awfully uncomfortable and that is about all. No real hardships have been in it.

"Jack," a magnificent big mastiff who followed us over from the West End Hotel in Portland, is getting to be such a favorite that we think of giving him a commission. One night, at dress parade, he took a commanding position in front of the line, sat down on his haunches and took keen interest in all the manœuvres. But when Captain Saunders took up his position to the rear of Jack and began to give out the commands in a loud voice, Jack looked around sharply at him, several times, as much as to say "Steady, there, I am running this thing."

But Jack snores so no one can sleep near him, much less with him, in the same tent, so the men on guard entice him away from the tents as much as possible. One night while on guard a full grown cat passed up and down the post with me for an hour, rubbing up against my leggins whenever I stopped to challenge and purring as peacefully as if no war anywhere existed. Our little kitten has become a fixture and is getting so she does not get stepped on but once or twice a day, which

is doing very well with seven in a tent, six men and Her Royal Highness, "Infanta Isabella."

Will is here and you just bet I am glad to see him. I must stop, now. Am all right and feeling first rate and wish you were as well."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1. Weather, partly cloudy but good air. Private Eno's three sisters visited camp to-day. Muster roll was signed. Colonel McCray of the governor's staff was also in camp to-day. At 5.30 the good people of South Portland set two long tables on the parade grounds and loaded them with clam chowder, lobsters, biscuit, coffee, cake, etc. Members of Companies K and F unloaded them. Speeches and singing were also a part of the program. At parade to-night Sergeant Holt took a tumble all by himself. He was acting as guide and in running fell headlong over a dog, much to the amusement of all who saw the performance. Judge Advocate Walsh and Clerk Shea, of the military court martial, paraded in their new paraphernalia this evening for the first time.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2. Rain but some warmer. Private Morley this evening asserted his right to occupy a portion of his tent to the exclusion of some visitors of Private F. C. Burnell. For some time the full beards once so common in the company have been gradually disappearing and this afternoon the last one, Private Fisher's, blew away.

To-night the Universalist Society invited the two companies to a banquet at their hall and later in the evening there was music and dancing. The boys had a great time. I know the pot of baked beans that I brought back with me from the hall went fine, soon after midnight while I was out on guard. I wonder when we begin to work the big guns we were sent up here to guard. The Courant wants me to telegraph any important news. So far, the church "feeds" and the court martials have been the most important events to us.

A Portland paper describes the Universalist reception as follows:

“Union Opera House presented a scene of great brilliancy last evening on the occasion of the reception tendered the command at “Camp Bourdett” by the Ladies’ Circle of the Universalist parish. The troops marched to the hall and being welcomed by the reception committee enjoyed a delicious supper which was awaiting them. The tables were handsomely decorated with bouquets and glasses of cut flowers with large center pieces and were most inviting in appearance. About 170 of the command took seats at the tables and during the progress of the supper delightful music was rendered by six pieces of the South Portland orchestra who were assisted at the piano by Miss Estelle Spear and accompanied by Miss Broughton as violinist.

An address of welcome was made by Rev. Mr. Kimmell and happily responded to by Captain Saunders, followed by three cheers from the men. Mr. Fred. Knight entertained the party with an effective vocal solo and the soldiers, in their turn, heartily rendered several numbers, such as “Sweet Mollie Maguire,” “Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,” and “The Pope and the Monk.”

Soon after eight o’clock the doors were open to friends of the parish and the number present was soon swelled to quite three hundred people.

The scene at this hour was a most animated one and dancing was indulged in but under some difficulties on account of the crowded condition of the hall.

Sociability reigned on all sides and the evening was most pleasantly passed.”

FRIDAY, JUNE 3. Another class mate at Yale writes: “I would have enlisted in a minute but for the two years term and—and.” What does he expect, I wonder, special terms from Uncle Sam in his case? Showers all day and no drills but the setting up exercise.

An informal drum-head court martial was held in camp this evening which was of more than usual interest and importance, not only because of the previous good standing of the prisoner, but also as showing the constantly rising standard of

military discipline now being maintained in the United States Volunteer army. Private Hawkins of Company F (Yale, 1900) was the victim. He had previously been invited to Private Morley's tent in K street (Morley also being a student from Yale), and was feasting on the good things sent to Morley's tent in a box from home when a detail of six men lined up in front of the tent. Hawkins was ordered by Corporal Pierce to come out of the tent. When he did so Hawkins was promptly seized by the guard and taken to Good Templar's Hall near by where from 100 to 150 of the enlisted men had come together to witness the fun. Lieutenant Ripley was an interested spectator but discreetly remained in the rear of the hall.

When the prisoner had been conducted to the dock the judges, Sergeant Major Bailey and Sergeant Marshall of Company F and Private Thayer of Company K, with uncovered heads, proceeded through the crowded room and took their seats on the bench with becoming dignity.

"Mr. Marshall, you may open court," said one of the judges.

Corporal Piddock of Company F, acting as United States marshal, rapped for order and opened the court in due form. Private Walsh of Company K, acting as judge advocate and placing a tin basin upon his head (whether intended to take the place of the ancient wig or the modern military helmet being left uncertain), called the case of "United States vs Hawkins."

Private Shea of Company K, acting as clerk of the court, then read the complaint which contained five counts, to wit: Unlawfully allowing his beard to grow in camp without consent of Captain Newton; using profanity during his hours of duty; disturbing the sleep of sick men in the camp hospital; taking blankets without authority; conduct unbecoming a volunteer.

The original panel of jurors was exhausted and talesmen were called in. Private Norris of Company F swore he knew nothing in regard to the case and he believed himself competent to act as a juror, but the fact was brought out on examination that he had taken paregoric when a baby and he

was therefore promptly excused by the court. Corporal Silvernail said he was thirty years old, but later swore he had lived in this country thirty-two years. This admission on his part was not considered sufficient to disqualify him. Private Downen of Company F was found to have once attended a cock fight in Parkville, Conn., U. S. A., and was put under arrest at that time. Attorneys for both sides, upon learning this, promptly accepted him as a juror. Sergeant Holt of Company K



"PARSON" HAWKINS.

Richardson. Cook. Gooding. J. H. Campbell. Fisher.

appeared only in a red sweater and rubber leggins and when ordered by the court to appear in uniform, claimed he had no other clothes dry. Holt's embarrassment, under the circumstances, was painful.

Private Johnson of Company K, Private Wilcox and Private Newman of Company F were accepted without delay and the trial proceeded

Witnesses were then sworn by Clerk Shea and were put through a rigid examination by the attorneys, Privates

Dresser and Holmes of Company F appearing in behalf of the prisoner. Those called by the government were Privates Calvocoresses and Owen and Corporal Jones of Company F and Private "Sober-Whiskey" of Company K. For the defense Privates Pettys, Gooding, Carroll and Quarter-master Sergeant F. A. Seidler, all of Company F appeared. Some of the testimony sworn to by the witnesses was startling in the extreme. For instance, there was evidence going to show that profane words frequently were heard issuing from the prisoner's tent, but the accused proved that he had begun to study for the Christian ministry and that the words used were extracts from the Bible which he had incorporated into his sermons which he frequently committed to memory and declaimed in the solitude of his tent.

Judge Advocate Walsh—"Your honors, I object to this testimony. I have looked through the Bible carefully from Genesis through Chronicles to St. John and I fail to find any such words in the Bible as the prisoner has used."

Then ensued a tilt between the lawyers which the court was compelled to put an end to. The marshal, during the examination of the accused, was frequently compelled to rap for order and instruct his assistant marshals, Sergeant De Lamater of Company K and Corporal Ackerman of Company F, to clear the court room if any further disorder occurred.

The testimony in regard to the disturbance at the hospital tent was rather conflicting. One witness swore six men were sick in the tent, but on cross-examination the number of sick men was reduced to two.

"But you said six."

"No, I said the men were sick, not six," answered the witness.

Here the official stenographers, Privates Wheelock and Cadwell of Company K, were called upon to read from their notes in order to make the matter clear to the court and jury.

"The witness said there were men in the tent sick."

"How many?"

"Six, but not all sick."

When the testimony was all in arguments were made and considerable eloquence and legal ability was brought out. Reference was made to the results of the surgeon's examination at Niantic, to which all present were subjected, and Attorney Dresser claimed that not only his client was found deficient but that certain members of the court were likewise under the standard if they were only honest enough to acknowledge it.

"I object to this remark," exclaimed Judge Advocate Walsh jumping to his feet and dropping his glasses in his excitement. "It is a reflection on the honorable judges on the bench."

Each of the three judges glanced sharply at the others but one finally responded, "The court is conscious of no reflections cast upon it by any one."

The case was then given to the jury and a verdict of guilty was rendered in four minutes after retiring to the jury room. The sentence of the court was that the prisoner be compelled to sing and dance before the entire audience present. He did so, singing "America" and dancing to the tune of "God Save the Queen" and the court thereupon adjourned.

During the trial Dog-Robber Molloy entered the court room and took a front seat, evidently anxious to see if the accused would be dealt with in the manner to which he himself had so recently been subjected. Hardly had he taken his seat before Clerk Shea asked that he be excluded from the spectators' seats and Molloy was accordingly placed under guard of Private John B Knox and removed to the rear of the room.

This letter explains itself:

To the Editor of the Courant:—

Dear Sir—In your issue of June 1 you speak of the terrible condition in which Private Bill Case and Corporal Pierce were found by G—e T—ra, and we both wish our many friends and creditors to relieve their minds about any possibility of either of us cashing in our checks at this stage of the game.

The fact of the matter was that we had been on guard the night before in a hard rain and as some one had borrowed our umbrellas we were slightly moist when George did his "peeking." Everybody here knows how he goes around after something to eat and he had us go to the farmer's house because he knew we had had a box sent us and he wanted to get us out of the way so he could go through it. He did.



PRIVATE MORLEY RETURNING HIS CONNECTICUT PAY.

S. G. Huntington. Fisher. Gillette. Gruener.
Fuller. DeLamater. McKenney. Ward. Morley.

Will you kindly state that we both have our lungs still intact and do not expect to head a slow procession for some time to come.

Yourly truly,

PIERCE AND CASE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4. Heavy rain, no morning roll call nor drills during the day. Began clearing about 2 p. m., came off cool at night with a fine moon. At dress parade the officers were fifteen minutes late but they got no call down for it.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5. Fine sun rise and cool breezes. Went in swimming with Privates Tinkham and Wolcott. About twenty-five members of the two companies attended the Universalist Church this afternoon.

MONDAY, JUNE 6. Another fine day. The sergeants began drilling the company. This afternoon fine photographs of both the company and the battalion were taken. The two companies are fast becoming "one and inseparable." The "miners and sappers" began leveling the street and removing the rocks. Rain again this evening and during the night.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7. Again a fine day. The two companies marched over to Portland Head to-day, doing out-post duty. Paymaster Keeney arrived in camp and at 6.30, we each received our camp pay due from the State of Connecticut for the thirteen days at Niantic before we were mustered into the U. S. service. We privates received \$16.56, ten days at \$1.50 a day and three days at fifty-two cents a day. Private Morley was so disgruntled at the treatment he had so far received, in not being sent to the front, that he refused to accept any pay from the State of Connecticut and accordingly returned his pay to Paymaster Keeney by money order.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8. An early morning experience is told in another letter home :

"The letter last night I had to close hurriedly but to-day I am on guard so I have plenty of time. We must remain at guard quarters all the time, except one and one-half hours during the twenty-four, and guard duty comes around once in five days now. But I must tell you of a little experience I had this morning while on guard. I had been asleep about two hours when the corporal of the guard shook me lightly by the arm and said "Come." I thought it strange he let all the others alone, but crawled out, half awake, and shook what straw off me I could. It was 4.15 a. m. and broad daylight but there was no one else stirring.

"Company F's cook went over to Portland last night when he got his pay" said the corporal "and has not shown up since. He was last seen at the Caldwell House. His name is Mountain. Go over to Portland and find him." I started without

COMPANY K AT PORTLAND, MAINE.



Dickinson,
Tinkham,
Fuller,
Gillette,
Henderson,
Kirkley.

Wheelock,
Cadwell,
Hutton,
Egan,
Appleton,
W. C. Johnson.

DeLamater,
Holl,
H. L. Huntington,
Wolcott,
F. R. Denison,
Oviatt.

Wheeler,
W. H. Brown,
Pattison,
Sloan,
Sanderson,
Campbell.

Eno,
Dwyer,
McKee,
Hall,
Marion,
Cannon,
Shawcross.

F. M. Johnson,
Marvel,
Fisher,
Low,
Albert,
Halls,
W. H. Foye.

Reed,
S. G. Huntington,
Carroll,
Radburn,
Ripley,
Humphrey,
W. H. Foye.



Newton,	McKenney,	James,	Ackerman,	Stimmons,	Marshall,
B. D. Green,	Horton,	Wood,	Seidler,	Clark,	Bailey,
McVane,	Flagg,	Dresser,	Linsley,	Fletcher,	Talbot,
Rockwith,	Fisher,	Richardson,	Marsh,	Martin,	Smith,
Lambler,	Lipchoin,	H. C. Owen,	Robbins,	Parker,	Ross,
Billings,	Calvoresseses,	E. L. Montgomery,	Arnold,	Wiley,	Snowman,
E. G. Groene,	F. H. Montgomery,	Haykins,	Gooding,	Hutchins,	Yarrow,
Chancy,	Norris,	Peckard,	Kay,	Metzok,	Tader,
Chase,	Carroll,	Foley,	Davis,	Dowen,	Lowen,
Chapman,	Petys,	Dixon,	Travers,	Dothavalle,	Fiddock,

another word but had not gone far before I could not tell for the life of me whether it was Caldwell of the Mountain House or Mountain of the Caldwell House or House of Mountain Caldwell I must inquire for. At the ferry landing, a mile distant, the watchman told me the ferry would not be running for over an hour. Down the shore, a short distance, I saw a man tugging away trying to get his boat out between some rocks where the tide had left it and I went for him. He would take me over if he could get his boat out and after combining our strength for a time the boat slid out into the water. The boat leaked some and the fog was so thick that after a little rowing we lost sight of either shore, with the tide running out to sea.

"How are you getting along over there," asked the old man, trying to be sociable. "I had four years of it and know a little something myself about it." I began to open my eyes and look interested.

"Yes, I started in at Williamsburg and have got four bullets in me now, besides a saber slash across the knee." My interest increased to concern. An old man, so overloaded with bullets, was no sort of a man to be with in a leaky boat. But the bell of the monitor Montauk soon sounded out in the fog, the old man got his bearings and he soon landed me on the Portland side. I asked him his price.

"O, I shan't charge you fellows anything. The fact is, I crawled out of bed this morning without waking up the old woman and came over just to get a drink, that's all."

The Caldwell House I found about a mile from the dock and went in. No one was up but soon a female voice out near the kitchen asked what was wanted. I told her and she soon appeared and went to another room where the proprietor slept. When he could get his thoughts together, he remembered going out to get a hack for two soldiers about 10.30 the night before but what the hack driver's name was or where he lived he could not tell. He described the hack driver's appearance and I went to another hotel near the hack stand and finally found his name and residence, after describing him as best I could. He lived about one and

one-half miles from the hotel and as no trolleys were yet running I walked.

Approaching the house I first woke up the dog in the barn. He woke up a boy who came out and went back and woke up his mother. She came out, went back, woke up the hack driver who finally called me in to his bed room.

"That man I left over at the camp this morning just before 4 o'clock," he said. Then I wanted to call down every one concerned. The man had probably crawled into some



CASCO BAY MERMAIDS.

H. L. Huntington. Walsh. Eno. Dwyer. Thayer. Barrows. Shea.

tent, gone right to sleep and couldn't be found. I got back to camp just in time for breakfast."

At a meeting of the company to-night it was voted, after some objection, to assess each member \$2.50 for the incidental expenses of the camp. Privates Gruener and Thayer collected from those who were willing to pay and turned the money over to Sergeant Beebe, taking receipts. Heavy thunder storm and rain all night.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9. This morning after "kerosene" (calisthenics) fifteen members of the company went in

swimming. Warmest day yet. Private Marvel, while asleep in his tent, had his face blacked and was then waked up and told to report to the captain. The captain didn't appear to enjoy the joke but every one else did, even Private Marvel, when he saw himself in a mirror. Colonel Burdett and the remnant of the regiment start for Fort Knox to-day.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10. The swimming squads are increasing, both companies sending big delegations to the rocks every day now. This letter explains itself:

" One of the funniest fads swept through K street to-day that it has ever experienced. Had a cyclone struck the camp it would not have made greater changes in the faces of the men and had a second cyclone followed the first, a few hours later, it would not have blown through the whiskers of a single man in the street. There wasn't any to blow through.

It started like this: Quartermaster Sergeant Beebe shaved his mustache off the night before, making such a change in his appearance as to cause universal comment in the company. But this unauthorized act of his would not have resulted disastrously to the company had not First Sergeant Huntington, in a moment of indiscretion, challenged Private Thayer to follow in the lead of Beebe. He is small, but the shortest man in the company is taking no such stunts unnoticed and so, just before dinner, he appeared minus his mustache and goatee.

With scissors and razor in hand, two or three men next appeared before Sergeant De Lamater's tent and the careful nursing and handsome growth of two years fell under the blade in as many minutes. Next Corporal Silvernail was persuaded to make his face as smooth as is the top of his head and Privates Bassett, Campbell and Nunan soon after surrendered, adding immensely to the ranks of the beardless soldiers. The number of pale-faces (for the clean shaven portions stood out in marked contrast to the sunburnt areas) increased hourly and Corporal Wheeler was the first to resist the crowd that went from tent to tent. His resistance, however, was only temporary and when Sergeant Huntington

joined the ranks of the pale-faces, "Cy" submitted and allowed the scissors to snap their jaws in front of his upper lip.

"Where is Private Gruener?" began to be asked. He had consistently worn a full beard from the first day of enlistment and had kept the growth of a dozen years always nicely trimmed. His sudden disappearance, so soon after the craze started, was soon explained. A shout was given that could have been heard over to The Head when a bald head, closely cropped hair and a large smooth face, fresh from the barber, appeared at the lower end of the street. Not half of the men in the company knew Private Gruener in his new make-up. Then everybody started for "Billy" Low, Gruener's tent mate, and for a time the air was full of slashing razors and snapping scissors. Private Low made a bluff of rushing out upon the parade ground to play ball, but the crowd followed him, every minute growing more savage. Low started to run, but when the crowd did the same he threw up his hands and returned to his tent, coming out in a few minutes as pale as the rest.

Artificer Rowland was the only man to make open and armed resistance, but his arms were soon in the grasp of strong men and the scissors soon got in their painless but deadly work on his delicate down.

Musician Camp set up the defense that he could not execute the calls properly with a smooth lip, but the order was issued that he be allowed the assistance of his mustache at parade to-night for the last time. He was put upon his honor to remove it immediately after. This he did.

Sergeant Boniface and Privates Judson, Denison, F. R., Henderson, Fuller, Marvel, Rathbun, Case, W. O., Root, Ripley and Wolcott were also among those who fell under the steel. Private Oviatt had just produced a fine mustache and goatee, but the unwritten law of K unanimity could not be ignored. Schults was the last, but his beard fell just as the sun went down. The next morning, at roll call, of the seventy-seven men in the company, all but those in the hospital appeared with smooth faces. Such is another of the terrible results of this remarkable war. At dress parade the captain

could not single any one man out for being slow, we looked so much alike, so no one got called down.

When it is re-called that half of the men in the company, when they swore allegiance to the United States, also asserted their intention of growing a full beard in the service of their country, this assault upon the beards is a complete right-about-face."

A Portland paper has this:

"The officers and men at Camp Burdett continue to be the recipients of marked attention from the society people of the town. A social function of last week worthy of special note was the home dinner given the officers by Mrs. W. T. Studley. The rooms were decorated with ferns, potted plants, etc., while the table was laden with choicest flowers contained in cut glass for center pieces. The party consisted of Captains Newton and Saunders and Lieutenants Smith, Valentine, Waterman and Ripley, Miss Hattie Davis, Miss Lou Knight, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Studley; also Mr. and Mrs. John E. Fisher, who have just returned from their wedding trip, and Captain and Mrs. W. T. Studley. A six course dinner was served at 7 o'clock and a musical given in the evening and the affair was very enjoyable, especially to the gentlemanly officers to whom these social functions are now doubly welcome."

SATURDAY, JUNE 11. Inspection of quarters and equipments this morning in the rain. Later, with Private Nunan, I went over to the fort and drew rations, after considerable waiting around. Then we got a team and brought over a load of old wood for the kitchen. Lieutenant Valentine and Sergeant Beebe left for Hartford to-night to do some recruiting. The devil seems to be to pay all round to-night. Corporal Carroll and Private Walsh had a long and interesting discussion over a certain hat belonging to Walsh. Private Knox had an eruption of lobster and beer, much to the discomfort of Private Cadwell. Sergeants Holt and De Lamater came back to camp late and in the best of spirits and the Portland papers give an account of a little shooting affair over by the fort just before dark which will soon be forgotten.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12. Some thirty men from both companies attended services, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Long of the Bethany Congregational church, on the rocks near the parade grounds. I went on guard to-day. Was No. 6 man, at the officers' quarters. In view of the increasing number of callers at headquarters the following special order for this post was found necessary: "To keep out all civilians or crinoline not cased." This order was transmitted from one relief to another during the entire twenty-four hours. There was another ripping thunder shower this afternoon. Here is a short letter extract:

"A large hall near by is open for dancing every night or whenever the musicians can be brought together. We have a fine violinist in our company and there is a piano in the hall. This hall is open to the men at all times. To-night our cooks, Privates McGrath and Scharper, gave us a fine spread in this hall at their own expense. Strawberry short cake, ham, bologna, cake, biscuits, cheese, cup cakes, coffee, milk, cigars, etc., etc., were some of the things set before us. I sometimes wish we were farther away from civilization. As it is now we are neither in camp, as at Niantic, nor at the front. We know, as yet, nothing of real war. Bad rum and mean women are both abundant. But I am content and more and more glad that I am a private. The non-com's life here is not a pleasant one.

Your letters are mighty welcome, even if there is no special news. The happiest time in the day is when Sergeant Huntington calls out the names of those who have letters.

The people of the Congregational Church here are going to give us a "feed" this week. The storm has passed and we expect a pleasant night.

The other day (we have the next day off after being on guard) a few of us took the "cliff walk" to Portland Head. It will compare favorably with the Newport walk, only the cottages along the cliff cannot be spoken of in the same breath with those at Newport.

It is nearly time to go out on guard again so must stop."

MONDAY, JUNE 13. At parade to-night Special Order No. 3 was read. No enlisted man can hereafter visit the canteen unless accompanied by a non-com. All fire-arms must be surrendered to the officer. No female visitors will be allowed in the men's tents. Swearing by the men is forbidden. The company is to be divided into squads and each non-com. will be held responsible for the conduct of his men.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14. Heavy rain during the night and early morning. This forenoon I distributed a quantity of papers and periodicals among both companies. These were furnished through the kindness of John W. Barbour of the Portland Press who lives near the camp. Both yesterday and to-day the prisoners were employed in digging out the foundation for a new sink—a much needed improvement, for the boxes in the barn have become disgracefully foul. Part of the police work of the old guard to-day was burying the large stones scattered about the parade grounds. Members of Company F have raised a pole and at retreat the flag, a little one for a cent, is lowered with all the ceremony imaginable, the members in the meantime singing "The Star Spangled Banner." Two bowling teams have been organized and the score to date is very close. Johnson's team, consisting of Corporal Johnson and Privates Johnson, Marion, Hollis and Cannon, have made a score of 1865 and Corporal Pierce's team, including himself, Corporals Campbell and Dwyer and Privates W. O. Case and Ward, have run up 1811 points so far. The Portland paper says this:

"We must not forget to speak of the bowling team, named after Major Schulze, the members of which are all crack players, who are ready to meet all comers. The team is neatly uniformed with crimson sweaters, on the breast of which is a design in white of two bowling pins, connected with a scroll and the name of the team worked across in blue letters." Nearly half the company are also wearing neat white sweaters, when off duty.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15. High collars have begun to show themselves above the blue blouses, at dress parade and

after. Mr. Barbour built some shelves for the library in the hospital tent to-day. This evening the two companies took the trolley for Portland and were the guests of the Congress Street Universalists Society. Light refreshments were served in the church parlors and the men were entertained with songs and recitations. The return was made at 11 p. m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16. High collars have been called in. Orders were issued that none could be worn at dress parade.

SWEATER SECTION.



Eno.	Marion.	Vibett	Bryant.
W. O. Case.	Cannon.	McKone.	Potter.
Holt.	Carroll	Shea.	Sanderson.
Hollis.	Wheelock.	F. M. Johnson.	Brigham.
F. E. Denison.	Gillette.	Appleton.	Wolcott.
Camp.	Nunan.	Dickinson.	Cadwell.

Privates Bassett and Thayer, with a similiar detail from Company F, went down to the shore and pulled a cart load of sea weed for the clam bake to-morrow. On the way back from Portland to-night, where I had been with Mr. Barbour to hear "Martha," a horse was struck by the trolley car preceding the one Private Scharper and I were on. After several men had unsuccessfully tried to kill the suffering horse by mauling

him to death with an axe, Scharper, with one well directed blow on the forehead, put the poor animal out of his misery. Lieutenant Harding of the regular army, a young sprig of an officer, was on the car and took occasion to show his authority when some of our men were disputing with the conductor about their car fare.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17. The two companies marched over to the fort to-night and gave a fine dress parade on the lawn, much to the surprise of the so-called regulars. They are not in it with us, on such an occasion. The prisoners were released from the guard house to-night. For supper the two companies had one hundred and fifty lobsters, six bushels of clams, two bushel of potatoes, brown and rye bread, forty dozen of eggs and all the coffee we could drink. How is that for a clam bake?

SATURDAY, JUNE 18. Police detail dug a walk to the officer's quarters to-day. Two more members of the company were sent to the guard house, this time for going over to Portland without passes. Mr. Brooks took Privates Bassett, Shea, and myself over to the Two Lights and Bowery Beach this afternoon, a delightful ride of four or five miles along the coast to the Life Saving station. The recruits arrived in camp to-night and slept in the hall.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19. Lots of fun this morning with the recruits. Corporal Dwyer and Privates Cannon, Walsh, Piddock, Brigham and Converse put them through the guard mount, detailed some for orderlies, posted others down by the old well and kept them busy for an hour. At 9 the genuine guard mount was held in a driving rain which continued all day and late into the night. Captain Saunders left for Hartford to-night. Here is a startling newspaper extract:

“John Boniface, son of George C. Boniface, is at the front in active service at Fort Preble. He is a sergeant in Company K, 1st Regular Connecticut Volunteers, and the other night directed the firing upon an English vessel believed to be a Spaniard.”

This is my Sunday letter home:

“ It may seem strange to you to know that this is the first moment I have had to myself since we left Hartford, May 4. Every day there is so much to do or so much going on that I have to read *The Courant* hurriedly and some days, as yesterday, I don't get a chance to see it at all. But to-day it is raining and my three tent mates are away and the camp is almost deserted, so I rather like it for a change. It has given me a chance to read those clippings without interruption. Out of seventy-seven men but four have *The Courant* regularly and so mine goes the rounds every day. It seems very fitting that the two heroes, so far, Dewey and Hobson, should come one from the North and one from the South.

I have made myself solid with the cook on several occasions and always get an extra ration if I am very hungry, in return. Thursday with three others I went down to the shore a short distance away and pulled off about a cart load of sea weed and carried it up out of the way of the tide. The next day the weeds were brought up to camp and one hundred and seventy men sat down to a regular Rhode Island clam bake—one hundred and fifty lobsters, six bushels of clams, forty dozen eggs, two bushels potatoes, brown bread, etc. Perhaps the men didn't eat!

Yesterday I had the day to myself, as I came off guard at 9 a. m., and was invited by a neighbor to take a ride, with two others of K. We went out to Cape Elizabeth, six miles, where there is a life saving station, signal station, and two light houses. We caught over sixty good size cunners in about an hour and brought back dead loads of tender young winter-green for the boys.

The other evening another neighbor, a newspaper man, took me over to see “*Martha*” at the Jefferson theatre, in Portland. It was fine but during a part of it I could scarcely keep awake. I go to sleep at any time, anywhere, in church or out calling on the neighbors, at the slightest provocation. I suppose it is the out door life that is fast fitting me for nothing else. My tent mates still stick to their thin and humpy straw mattresses but I have fixed up a raised bunk and now sleep on the bare boards. It is just great.



KITCHEN AND CAMP AT PORTLAND, MAINE, LOOKING SOUTH.
SCENE OF SEVERAL RHODE ISLAND CLAM BAKES.

If I can get time I will have some cheap photo's taken while my face is smooth. My upper lip is too tender to keep shaving long. The boys call me the commandant of the swimming squads, for lately we have been in off the rocks once or twice a day. The water is still so cold it makes our legs ache to stay in longer than to just duck under but the tonic of the salt freshens us up wonderfully.

There is one thing about John's letters which are to his credit—he does not kick at a thing at Camp Cuba Libre. When I read Poultney Bigelow's criticisms and some of the private letters from Tampa and Chickamauga and see the amount of kicking indulged in, I was proud to find John was, to that extent, a good soldier. We have just a few of the kicking kind. One, a Yale student from Michigan, is so disgusted with the treatment of Connecticut troops that he refused to accept his Niantic camp pay and returned it to Paymaster Keeney with his reasons. He is going to be transferred to one of the regiments from his own state now at Tampa.

President McKinley, Alger, Long, Miles, Shafter and the rest, down to the junior line officer at South Portland or Bucksport, Maine, are all doing their best, I believe, and I think the man who, by word of mouth or by scratch of his pen, makes their work the harder, by his criticism, to that extent gives aid and comfort to the enemies of his own country and to that extent is a traitor."

To this letter I should explain that "John" is a nephew of mine in General Lee's corps. It is curious that he, too, mentions in his letter to me the necessity of salt petre in the coffee, even in that enervating climate.

MONDAY, JUNE 20. Camp fire on the beach near Mr. Barbour's house to-night. Private Gruener entertained with some more of his "home made wine." Sergeant H. L. Huntington, Corporals Silvernail and Wheeler and Privates Low, Barrows and Thayer were present but later, not accountable. Corporal Wheeler afterwards was ordered to his tent by Private Webster to avoid his getting a call down from the officer of the day. The corporal gave the private one look and then did

just as he was told to do. Private Thayer's tent mates also say he came home from the beach feeling, as he told his tent mates while trying, with some difficulty, to get his trousers off, "just silly."

Here is another Sunday letter :

"The cold driving rain outside and in (for the tent leaks badly) makes me content with the thought that, cold and disagreeable as it is, Spain thus far has not made it very hot for those boys you saw march up Main Street that day. Ever since the Civil War I have occasionally dreamt of being in battle, close to the enemy and in a position to do great execution but never have I succeeded in getting hold of any ammunition with which to load my gun. That was always missing and consequently I was often very much embarrassed and usually expressed my uneasiness so emphatically as to wake myself up. The nearest those dreams have come to being true is this—once in five days, on going out on guard, I am given, with each of the other sentinels, five ball cartridges to put in my belt. These cartridges we are ordered not to remove from the belt under any consideration. We put them in our belts just for effect, you see, just to make that Cadiz fleet afraid and you will notice that since we took up our present commanding position on Prospect Hill, that fleet has turned tail and sailed off through the Mediterranean. In computing the difference in time I find, also, that they set sail a few minutes after I went out on guard here for the first time, a few nights ago. The putting of these five ball cartridges into our belts every five days and then taking them out again, is our nearest approach, thus far, to war.

On the other hand we are, in fact, having a good outing, some discomforts when it rains but no hardships. With the trolley close by, running to theatres at Portland and Portland Head, on either side, with good surf bathing, good view of one of the finest harbors in the world, aqueduct water to drink, good food and a variety of it to eat, just drilling enough to make us sleep well—what more could we ask or expect. How much better off are we than thousands of others and yet,

there are a few kickers here who want to go home or go to Cuba. But that is not my idea of a soldier—to kick because he is not sent to the front. I am content to be here and willing to go elsewhere without a murmur.”

A Portland paper says this of the recruits :

“ A batch of recruits arrived at Camp Burdett a few days ago and of course they had to take the initiatory degree in order to become good soldiers. If some of the recruits who took the degree are only as conscientious about obeying the orders of their superior officers as they were the orders issued to them at that time there will be no better soldiers in the field.

One of the new recruits was put on guard over two wells in the vicinity of the camp a few days since and given strict orders to let no one touch the water, not even the owner of the wells, as it was feared that Spanish spies were in the vicinity and the water might be poisoned. The recruit did not see it in the light of a joke the boys were playing on him, but took his gun and paced back and forth for nearly two hours before being relieved and when the owner of the wells came out for some water drove him away. He said he was obeying orders and no one could get any water there while he was on guard. He was finally relieved from duty.

Another recruit was stationed down the road with orders to search all passing teams for contraband goods and stuck to his post for some time, searching several teams, the owners of which tumbled to the joke and helped in carrying it out, until the “ guard ” finally stopped an old farmer who refused to allow his team to be searched and laid his whip about the shoulders of the recruit until he ran for quarters. The recruit at last smelled a mouse. He said nothing, however, but watched his chance to laugh at some other victim.

One recruit felt highly honored a few evenings ago in being selected as “ orderly ” for “ Lieutenant ” Thayer of Company K who really ranks as private, but is one of the jolliest and best natured fellows in the camp. George looked out of his tent and found his orderly stationed in front ready to receive all orders and make himself generally useful.

Thayer kept his end of the joke up and every man who came down the company street, and there were plenty of them, had urgent business with "Lieutenant" Thayer, which kept the poor orderly quite busy. He was finally given the "Lieutenant's" private countersign, "Jack in the box," and no one who didn't have this pass word was allowed to enter.

Another guard was stationed in front of the first sergeant's tent and he was kept inside a prisoner until a corporal came and relieved the guard."

TUESDAY, JUNE 21. General Hawley's despatch in the paper says we go South or to Camp Alger soon. Private Barrows, whose mustache is the only one remaining in the company, showed fight to-day when it was suggested that he would look better to appear like the rest of us. He guarded his tent from the inside with his bayonet and made threats but without avail. The men went in, he came out and his mustache came off. The shears did not do a very good job and the trimming was omitted. Swimming without trunks on the beach has been prohibited. Mr. Barbour's brother was married to-night and a number of the men attended the wedding.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22. The cruiser, "Badger," came into the harbor to-day. Another dress parade at the fort to-night.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23. Lumber has come and new floors are being laid in the tents. This has kept the men busy with pick and shovel, leveling off the ground in the tents. Our tent has a piazza, the first one in the street. Another court martial was held to-night. Private F. C. Burnell was accused of theft, swearing and fighting. The jury consisted of Corporal Campbell and Privates McKone, W. O. Case, Sanderson, Bassett and Humphrey. Sheriff Pierce and Deputies Converse and W. H. Brown preserved order in court. The judges were Privates Thayer, Hall and Gillett. The fighting, it was shown in evidence, occurred down on the ball grounds back of the barn early this morning and Private Morley was the other party in interest. The accused was found guilty, of course, and the sentence of

the court was that the hair on one side of his head only should be clipped close, leaving it long and luxuriant on the other side. The execution of the sentence was duly performed and the public was then allowed to pass by in single file and view the remains.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24. It is said that when Private Burnell appeared before the post surgeon this morning for treatment



WORKING FOR THEIR COMMISSIONS.

DeLamater.

Holt.

and removed his hat, the old soldier almost had a fit at the sight of that quarter section of bald, white scalp.

“Claim your laundry, boys, get your laundry.”

At 6 p. m. the battalion marched over to the armory in Portland and sat down to a fine spread in the basement. Later, music and dancing were enjoyed in the armory above

and the men were lothe to leave at 11. This entertainment was given us by the Sons of Veterans.

A Portland paper has this, every word of which is true and shows how good the people of Maine are to us :

“ Quite a large party from the Universalist Church, headed by Mr. H. H. King, visited Camp Burdett Tuesday evening to witness the ceremony of dress parade. It was incidentally remarked to Mr. King that the new recruits which have just arrived at the camp were not provided with blankets, etc., as sufficient time had not elapsed to get action on the requisitions for camp equipage which had been forwarded to department headquarters,—and in fact there were none on hand in the quartermaster’s department at Fort Preble. Wednesday evening an express wagon drove to the camp loaded with comforts, blankets and mattresses which most thoughtfully had been furnished by Mr. King for the use of these new men. The officers and men were highly appreciative of this kindness and doubtless would be glad to receive more bedding of the same sort to meet the wants of recruits who are arriving daily and who cannot be supplied by the post quartermaster until the articles of bedding are received from the government depot, which of course will take more or less time.

The State Secretary of the Christain Endeavor Society has just put up a tent at Camp Burdett where reading matter will be sent. It will also afford a convenient place for correspondence, being supplied with writing tables, etc.”

This is what the papers said of the reception :

“A pleasant informal reception and dance was tendered the Connecticut Volunteers of the U. S. Army now located at Portland Head, last evening at the Auditorium, by the Ladies’ Aid Society of Shepley Camp, S. of V., assisted by the members of the camp and invited guests. The Connecticut boys were met upon their arrival at Portland Pier and were escorted to the basement of the auditorium where supper was in waiting for them. The guests were welcomed by the chairman of the committee, Miss Mary Prince.

Dancing was enjoyed during the evening.”

SATURDAY, JUNE 25. At company drill this morning only two fours showed up, so great have been the losses occasioned by the recent festivities. This afternoon a game of ball between the Fort Preble nine and one picked up in our battalion resulted in a victory for our nine, 14 to 2. Our battery was Privates Marion and Robbins. The two prisoners recently confined in the guard quarters were welcomed back to the street again to-night. The boys bothered Private Marvel's tent some to-night by firing things into it. Among the things were the contents of a box he had recently received from home. "There comes my ham," he exclaimed when he recognized that article coming in. Private Wolcott, it is said, fell into a hole to-night while on guard at Post No. 6.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26. We celebrated the first day of the new week by opening the new sinks to public use. The company is now represented in the guard quarters by a single member, one who preferred the guard house to doing guard duty. Clam chowder for dinner. It was fine. Four sergeants, the two Huntingtons, Boniface and DeLamater, went out rowing to-day and visited the training ship, "Enterprise," now lying in the harbor. It is said that one of the sergeants did not prove a good sailor and during the entire trip his courage sank in proportion as the waves rose. Mr. Brooks took Privates Walsh, Shea and myself over to Two Lights this afternoon. Private Johnson was accidentally struck over the eye with a scabbard in his tent and was knocked senseless for a time. For two nights the camp has been so overrun with mosquitoes that sleep has been practically out of the question. The much talked of "mosquito fleet" must have been ordered to rendezvous off Portland and all hands must have come ashore to mess.

MONDAY, JUNE 27. Rumors are rife that we are to take part in the Porto Rico campaign. This evening Private Bassett gave a little spread at Mr. Jordan's house—lobster, hot biscuit and lemonade. I was on guard at Post No. 6 but Private Potter offered to relieve me for an hour or so. Among the others there were Corporals Pierce, Campbell and Silvernail

and Privates Pattison, Nunan, Shea, W. O. Case, Eno, McKone, Camp and Private Richardson of F.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28. At 3 o'clock this morning when I went to relieve No. 6 man, he was found sound asleep on the veranda of the officer's quarters. He has now gone to the guard house. He was an F man. The recruits were put on guard today. An Indian concert was given to-night by Privates Tinkham, Camp, Walsh, R. A. Case and Knox and during the performance the tent came down on them. The rumors of our Porto Rico expedition to-night were such as to cause the men of the whole battalion to yell with delight.

Here is another letter home, of even date:

"That telegram of Senator Hawley I think created more stir in Hartford than here. While we are ready for anything, everything indicates we are to stay here for the summer, at least. New floors are being put in our tents, new uniforms will be issued to us in a few days, Lake Sebago water has been introduced into our camp, a new sink has been built and all we hear points in the same direction. Surely if we were going South the new uniforms suitable for this region would be deadly in the South and have to be discarded at once. But all these signs may go for naught. Still, so far no mistakes have been made in this war, (no Bull Run has yet occurred) and I have firm faith that none are going to be.

It's curious how toughened a man gets in this atmosphere of semi-warfare. The first man to go to the guard house at Niantic set us all thinking, but now some one of our company is there all the time and yet we think nothing of it. This is partly the result of more rigid discipline (which I like) but gradually things of this kind are taken as a matter of course. I don't know how we should feel under fire, but I imagine in a short time we should get toughened to anything. You see already how the first few men to get killed had their obituaries in full in all the papers—yet this last scrap near Santiago was not followed by a full list even of the killed and wounded, let alone giving each one an obituary notice. So it will go.

Those clippings are to the point and that about the American soldier particularly so. The private in modern warfare is more than ever a thinking machine and he must be so from necessity. Formerly elbow touched elbow and each man's nerve helped to nerve up his next in line. Each acted as part of a compact whole and was swept along with it. But now a private goes forward practically as an individual, dependent entirely upon himself and his own nerve. It is to a great extent, guerrilla warfare, hiding behind trees, stone walls, etc. Instead of touching his comrade's elbow, now they are ten or twelve feet apart and several times that distance from any officer. Being thus thrown back upon himself, the American soldier will prove superior to any from the fact that the day of machine soldiers is past.

You mention rheumatism—why, the new setting up exercises we have every morning and the daily swims are putting me in fine shape. I can touch my fingers to the ground with stiff knees and keep them there, all right. I must be about twelve pounds lighter than I was. We all shave for the last time, July 4, when we go over to Portland for parade.

Thursday we had a fine time over there, as the enclosed will indicate. The supper was great and greatly to be praised.

The thermometer here has been up to 90 once, but the breeze always makes living under canvas easily bearable. The mosquitoes struck camp two nights ago and have made sleep a matter of setting up exercise.

My three tent mates—all things considered are the pick of the company. One is a graduate of Princeton, another of Amherst and these two act like two great, big, good-natured Newfoundland dogs together. They call each other down in great shape but neither cares for what the other says. They have never developed their bump of order during their course of study at Hosmer Hall and consequently they spend a good deal of their time looking for their things, such as collars, handkerchiefs, pipes, matches, etc. They each have a good sized box they try to keep their things in, but their efforts end in complete failure, always. The other mate is somewhat more orderly and

as all three are very glad to have me fix up the tent and straighten out things occasionally, the tent usually presents a very fair appearance. My things I manage to keep in my knapsack, so I can find anything I have without hunting, even in the dark.

It is curious how the high collar crops out on the slightest provocation, with some. As soon as good weather came and we began to get things in shape in our tents, the boys who try to mix military and mashing began to put on high collars while on duty till the width or height was so great orders had to be issued forbidding any collars at all to be worn while on duty. A white cotton handkerchief is the nearest approach to a collar I have been compelled to wear, but I kick even at that at dress parade, as you might know I would. I notice those fellows who gave the Spanish fleet hell at Manila didn't wear white collars and they are the kind of stuff we all are proud of."

Mr. Barbour invited a few of us down to a lobster stew and turkey supper to-night. The party included Sergeants S. G. Huntington and Boniface, Corporal Wheeler and Privates Gruener, Rathbun, Barrows, Sanderson and W. O. Case.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29. Fine day. At 10 a. m. the battalion marched leisurely two miles out beyond The Head near a school house and stacked arms in a pretty daisy pasture, which was fairly red in places with ripe wild strawberries. We ate our rations (ham sandwiches, apple pie and coffee), in the shady woods. Jack, of course, went with us.

Private Marvel during the rest was seized by some Indians hovering about the woods and dragged to a tree where he was bound tightly with ropes and a fire set under his feet. While he was thus burning at the stake the wild men completed the outrage by scalping him. During the march out he also had some live frogs thrust down his shirt front, much to his and their discomfort, for a time. About 3.30 p. m. we started back, after having saluted the school house flag and executed the manual, to the unbounded delight of the assembled multitude, which included two old women and three small boys. On the way home,

during a short rest, some of the men, while Captain Saunders industriously diverted the farmer's attention, were so bold as to attempt to milk his cow standing just inside the fence but she kicked. Later, Lieutenant Waterman ordered the marching salute to be given a tiny flag in the hands of some boys playing side the road. The salute was given with a snap, but the staring eyes of the boys showed they failed to appreciate the compliment paid them and their flag. After the dusty march, a swim in the cold, bracing salt water. How it rested us all! Private Richardson of F gave a lobster supper down



SCOUTING EXPEDITION, WITH ONE DAY'S RATIONS.

at Mr. Jordan's to quite a crowd of us to-night. The papers described the stake burning like this:

"There is an organization in the camp known as the "Camp Indians," although it is impossible to ascertain to what tribe of red men they really belong.

While on the march last Wednesday, doing out-post duty, the Indians determined to work their degree on some member of the company. During a brief rest in the woods the members secured a rope from a home near by and after lassoing a recruit while he was eating his luncheon they bound him to a tree and stuck a bayonet each side of his head and another through the top of his hat. They then kindled a small fire

and had a grand pow wow and war dance, beating tom-toms in the shape of tin dippers and plates, and after scalping their victim with a bayonet they set him free just as the command came to "fall in."

THURSDAY, JUNE 30. Mr. Gardner, with a detail from K, consisting of Privates Gruener, Bassett, Hall, Gillette, Sanderson, Fulton and myself, rowed across to Fort Gorges and after luncheon of corn beef, baked beans, coffee and cookies, while the tide was out, we dug some two bushels of fine clams. We had a good time but we earned it, digging the whole island over for that limited measure of mussels.

FRIDAY, JULY 1. Another clam bake for supper. Most of the recruits experienced to-night the sensation of being sent up ten or fifteen feet into the air in a blanket. Privates Cadwell and Dickinson attacked Private Fulton and myself late to-night. Cadwell got spanked where he ought to, but Fulton turned and soaked me, (his own tent mate), with a pail of water. I will even this up with him, some time.

SATURDAY, JULY 2. Very hot. This compelled an easy skirmish drill this forenoon. This afternoon I went with a party of fifteen over to Two Lights fishing. Mr. Jordan took the party.

SUNDAY, JULY 3. Last night half of F men were taken with cramps, caused by something they must all have eaten. Private Kirkley is sick. "Who stole the pie?" "Kirkley." This letter to my sister shows how I felt last night:

"This war came to me in a new aspect last night when we received news of Shafter's losses at Santiago. It was a beautiful moonlight night, with the breezes blowing just enough to keep the mosquitoes (our only foe, so far,) away and all the men seemed happy. We had had a good supper, the day's work had been light, some were going over to Portland to the theatre, others over to The Head to the vaudeville.

Those that were about their tents were singing or entertaining callers from the vicinity. My tent mates were all away, with the rest, having a good time and I was about turning in when some one over in F street struck up some familiar strains

upon a mandolin and a guitar and then I could hold my tears back no longer. Here we are, having what is to all practical purposes, a delightful summer outing in a beautiful locality with the weather (now) all that could be desired and yet thousands of our men down at Santiago, fully as deserving as any of us are of the good things of this life, are now going hungry to bed at night and are sweating their strength and life away by day, under a torrid sun. That circumstance I could endure but when I read that possibly one thousand of them had but yesterday fallen in the attack upon Santiago and are at this very moment, possibly, lying wounded upon the ground and suffering from thirst, (O, I know what that is—hunger is nothing in comparison)—when I read that, the sound of that mandolin and the singing of our men over in F Street grated on my ears. For the first time since I marched up Main Street that day in May I was not happy, I was not content. O, how I wish I could share some of that suffering and some of that hardship. It seems to fall all upon the few. And if I know my own mind, it is not glory I am looking for. All the glory I care for in this life was mine when I accepted the opportunity and enjoyed the privilege of marching up Main Street in Hartford. That fact stands, and will stand, and what may follow people little note nor will long remember. Those who served and lived as well as those who served and died in 1861-5 are alike remembered on the Memorial Arch. They were one. So are we and a thousand of us to-day have fallen. If the blow had struck our state, our regiment, our company, it would have, for a time, seemed more heavy, but only for a time. With Connecticut troops in Maine (making friends every day), and Maine troops in the South or Cuba, the divisional lines fast disappear and we are all one. So I say, the glory of being in it, even at this distance, is mine and to that extent I am satisfied. But when the question of suffering and enduring hardships arises, that is something more of a personal matter, something which only a personal experience can satisfy. The opinion of Hartford was manifest May 4. It was formed then and if I act well the part assigned me,

whatever it be, more or less, that opinion will not change. It is practically fixed. Like a man's reputation, it is what people *think* he is; his character is what he really is. Now, I want to find out what stuff I really am made of. We have the reputation of being good soldiers. Whether we really are, is still an unsettled question. Only sharing in the suffering and hardships of those who suffer can decide this. The test, possibly, may only come to a comparatively few. Possibly it cannot be otherwise. If so, so be it. But, O, how I want to share the suffering with those men at Santiago!

To-day is the hottest day yet, still, the breeze makes it easily bearable. I took dinner with a class-mate of mine whose parents live not far from camp. He gave me six big heads of lettuce which I passed around among the boys of both companies when I came back. The old rivalry between K and F has disappeared and we are all one now, over two hundred of us.

Isn't it funny? By wearing two pairs of stockings one saves the other and neither get worn through. The pair of cheap 10 cent hose I put on May 4 are still without a hole in them. At home they would have been worn through and thrown away long ago. But perhaps they will wear thin and then go all at once, below the ankle, like the One Hoss Shay, "all at once and nothing first."

MONDAY, JULY 4. What a night! I turned in early last evening but was soon called out by the cry of "Fire." A lot of old straw and rubbish down by the rocks had somehow set itself on fire. All the pails in the street had also mysteriously hid themselves. But Sergeant Marshall, sergeant of the guard, and Corporals Wheeler and Carroll were equal to and rose to the occasion. They called out the guard and finally the entire camp, formed a bucket brigade and after a time had the fire under control. Soon after the guard had returned to their quarters, suddenly another fire set itself going and the guard was again called out.

By the time this was subdued the camp was too wide awake to return to their tents and the men began running the

guard—but let the story be told in a letter home soon to follow. I turned in the second time at 1 o'clock but fought mosquitoes till 3 a. m. and feel pretty "rocky" this morning.

At 9, the battalion, wearing caps and white gloves, (what foolishness—men in actual service in time of war wearing white gloves) marched over, by the way of the ferry, to Portland, escorted upon our arrival by the American Band. The line of march was long and the stops few. Many of the men suffered from the heat, particularly Sergeant DeLamater, Corporal Pierce and Private Oviatt. Private Fisher also fell out but, it is said, at once fell into friendly arms. Dinner was served at the armory at 1 o'clock and a rest taken till 3.30. In the meantime most of us were given the opportunity to see an object lesson in the practical working of a prohibitory liquor law. The saloons were as numerous and as wide open as on any holiday in Hartford. I visited several and saw liquor sold as freely as soda water. The march to the East Promenade was followed by a dress parade and sham battle. It was pre-arranged that Private Walsh should fall, in the heat of the charge. He did so, with unexpected results. Several women rushed up and began wringing their hands; a policeman ran up, knelt down by his side and began fanning him with his hat and altogether the scene was very realistic.

Finally, when the thing had been carried far enough the "Judge" opened his eyes, smiled and said, "Well, I guess that's enough of this," rose to his feet and walked away. The remarks of that policeman can best be expressed in a long line of dashes. After being treated to some excellent lemonade the battalion returned to camp in time for supper. I took a swim and as a cool shower in the evening wet down the mosquitoes I slept sound and well. Here is how the papers spoke of us:

"There were at least ten thousand people on the Eastern Promenade yesterday afternoon and despite the intense heat nearly everybody remained until almost six o'clock.

The crowd was first attracted by the balloon ascension, then it gathered in front of the stand where the semi-centennial

exercises of the Grand Trunk were being held and finally it lined the long driveway for almost half a mile to see the magnificent drill given by the Connecticut Volunteers.

The Connecticut men arrived at the promenade quite early in the afternoon but as there were other attractions going on at the time and as it was intensely hot Captain Saunders decided to allow his men to rest until they could have everything to themselves and also be assured of the temperature being a little lower.

It was about quarter of five when the men received orders to fall in and then as soon as the throng could be driven back the dress parade came next. The volunteers made a splendid appearance on dress parade and they were frequently applauded for the accuracy and precision with which they performed the manual and also for the manner in which they went through the various marching evolutions.

The dress parade being concluded Captain Saunders marched his men across the promenade as far as Congress Street and here he allowed them to rest.

The next thing on the programme was an extended order drill which gave the thousands of spectators an opportunity of seeing just how the troops would act if going into actual conflict. A section of Company F under command of Lieutenant Waterman was detailed to act as the enemy and then the remainder of the battalion which was to act as an attacking party was divided into three sections namely, the firing line, the support and the reserves.

The attacking party was under command of Captain Saunders, the firing line was commanded by Lieutenant Smith and the support and reserves were commanded by Captain Newton.

The enemy was posted in quite a strong position and commenced the firing. The attacking party promptly advanced and after firing two rounds by platoons, the men began to fire by sections and squads and finally at will. They advanced continually and while the firing by sections was going on, one section invariably advanced under the fire of the others.

At length when the two forces were quite close together the command to charge was given and with a yell the attacking party rushed straight for the enemy, but on reaching them there was no further fighting as there would have been had Lieutenant Waterman's section been composed of Spaniards and all the men threw themselves on the grass thoroughly tired out.

The extended order drill was magnificently executed and it was certainly a novelty to the spectators, the majority of



SERGEANTS' MESS—TABLES GONE.
McKee. Fulton. H. L. Huntington. DeLamater. Holt.

whom saw for the first time how troops would be handled when going into action.

After the volunteers had recovered from the effects of their vigorous exertions under the hot sun they were given cool refreshments and then they were marched down town.

Captain Saunders and his officers are certainly deserving of praise for the high state of efficiency to which they have brought the men under their command."

TUESDAY, JULY 5. The men acted lifeless at drill this morning and to-night—no wonder, after yesterday's march.

Colors were used at dress parade for the first time. To-night I actually slept cold. The sergeants' mess tables have mysteriously blown away several times lately.

The following letter in regard to yesterday's parade was received by Captain Saunders to-day:

CITY OF PORTLAND, ME.
MAYOR'S OFFICE.

PORTLAND, ME., July 5, 1898.

CAPTAIN HENRY H. SAUNDERS,
Commanding Connecticut Volunteers,
Fort Preble.

DEAR SIR—I desire in behalf of the city to thank you and your command for your splendid escort duty yesterday. Your battalion made a fine appearance and was a credit and an honor to the State of Connecticut and to the Nation. Please express to your officers and men my kindest regards.

Yours truly,

C. H. RANDALL, *Mayor*.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6. Officers from the fort inspected the camp to-day. Private Marion sprained his foot badly to-day while running on the beach. He had to be carried back to camp. Another cool night.

THURSDAY, JULY 7. Captains George B. Newton and John K. Williams, old City Guard men, visited camp to-day.

FRIDAY, JULY 8. Corporal Silvernail took his squad down in the shade this morning side of Mr. Jordan's house where all hands were given some lemonade. Sergeant De Lamater was also considerate of the men this afternoon at skirmish drill. Private F. R. Denison's trousers, however, were badly ripped during the drill. Work on Ripley Avenue (the walk leading to the officer's quarters) was continued to-day. I got my eyes full of dust and dirt doing it.

SATURDAY, JULY 9. The company were given the freedom of the city of Portland this afternoon and evening by Captain Saunders and consequently most every one had an edge on to-night. This is the letter I wrote home this afternoon:

"Again I found myself alone in my tent this afternoon with nothing in view but a quiet time all by myself and I looked forward to a few hours of reflection with a good deal of pleasure, such an opportunity is so rare here in camp. I had



FOUR OF A KIND.

Pattison. Eno. Bassett. Silvernail.

gone down in swimming after dinner, had put my dirty clothes to soak in a wash basin and put them away under the tent floor preparatory to washing them out Sunday morning and had laid down on my bare bunk to think. Two of my tent mates were out on guard and the other two had taken the special permit given the whole company this afternoon to go over to Portland without passes. The salt water put me in such a peaceful frame of mind that I soon dropped off to sleep but only for a minute.

"Where is the corporal of the guard," I heard some one ask out in the street. "Two of our men have capsized out in a boat and have been drowned." The few men left in the street bounded out of their tents as if there had been a call "To Arms" and with others I ran down the hill towards the beach less than half a mile away. The wind had been blowing in a squally manner for some time, filling the tents with dust and dirt and making the canvass flap spitefully in the wind. I found that by tying up the sides of the tent the wind would sweep the tent clear of the dirt and so our tent was comparatively clean, however.

We had not gone far before word was brought back that the men were printers from Portland, out in a sail boat on a drunk. Four were drowned; two were saved by our letter carrier, Private Rich of Company F, and are now being cared for by the good people near by. This is only one of several similar plucky rescues in which Rich has figured as hero. The guard formed and ran down the hill with fixed bayonets, why with their guns no one seemed to know unless, as one young girl visitor here innocently enough remarked: "See, the soldiers are going down to fire into the water to see if it will not make the bodies rise."

Speaking of turning out the guard, the night before the Fourth was a great time in camp. All the officers were away and about 11 o'clock an alarm of "Fire" was sent in from Post 4. The guard was quickly turned out and ran to the fire *with fixed bayonets*. Then they ran back again and stacked arms. This time the sergeant, "Andy" Marshall, told the guard to get all the pails in the street and with these the guard again ran to the fire. Some of the men had stolen a lot of boxes and barrels and started a fire to one side of the camp. There was a good deal of fun in putting out the fire but the guard had scarcely got back into their tents again before another fire in another direction was set. After keeping the guard busy in that way for a time, the boys began running the guard line as college boys begin rushes. Once out of camp, they would suddenly turn about and yelling like Indians come

rushing into camp again. Imagine one hundred or one hundred and fifty men, with nothing but their under-clothes on (and sometimes with less) rushing about in the bright moonlight between the tents and across the lines, chased by half a dozen men with fixed bayonets. The fun continued till the officers returned at midnight. Now the boys say "Who lit that fire?" and the answer comes back in unison "Andy Marshall." "What with?" "His whiskers." The point is, "Andy" has a fire red mustache.

The parade in Portland, as I thought, was a tough one for us. About eight miles of marching and a sham battle. But it was an uplifting spectacle to see British and American soldiers alike celebrating the Fourth and both cheering the news from Santiago.

It has not rained here for nearly two weeks and the weather, excepting last Sunday and Monday, has been so cool that we sleep cold, sometimes.

It looks as if the fighting was about over, don't it, but no one can tell what the Spaniards will do in the way of suing for peace. The bundle of papers came yesterday all right and I have passed them around, after reading them myself. We have lots of rumors about going everywhere under the sun but I reckon that we shall only see garrison duty, perhaps in Cuba, or guarding prisoners at Portsmouth.

Supper of baked beans and brown bread and coffee and I am hungry so must stop.

After the drowning accident, I went to sleep again but was continually being waked up by the boys so finally went over to the Y. M. C. A. tent and wrote this."

SUNDAY, JULY 10. More rumors of our return to Niantic and then to Camp Alger. We have finally been ordered to get ready. At parade to-night the biggest crowd of the season was present. Private McKone organized an individual fire department and exhibited wonderful powers in that line of effort. There was an extra long wait for Captain Saunders, much longer even than usual, on Sunday nights. Afterward, an impromptu concert, not altogether sacred, was

given in F street, Private Sobieralski and one or two other musicians taking part. It sounded first rate and drew quite a crowd.

MONDAY, JULY 11. Again the battalion gave a dress parade on the lawn in front of Captain Rodgers' quarters at the fort to-night. The recruits have finally all found quarters



SOAK HIM.

Hynes. Gillette. Fisher.

in the company street and none sleep in the hall. Slept cold. On a postal card to-day I wrote: "We go back to Niantic and Camp Alger, but I think no farther south. This is the beginning of the end of the war, I think."

TUESDAY, JULY 12. New guns were issued to-day. One was given to me and I shall make a case for it. This afternoon

I rode over to Riverton with a couple of class-mates and this evening saw "May Blossom" over at The Head.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13. Rained all day. The "rookies" went out on guard mount for the first time. No drills, nor dress parade. This is the letter I wrote to-day, (mark the predictions):

"The orders to Camp Alger strike the officers here, as they do me, as the beginning of the end. Instead of our going to the "front" we feel that in a few weeks there will be no front to go to. The longer Spain waits before throwing up the sponge the more territory she will lose and with the fall of Santiago I think you will see the sponge go up. The papers you sent me were just what I like. Have you noticed how little there is in them about that war for "humanity's sake." The women and children who have left Santiago (15,000 it is said) are being left to shift for themselves, just as in case of any ordinary war. The reconcentrados are not mentioned, scarcely thought of. On the other hand, notice the expeditions being fitted out and sent to Manila, Porto Rico, the Canaries, etc. To me, these indicate a war of conquest, what I claimed at the outset was to be the case. The brutalities of Weyler and the blowing up of the Maine gave this country an excuse, sufficient, in the eyes of Europe, to justify our interference and we gladly interfered for the sake of humanity, well knowing, however, that the result would be an inevitable taking of Cuba, Porto Rico and possibly the Philippines to ourselves. I told G. C. a week after the Maine explosion that if war followed, those Maine men, lying undisturbed in Cuban sand, would find themselves buried in American soil when the war ended and I still believe it.

Can we assimilate and Americanize all creation—the Cubans, the Porto Ricans, the millions of the Philippines? This seems to be the work awaiting this country, as the result of this war. I guess so. This country has always found men equal to the occasion, whenever the occasion arose, and always will.

As for Camp Alger—I think the order is simply to pacify the howl "On to Cuba" which is being fired at General Hawley

from various Connecticut quarters. And to me, our going to Camp Alger means a tour of duty there till the close and then, a part in the grand review down Pennsylvania Avenue. With that I shall be content, although the offer made May 4th meant much more.

We return to Niantic Saturday and I will write again Sunday. The first storm since June 14th confines us to our tents to-day and the holes in the tents are as large as ever."

THURSDAY, JULY 14. Pay day. We privates received \$29.64, which means the United States government has paid us fifty-two cents a day from May 4th. But we're not kicking. Receiving double pay for the first thirteen days out is what this means. Again the freedom of Portland to-night and again the same result.

FRIDAY, JULY 15. Coming off guard this morning I took my last swim, for we leave to-morrow. At the dress parade to-night the "rookies" appeared for the first time and did well. Then everybody said good-bye to everybody else. The old straw dumped out of the ticks caught fire and spread till the flames actually threatened the old hen house where we sought shelter so many times from the first storms on coming here. The whole camp was routed out and a line of buckets formed and the fire was soon put out.

SATURDAY, JULY 16. Up at 4.45, breakfast at 5, tents down and left camp at 6.45. Took trolley to Monument Square and then marched to station. Girls out in force. Left at 8.15. Coffee, lemonade and sandwiches at Nashua Junction. Arrived at Worcester at 2, Blackstone 2.45, Providence 3.10, Niantic 5.15. Supper at 6.15. Slept on bare floor in tent and was cold before morning. One member of the company was placed under guard on leaving Portland, tried to escape, was tied to the steam pipes in the car and is now in the guard house.

SUNDAY, JULY 17. This was a fine day and I got my washing out early. Fourteen of the original "Thirteen Club" had an oyster supper at Saunders to-night. At dress parade to-night our old friends in F were at the right of the line while

we were on the extreme left and a long line the regiment made—twelve companies.

MONDAY, JULY 18. To-day we leave for Camp Alger. The camp was crowded with visitors. At 8 the tents were all down and at 11.30 we had dinner. At 12 K fell in and marched down to the station to escort General Hawley to the camp.



SOME OF THE "ROOKIES" IN THEIR NEW UNIFORMS.

Perry. Moran. Zoller. Driscoll. D. E. Brown.

We did so and upon our return the regiment was drawn up in line to receive him. Then we had to march along the rear of the line to our position on the extreme left. The regiment was standing at ease. It was an ovation along the entire march and when we passed Company F that command applauded us heartily by clapping their hands. For this

Lieutenant Colonel Hammond called them down sharply, but we shall never forget the kindly feeling exhibited by the F men.

We left Niantic, finally, at 4.45 in the third section and arrived at New Haven at 6 o'clock. Supper on the train consisting of corn beef, frankforts and the bags of good things given us by the good women of Niantic and Crescent Beach when we left. Arrived at Harlem River at 9 and were ferried



THAWING OUT.

MARCHING THROUGH WASHINGTON, D. C.,
TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1898.

around to Hoboken at 11.30 where we had some fine hot coffee as we boarded the train.

TUESDAY, JULY 19. Early this morning the manner in which the railroad men illuminated our way as we left Hoboken shortly after midnight was unique. As the train passed through the big railroad freight yards all the locomotive whistles in the vicinity began to shriek and big bunches of oily waste were scattered along the rails of the adjoining tracks and

set on fire. The noise made a perfect bedlam which, with the long lines of blazing waste through which the train rushed, made the scene a novel one—one long to be remembered by us.

At 4 a. m. we reached Philadelphia. By 6 o'clock most of the men in the car were up, in time to be smothered in the Baltimore tunnel. At 8.45 we reached Washington and without much delay started down Pennsylvania Avenue. Wasn't



JUST BEFORE THE SHOWER, PENNSYLVANIA CAMP,
TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1898.

it hot! The lively step set for us I didn't mind, for a time, but the few rests were little more than an aggravation. The loss of sleep on the train, the extra amount of baggage I had undertaken to carry and the sudden advent into that torrid temperature, altogether was the severest physical strain I have had in many a year and I have had some pretty severe ones. Twice I sat down flat in the gutter, during the short rest, so as to rest my knapsack on the curb and ease my back, and if the President's private secretary himself had come along I don't

think I should have stirred. I didn't care if I was in the capital of this great country and everybody looking, I found the gutter the easiest place to rest in and so I sat there. But didn't the chunks of ice that the good people of Washington gave us at the train across the city feel good. Not far from 11 o'clock we crossed the Potomac River and passing on through Camp Alger proper, left the train at Dunn Loring, three or four miles beyond. A short march of a mile through the woods brought us to a camp of Pennsylvania troops where a rest of half an hour was given us. Here a heavy thunder shower overtook



GUARD TENT, NEAR THE SPRING, CAMP ALGER.

us just as we were about to resume the march but the rain felt good. Another march often in single file of a mile or so, through cart paths and along the slippery clay roads, brought us to a large last year's corn field. This was our future camp. While the camp was being laid out, our company stacked arms near a sluggish spring surrounded by a grove of trees where a huge fire was soon roaring and the men were steaming themselves dry. Here we had luncheon, after which I laid down in the rain and went to sleep. As soon as the camp was laid out we were ordered to drag a long line of rails from a neighboring

fence over to the kitchen. No sooner was that duty performed than we were ordered to drag them all back again. This we did, also. For supper we had fried pork, bread and coffee. Then we went out and cut a lot of pine boughs and made a bed in our tent. It was so hot and muggy I slept just outside, under the ropes, on some straw but I got wet through with the heavy dew. Captain Saunders to-night announced the following appointment of corporals: Gruener, Low, Appleton, Sanderson, Campbell and Ward. The kitchen detail, the guard and the prisoners all slept on the ground, without the shelter of a tent last night.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20. I was up at 5 and washed out my blouse, trousers, shirts and things. There is no trouble about drying things in this sun. At 8.45 I was detailed with Private Shea and details from other companies to dig a sink down in the weeds in the lower part of the corn field. The work was in charge of Dr. McCook who allowed us to work but ten minutes at a time. Then we had twenty minutes off. But it was hot down in that hole, digging that tough clay! One or two of the men gave out. We were relieved at noon. There were no drills to-day except inspection at night. Corporal Appleton, Private Webster and myself slept out on a pile of boards to-night that are to be used for a tent floor.

THURSDAY, JULY 21. Drills were resumed to-day with a vengeance. Old soldiers say it takes a week to get acclimated but Colonel Burdett thinks one day is enough. From 7.30 to 8.45 there was a lively extended order drill and again, the same, from 10 till 11.30. Dinner at 12 of baked beans. Another drill at 5 and inspection at 6. Again through a special dispensation from the captain I was allowed to sleep out on the boards rather than with six in a tent in such weather. This is the letter I wrote home:

"I am sitting out in the rear of our tent, on a pile of boards in a last year's corn field, in a drizzling rain, trying to write a Courant letter and now one to you. With six in a tent, sides closed, all talking, others outside blowing on a bugle into my ears and all telling me what to write or asking me for a match,

a piece of string, a stamp, anything they happen for the moment to want, —writing in such a place has its drawbacks, hence I am out here in the rain.

I like this experience first rate. It is the nearest we have yet come to the real thing. I sleep out doors, on the ground, in preference to the cover of a tent and as I now feel no more sleeping in tents for me. The day we reached here, while waiting for orders, I went to sleep on the ground, in the rain, with clothes wet to my skin. But who cares. There are mighty few things—"Fall in for drill." Three hours ago this call made me drop everything, for the time being. So it is most of the time, just now, but when we get settled a little possibly we will have more leisure. The next forenoon after we got here I was on the detail to dig yellow clay for a sink. A ditch twenty-five feet long and four feet deep was the size and while it was "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door," it was enough, in the sun with the thermometer up to nearly 100. But sweating never hurt me, so long as I can bathe my head and neck. I drink no water. Cold or hot coffee is what I live on during this hot weather. But I am tired to-night and must take a bath before lying down for the night. Am perfectly well and only wish you were."

This is The Courant letter referred to:

"The First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, wet to the skin and covered with yellow clay, lay down in a Virginia corn field late Tuesday afternoon about two miles beyond Camp Alger and slept on the ground that night. The regiment had left the train at a small station just beyond Falls Church, called Dunn Loring, and had marched off to the northwest, through a cart path in the woods to a camp of Pennsylvania troops where a short rest was made about 1 o'clock.

The march across the city of Washington in the forenoon was a pretty severe test for most of the men. Many of them had fifty pounds of baggage on their backs besides their guns and the change from the cold coast of Maine to the asphalt streets of Washington, with the thermometer nearly up to 100, was somewhat sudden, to say the least. But there were very

few cases of collapse and when the rain from the ugly looking thunder clouds came sweeping down through the woods the men welcomed the wetting down with a sigh of relief. Then the march was taken up again along a slippery, clay road and through a narrow lane in some more woods till finally a thirty-acre corn field was struck and the new camp of Connecticut troops was located.

The field is covered with a thin growth of weeds which,

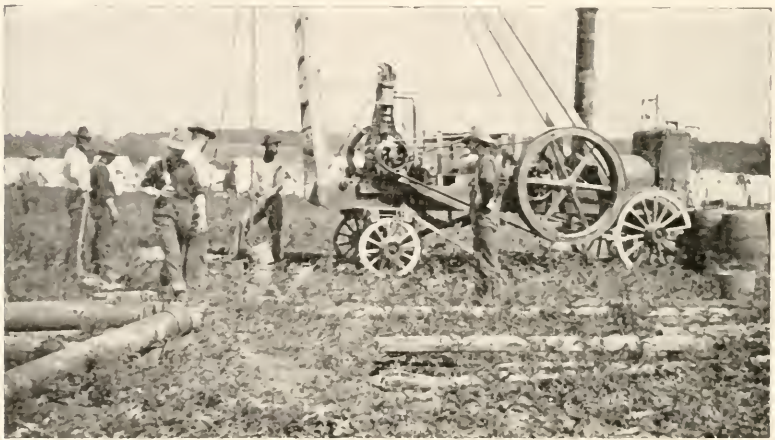


CAMP OF THE FIRST CONNECTICUT, LOOKING WEST.
SEVENTH OHIO IN THE DISTANCE.

with the last year's corn stubble, made considerable police work necessary. The ground slopes gently to the northwest and the view in any direction is limited by trees to less than a mile. The water supply comes from a driven well three-eighths of a mile distant, a small sluggish spring and a dried-up brook nearer by. When it is remembered that water to the 1,300 water-soaked, mud-covered men was an important element of

comfort if not necessity, the apparent lack of preparation for our coming is noticeable. A well is now being driven within the confines of the camp, which will make camp life more easy.

All the guard, a dozen or more prisoners and all the kitchen details slept on the ground the first night with no covering but their blankets. Some of the men hustled around before dark, cut a lot of pine boughs and made beds of these in their tents. The soft ground, however, is not so bad and many



RELIEVING THE WATER FAMINE.

prefer it. How they will like it when a soaking rain comes remains to be seen.

Wednesday we had but one short drill, but this morning the regular routine of three hours' drilling in the forenoon began. The men stood the heat very well, being allowed any bill of dress they pleased so long as they wore leggins. Officers and men all were in their shirt sleeves, frequently rolled up, and many duck trousers of different colors and stages of cleanliness have put in an appearance. Some men looked so singly to their personal comfort as to appear with nothing but drawers and undershirts on and the barefooted soldier is frequently seen walking tenderly about the company streets. This sudden change in dress from the white glove dress parade efforts

in Maine has been put to music to the tune of "White Wings" as follows:

"White gloves, we never grew weary of wearing them always at Camp Burdett;

But now that we 'ave left Niantic, we'll nevermore wear them again, you bet."

The different camps located within a mile or two make themselves known to us by their firing at skirmish drill and



COMPANY K'S CAMP KITCHEN AT ALGER.

their band playing at reveille, guard mount, etc. How strictly we shall be confined to our own camp grounds remains to be seen.

The only incident of special notice during the trip from Niantic was the race between the second and third sections approaching Pelham Junction on the New Haven division of the "Consolidated" road. Both trains were going side by side in the same direction, at a mile a minute clip, first one

train leaving the other a short distance and then in turn being overtaken by it while the men in the two trains, easily recognized in the well lighted cars, whistled and yelled at each other like mad. The race continued for four or five miles and the third section won the signal for the Pelham branch by a car. Colonel Burdett was on the second section and his defeat in the race was explained by the fact that the superintendent of the division was on the third, the winning section, but the third battalion men claim that their commander, Major Schulze, is a winner every time.

During General Hawley's visit to Niantic on Saturday an incident showing the comradeship springing up among all the Connecticut troops occurred in a way to cause special comment and a reprimand as well. Company K did escort duty to General Hawley and after entering camp passed along in the rear of the other companies of the First Regiment to take its place at the extreme left of the line. As it did so it was frequently applauded by the men in the different company streets not taking part in the parade, not only in the First but also in the Third Regiment and the battery organizations. As Company K passed Company F, standing in line at ease the latter organization, as one man, broke into a hearty hand clapping. This spontaneous outburst was understood as illustrating, as it in fact did, the strong personal friendships which have grown up between the two companies during their encampment at Portland, Maine, and the members of Company K felt the compliment paid them deeply. But the result was that Company F's attention was called to the unmilitary character of such a demonstration, by Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond.

The camp here was laid out by a detail from Companies F and K. Only about a dozen men are in the hospital, all the result of the excessive heat. None are seriously ill. F has only one and K has none in the hospital.

It is understood many other regiments will be located near by soon on account of the purity of the water from the driven wells in this locality and the general healthful conditions surrounding the camp."

FRIDAY, JULY 22. Again I was detailed for fatigue duty, digging a big sink for the kitchen, all the forenoon. Privates Bryant, Pimm and R. A. Case were on the same detail. It was five on, ten off. Very hot to-day. We put a plank floor in our tent but, for myself, I made a bed of boughs back of the tent. A guard has been put over the spring and so, no more water from there. The well water is fairly clear now. This noon we had a beef stew, the first fresh meat since reaching camp.

SATURDAY, JULY 23. Salmon (canned) for breakfast. It was very good. For dinner, roast beef. That was good, too. Last night was so hot and muggy with the poncho close around my body, that I have tried a new scheme. I have put up a board at the head and at the foot of my bed of pine boughs and with cross pieces, have suspended the poncho above the ground two or three feet. This will keep the dew off just as well and not feel so close. To-night the band came up to K street and gave us a serenade. After that, the boys got up an impromptu vaudeville show and entertained the crowd till taps. The Times has this in regard to the day's doings:

"Poor "George" is dead: not George Washington, but George Thayer; at least one would think so judging from the grave dug in the rear of his tent and the tomb-stone erected there, from which this inscription may be read: "Here lies George Thayer, who always lied and always will." This is supposed to be the work of two of our divinity students, Private Fulton and Corporal Sanderson.

Saturday evening K street was honored by a serenade from the First Regiment band, who played several patriotic selections, passing the evening pleasantly away until 9 o'clock when they bid us adieu. Their fine playing attracted quite a crowd from Company M, who, after the departure of the band displayed some of their talent, which was very interesting.

The K boys were not to be outdone by their neighbors. Private Dimock danced in such a manner as to give one the impression that he had seen the foot-lights before. Corporal Wheeler was next called and he responded cheerfully and

executed an "old Virginia shuffle," calling forth round after round of applause. Next on the programme came Corporal Sanderson, who mimicked an aged minister to perfection. Deep was the interest manifested when a touching speech was delivered by Private Fulton, bringing to light the friendly feeling existing between the companies of the First Regiment. His speech was highly appreciated by the visitors while the applause was deafening. Every one was feeling happy; so was Private Johnnie Knox, who wound up the evening's entertainment by doing an original cake walk which was very amusing. Taps would soon sound and our visitors departed, cheering lustily."

SUNDAY, JULY 24. An inspection of quarters was had at 8 a. m. After that I went over into the lot near an old farm house (I couldn't get very near for the guard drove me away), found a little shade and spent most of the day sewing on buttons, etc., and writing. This is The Courant letter:

"The First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, as I wrote you, pitched their tents in a thirty-acre treeless Virginia corn field last Tuesday afternoon and have since learned at least one lesson, the value of a cup of cold water. In fact, the temperature of the water is now of minor importance—the main question is, is it fit to drink? The only driven well in use, as yet, is nearly half a mile distance and once there men have to stand in line and wait their turn, to get even a pail full. At certain hours of the day the line is twenty-five or thirty men deep and when the kitchen details are out with their boilers and the water detail with their mule teams and barrels the wait is considerable longer.

The First Regiment is not the only one dependent upon this single well. The spring not far from the camp has been cleaned out and is now clear again, but only canteens can be filled there and not then after retreat. The reason for this restriction is because the guard with the prisoners are located near the spring and the constant travel to the spring after dark would make guarding the prisoners more difficult.

The value of water for the use of the men can be better appreciated when the conditions surrounding the regiment are remembered. There is no turf upon the ground. The weeds and corn stubble in the streets and about the tents have been policed away, leaving a surface of fine dust, in places a couple of inches deep. There has been but one shower in a month. In some of the tents pine boughs keep the blankets, overcoats, guns, knapsacks, etc., out of the dust, but with six men in a tent there is pretty sure to be one man who never picks up



WATER DETAIL.

Dickinson. Cadwell. Dwyer.

anything, but on the other hand, drops everything. With the temperature down, greater cleanliness might be observed, but when it is remembered that the men three times a day come back from their drills to their more or less cluttered tents, covered with sweat and dirt from head to feet—then the value of water, even a little, is very apparent. Many a man has learned to wash his face and hands with a single cup full and a basin full at night is considered a luxury, if sponging over the whole body before lying down to sleep could be considered

as such. In the skirmish drill, fire lying down is the order not infrequently given and then the fine dust and sweaty clothes combine in great shape. Furthermore, the sinks were not ready for use for several days after the regiment arrived. The edges of the corn field and even the parade ground itself had, by that time, become foul in the extreme as a result of the numerous diarrhœal diseases among the 1,300 men. The disagreeable nature of drilling and lying down in such filth, particularly when the order was to "advance by rushes," can better be imagined than described. To-day the new well is being pumped out by a detail from each company and this miniature water famine—really a matter more of discomfort than of real hardship—will be remedied.

Very little if any complaint is heard in the matter of food. There is an abundance of it and the variety is sufficient. This noon we had a sort of frizzled corn beef, tender and juicy, rich pea soup, boiled potatoes, bread, hard tack and coffee. Yesterday we had roast beef, twice we have had baked beans and so far the much dreaded daily ration of hard tack and "sow belly" has not materialized.

It is said we are now camping on the identical spot where the Second Connecticut Volunteers camped during the early months of the Civil War. The ground is full of broken quartz and a number of arrow heads have been thrown up by the details engaged in digging trenches.

Last evening the First Regiment Band gave a fine concert at the head of K street, under the leadership of Bandmaster Kennedy. That over, the crowd was entertained for an hour or more by impromptu specialties, including a jig dance by Dimock, cake walk by Bryant and Knox, dance by "Cy" Wheeler, speech by Fulton, scriptural reading by Sanderson, all of Company K; dance by Sergeant Bailey of F, and a variety of excellent numbers by other specialists from the different companies in the regiment. Up to this time the men had been so fagged out getting arranged in their new quarters that very little life was seen in camp, but the chances are when the heated term is over the men will once more begin to enjoy themselves.

The few men in the hospital are improving. Captain Newton of Company F is somewhat off the hooks.

Hiram Buckingham, wife and daughters, formerly of Hartford, and Mr. Stancliff, a former Hartford newspaper man, and Mrs. Stancliff were visitors at the camp to-day.

The first regimental dress parade since coming here took place to-night, just as the sun went down. The ground, of course, was full of hummocks, but the people of Hartford and vicinity would have been proud of the regiment if they could



HEALTHIER THAN SIX IN A TENT.
PRIVATE THAYER AT CAMP ALGER.

have seen the twelve full companies, over one thousand and two hundred men, all but one company fully equipped, swing from column of fours into company front and sweep up across the field with the swing of veterans. It is said to contain a larger number of men than any regiment yet mustered into the service.

P. S.—Poor Jack, the noble mastiff we brought from Portland, is suffering from the heat extremely and it is doubtful if he survives.”

This is the personal letter written to-day :

"I am just beginning to get rested. I notice it takes me longer to recover from a hard day's work than it used to ten or fifteen years ago but otherwise I believe I am as tough as ever. This last week has put me to a pretty severe test but no one has stood it better. All the men complain of feeling tired. But I must tell you about my bed. With six big strapping men in a small tent and all the blankets, overcoats, haversacks, knapsacks, guns, etc., belonging to each thrown around promiscuously on the dirt floor—the thermometer at 100 and no shade outside the walls of the tent—every one tired and lying about without ambition enough to keep from throwing their arms and legs on each other—with such surroundings I made up my mind to sleep out on the ground rather than suffocate inside the tent. So I heaped up a pile of dirt in the form of a grave, in the rear of the tent, put a lot of pine boughs over it and tied them down with string and stakes. Then I put up a stake at each end, nailed a board on top, put my rubber blanket across and tied the ends out sidewise. Perhaps I don't sleep great under there. Without the rubber blanket, a fellow would be soaked in the morning, the dews are so heavy here. How my house will stand when the winds blow and the rains descend, remains to be seen but if the house falls I shall be found under it.

I have done considerable digging since we came here. Perhaps I wrote you, the next morning I was put on the detail to dig a sink for our battalion. There were twenty of us under charge of Dr. McCook and the spot was down among some low bushes where the sun beat in "for fair." We could work only ten minutes at a time and were then relieved for twenty minutes. This lasted one forenoon. Friday I was put on the detail to dig a hole for the kitchen swill. This is to be eight feet deep. I worked at that two days and it will last another day. Hard as this may seem—to put a five foot man to throwing clay out of an eight foot hole—yet I rather like it—much better than doing skirmish drill out in the dust and heat. When the order comes to fire, lying down, and you and your gun are all wet with sweat, you can imagine the condition

a man's clothes are in when he rises up out of the fine dust. But no one tries to keep clean—he can't if he tries.

You may surmise from this that my superfluous fat is fast disappearing. It has in fact already gone and my clothes hang flabbily about me. But I must stop now to write a Courant letter while the inspiration is on—this air is not conducive to long continued effort of any kind.

Isabella went back on us several weeks ago and was the property of several other tents, so we left her at Portland. But Jack is with us, poor fellow, suffering from the heat as big dogs always do. I am sorry the baggage detail bothered themselves with him, for I am afraid he will not survive the great change in climate.

Don't worry about me at all for I feel thoroughly rested to-night. Found a little shade outside the camp, for a time.

I have no idea we shall leave here at all, the Porto Rico expedition to the contrary notwithstanding."

MONDAY, JULY 25. The constant pumping from the well has sent a small stream flowing down back of our street. To-day, by a miniature system of irrigation, I wet down a considerable portion of the street and back of the tents. This, at least, laid the dust. The Third Virginia and the Seventh Ohio have gone into camp to the north and northwest of us. We hear their calls, "All's well," at night.

TUESDAY, JULY 26. Another hot day, the hottest yet. During the skirmish drill this forenoon we were ordered to fire lying down and the spot selected was on a side hill with our heads down the hill. In this position we were kept for full five minutes, I should say, while instructions were being given to some of the men regarding the correct position of their legs. I laid there in the broiling sun till the sweat dropped off my chin and made a little puddle in the dust. In the meantime Captain Saunders went along the line and, taking hold of the men's feet, yanked their legs around into position. That drill came the nearest to using me up of anything yet. Colonel Burdett seems to think the best way to prepare us for a campaign in Cuba is to drill all the vitality out of us here.

Dress parade has been ordered, in honor of General Hawley's visit to camp, for 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Major Rockwell has ordered the parade given up, the heat is too great. The Washington correspondent of The Courant has this regarding the visitors to camp but the fact is, instead of being at drill the whole regiment was so used up with the heat that the men were lying about in their tents, doing nothing, when the second party of visitors passed through the camp:

“WASHINGTON, D. C., July 26.

General Hawley spent a few hours to-day at Camp Alger, calling at the headquarters of Major-General Butler before going to the camp of the First Connecticut. Accompanied by Congressional Secretary Paul Ackerly of Rockville, he visited Colonel Burdett and Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond and made an informal inspection of the camp. It was noon time and the men were in the undress uniform of Camp Alger which, for volunteers from New England, means a shirt and overalls.

General Hawley said to The Courant correspondent that the camp ground of the First Regiment was excellent, comparatively. Good water is obtained from a driven well one hundred and twenty-five feet deep. The food and kitchens are good and there is a remarkably small sick list. The discipline and temper are excellent.

To the First Connecticut and the Third Virginia is to be added the Second South Carolina to form the Third Brigade of the First Division of the Second Army Corps. Colonel Burdett, because of seniority, will have charge of the brigade in case of absence or disability of the brigadier-general. The telephone line at Dunn Loring is to be extended to his headquarters.

Immediately after the departure from camp of General Hawley, Secretary John Addison Porter and Assistant Secretary of War Meikeljohn paid a visit to the camp and were cordially received by Colonel Burdett and the other officers of the First Regiment. It happened that the regiment was at

drill when the visitors arrived. The assistant secretary of war spoke highly of the appearance of the troops."

At 6 o'clock to-night I was detailed, with Corporal Wheeler and eighteen others from the regiment, to do guard duty at the division headquarters of General Butler. This meant gun, blanket, haversacks filled with a day's rations and canteen of coffee and a march of two miles. We were late in getting away and the result was a forced march. My clothes were wet through with sweat when we reached there but it was a warm night and I slept all right on the ground, under the trees, when I was off duty. Lieutenant Farrell was in command of the guard.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27. I was No. 1 man but I turned out the guard but once and then for Major Hickey. I have eaten scarcely anything for two days. The last two hours—O, how long those two hours lasted—took all the spunk I had to keep from giving up but some hot coffee and a sandwich down on "The Midway" braced me up a little. The march back (and I was glad to get back) was through the woods and a shower overtook us before we reached camp, at 7.15. Later a heavy thunder shower struck the camp but the outcome of that is best told in a subsequent letter home.

THURSDAY, JULY 28. New order of drills to-day. Company and battalion drills from 7.30 to 8.30 and from 9.30 to 10.30. Drills in aiming from 4 to 5; guard mount at 6.15 and dress parade at 7. It is slightly cooler to-day.

FRIDAY, JULY 29. Fatigue duty following our guard duty at division headquarters came to-day. The detail walked over through the woods and took it easy. At headquarters we filled some barrels with water from the pump down on the flat while mule teams drew them up to the headquarters. After policing around the grounds, at 10.30 we laid off for the rest of the day. At noon under the trees we had lemonade with ice, salmon, bread and coffee. I am getting sick of coffee. We rode home in a mule team as far as the cider cabin in the woods and then walked. Private Fulton began building his arbor back of the tents to-day. To-night the men sang

finely and the slightly cooler weather is making all hands feel better. The "Holy City" is the favorite song.

SATURDAY, JULY 30. Private Fulton and a detail of six men went into the woods out back of the hospital tents and cut a lot of poles and brush for the proposed new mess house. We began the mess house but Colonel Burdett ordered the work to cease till the east line of the camp was established. He had located the Y. M. C. A. tent close to our street last



KNEISEL QUINTETTE.

F. E. Denison. F. R. Denison. Judson. Clapp. Denniston.

week and had assisted in raising it by driving the stakes himself but the next day it was found over the line and had to be moved down to the lower part of the camp. Fulton's arbor was finished to-day. There was a queer sunset to-night, wide bands of light extending up to the zenith and down to the eastern horizon. We signed the pay roll to-day.

SUNDAY, JULY 31. At inspection this morning there was a long wait while the men were kept standing at ease, in the hot sun. Some of the men, in fact nearly the whole company,

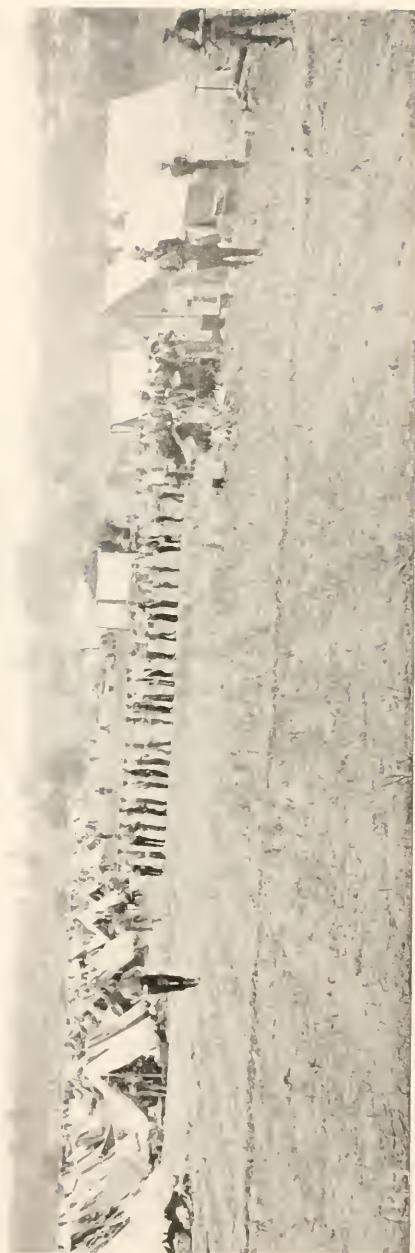
fell out and took shelter in their tents from the heat. For this Captain Saunders gave us all a great call down. More rumors to-day of the Porto Rico expedition. These letters home written to-day explain themselves:

"I will not try to describe Camp Alger, for I have, as yet, seen very little of it. Three other regiments are camped within sight and within a radius of three or four miles from here, in pastures, last year's corn fields and fine woods are camped some 24,000 men. Every day companies and regiments and long mule trains are passing within stone's throw of us, seeking



MULE TRAINS AT CAMP ALGER.

new and healthier grounds in this vicinity. The clatter of their tin cups makes rather mournful music, as the jaded men tramp by in the hot sun. The first sound in the morning, as I begin to try to arouse myself, is the music of the different regimental bands, around about us in the woods and fields, playing the "Star Spangled Banner" and other reveille music. Sometimes four or five bands can be distinguished playing at once. This certainly is a very pleasant way to be awakened but the conditions here seem to require something of the sort for we all get up feeling tired and lifeless. In fact, the first thing a native here does is to get up, get out of doors and immediately sit down to get rested.



CAMP ALGER, VIRGINIA, LOOKING WEST, LINE OF KITCHENS ON THE RIGHT.

My bed is a heap of pine boughs piled up out back of our tent. Half the company have followed suit and now sleep out of their tents. I have my rubber blanket suspended about three feet about my bed, upon a frame, and this keeps the rain and the usual heavy dews off my woolen blanket. In fact, some nights I have slept comfortably with nothing at all over me. My clothes I roll up and sleep upon, so they are handy in the morning.

At breakfast, one hundred of us line up and go down to the kitchen. Our rations are served to us in tin dishes, with long handles, each man bringing his own. As we pass the cook, our tin cups are filled with coffee and then each man walks off by himself to find a place to sit down. As we are camped in a treeless thirty acre lot, covered with weeds and corn stubble and two inches of fine dust, you can better imagine how utterly useless it is for us to keep clean. It is like sitting down in the middle of the road to eat your meals. Yesterday, however, a detail of us went out into the woods and cut a lot of boughs and trees and we will soon have a mess house with tables under which we can be shielded from the fierce southern sun. After eating, each man washes his tin dishes in a big boiler of hot water.

At drills we are allowed to wear what we please, overalls, duck trousers, etc., and all the men go in their shirt sleeves. About half the men wear blue flannel while the other half, dirty white or light colored shirts. Every one comes back from drills covered with sweat and dust, mixed together. Only once a day do we pretend to get clean. Just before lying down at night some of us strip off and take a sponge bath all over. That makes us sleep well the fore part of the night, at least.

Tough as I am, for three or four days last week I was somewhat off the hooks, but I laid it to eating beef and fried pork too freely—food too full of the heating elements for such a locality.

I like this camp, for it is comparatively free of bad rum and mean women. At both Niantic and Portland this was a

great drawback to the good discipline of the camp. I also like the rough experience here, for it is the nearest to the real thing we have seen. As things look to-day, however, we are not likely to see active service.

We go to Washington next Saturday to be reviewed, making a three days' march of it. I have lost about twenty pounds but this was chiefly water fat, better off than on."

"For a wonder I have to acknowledge that I can't go from the cold coast of Maine to the muggy atmosphere of Virginia and continue to eat fried pork, roast beef and other heating rations and still feel well.—A citizen of Washington just stopped back of our tent where I am writing and I find he once boarded and slept in our old home at Windermere when the carpet men owned the mill in 1858-9. Jas. Boies is his name.—For three or four days last week I had no appetite, felt faint and lifeless and had mighty hard work to do my duty. When I was feeling the worst I was detailed as guard at General Butler's headquarters, two miles away. This meant a walk in the heat and dust, with gun, haversack and canteen and then twenty-four hours guard duty. I slept on the ground under some trees part of the night, while off my post, but it took all the sand I had to keep up till I was relieved the next night. For two days I ate nothing but a sandwich. That, I guess, was just what I needed to do—to stop eating. I find I lost my appetite because I really had no use for one. I ought not to eat and my system said so. I find that nature teaches a man how to eat and when and what. Now I am all right again, but I shall go shy hereafter of much food of a heating nature. It is almost supper time and parade comes right after so don't mind if I stop right here this time. We go to Washington next Saturday for a review, 24,000 of us, and will be three days going and coming."

MONDAY, AUGUST 1. To-day was not so awful warm. The new arbor came in handy for a meeting of the non-coms this afternoon. A new filter, furnished by the war department, has been hung up under the arbor. More work was put in on the mess house to-day. Washington papers to-night say the order

for Porto Rico has been issued and we are in it. The New Jersey camp went wild, hustling out their famous drum corps and yelling like mad for an hour.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2. To-day I drew a new blouse, pair of trousers, hat, suspenders, drawers and leggins. The blouse and trousers were a mile too big and of no use to me. This afternoon from 2 till 4 I was on a detail cutting bushes for the new sinks. It was hot work in the brush. The Times had these news items of this day:

"Tempus Fugit." We are now at the close of our third week of Southern camp life and patiently await the orders



TRYING TO KEEP SHADY AT CAMP ALGER.

(we hear so much about) for our proposed trip to Porto Rico. Tuesday evening Corporal Sanderson returned from Washington and brought with him the joyful news that we were to leave here for Porto Rico. The news spread rapidly through the camp and happiness reigned supreme, hats were thrown into the air and very few of the men ate as much as usual, so happy were they. But we were not destined to be happy for more than twelve hours at a time and as yet we have no orders to move.

Private Knox of Company K has been appointed mounted orderly.

Colonel Burdett is acting brigadier general of the second brigade.

Hospital Steward Ed. Noonan received a fine sorrel horse from headquarters the past week.

Private McKee of Company K has been appointed orderly by Major Rockwell of the hospital corps."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3. Last night a heavy thunder shower struck the camp. It woke me up coming in the distance and being the first one to come late at night since I began sleeping out, for a time I thought some of crawling into the tent with the boys. I finally took down my poncho, however, wrapped it close about me, pulled my hat down over my forehead and waited, face upwards, flat on my back. How it rained! The drops felt like little bullets peppering away at my poncho and into my face. But I never stirred and just let it rain. If I hadn't let it, probably it would, just the same. The storm petered out into a drizzling rain. I didn't put in a full night's sleep, but I didn't get wet, only in my face, and now I know the worst. Private Knox is now dismounted orderly, having been relieved of his duty as mounted orderly.

Rumors of orders to move the camp to Manassas were flying about this morning and had so much weight with the officers that after the morning drill we were ordered to pack up ready to move after dinner. After dinner we didn't move, so I wrote this letter to *The Courant*:

"Number ten; 4 o'clock. All's well." "Number eleven; 4 o'clock. All's well." "Number twelve; 4 o'clock. All's well." These words, ringing out in the still air of the early dawn, roused me from a heavy sleep the other morning and I raised up on my bed of pine boughs and listened. The Third Virginia had come over from Camp Alger the afternoon before and now, for the first time, their tents appeared over in the lot next north of our camp, having grown up, mushroom-like, during the night. I listened and the calls of the sentinels continued. "Number twenty; 4 o'clock. All's well," rang out with a peculiarly soothing rising and falling inflection till

finally the cry was "Number twenty-six; 4 o'clock. All's well," and then the calls ceased.

Possibly I fell asleep watching the morning stars fade from view as I lay flat on my back out in the open lot, but be that as it may, very soon the different bugle calls began and then there was no more sleep for me. First, the Ohios off on the side hill to the northwest, half a mile distant, began to arouse themselves. Then the Pennsylvania bugle, through the trees to the northeast, could be heard complaining, "I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up." Bugles to the southeast of us, bugles to the east of us now joined the band of soloists and then all was still again, but only for a time.

When the sun finally arose, as if to join in one grand chorus, the regimental bands for miles around all began to play, the music coming out strong and full and now dying away in the distance, as the light breezes shifted here and there, but the song, whether faint or strong, was the same, the bands were all playing in unison and the 20,000 men round about were all being aroused to the music of the same grand tune, "The Star Spangled Banner."

I slipped on my clothes and went down through the company street. The men were still asleep. Here a man had dragged out his mattress in front of his tent and had made his bed. There, men had crawled out of their hot tents upon the cool ground and slept all night with nothing but a blanket over them. Out back of the tents some of the men had rigged up rough arbors of pine and walnut boughs and were still sleeping soundly under them. All the tent flaps were wide open and most of the side walls were tied up and everywhere the effects of the hot, muggy night were apparent in the manner in which the men had evidently rolled and tumbled about in the night trying to find a cool place. The men were all sleeping heavily and when the call of our own bugler was finally heard the men were aroused with some difficulty and crawled out to stand up for roll call, feeling tired and lifeless. Grand as the music of the different regimental bands was, I tell you it needs something of that kind of an incentive to keep men from getting up



COMPANY F AT MORNING ROLL CALL, CAMP ALGER, VIRGINIA.

cross in such a climate. They have, at such times, very little regard for what they have on.

But hard as it is in the morning to put some life into the men, at night there is no lack of spirit. The other night the First Connecticut Band went over and serenaded the Virginians and when the band, after playing "Yankee Doodle," followed it with "Dixie" such yelling you never heard. Then, a few nights later, the New Jersey regimental drum corps (organized in place of a brass band) showed the Ohioans what they could do in the way of noise. The drum corps was half a mile away from us but the noise must have been heard by Shafter or possibly Dewey. And when the cheering began it soon increased to a continuous yell, till the Virginians themselves must have got some pointers in that business by listening to it.

Speaking about fun you ought to have seen the First Regiment the other night during a heavy thunder shower. It was the first rain since coming here and for days the men had been so covered with sweat and dirt that they had ceased to try to keep clean. But when, shortly before 9 o'clock, the rain, in great drops, began to fall and spatter upon the dusty streets, you ought to have seen the effect upon the regiment. Have you ever noticed how, during a summer shower, the small toads suddenly appear and begin to hop about in the rain? Well, notwithstanding many of the men had turned in for the night, in less than five minutes half the regiment had stripped off their clothes and came rushing from their tents out into the streets, in the faint light of the moon, stark naked. Imagine five or six hundred naked men, racing about in the dark on the slippery clay and yelling like Indians and playing all manner of tricks upon one another! Up near the pump a bucket brigade was formed to dash the cold, artesian water upon the bare skin, heated almost uncomfortably by the warm rain. Then a line was formed and the men, on their hands and knees, passed along under the very spout of the pump as it gushed forth its big, refreshing stream. It was a big treat for the regiment and did us lots of good. Some of the tents were

pretty badly flooded, however, before the ditches were made sufficiently large.

The typhoid fever scare, which has been so industriously worked up in some of the newspapers, makes us of the First Regiment smile. Camp Alger proper is three or four miles from us. It has been occupied as a camp for nearly three months and typhoid cases to an unusual extent have arisen there. The camp is consequently to be abandoned. The First Regiment, on the other hand, is located upon entirely new ground, several miles from the infected district and is using water from driven wells located upon the local camp grounds. Furthermore, not a single case of typhoid fever exists in the First Regiment. Only five, all told, out of the 1,300 men in the regiment are in the division hospital and none of these is dangerously ill. Three other regiments from Camp Alger have recently been sent over to this locality because of the healthy conditions surrounding this camp. Two driven wells are now in working order, one at each end of our camp, and good water is to be had in abundance, close at hand. The only drawback is, there is no place to go in swimming and many men cannot be prevailed upon to bathe their whole body except they have an opportunity to go in swimming.

A few days ago members of the regiment were surprised to hear that Captain William E. Mahoney of Company B had been placed under arrest by order of Colonel Burdett for alleged disobedience of orders. Captain Mahoney was officer of the day, the second in authority in the camp, and had always been considered one of the efficient officers of the regiment. The trouble arose in this way: Colonel Burdett told Adjutant Wainwright to issue an order to have a certain prisoner at division headquarters at a certain hour. This prisoner was in the custody of Captain Mahoney, officer of the day. The order came to Captain Mahoney verbally, having been passed on from one officer to another till it was worded like this: "Have a prisoner over there at 7 o'clock." What prisoner and where Captain Mahoney knew not, so he did nothing.

Word was sent back to Colonel Burdett that Captain Mahoney had refused to obey the order and the arrest was at once made. As soon as the facts came to the knowledge of Colonel Burdett he at once ordered the arrest vacated and has now issued the following order:—

HEADQUARTERS, 1st C. V. I.

CAMP ALGER, VA., July 29, '98.

Order No 36.

“Captain William E. Mahoney is hereby exonerated from all blame in the matter for which, by error, he was placed under arrest on the morning of July 28, 1898. The error arose from fault in the transmission of orders.

“The commanding officer regrets that any one should have suffered without just cause and through mistakes and misunderstanding.

“Hereafter all orders will be in writing, clear, distinct, specific and served by leaving a copy with the officer charged with their execution.

“By command of Colonel Burdett.

“Jonathan M. Wainwright.

“Captain and Adjutant First C. V. I.

To-night all manner of rumors are in camp. This morning we were ordered to pack up to be ready to move to the new camp at Manassas, Va., (Bull Run), to-morrow morning. This afternoon word came we were to relieve Shafter's army. To-night the Washington papers state the First Connecticut is to be sent to Porto Rico. All this tends to give us something to talk about and probably that is the extent of its effect upon the First Connecticut.”

The Times has this newsy bit about the company beards:

“Most of Company K's men have had their heads shaved and numbers of them have started to grow various styles of beards and one who is much more noticeable than the rest is Private Roy Wiley, he having grown a beard of the same style as “Butcher Weyler,” and has so been dubbed by the company. Another worthy of mention is Private Driscoll who

has a beard the same style as Chauncey Depew. Privates Marion and Cannon in trying to successfully cultivate a Vandyke found that at the best they could only resemble an Italian musician (bagpiper). Private Fulton has his head shaved as have also Private Johnnie Knox and Corporal Carroll. Private George Thayer is thinking seriously of having his hair cut, but we all hope that George will not be so foolish as to lose his overgrowth."

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4. The whole company or so much thereof as could be found this morning, were detailed to cut and burn brush down by the sinks. To-night, at guard mount, I was selected as brigade orderly.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5. The official order, commanding Colonel Burdett to report by telegraph to Major General Wade, who will conduct us to Porto Rico and there report to Major General Brooks who, in turn, will report to General Miles, sounds or reads like business. But mark the prediction, "we don't go." The order, I think, is issued to appease the clamor of so many commanding officers to be sent to the front. The war is about over and the authorities at Washington know it and they also know there will be no necessity for our going, even if the order is issued. Orders that have appeared far more likely of being put into execution than this, have been countermanded before now and this will be. Only, the authorities can then say, "Yes, your regiment would have been sent to the front and it was in fact under orders to go and would have gone, only the war ended so soon." This is the official order. It reached brigade headquarters this forenoon and in the temporary absence of the acting brigadier general, Private Thayer, Company K, First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, acting brigade orderly, received it in his official capacity and receipted for it. Ahem!!!

GENERAL ORDERS, }

No. 111. }

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Washington, August 2, 1898.

The commanding officers of the following regiments U. S. Volunteer Infantry will report to Major General *J. F. Wade*,

U. S. Volunteers, War Department, Washington, District of Columbia, by telegraph, for instructions and orders :

First Rhode Island, First North Carolina, First New Hampshire, First New Jersey, Second Texas, First Maine, Fourth Missouri, First Alabama, First Vermont, First West Virginia, First Connecticut, Third Tennessee, Twenty-second New York, First Arkansas, Fifty-second Iowa, Third Virginia, First Delaware, and First Maryland.

These regiments will be organized into brigades, as follows :

1st Brigade — First Rhode Island, Fourth Missouri, Twenty-second New York.

2nd Brigade—First North Carolina, First Alabama, First Arkansas.

3rd Brigade—First New Hampshire, First Vermont, Fifty-second Iowa.

4th Brigade—First New Jersey, First West Virginia, Third Virginia.

5th Brigade—Second Texas, First Connecticut, First Delaware.

6th Brigade—First Maine, Third Tennessee, First Maryland.

Major General *Wade*, U. S. Volunteers is, by direction of the Secretary of War, assigned to command of these brigades and will conduct them to Porto Rico. On his arrival there he will report to Major General *John R. Brooke*, U. S. Army, for duty with the forces under the immediate direction of the Major General Commanding the Army.

The commanding generals of the several Army Corps in which these regiments are now serving are enjoined to give General *Wade* every possible assistance in the movement herein ordered.

These regiments are detached from the corps with which they are now serving for this campaign only, at the termination of which they will be returned to their respective corps. They will be accounted for on all returns as on detached service.

On completion of this service, General *Wade* will resume command of the 3rd Army Corps.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

H. C. CORBIN,

Adjutant General.

This afternoon the regiment marched out towards Fairfax Court House and back, some four miles.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6. Last night or this morning early I actually slept cold. Now there are rumors that we shall



FULTON'S ARBOR.

Boniface.

Gale

H. L. Huntington.

Carroll.

S. G. Huntington.

Cannon.

Beebe.

Low.

Holt.

Appleton.

Thayer.

Campbell,

Suran.

Dimock.

Gruener.

Webster.

march up the Shenandoah Valley in search of a new camp within a few days. Inspection this morning and pay day this afternoon. I received \$15.60. To-night it is positively stated that we start, overland, for Newport News, next Wednesday.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7. Fine day, not so warm. This is the Sunday letter I sent home:

"For a wonder I have all letters answered and nothing special to write to The Courant and you don't know what a

relief it is to lie around and really loaf. But I never dare to let my thoughts wander home or look ahead for I should be homesick, sure. We have built a little pine arbor out back of our tent and it comes in very handy to sit down in the shade, outside of our tent. The last few days, too, have been more comfortable and one night our blankets were really needed to keep warm. Our company street is on the left of the line but it so happens we are nearest the pump and nearest the road where all the other regiments pass to and fro and so we see all



"JUDGE" WALSH AND HIS LAW OFFICE.
BARBER'S SHOP IN THE DISTANCE.

that is going on. There is a barber's shop and pool room close by, a restaurant over in the Virginia camp next lot and our company has opened a canteen so that we now lack for nothing, except a place to swim. But I take a sponge bath, all over, every night just before going to bed and so keep clean. Big, black bugs, like horn bugs only larger and without horns, make themselves very friendly with those of us who sleep on the ground. The other night one got inside my

drawers and he woke me up twice before I really could get up life enough to squeeze him to death. Then I dropped off to sleep so quick I forgot all about him and only found him in my shoe the next night, dead. Bed ticks also bother some of the men and I found one in my hair the other morning but none of these bite or otherwise bother me, though some of the men complain of being bitten up. There are *no mosquitoes* here. The weeds about the camp where we drill are full of penny-royal, making a very pleasant perfume. Sassafras is also as abundant as alder bushes at home.

A woman in camp is a curiosity and there in fact, are very few visitors at all. In a camp where men live so much out of doors, dressing and undressing where they please, it is no place for a woman. Nor is the language which some of the men use fit for the ears of any decent woman, so I am glad we are well rid of that nuisance—the woman in camp. Orders have been issued from Washington to discharge all men who have contracted certain diseases and Major Rockwell told me the discharge papers would state in red ink the cause of the dismissal from service. This ought to have a tendency to caution and restraint.

Secretary Alger may be slow and all that but I like the way he took "Teddy" across his knees and spanked him for saying his Rough Riders after their fight at Santiago were worth any three of the rest of us volunteers. This question of courage is a very unknown quality and shows up in unexpected quarters. They say, those who have met Hobson, that he has a very affected, almost effeminate manner but the true stuff was under there. The Rough Riders were selected for their known *physical* courage, in foot-ball, horse polo, cow punching, etc., but I tell you the courage needed in standing up and being shot at, from a distance of three or five hundred yards with no possible chance of hitting back the man who shoots you, is very different stuff from the courage required in a prize ring, foot-ball game or other hand to hand conflict. In these, a man's strength—the strength he knows he has at his command, puts courage into his make up. He knows that

if he is stronger than the other man and uses his strength aright, he will win. But in a battle, in these organized shooting matches, the man who steps out from behind a tree or stone wall and runs across an open space to meet his man is at an awful disadvantage so far as being braced up by any physical (mere brute) courage he may possess. In such a contest a John L. Sullivan is brought down to the level of a boy of eighteen and the chances between them are about equal. There is no possible way for the two to test their relative strength with each other. The weakest may easily win, with good fire arms. So, I say, the courage possessed by the football player, etc., is of no great advantage here, for his strength cannot be used to his advantage over and above the strength possessed by the weakest of us. Just what kind of courage is needed here I can't tell—not having been tested as yet—but it is something very different from that physical courage. It is not so boisterous, so outspoken, so loud. It is not so often found in men of that stamp, but rather in those quiet, self-contained men. The courage that carries men into fever plagues, that causes them to care for lepers as did Father Damien, and that causes them to go where they are ordered without a murmur—that is the kind that tells and that kind is found elsewhere than exclusively among Rough Riders. I know a noted foot-ball player in the Yale battery, full of courage of the brute sort because he knows he is strong, but I believe that fellow would run before a little Spaniard, lying in ambush. A good soldier is one who does as he is ordered, cheerfully, and who goes where he is told to go, in utter disregard of his own existence or non-existence. Such a man might run at the sight of a stripped snake or be afraid to wet his feet but still face a bullet calmly.

I was also glad to see Teddy get called down because I believe courage is not a thing that is alone possessed by veterans, men who have been under fire. It is not an acquired trait of character, one easily put on, as an overcoat in cold weather. If so, it could easily be taught in our schools and so made a part of a man's education and all the cowardice driven

out, as so much illiteracy. I liked the editorial in *The Courant* lately on courage. It claimed courage existed in the regulars no more than in the volunteers, only, in the regular, his courage was more easily made *immediately* available, that was all.

Alger also said Teddy was no better than any of the rest of us. You remember when they called for volunteers there were about four thousand Hobsons ready to do what eight only were selected to do. The same that was true of our navy is also true of our army. Let Colonel Burdett call for volunteers to do a nery thing and you would find seventy-five per cent. of the regiment step out. Our Civil War showed that the brave men were pretty well distributed, north and south and so now. I like Teddy and always have but he seems to forget that he was lucky, that's all. The opportunity which 250,000 other volunteers would gladly have embraced fell to him but he uses this stroke of good luck to disparage the others, who, through no fault of their own, have missed the opportunity of their lives. Gratitude and not a swelled head would become him more, just now.

From a military standpoint, I am thankful our company has such a good disciplinarian. Captain Saunders is the best drill master in the regiment.

I acknowledge I did not aim high enough in regard to the motives which prompted this war. Begun, as I thought, with the idea of conquest but ostensibly to give one and one-half millions of people a better government at our very doors, we have extended our humanitarian ideas not only to all the Spanish West Indies but to eight or nine millions of people on the other side of the globe. Did those who were such friends of the Cubans have any idea their love for humanity, in order to be consistent, must now be extended to the millions on the other side of the earth? No. The fact is, we all failed to see the great responsibilities which would be thrust upon this country as a result of this war. And can't you see behind all this, an unseen hand? Don't you remember how, before the Civil War, a number of events which no human foresight contemplated,

occurred and brought to an issue the irrepressible conflict? The repeal of the Missouri compromise, the Dred Scott decision, the writing of Uncle Tom's Cabin, John Brown's raid—all these tended to make the Civil War inevitable, but very few saw the great responsibility later to be thrust upon this country—the freeing and educating of 4,000,000 of colored people.

So now. Who, a year ago, would have supposed De Lome would write such a letter, or that even a Spaniard would be treacherous enough to blow up the Maine. Who ever supposed a fleet could sail in among mines and sink a whole navy without the loss of a man, and yet this almost miracle was wrought—for what? That eight or nine millions of people might be brought under the care of the American people. And the American people never have shirked any of the great problems cast upon them and never will.

During the week, except at parade, I wear duck trousers more or less white. They wash easy and are cool. Every one goes in his shirt sleeves. I am really glad we came here though there is now talk of moving us farther west, to Manassas, to get rid of the fever scare at the old camp, four miles east of here. That I shall not mind, for I feel first rate again now. As for our going to Porto Rico, I don't give that a second thought, though some of the men dislike the remote prospect of doing garrison duty there.

I get *The Courant* regularly, one day late. We have a fine reader as tent mate and he reads all of Dooley's letters to us with perfection. I was invited to the Y. M. C. A. tent to dinner to-day. It was the first time in four weeks that I have eaten a meal in any other attitude than sitting in the dirt with my legs crossed tailor fashion and the tin plate of rations and cup of coffee on the ground in front of me. It was a pleasant break. Some of the boys nearly every Sunday go out to the farm houses near by and get a square meal. But this letter will be too long already, I guess, so will stop short off."

MONDAY, AUGUST 8. I was on a detail bridge building morning and afternoon. We built a new bridge just north of the Third Virginia camp, on the way to the division headquarters

in the forenoon and this afternoon rebuilt the one between that camp and our own. A heavy shower stopped work on this but the job was nearly finished. The Sixty-fifth New York were going into camp over on the hill and were caught by the shower. To-day it is "settled" that we go to Thoroughfare Gap instead. I little thought the new bridge over into the Third Virginia camp built this afternoon would so soon be used by the regiment and in fact by Company K the first of all the companies in the regiment. The following Courant letter written the next day tells how this came about:

"The First Regiment Connecticut Volunteer Infantry came as near seeing active service last night as it is likely to during the



VIRGINIA TABLE-D'HOTE.

Barber. Gillette. Appleton. W. C. Johnson. Wheelock.

present war and the long roll call was sounded for the first time within the memory of any member of the present organization. To be sure, the First Regiment, C. N. G. was called upon suddenly at the time of the Park Central disaster and responded promptly and again during a sham battle at Niantic, a few years ago, the long roll was sounded, but this call had been

anticipated. Last night, during a ripping thunder storm and without the slightest warning, the members of the First Regiment were called out to prevent what easily might have been a lynching bee over in the Third Virginia camp, in the next lot to our own. The trouble arose like this:—

Shortly after dress parade, at 7 o'clock, a member of the Third Virginia and a colored man got into a fight, with the result that the inevitable razor got in its work. The wound was not serious but the negro ran and was at once followed by a few excitable Virginians over towards the division hospital tents, a short distance away. The hospital attendants came to the negro's protection, but word was quickly sent through the Virginia camp that a "nigger" had killed one of their men and with one accord the whole regiment broke loose and rushed over towards the hospital tents yelling "Lynch him, lynch him."

Major General Butler was close by at division headquarters and immediately mounted his horse and rode down into the crowd, ordering the men to their quarters and threatening to call out the other regiments near by and to put them all under arrest. Colonel Burdett also happened to be near the Virginia camp at the time on his bicycle and was asked how soon he could get his regiment over there. He replied "at once," and the order was given.

Down through the Virginia camp, across a small bridge, into a deep mud hole and up into our camp rode Colonel Burdett on his wheel, bumping over the uneven ground of our corn field and into K street with a rush. K is the first street in the left of the line.

"Where is your drummer?" he cried. The drummer was not in the street. Scarcely a dozen members of the company were. They were scattered all about, over in the Virginia camp, up visiting the Ohio men, down in the New Jersey camp—any and everywhere and not one of them anticipating a call to duty. What was true of K street was true of the whole regiment. It was the one time during the day when the men all feel at liberty to leave their company street, for the duties of the day are over.

Two or three streets farther down the line a drummer was found and then the long roll began. Most of the men in the regiment never before heard the call, but the continuous roll made every man within hearing stop and listen. It was a sound of alarm and the men instinctively knew it to be such and with but one thought—"I wonder what the trouble is?"—started for their tents on the run. They came from the neighboring camps, from the Y. M. C. A. tent, from the sinks, from the kitchens, from the pool rooms, from the barber's shop, from everywhere. The whole 30-acre lot seemed to be full of wild men, rushing in all directions and the black clouds rolling up from the west and the spiteful forked lightening, running down to the ground, made the excitement of the moment more intense.

"Fall in, fall in, everybody, be lively now, grab any gun you can get, no matter for your blouse, don't stop to put on your shoes, hurry up, hurry up"—these and similar orders were heard all along down the line. Officers and men, buckling on their belts, were everywhere hurrying from their tents to fall into line.

"Captain Saunders, take your company over into the Virginia camp and report to General Butler," said Colonel Burdett, running up to K street.

"Fix bayonets!" cried Captain Saunders. "Fours right, double time, march," and Company K started out into the dark on the run, the men knowing only that an attempt to lynch a negro was in progress and in a camp where most of the Connecticut men had already made many friends. I have made a number of inquiries among the disinterested members of the regiment and find that the time which elapsed from the first sound of the drum to the moment when Company K left its street was not over three minutes. In the ranks were all of the twenty-one officers and non-commissioned officers, except four, and forty-five men, in all sixty-two officers and men. Many other companies turned out as many and more men, but K was the first to leave its street and the first to reach the Virginia camp by several minutes.

The men ran along the road and through the mud, occasionally slipping down and picking their way so as not to injure one another with their bayonets. After crossing the new bridge and reaching the Virginia camp the company was turned into the lot and started on the run for the hospital tents. General Butler was there and at once halted the company and ordered Captain Saunders to place under arrest three Virginians whom the general there had in custody. The company was then deployed as skirmishers, without intervals, and the prisoners were placed in the rear. The other companies of the First Regiment very soon came through the gate into the lot, some going to the right and some to the left. All were halted and then everything was still. Where the Virginians had gone no one seemed to know, but very shortly, over in the Virginia camp, was heard the bugle call "To arms" and about the same time the thunder storm struck us with full force.

This was a new experience for the members of the First Regiment surely—to be hurried out in the dark with fixed bayonets, the rain pelting the men in their faces and the lightning occasionally showing one thousand men near by, all standing around in the open lot, and above all to hear the hostile call "To arms" from a camp where discipline had ceased to exist. But not a word was spoken and the only indication of what was coming was when one of the officers came along the line, whispering to the men, "Have any of you got any bullets?"

Possibly it was the rain, probably it was the energy of General Butler, but in a short time the Virginians were all back in their quarters, doubtless drawn together there by the feigned call "To arms." The First Regiment was then marched back to our own camp, every man of them only too glad to have been near enough to hear the long roll and to have taken part in the call. The thorough wetting was entirely overlooked and lost sight of in the performance of this new and novel duty, the prevention of a lynching bee.

The following order was issued as the result :

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY,

CAMP RUSSEL A. ALGER, VIRGINIA.

August 9, 1898.

Orders No. 44.

The following letter from headquarters First Division, Second Army Corps, is published for the information of the command:—

“To the Commanding Officer, First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry:

“Sir—The major-general commanding desires to convey to the officers and men of the First Connecticut United States Volunteers his satisfaction and pleasure at the promptness and good order with which they turned out on the night of August 8th, in obedience to his orders. The soldierly conduct and prompt obedience to orders was most highly commendable and praiseworthy.

Very respectfully,

F. S. STRONG, Ass't Adjt. General.”

The regimental commander desires to congratulate the officers and men of this regiment on the receipt of this letter and takes this opportunity to say that he hopes that their conduct will always merit such commendation. To maintain the high standard set by the conduct of both officers and enlisted men on this occasion requires constant and unremitting efforts on the part of all and it is hoped that all will give their best assistance to this end and not be satisfied with the reputation thus gained, but by constant and unremitting attention to duty deserve commendation on all occasions.

By Order of LIEUTENANT COLONEL HAMMOND,

JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT,

Captain and Adjutant,

1st Conn. Vol. Infantry.

The men taken prisoners were placed in charge of Corporal Dwyer and Privates Walsh, Converse and Bryant and were placed in the guard quarters for the night. The follow-

ing little incident must not be overlooked. When Lieutenant Waterman came along down the line, whispering to the men, "Have you got any bullets," the question was put, among others, to Private Barrows. His answer, of course, was that he had none, (which, in fact, was the case with the whole company). Whether the suggestion of cold lead gave Private Barrows a chill is not clear but certain it is that in less than a minute, he began to shiver and shake till his gun fell into the hands of one of his comrades and Private Barrows himself had to be carried back to the hospital tent near by for treatment.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9. Frequent showers fell all day and parade at night was omitted. Rain fell nearly all night, also,



THE DENISON PLEASURE PALACE.

but I stuck to my bed of boughs and only got wet about the neck and shoulders. The poncho, however, made it like sleeping in an oven, it was so hot and close.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10. Another showery day. The company turned in their Merriam packs to-day and drew blanket bags in place of them. To-night I got a shelter tent and hung it over the frame to my bed and slept fine.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11. The whole company, morning and afternoon, were detailed to dig new sinks and a hole for the kitchen. It was a fine day and I dried out my blanket and things well.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12. The first morning drill was a very long hour but the second drill was omitted and the time filled in putting up eight new tents. The kitchen tent had to be moved back also. For dinner, green corn. Heavy showers



BUNGALOW OF FILIPINOS.

Ahern. Walsh. Hayden. Wiley.

most of the afternoon and till 8 p. m., when the rain ceased. The change from six in a tent down to four is a great relief to the men. Several have already gone outside and built arbors and rustic shelter-tents for themselves.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13. Breakfast was about an hour late this morning, the first time on record. Inspection at 9 and then no more drills for the day. One of my tent mates returned from the regimental hospital to-day where he has been

a week or so. He tells me this about Dr. Griswold, assistant surgeon. Every morning after sick call a long line of sick men appear before the assistant surgeon for treatment. This is the treatment they frequently got:

“Take your hand off that tent pole. Can't you come here without leaning against the tent. Stand up straight. If you men don't stop leaning against that tent pole I will drive a lot of tacks in it, pointed at both ends. Now, what do you want. What's the matter with you this time.”

The government has been severely criticised for the presence in the volunteer army of a large number of inefficient and incompetent surgeons. But a little study will show that the government is not to blame but the fault lies with the Act of Congress bringing the volunteer army into existence. That law provided for the re-appointment, by the governors of the different states, of the regimental officers already holding positions in the state militia. Hence, if the state militia had an inefficient surgeon, the volunteer army will have, as the result of his re-appointment by the governor of his own state. The events of the evening are best related in the usual Sunday letter.

Sunday August 14th. This is the letter:

“Wilbur F. Charter of Company C, First Regiment, C. V. I., while on guard, was wounded in the right leg just above the ankle, last night by a stray bullet, doubtless fired from the Third Virginia camp near by. Charter enlisted from Ellington when the company left in May and since coming to Virginia has been considerably under the weather. Last night he went on guard for the first time here and was in the act of facing about at the end of his beat when the ball, 45-caliber revolver, struck him in the center of the shinbone a few inches above the ankle, piercing the bone and lodging just under the skin in the rear. The bone was considerably shattered but not broken.

Charter did not leave his post but called for the corporal of the guard, who was some time in bringing another sentinel to relieve him. They found Charter standing on one foot rest-

ing his weight on his gun, the bayonet sticking in the ground. The post was near the guard-house and Charter was conveyed to the hospital where he is now resting quietly with no serious results to be apprehended. The stray shot was the result of the general celebration in all the camps near by of the proclamation of peace.

The Seventh Ohio and the First New Jersey first began the celebration by placing lighted candles on the tops of their tents, six or seven hundred of them arranged in regular order, down the side of the hill half a mile away and overlooking our camp. Then they got out their drum corps and began to yell. The illumination was not noticed by members of the First Regiment till some time later, so accustomed have we become to the yelling in the neighboring camps. They set up a yell at the slightest provocation. But when someone suggested, up at the left of our line, that we reply to the illumination by doing likewise the suggestion took like wild fire and in a jiffy three hundred and twelve candles were flickering out in the darkness down through our camp. The men over on the hill quickly recognized us and then such cheering! Pretty soon they began a novel scheme. The letters "O. V. I." flared out in fire against the hillside, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Men lined up as letters, each man holding a lighted candle, made the initials. Then they set up "N. J." "Va." and finally "C. T." When "Va." was shown that set the Virginia men wild and they immediately began to discharge firearms, big and little, in all directions, with the result heretofore mentioned.

When the initials began to appear on the hillside the City Guard and Company K men began to send back their company yells and these were heard and recognized distinctly over in the Pennsylvania camp a mile or more away. Then bonfires were built all along down the kitchen line of the First Regiment and pretty soon the band caught the enthusiasm, turned out and started along through the company streets, picking up a bigger and bigger crowd as they went. Company K, each man carrying a lighted candle, brought up the rear of the big procession and before things could be quieted down the crowd

had visited the tents of Colonel Burdett and Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond, each of whom responded with a brief speech. It was the liveliest night in camp so far.

The health of the regiment is improving, the cooler weather and the heavy showers having a beneficial effect upon the spirits of the men. New sinks have been dug, better kitchen regulations are enforced, more thorough policing is



TINKHAM'S TASTY TENT.

Private Robert A. Case.

being done and altogether the First Regiment's is getting to be a model camp. On more than one occasion has General Butler expressed his pleasure at and admiration of the regiment.

Captain H. H. Saunders of Company K was brigade officer of the day to-day and during his tour of duty inspected the Third Virginia camp.

Eight new tents to each company have been issued and now only four men to a tent is the rule, instead of six. The men show their appreciation of their more commodious quarters by slicking them up, putting fancy pine arbors over the entrance to the tents and making themselves as tidy and comfortable as possible."

The results of the signing of the protocol were extremely disastrous however in various ways. Besides the wounding



COMPANY L'S PET.

Rushing the Growler—Full as a Goat.

of the Company C man, Private Walsh of Company K fell sick while on guard and a mule over at the corral north of the Virginia camp was killed by a stray shot. And while the regiment was serenading Colonel Burdett, the goat that belongs to Company L and goes wherever the company goes, seemed suddenly to fill with patriotism and catch the spirit of the occasion. When the colonel began to speak, the goat shied up at him full of fight, utterly regardless of the President's proclamation of peace and greatly to the entertainment of the regiment. Possibly the goat had visited the canteen once too

many times that night. They say he gets full as a tick, sometimes, on bottled beer.

This personal letter follows :

“I have just finished dinner. We had roast beef, boiled potatoes, boiled onions, string beans, bread stuffing, coffee, bread and cold baked beans. That ought to do for any one, don't you think? Our cook uses considerable salt pork in cooking and the salt flavors the things just right for me. If the other companies in the regiment, or in any regiment in the whole United States army, do not fare as well as we do, it is the fault of their cook and not the fault of Uncle Sam. All get the same rations. I hope you see The Courant regularly for some things I put in those letters I do not mention in the letters to you.

I shook out my bed of boughs yesterday and dried them in the sun, as the several days rain we have just had had made them damp. Underneath the boughs a mouse had built his nest and was in there, asleep, when I pulled the boughs away. I was sorry to disturb him and allowed him to run under the tent floor at his leisure.

We have had green corn once or twice but it was either field or pop corn and was pretty tasteless stuff. The farmers bring in milk, berries, pies, fruit, etc., so that those of us who get tired of army rations can buy stuff outside. My appetite is good and I don't care for the fancy things some long for. It is curious, though, how few boxes of things have been sent to the men since we came here. At Niantic, as I wrote you then, every tent was filled with things sent from home till the boys were made sick from over eating. But since we came here and the whole regiment has been more or less off the hooks, scarcely a box has been received from home. We shall have been here four weeks Tuesday and but two boxes have been received in Company K. To sick men, boxes now are very welcome.

Speaking about being off the hooks reminds me of a sign nearby which is somewhat suggestive under the prevailing conditions. A negro, who lives some distance back from the

road has this sign out in front: "Close cleaned, in the rear. Pants, 10 cents."

For the past two weeks we have been more or less stirred up by rumors, coming to us daily, of orders to move—to Porto Rico, to Manassas, to Newport News, to Thoroughfare Gap, to Sea Girt, New Jersey, and several other places. One day drills were omitted and orders were issued to pack up to move but we are still here and what is more, everything indicates we shall stay here till we go home. More tents have been issued so that only four in a tent is necessary and all are planning to stay here till we are mustered out, which I think must be before many more months.

I hope the sea air is making you feel better. Since we left it, we are all several shades lighter."

MONDAY, AUGUST 15. The company drill this morning was on the grounds of the Virginia camp and the regimental drill in front of the division headquarters. To-night, while I was on guard, a mounted Virginia officer came along the road near the pump and I held him up, in such a peremptory manner, they say, as to wake the whole camp. But he had no countersign and he didn't go by, till the corporal came and allowed him to pass.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16. Heat intense. Sentries compelled to pace their beats constantly and not till 3 o'clock was I allowed to remain at ease at my post. At retreat we stood "at ease" for an hour and a quarter waiting for the new guard to get around.

Close to the guard quarters where a dozen prisoners were confined and where we all had to sleep, within twenty-five feet, was a sink that had been in use for a month, lacking a few days. The stench from that sink was so rank that, dull as my sense of smell is, I could not sleep. Apparently no disinfectants had ever been used about the sink.

During the day Major Rockwell visited the guard quarters and this is what he said to the officers of the guard.

"Where is the officer of the day? I ordered that sink covered up and a new one dug last Saturday and here there

has not been a thing done about it." I mention this simply to illustrate the inefficiency, not of any one officer of the day, but of the whole system of divided responsibility in vogue in the volunteer army. The officer of the day on Saturday should have seen to the digging of the new sink. Possibly he and the prisoners had so much to do he did not get to it, that day. A new officer took command of the camp Sunday, another on



DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, CAMP ALGER.

Monday and so on. The duty was shifted from one to another till nothing was done and the sink and stink remained.

Dr. Griswold has been detailed to division headquarters. The men say "For this relief, much thanks."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17. New routine in force to-day: Reveille, 5.15; mess call, 5.45; company drill, 6.30 to 7.30; guard mount, 8.00; battalion drill, 8.30 to 9.30. Then nothing till 7 p. m. unless special call for parade at 5.00 p. m. I dug out the drain from the pump to-day but wish I hadn't. It stinks worse than before. More green corn for dinner. They say I got away with eight ears. Be that as it may, eight ears more or less, I know I over-ate. Sergeant Beebe was taken with

cramps to-night. To-night Lieutenant Colonel Hammond issued instructions in regard to sanitary matters, our first lesson and we have been in camp here a month.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18. Another hot day but a fine shower just after 7 o'clock parade.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19. Very hot morning. The company drill over on the Virginia camp was a tough one, extra long and without rests. The battalion drill was not so hard. All other drills omitted. The hour's practice by squads in



FIRE!!!

Converse. Cadwell. Wiley. Kober. Borland. Schults. Woleott.

sighting and aiming, supposed to be from 4 to 5 in the afternoon, is now wholly omitted.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20. Inspection at 8.00. That ended the duties of the day. A game of ball between the officers of the regiment and a team from Company D drew quite a crowd this forenoon. Private Fulton and I visited the division hospital this afternoon to see with our own eyes the horrors the yellow journals claim are being perpetrated over in the next lot to us. We didn't see 'em. We must have struck the wrong day for horrors. The different regimental bands

take turns, now, and give a band concert near the hospital tents several times a week.

This is The Courant letter sent home to-day :

“The one question the men of the First Regiment are now discussing is, “Are we going home?” All other matters have been dropped, no one takes any interest in them. The Wade provisional picnic and moonlight excursion to Porto Rico, which set the whole camp wild at the time, has been forgotten, now that the fighting has come to an end. The orders issued for moving the camp to Manassas have never been executed, although drills were omitted one forenoon and the men told to pack up their things in readiness for a move the next morning early.

The plan, partially carried out, of transferring the whole Second Army Corps to Middletown, Pennsylvania, will not now be completed so far as the First Regiment is concerned, for word was received here to-day that the water supply at Middletown had been found insufficient, or still worse, bad from a sanitary point of view. So it goes.

Ever since we came here five weeks ago nearly, the men have been kept constantly stirred up by orders to move and rumors of orders to move. Not one of these orders in fact has been carried out and the indications all along have been against any real intention in the direction of moving. The only motive in setting such orders or alleged orders in motion seems to have been simply to keep the men guessing. It has given a subject for the men to talk about, that is about all. No, that is not all. It has kept scores of half sick men constantly under a severe nervous strain, worrying about the anticipated fatigue to be encountered during the march.

But that, as I said, has all been forgotten now. Since word was sent from the War department that the men would have an opportunity to express their desire on the question of being mustered out or remaining in service, nothing else has been talked about. For the purpose of finding out what the real feeling is among the enlisted men of the First Regiment I went down the line yesterday and tried to get a fair expression

of feeling from the different companies. In many cases I talked with the first sergeants, but in all cases with the men, the privates, as well. This, I find to be the present sentiment of the regiment:—

To the question, "Do you want to serve out the two years or go home now?" there was practically one answer, "I want to go home." In some companies possibly a dozen or fifteen men might be found who wanted to go to Cuba, Porto Rico or anywhere. They wanted at least to see what kind of a country it was. They enlisted to fight but now that there was to be no fighting they wanted the next best thing, a trip so they could see something outside of mere camp life and they were willing to do garrison duty for a year or more in order to take the trip. On the other hand, in such companies as F and K, I could scarcely find a man who wanted to do garrison duty. "Do we want to spend our time in camp, earning fifty-two cents a day, in times of peace? No," they said, "we went into this business to fight and now that there is to be no fighting and peace has been declared, we want to go home." Possibly these two companies contain a larger proportion of business and professional men than any others in the regiment. They left lucrative professions and bright business prospects to see some fighting. Disappointed in that, through no fault of their own, to compel these men now to endure the monotonous life of a soldier in times of peace is not what they volunteered to do, they say.

To the question, "Would you volunteer now to do garrison duty in Cuba for a few months, say till January 1899?" there was a more ready response, but still a large majority, I should say seventy-five per cent. of the men, said, "The war is over and I want to go home and if an honorable opportunity to go is offered, I shall accept it."

Thus you have it. Just how the question will be submitted to the regiment is not known, but it is understood Colonel Burdett will submit it in a few days, in accordance with the action taken in the other regiments stationed at Dunn Loring.

Five members of the First Regiment are now in the division hospital with typhoid fever but none of them is as yet considered dangerously sick. The camp, from a sanitary point of view, was never in such excellent condition. Still, the number of deaths in the hospital, over in the next lot, which now numbers two or three a day, is having a more or less disquieting effect upon some members of the regiment.

A recent death at Fort Myer of a member of the First Rhode Island resulted in calling upon a detail from Company K to attend the funeral. The detail was in charge of Sergeant DeLamater. The bearers were Corporals Dwyer and Appleton and Privates Ahern, Zoller, and Hollis. The firing party consisted of Corporal Carroll and Privates Humphrey, F. R. Denison, Marion, W. H. Brown and Gillette. Trumpeter Camp sounded taps, playing "lights out" most effectively. The burial was at Arlington but sad to relate not a member of the Rhode Island Regiment nor friend of the dead soldier followed him to the grave."

(Accompanying this Courant letter and as a part of it I gave what I thought was a fair statement of the law under which we had been called into service and also an opinion, from a legal standpoint, that the volunteer army could not be legally held in service after a treaty of peace had been ratified by both countries. The law governing our enlistment, I wrote, provides that all volunteer officers and men "shall be discharged from the service of the United States when the purposes for which they were called into service shall have been accomplished." The proclamation calling for volunteers stated the purpose to be, to compel the government of Spain "to withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters," and to "relinquish its authority and government in the Island of Cuba." I maintained that when this had been accomplished and the treaty of peace had been ratified by both countries, the volunteer army must be discharged. This portion of my letter The Courant did not print, possibly because the editorial department of the paper had, on several

occasions, in leading editorials, taken the opposite view. That letter was written August 20, 1898.

On February 8, 1899, Attorney General Griggs published an opinion that the volunteer army under the law, could be retained in service until the ratification of the treaty of peace had been exchanged between the two countries and no longer.)

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21. My weight is one hundred and thirty pounds, a loss of twenty-five pounds since leaving home. About an hour before dinner to-day the company was ordered to dig a new sink. Being Sunday a detail of less than twenty men was secured to do the work. Later in the day I wrote this letter home:

"No, you have not been negligent in writing. With you there is nothing new to write but with me there is always something. In fact, I guess some of my letters have been more long than interesting. But I am sorry to see you back home and feeling so miserably. The salt air usually agrees with you, don't it? But you must not worry about our going to Cuba or anywhere else except home. That will be the next place, I feel sure. Colonel Burdett appears to be red hot to have the rest of us do garrison duty in Cuba, in time of peace, but the experience of the past shows Colonel Burdett has not always had his way in this business. In fact, quite the contrary. Ever since we came here five weeks ago lots of the men have been worrying about going here and going there and about the daily raft of orders that appear exclusively in the newspapers saying we were to do this and do that. When a man is half sick from over work or the unacclimated condition of his system, all this adds to his troubles. Several of the young fellows, who are homesick into the bargain, seem to come to me for re-assurance and I have constantly told them we were not going to Porto Rico, nor to Manassas, nor to Middletown, Pennsylvania. And I gave them my reasons for thinking so. So far the result has been, we didn't go and the boys are beginning to give less weight to all these disturbing rumors. You see, a move means carrying a heavy knapsack, gun, haversack and canteen several miles in the hot sun and this to half sick

men looks big. And now I try my best to encourage the men that we will not move till we go back to Niantic to be mustered out.

Of course it is possible but hardly probable that a few superior officers will succeed in giving the War department a wrong idea of the wishes of the men in our regiment. Yesterday I wrote The Courant and gave a fair account of the feeling of the men. The governors of several states are apparently getting their work in and their troops sent back to the state camps. Nothing would please the members of the First Regiment more than for Governor Cooke to get it, at least, sent back to Niantic. I have just been called away to dig a new sink for the company. Some twenty of us out of one hundred and six were all that could be found about the street and some of these kicked at digging clay in the hot sun on Sunday, but all digging is alike to me. I had rather do that than so much monotonous drilling. Another thing that is having a disquieting effect upon the men is the nearness of the division hospital. Over in the next lot, within stone's throw, are some four or five hundred men lying on cots under canvass, sick from various diseases. A tent has been put up close by our camp and two or three times a day we can see them carry some poor boy out there, covered with a sheet. Then, pretty soon, the black covered wagon drives by and goes out of sight and in a short time we are thinking or at least making a bluff at talking of something else. Four new cases of fever were added to the list in that lot from Connecticut this morning but none of the men are dangerously sick now, though they have been. It seems strange that a large body of men cannot continue healthy in such a naturally healthy locality as this but so it is. The two chief causes of sickness, I think, is the lack of bathing facilities (men will not voluntarily keep clean unless they can go in swimming) and the lack of rigid discipline as to eating. The men are allowed to fill their stomachs with all sorts of stuff from tainted milk to unripe melons. Two of my tent mates (one has gone home, threatened with a fever) have made themselves sick by taking

the favorite Washington trip and gorging themselves with good things to eat. The human stomach, disciplined as it now is to army rations, cannot stand the shock. So far I have stuck to the camp and regular rations and am well. Don't think of sending me anything. I can get nice lemonade, ginger ale, etc., close by, for a nickel, whenever I crave it. The only thing I can think of I might like is a bottle of Jamaica ginger, to give the water a pleasant taste. The water comes from a



THE UNLUCKY ELEVEN. ALL SICK—ONE DIED.

F. C. Barnell.	F. M. Johnson.	DeLamater.	Low.	Eno.	Wheeler.
Gale.	H. L. Huntington.	Boniface.	Beebe.	Ward.	

driven well so we need no ice. It is cool enough. But you can't send liquids by mail, I think, so don't mind the ginger.

Today I have The Washington Post and The New York Herald and don't lack for reading, though I prefer The Sun to The Herald. The Sun, the New York one, doesn't shine in this camp, however.

Enclosed find present routine of our daily duties. You see our drills are all over at 9.30 a. m., which is an

improvement upon the previous midday drills. We are up before sunrise now.

Since writing the above an officer who has talked with Colonel Burdett within a day says the colonel is not anxious to go to Cuba to do mere garrison duty, but is not going to express any desire to go home. Still, if the fever should get into the regiment, to any great extent, letters would begin to buzz about his ears pretty lively if he still failed to try to get us sent home. The fact is, there are a sufficient number among the 200,000 volunteers who want to go to Cuba to furnish all the troops needed and I think the outcome will be—new regiments of these will be organized and the rest of the volunteers will be mustered out. See if I am right."

MONDAY, AUGUST 22. I went on guard at 8 a. m., on third relief, No. 17. This brought my beat over by the non-



OHIO, NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK REGIMENTS STARTING
FOR THEIR FINAL REVIEW.

commissioned staff sink. At the 6.30 A. M. drill the regiment passed in review twice and at the 8.30 drill the Third Virginia came over and both regiments went through the same manœuver twice. At 2.45 this afternoon the Seventh Ohio, First New Jersey and the Sixty-fifth New York marched past us on their way over to Camp Alger for their final review. They returned at 5 o'clock, the First New Jersey setting a terrible pace on their way back. Our regiment passed in review again at 5

o'clock. Private Judson and I had adjoining posts and about midnight we stole close up to the tents of the non-commissioned staff and sung out the hour and the "all's well" with the voice of a fog horn. Drum-Major Pierce had claimed, up to this night, that the guard never let their voices out sufficiently to wake him up, but this time Private Judson and I not only woke him up, but Sergeant Moseley and even Chaplain Kelsey thrust their heads out of their tents to find out what had broken loose.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23. To-day was very hot and the parade at 5 o'clock was omitted. This afternoon about 3 o'clock soon after the Hartford mail had arrived, while we were lying out under the arbor in the shade, Colonel Burdett's orderly came over and asked for Private Webster who had been at headquarters for some time acting as stenographer. Little did we realize then what was in the wind, how that little cloud in the sky, no larger than the stenographer's hand, would soon sweep through the camp like a hurricane. The stenographer was found and this is the order dictated to him by Colonel Burdett himself.

"Headquarters First Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, Camp Alger, Va., August 23, 1898.

Circular Orders No. 5.

The commanding officer is in receipt of a marked copy of a newspaper published in Hartford, Conn., in which attention is called to a statement that the First Regiment Connecticut Volunteer Infantry is anxious to go home. In order to learn whether the anonymous correspondents of newspapers represent or not the men of this command the commanding officer of each company in the regiment is directed to secure by ballot at retreat to-day a vote on the following:

RESOLVED, That the members of this command are desirous of retracting their oath of military service to the United States for two years and want to be mustered out and go home during the present armistice and before peace is declared.

The company commanders will also each secure by ballot the decision of the company on the following:

RESOLVED, That if continuance in the military service is left to the individual wish of the members of the volunteer army of the United States, then the members of this command would like the First Regiment Connecticut Volunteer Infantry mustered out.

The result of their ballots, showing numbers voting, will be at once reported to these headquarters.

By order of Major Hickey.

J. M. WAINWRIGHT,
Captain and Adjutant."

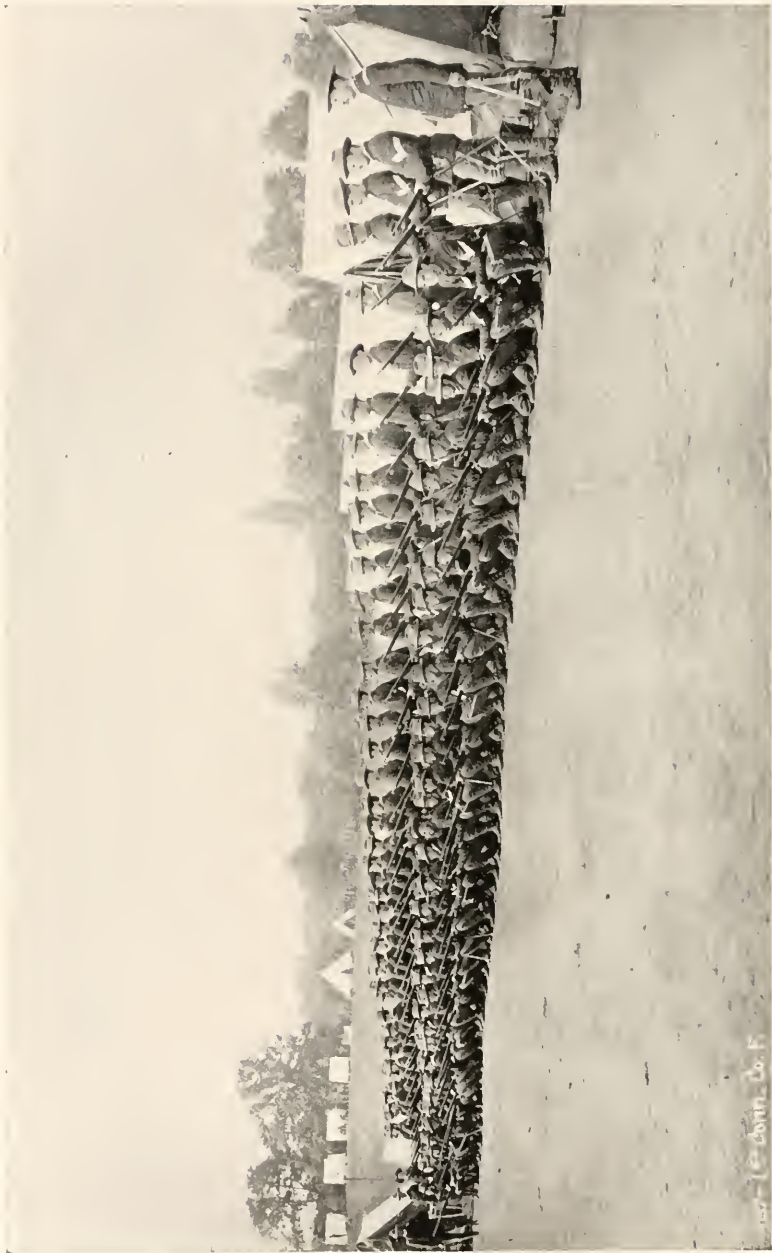
To say the regiment was hot when this order was issued is to put it mildly. But it did not take the members of our company long to make up their minds. The result of the vote is as follows, two companies taking no action, and the vote on the two questions being substantially the same:

Company	Yes	Company	No
A,	55	A,	18
B,	34	B,	58
C,	91	C,	10
D,	66	D,	7
E,	—	E,	—
F,	—	F,	—
G,	50	G,	48
H,	46	H,	46
I,	51	I,	34
K,	83	K,	5
L,	8	L,	88
M,	43	M,	46
	<hr/>		<hr/>
Total,	527		360

Company F, the night before, took a vote and by 75 to 17, voted to go home. So, on a total of less than 1,000 votes, the First Regiment, by 225 majority, asked to be sent home.

The story of the vote is told in the following letter:

"Yours of Sunday or Monday received and I tell you it made me feel good to know that there was a power behind the



COMPANY F READY FOR BUSINESS, CAMP ALGER, VIRGINIA.

U.S. Army Co. F

throne that might be of service, if worse came to worse. I shall not be slow to accept the offer, if there is no other way out of it, but as things are going now we shall all be back in Niantic soon. But I want to tell you about last night's affair and how thankful the regiment now ought to feel that fate has decided that we are not to go into battle with a man at the head who so easily loses his own.

The Hartford mail arrives each day about 2.30 p. m. Yesterday a marked copy of *The Post* was received by Colonel Burdett in which was a letter from here saying the men wanted to go home. In a short time a stenographer from our company was sent for by special messenger, the enclosed order was dictated, a sufficient number of copies were struck off and reached the different companies a few minutes before action on the order was required. How this action of Colonel Burdett's was received by the different companies I can only briefly relate. Company F men said the first resolution was not put fairly; that they wished to retract nothing and finally took no action, claiming they did not understand the two propositions put as they were. Captain Newton went over to Colonel Burdett's tent and so reported to him.

"What, can't understand the language of that order," said Colonel Burdett, sharply, "what plainer way could there be of putting it? That order is absolute, Captain Newton, and must be obeyed. Go back to your command, compel your men to vote upon that order and report to me at once." This, and much more of like nature was said and said with an emphasis even more than is ordinarily used by the colonel, if that is possible. The result was almost a mutiny in Company F, all but 28 men refusing to vote one way or the other on the questions.

Company K took the bull (for now every one agrees the colonel made one) by the horns. We said that if we must vote on a question so unfairly put to us, we would vote to be mustered out during the present armistice and before peace was declared, even if by so doing the colonel should unfairly construe that action to be a retraction of our "oath." No

FIELD AND STAFF AND OFFICERS, FIRST REGIMENT, C. V. I.



Myroll,
Jones,
Chapman,
Hann,
Lambacher.

McCook,
Bowen,
King,
Hamerwas,
Hudswell.

Smith,
Rippley,
Mahoney,
Lord,
Feeder.

Doolittle,
Waterman,
Newton,
Lamb,
Cosgrove.

Wolf,
Hickey,
Cheney,
Schulze,
Johnson.

Merguson,
Smith,
Moore,
Nichols,
Bodie.

Rawlins,
Valentine,
Sturks,
Kelsey.

fair minded man would construe an expression of our desire to be mustered out, now, as a retraction of our oath. So we sent Captain Saunders over to see if we could omit action on the first proposition and the reply was the same; it is an order and must be obeyed. We voted 83 to 5 to be mustered out and 78 to 9 to be mustered out even if this was construed by the colonel to be a retraction of our oath.

As soon as the different companies had reported, showing a majority of over 200 to go home, in a total of less than 1,000, the colonel at once called his line officers together and it is said there was a hot time in the old tent, till late at night. Colonel Burdett made a motion that the officers vote on the same resolutions, but many of the officers told him to his face the question was unfairly put to them. So much opposition was shown the motion was never pressed to a vote. By analyzing the vote you will see, the second call men, Companies L and M, who did not hear the first call, want to go to Cuba and do garrison duty now that peace is declared. But I ought not to criticise any one's motives. We hear their officers stood by and strongly intimated the men had better vote as they did.

While most of the officers favor continuing in service, at their present salaries, some of them are as anxious to go home as the rest of us. I wired the vote to The Courant this morning with a copy of the order. If the order should not be printed, for any reason, I wish it might appear in some paper so that the people of Hartford could see how unfairly the whole matter was put.

Speaking of the salaries of the officers, these figures may interest you. In one company of our regiment the average wages earned by the men before they left home was \$2.33 per day. The average wages of the three officers was \$3.83 per day. While in service the men get 52 cents a day and the officers, on an average, \$5.33, so you see the men are getting 78 per cent. less than they were at home while the officers are drawing salaries 40 per cent. larger than their home income. These are the figures obtained from 101 members of one company. If the salaries of all the officers from the colonel down

were taken into consideration the differences between the war wages and the home incomes of the officers and men would be still more glaring.

The Washington papers this morning say we are all going back to our state camps and mustering out officers are being selected. Other orders in the Commissary department look the same way to-day. This afternoon our brigade (Third Virginia and First Connecticut) will march over to the old parade grounds at Camp Alger, two miles, for review. It is ripping hot and has been for two days now, but I am all right and can stand the sweating I guess. My weight at Niantic, 150 stripped, is here 130, and I can squat down and almost box my ears with my own knees. Out back of our tent we have built a pine arbor and these days the shade is appreciated.

What is the reason for The Courant's attitude in continually saying we are anxious to serve out the two years?"

Here is another home letter covering the same subject:

"Tablets and letter of yesterday received. The former have already gone to the spot and are just what I wanted. For several days I have been squandering five or ten cents a day of my 52 cent salary on lemonade from the Virginia camp, but the tablets are just as good and saves me a walk of one-quarter of a mile or so in the hot sun, besides. Your letter did my soul good, I tell you. I might have known you would begin and hustle for us, but I wasn't looking for it when I wrote. But I must tell you more about the order Colonel Burdett issued and how the officers express themselves about it. Yesterday morning I wired the order and the vote to The Courant. Soon after dinner Acting Brigadier-General Burdett sent his orderly, with his compliments, to me and said he wanted to see me at his tent. I went in my shirt sleeves. No one pretends to wear his blouse except at dress parade.

Colonel Burdett received me all right and at once asked "Have you made any use of that matter of last night?" (he knew I was The Courant correspondent) I said I had.

"Didn't I tell you not to send anything to the newspapers till I had seen it?" I replied that I understood

him to refer to such orders as had not yet been published, but that this order had been published throughout the camp.

"But how did you get a copy? Did Captain Saunders give you a copy?" I replied no, but didn't disclose how I got the copy.

"But how did you get the result of the vote? That has not been published." I said the result of the action of each company had been given out to the men and the men simply compared notes.

"Well, how would you like to have it published that K had a dozen men sick in the hospital with venereal diseases, if such should happen to be the case; how would you like to have that published? This is such a case. I didn't want that order published." Then I told him hereafter I would send nothing till I had seen him first.

"Oh, well," he replied with a tired expression, "hereafter there will be nothing that I shall care a damn about." Then I went away.

At the officers' meeting, held later that night, Colonel Burdett made a motion that the officers vote on the same resolutions that the men had. This motion was seconded and the motion was about to be put when Major Schulze objected to the officers voting on the resolution so worded. He expressed himself so strongly, and so many other officers did the same that the vote was not taken at all. Major Rockwell, Captain Laubscher, Captain Newton, Captain Moore and one or two other officers have expressed themselves to me as strongly as did Major Schulze. There are rumors of three resignations among the officers since the order was issued, but these may be for business reasons. Colonel Burdett now says President McKinley asked him to get an expression of opinion from his men. He also says he does not want to go to Cuba for garrison duty. Bah! Captain Saunders has told us to hand in our applications for discharges in a few days, giving our reasons, intimating that he will approve those who give good reasons; but the discharge itself, in case it can be granted, must come from the colonel, so you see how I am fixed.

Review was omitted yesterday on account of the heat. To-day is much cooler."

One of the Washington papers stated a few days ago that Colonel Burdett had a conference at the War department lasting three hours and when he left the department was unable to determine whether he wanted to go to Cuba or not. This I get from home from one who ought to know: "Colonel Burdett expects his men to stand by him till his personal ambition is satisfied." This is what he says in an interview in *The Times*:

"Colonel Burdett, after returning from Washington, where he had a consultation with the authorities, in company with General Butler, General Plume and General Gobin, drew up two resolutions for the men to sign. One of these resolutions expressed the desire of the men to be mustered out of the service. The other resolution stated that those who signed it wished to retract the oath which they took on entering the service. The resolutions were presented to the regiment by Major Hickey, who was acting colonel in the absence of Colonel Burdett, who was acting brigadier-general. Had Colonel Burdett been in command he would have presented the resolutions himself to the regiment. President McKinley, himself, is primarily responsible for the men wishing to be sent home. He had a statement published in the newspapers that in the mustering of volunteers out of the service of the United States the wishes of the men would be considered. The President, who has acknowledged responsibility for the appearance of this statement in the papers, tempted the men to ask to be mustered out of service."

The *Courant* has this:

"The impression seems to have prevailed that Colonel Burdett was in favor of having the First Regiment detained in the service until the two years' enlistment of the men expired. A private letter from one of the officers says: 'He told me that, together with the commanding officers of the other two brigades of this division, he had an interview with the President and made the strongest claims possible for our muster out.'"

So now you have it. He wants to go to Cuba. He don't want to go to Cuba. The resolutions speak for themselves, however. He dictated them, he ordered them presented to the regiment and was present and in command when it was done. Major Hickey did *not* present them to the regiment, The Times interview to the contrary notwithstanding. If they were not intentionally so worded by Colonel Burdett, for the purpose of having them voted down, then I don't understand the English language. A more unfair advantage was never exercised over a body of men than Colonel Burdett tried to enforce over the First Regiment. But he failed to carry his point.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24. I hustled over to division headquarters this morning early and wired The Courant the result of the vote last night. Another brigade parade from 8.30 to 9.30. Very hot to-day, too. We were under orders to march to Camp Alger for review this afternoon, but the order was countermanded on account of the heat. There was a fine electrical display in the western sky to-night, but the storm itself went around.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25. Colonel Burdett received a nice little call down this morning from General Gobin at division headquarters. A member of K, who heard it, told me. The Washington Post had just reached camp with the following about the First Connecticut:

"The subject of mustering out has caused considerable hard feeling in the ranks of the First Connecticut. This regiment is brigaded with the Third Virginia, constituting the second brigade of the third division. General Gobin's command properly embraces only the first division, but the second brigade belonging to this command was sent to Cuba and so the second brigade of the third division was substituted in its place. The latter therefore fear that the telegram of General Corbin is meant only for the first and the third brigades and will not include the second division. The colonel of the Yankee regiment is believed to be very anxious for further service on Cuban soil and he, together with members of his staff and

other officers, are said to be making strenuous efforts to convince their boys that Cuba is "just the thing." When a vote on the subject was taken, night before last, the feeling of the two factions became very strong, indeed. A paper published in Hartford, Conn., had stated that the regiment was anxious to go home and accordingly Colonel Burdett decided to submit the question to a vote. In so doing he phrased the question in such a fashion as to excite open hostility. His order requested the men to vote whether they were desirous of "retracting their oaths of military service to the United States for two years," which appeared to some privates, who had no idea of retracting any oaths and merely wished to petition for dismissal, as decidedly unfair.

As soon as the order was read it became the subject of a heated discussion. Excited groups of privates stood about in the company streets, condemning the expression about retraction of oaths in the severest terms. The two questions were practically the same, they said, and the purport of the first was really to force the privates to vote in the negative on both. One of the captains even went to the colonel to explain the difficulty discovered in his peculiar phraseology.

Finally, when the vote was taken, one company simply ignored the order and refused to cast any ballot whatsoever. Another company answered the second question in the affirmative, but emphatically refused to consider the first question. With the two questions remaining as they stood, it was found that 527 votes were cast in the affirmative favoring dismissal with 360 in the negative, the balance of the regiment present refusing to participate in the ballot. The members of the First Connecticut thus showed a decided preference for dismissal. They fear, nevertheless, that owing to the influence of their officers, their vote will avail them but little."

Evidently General Gobin had just read the article in *The Washington Post*.

"Colonel Burdett," he said, upon meeting him in the main office, "you did a very unmilitary thing in issuing that order the other night."

"But, general," replied Colonel Burdett, "there has been a boil in the regiment lately and I thought I would probe it and see what there was in it."

"Well," replied General Gobin, as the two passed into another room out of hearing, "whatever your reason was it was a very irregular thing to do and if your men cause you any trouble, hereafter, if they are guilty of insubordination, you yourself will be to blame for it."

Our brigade was reviewed and passed in review this morning from 8.30 to 9.30. Private Walsh has gone to the division hospital. He is pretty sick. Privates F. C. Burnell and Webster are also at the regimental hospital. High wind and rain this afternoon blew down the Y. M. C. A. and several other tents. Corporal Low's "lean to" arbor, next to ours, also fell in ruins. To-night the third battalion received orders to do provost duty. Our company goes to East Falls Church. These items are from The Times correspondent signed "V":

"On Monday last the first division of Major-General Graham's command left here for Manassas, Virginia, and are now camped on the ground where was fought the battle of Bull Run. It was intended to send the First Connecticut Volunteers to the same camp and accordingly we received orders to pack and hold ourselves in readiness to move there on Sunday, but that order has also fallen through and now the boys refuse to believe any further orders concerning our departure from our 'cornfield camp.'"

"On Monday evening last our First Regiment Band went over to the Virginia camp and there serenaded our comrades of war. For an hour the band played, each patriotic selection bringing an echo of cheers from one end of the camp to the other. To add the comfort of sound to that of scene and rest, the band of the Seventh Ohio began to play, softly at first, then in one swelling measure and although the tune chosen was the well-known "Washington Post March" never did music sound more sweetly and to the minds of the listeners it brought thoughts of the home coming and the march through

troops of friends and then a silence fell, through which stole that sweetest yet saddest of military bugle calls, "taps."

"On Tuesday evening, Private Tinkham, Company K, brought home a small cherry tree and planted it at the entrance to his abode and judging from its growth of a few days, we may have cherry pie before we leave here."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26. Up at 5 a. m. After breakfast we set fire to the arbor which for so many days has kept the sun's heat from us, applied a torch to the kitchen, struck



WILL ROOT'S TREE EVER TAKE ROOT?

Fowler. Kirkley. Root. Hall.

camp and at 9.30 left the old corn field for good, we hope. The route to East Falls Church was by Dunn Loring and along side the tracks part of the way and part of the time along the highway. The pace set by Captain Saunders was too lively, even for him, and the march unnecessarily sweat the men through and through. But we reached the camp grounds ahead of the mule teams with the baggage and had dinner by 1 o'clock. The detail from the Sixty-fifth New York left soon after we arrived. The following incident must

not be overlooked, for this is a true history. For some time before we left that old corn field members of the company began missing their spoons. The mystery probably would never have been solved had not Corporal Sanderson gone home on a sick furlough. He is still away, but this morning his tent mates overhauled his haversack for the purpose of re-packing it when out rolled seven government spoons. For him that means the guard tent. For us, the lesson is, to more closely guard our tents.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27. The first thing this morning was to dig a kitchen sink. I went on guard at the station at 3 p. m. I guess we are going to have a snap here. Private Dimock has gone to the hospital.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28. This morning the Missouri relief train, Pullman cars conveying home their sick soldiers, went by early. Corporal Gruener and I, after being relieved from guard, visited the old Episcopal church at Falls Church this afternoon. Corporal Sanderson returned to-night and is unable to explain the presence of so many spoons in his haversack.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29. Corporal Gruener and I took the trolley for Washington at 9 o'clock and went by boat to Mount Vernon. Returning at 2 we visited the capitol and congressional library and got back to camp at 6.30. The heat was intense.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30. I went on guard at Aqueduct Bridge at 2.30 this afternoon. Slept, or tried to sleep, in the car shed on some boards, but the heat and the mosquitoes put a stop to all that—passed a most miserable night. This is the letter sent home before going on guard:

“Last Friday our battalion, the third, was ordered to do provost duty about Camp Alger and four companies of us broke camp, took everything with us and we marched over to East Falls Church, about four miles. The other three companies are located at different points, one or two miles from here. The other eight companies of the regiment, of course, are still in that old corn field.

Our camp is in a vacant lot within stone's throw of the end of the Washington and Falls Church trolley line and the railroad station of the Southern railroad. Half hourly trips to Washington can be taken all day, till midnight. About a mile west is Falls Church. The old Episcopal church, built in 1766 of brick brought from England, is still used for religious purposes. It was used as a horse stable during the Civil war and was frequently in temporary possession of Mosby's cavalry. The country is rolling, well cleared but sufficiently wooded to



STATION AT EAST FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA.

make the outlook from the side hill where we are located, a beautiful one. Yesterday I was off duty and went to Washington, Mount Vernon, saw the capitol and library, but of course did not try to do much else. Our duty, once in three days, is to watch all trains and see that all uniformed men have passes. One day here and three days from that time at the Aqueduct Bridge opposite Georgetown, ten miles from here, is our tour of duty, so you see how easy we have it. The weather is now delightful.

Don't get carried off your feet by the wild, almost insane howl raised by the newspapers against the War department. It

is a return, in another form, of the crazy cry for the recognition of Cuban independence which President McKinley so stoutly and successfully stood out against. There has to be sure been a great amount of sickness in Camp Alger as in all the other camps, but whether a greater percentage than in our last war I can't say. I have faith to believe it is much less. The yellow journal germs found no lodging place, then, in the public mind, if they existed at all. This I say from what I know of my own tent and my own company and I believe what is true there, is true of every company and regiment in Camp Alger and for



COMPANY K STREET, EAST FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA.

that matter Camp Thomas, for both camps for six weeks now, have been similarly situated so far as water, soil and other natural surroundings are concerned.

With such personal habits among the men throughout the camp is it strange the hospitals are full? In the regular army the rigid discipline would scarcely allow a man to live as do some in our company, for instance, but discipline in the volunteer army is another thing—in fact it does not exist so far as personal cleanliness and healthy diet is concerned. But when 1,300 men, with such average habits, lay down and live upon

four acres of Virginia clay, for two or three months, is it any wonder sickness prevails? I figure it that we were living as closely together as would the inhabitants of a city of 200,000 people crowded into a district a mile square. Some regiments had less land than we had. When you stop to think that all the impurities that the human system excretes were thrown out upon or into a soil, tough and about as absorbent as putty, you can imagine the condition of Camp Alger after three months. But enough of this, except to say, next to the cow-



JACK'S SNORING GROUND.

Pierce. Gruener. Campbell. Low.

ard in battle is the cuss who kicks in camp Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, who doubtless, for the time being, has forgotten to send flowers to the condemned criminals under her daily care, has now found a new object of sympathy, the hungry soldier. Bah! I'm a hungry soldier this very minute and am hungry all the time whenever I let my mind wander back to the good things at home. (I am beginning to jot down the things I want to eat when the time comes and I can make my mouth water, anytime, doing it.) I lived two days, once, on nothing

but a piece of hardtack and came out the better for it. She has also found men lying on the ground at Camp Wikoff. Why, I have slept on the ground, out in the rain, for six weeks and am better off for it, much better than in a tent with six stinking men. All men, however clean at home, will stink in a tent in such a climate as this. Besides, in all camps you will find men who will lie down in their tents and rot rather than raise a hand to make themselves more comfortable, to say nothing of keeping more clean. I have seen men threatened with the guard house because of the filthy condition of their tents—conditions that ten minute's work would remedy. I have no doubt there has been much incompetency in the War department, for an army cannot be suddenly increased ten fold in all its departments without some new material being found not up to the standard. But the chances are, in nine cases out of ten, these sniveling women and yellow reporters have struck the company kicker and taken his lies and exaggerated statements for law and gospel. But I must stop.

There is a house within fifty feet of my tent and you don't know how funny it sounded the other night to hear a clock strike. Jack is with us and has lived through the hot weather all right. You remember that at Portland cats were our first or original pets. We have had two dogs in the street for some time now and last night one of them presented us with six bright little bull terriers. Two others were born dead. All are doing as well as could be expected. Eight regiments only are now here and these are beginning to leave for their state camps. Hope to write you from Niantic in a couple of weeks or so."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31. Very hot morning. Was not relieved for breakfast till 9.30. During the forenoon some Washington women came along in a carriage distributing sweet cakes to the men. The hay fever has tackled me hard to-day. Am losing my appetite for army rations. Baked beans alone taste good now. Corporals Dwyer and Ward and Privates Dimock and F. C. Burnell have been sent home sick. Those home on furloughs more or less ailing, are Sergeants Beebe

and Boniface and Privates Barrows, Hayden, Bassett and R. A. Case.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1. Again very hot. My hay fever is worse. Corporal Gruener and I visited the Navy yard, the Congressional Library and the White House to-day and availed ourselves of the free luncheon provided by some good women on F street. To-night the weather had so changed that blankets were very comfortable.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2. Notwithstanding the cold night the heat to-day is again intense. To-night Private Tinkham



TYPICAL TRIO.

Wheelock. W. C. Johnson. Appleton.

went to work in his father's vineyard or rather tried to work the grape vine belonging to the father of some one else. The old man was literally on to him, as the soiled trousers which Private Tinkham wore home too plainly testified. He says they were only sour grapes anyway. This is the letter I sent to The Courant to-day:

“Now that the First Regiment, Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, has been ordered home to be mustered out later, some facts in regard to the physical condition of the men and the causes for the great amount of sickness among them may not be uninteresting. The regiment has now been out four months. Part of this time was taken up with coast defense duty in the invigorating climate of Maine, but during the past seven weeks the regiment has been at this camp, surrounded



M. A. Pierce. Jos. Burnell. Barker.

by the same conditions that have affected all other regiments of the Second Army Corps. In fact, so far as the natural surroundings have had an influence, the twenty-five thousand men here and the forty thousand men at Camp Thomas have been brought under practically the same. The soil in both places is of clay, a tough, putty-like substance into which the rain soaks but an inch or two. Throw dirty water out upon it and the water quickly evaporates, leaving the sediment upon the surface to dry in the sun and blow about in the breeze.

The surface of the soil and for a few inches below soon becomes filled with filth which the heavy rains fail to wash away. A cloud burst upon a field of putty would have as little cleansing effect. In fact, it has been frequently noticed in digging up the soil round about the camp how much like an old sink drain the surface clay smells when disturbed.

Then again the water supply in Camp Thomas and Camp Alger is principally from driven wells. The water is so impregnated with minerals as to, at first, very generally have a serious effect upon the bowels. Upon such a soil and supplied with such water, the First Regiment, seven weeks ago, went into camp in excellent physical condition. To-day typhoid fever has made its appearance among the ranks, many are home on sick furloughs and the whole regiment has a perceptibly weakened vitality. What is the cause?

First, the men have not kept their bodies clean. In the regular army and in the navy the rules regarding personal cleanliness are rigidly enforced. This is expected and no one complains, but what a howl would go up if these rules were adopted in the volunteer army! Imagine a free American citizen soldier being told to wash his face and hands once a day! The average volunteer would kick in a minute. Yet, here in Camp Alger, the men come in two or three times a day from drills, covered from head to feet with fine clay dust and salt, poisonous perspiration, which is rarely washed off but allowed to dry on the surface of the body.

Let me illustrate by describing one tent of six that I happened to know about. No. 1, while in the habit of washing his face and hands once a day at least, rarely washed his whole body. It was altogether too troublesome to take a body bath in the confines of a pail or wash basin when a bath tub and big bath room were found none too large to splash around in at home. A big dinner in Washington and a walk in the hot sun brought on a fever and a sick furlough was the result. No. 2 never washed his body, but regularly put on new under clothing and threw the soiled garments away. In time the stock of new clothing gave out and then No. 2

claimed it was no use to take a body bath for he had nothing but dirty under clothing to put on again. So, from neglecting to wash his body, he soon omitted to wash his face and hands for several days at a time. Finally, driven out of his foul-smelling under clothing, No. 2 took a bath and took cold at the same time and is now in the hospital, threatened with typhoid.

No. 3, a fine college athlete, regularly washed the surface of his body, but neglected this for a few days, ate a big Washington dinner, crowded it down with a supper of army rations (beefsteak and onions), was taken sick before morning and is now off duty. No. 4 consistently kept his body clean but surprised his stomach, disciplined as it had been so long to the plain army rations, with a Washington table d'hote. His stomach could not stand the shock and No. 4 was on the sick list next day. No. 5 took a body bath every night before turning in, resisted the temptations of overeating and is well. No. 6 is also well and has been. Thus in one tent four out of six have made themselves sick by neglecting to observe the ordinary duties imposed by plain common sense.

Why, I have seen men, until threatened with the guard-house, lie in their tents for days, refusing to sweep out the accumulated dirt or clean up after the last meal, leaving their uniforms, guns, blankets, etc., to become partially imbedded in the filth. One day a gun was found in the back of one of these tents so covered with mud and rust that the chamber could not be opened. Instances like the above could be multiplied indefinitely, but the fact is apparent to any one with eyes and a nose that the average volunteer in Camp Alger has not kept himself clean. If typhoid fever is essentially a filth disease, the personal habits of the men have given it an abiding place.

Second, the men have not made the most of the rations furnished them. To each company of one hundred and six men in the entire volunteer army has been issued the same amount and the same kind of rations. If these have not been made to go as far in some companies as in others, the fault is

not in the rations issued but in the company cook. If men in camp have gone hungry (and the papers have been filled with scores of such alleged cases) the fault is with the cook selected by the company itself. The First Regiment since it went into service four months ago has gone into camp twice at Niantic, once in Maine and once here at Camp Alger. It has traveled not far from one thousand miles. During this period not once have I failed to have issued to me, hot coffee and three substantial meals a day. And yet I have no doubt that one of these yellow reporters or hyper-sympathetic women could find in our camp men who would say they were hungry, half-starved and made to live for days on a single hard tack. These company kickers I have seen take their place in line, walk away from the kitchen with a plate full of hot rations, deliberately throw them into the swill barrel untouched and then go over to some neighboring fruit or cooky stand swearing "Uncle Sam starves his own soldiers." I can't say as to Camp Thomas, Tampa, Jacksonville and the other camps, but the man who criticises the commissary department in Camp Alger should have but few listeners. Next to the coward in battle the camp kicker is to be despised.

One of these kickers I have now in mind. His tent mates say, in addition to his chronic kick against the food, he has a way of taking some kind of medicine just before drills which puts him into a high fever temporarily, thus avoiding the fatigues of the drill. Possibly he took an overdose, one day, for he is now in the hospital, genuinely sick with typhoid.

The camp fruit stands are also another source of much of the sickness in camp. Men fed for weeks on army rations acquire a chronic hunger for outside stuff. No matter what, all fruits look alike to them and it all goes, unripe melons, green peaches and the like. Peddlers of tainted milk, rot-gut manufactured cider, sour oat meal, decayed berries—all dispose of their stock without delay. How much sickness is due to this cause cannot be stated but here is a factor.

Finally, a word as to the treatment of the sick, for there undoubtedly is much sickness here, whatever the cause. My

information in this matter is necessarily second hand, for I still have to take my first drop of medicine in camp. During the summer there have been not far from twenty-five thousand men in Camp Alger. Of this number some two thousand have been treated in the hospital, either at Fort Myer or the division hospital over in the next lot to our camp. Seventy-five deaths have occurred from all causes. Any one familiar with mortuary reports can easily calculate the death rate and how much



"JERRY, WHERE'S HYNES?"

Jos. Morgan. Landerman. Sandner. Jer. Morgan. Thompson.

above the normal it is. I doubt if in any tenement district human beings were crowded together as closely as we are, the rate would be much lower or as low. From the figures and distances used in laying out the camp I compute that the average regiment here lives upon an area of the earth's surface equal to that of a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants crowded into a district a mile square. When the amount of

excrement which every one of these twenty-five thousand men throws off every day is taken into account, together with the lack of care in eating and the absence of cleanliness in living, the wonder is, I think, that so few are sick. I took a walk through the hospital grounds one day and to the unprofessional eye the impression was that much of the criticism of the hospital was not founded in fact."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3. Four months ago to-day I



PICKANINNY PASTIME.

weighed 155 pounds. To-day I weigh $32\frac{1}{2}$ pounds less. This afternoon I stripped off down in the barn and used the hose on myself. The cold well water made me feel fine. Pay day to-day, \$15.60 for the month of August. At retreat to-night Sergeant Holt, being the senior officer in command of the camp, ordered the company to "Fall in for roll call." Private Thayer, the only other member of the company of one

hundred and six men in camp at the time, fell in, dressed up to the right and came to attention. "Private Thayer" yelled the commandant of the company. "Here" answered the private. He hadn't missed a roll call yet and didn't intend to if he could help it. "Parade-e-e rest" and the company stood with slightly bowed head as the members of the guard slowly lowered the flag. Sergeant Holt assayed to softly sing the "Star Spangled Banner" as the flag came down but the ludicrousness of the whole affair was so complete that he and the whole company both threw discipline to the dogs and burst



SUPPER AT EAST FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA.

into a roar of laughter. The absence of the rest of the company can be explained by recalling the fact that it was pay day night and Captain Saunders had given the boys the freedom of Washington. They missed a fine supper, however, which "Mac" had prepared for them—rice pudding with raisins and sweet potatoes besides bread and coffee.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4. For breakfast, lamb chops; for dinner, clam chowder; for supper, bologna, cold sweet potatoes and a picked up supper. This is the way "Mac" is setting 'em up for us now but the hay fever for the last week has knocked my appetite so I don't enjoy the feast much.

This forenoon I took a walk down around Fort Skeedaddle and this afternoon went up into Crossman's grove at the end of the trolley line and went to sleep. The company is thinning out, so many are home or on the sick list. All the guards have been called off except on the company street.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5. For breakfast, eggs on toast; for dinner, lamb and boiled onions; for supper, baked beans and cheese, bread and coffee as usual. At 6.30 a. m. we were ordered to be ready to move at 8 a. m. At 7 we were ordered to wait for the wagons before we all could take a ride. At 8.30 we were ordered to stay around till orders were received. At 9.30 we were ordered to pack up at once. At 1 p. m. the order was to strip the tents; at 2.30 to put the things back into the tents where they stayed during the rest of the day. It came off cooler to-night and the boys got together in the waiting room of the trolley station and sang over the old songs with fine effect.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6. At 3 o'clock this morning a volunteer detail from the company were taken in a team, hired by Captain Saunders, over to the division hospital and helped carry the sick men of our company over to the train at Dunn Loring. The following sick members of our company were sent home in a Pullman train: Privates Walsh, Eno, Converse, D. H. Brown, Sherman and Sobieralski. In all, twenty-six men from the First Connecticut went home on the train, sick.

For breakfast, griddle cakes. Another terrifically hot day and we all worried about the anticipated march over to Dunn Loring, loaded down with baggage. Trumpeter Camp was presented with a new trumpet, Sergeant S. G. Huntington making the presentation speech for the company.

At 11 o'clock we struck our tents, the whole street falling together. After loading the baggage and getting dinner we waited around in the shade. The welcome order came that we were to go by train to Dunn Loring. We did so, at 1.37 p. m. Private Zoller, who refused to go home with the other sick boys on the Pullman train, had a hard time of it getting over to the station with the rest of us. He is a pretty sick man. On

reaching Dunn Loring we marched over to the north of the station near some trees and unloaded the baggage, when it came. No tents were put up but the men slept around on the ground.

I went on street guard, from 7.30 to 9.30 and from 11.30 to 1.30 a. m. Didn't get much sleep between reliefs either but when I could I laid out on a pile of tents. The night before, at East Falls Church, I also slept very little, "Mrs Gale" and her pups who tented next to us had so many visitors during



STATION AT DUNN LORING, VIRGINIA.

the night. The manner in which she bid them depart was more ferocious than friendly, hence I slept little during their farewells. But, once more we could hear the band and the bugle calls over in that old corn field and occasionally a yell. To-day the company is "shy" sixteen men, all on the sick list. In the whole company only eleven have so far escaped being sick since we left home.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. Most of us were up at 5. I had crackers and milk for breakfast. Orders issued to be ready to march at 8. I went up into the woods back of the

camp but could not fall asleep. When the empty passenger cars began to arrive there was some slight cheering but how different we feel, now that we are actually going home, from the way we thought we should weeks ago, when we first began to long for this very moment. Then, had the order been issued, we should have yelled for joy. Now that it has actually come the men are listless and without life, apparently caring very little whether we go or stay. This feeling of inertia and



LEAVING FOR HOME.

TAKING THE TRAIN AT DUNN LORING, VIRGINIA,
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1898.

listlessness has been growing on the men ever since the peace proclamation. We are all losing interest in everything pertaining to our duties here. The first and second battalions began to come in sight about 1.30, a big cloud of dust following them. But there was no cheering. After they had gone, we finally, at 3.30, left Dunn Loring on our way home, a heavy shower striking us just as we were taking the train.

On arriving at Washington we left the train and had luncheon up in a small hall as the guests of the Aid Society of the Pension Office. We left Washington at 6.15, getting a view of a fine sunset just outside of the city. At the Baltimore tunnel we were nearly suffocated again, the glass in the car doors having been broken completely out somewhere, before we took the train. At Wilmington we had some good coffee and reached Philadelphia at 11.30.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8. Arriving at Jersey City about sunrise, we started around New York City to Harlem River. Before we had gone under the Brooklyn bridge the whistles of all the crafts, big and little, in East River began to blow us off or acted as if they would if they could and from there clear to the dock at Harlem the people of Hogan's Alley, the Island and all along the New York front welcomed us home with bells, flags and handkerchiefs. From every tenement house window for miles out popped the heads and away to the morning breezes were flung aprons, table clothes, towels and any old thing that came handy, in the absence of the dear old flag, which, not infrequently, itself was brought forth from some sacred corner and waved at us triumphantly.

At 9.45 we once more felt ourselves moving, none too fast, under the pull of a powerful locomotive. At New Haven, where we had some good coffee, at 11.30, very few were on hand to welcome us (doubtless because our coming was so uncertain) and after half an hour's stop we started for Niantic which place we reached at 2 p. m. We marched at once to the old camp ground and pitched our tents on the grass near the sea coast battery. A dress parade was at once ordered but owing to the condition of the men this order was finally counter-manded. Before turning in I took a short swim in the salt water and rinsed off under the pump. O, how good it felt and then did'nt I sleep fine, so fagged out had I become!

P. S. Jack Brutus, "Mrs. Gale" and the three "Misses Gale" stood the trip fairly well. This is the postal I sent home on our arrival:

"We had hardly stacked guns before your telegram welcoming me to God's country was handed me, here. Talk about this being God's country, why we fairly laid down and kissed the green turf here, it looked so good, after so many weeks in that Virginia corn field with the thermometer 100 or over. It was frequently 112 in our tents. We hope to go home to-morrow (Friday) but may not till Saturday but your invitation is accepted if I have to walk to get there."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9. The air this morning was simply fine. To-night it was so cold sleeping on the ground that many could not keep warm. This is the letter I sent to The Courant:

"The First Regiment, Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, slept on the old camp grounds here last night and a great night's sleep it was, too. The night was clear and almost cold enough for a frost and the air was simply great—that is the only word sufficiently expressive, just now. The men for eight weeks had breathed nothing but lifeless air, had eaten nothing with a relish, had slept on nothing, in many cases, but Virginia clay upon which grass had long since ceased to grow. The thermometer, for forty-four days, had been 90 and over, the hottest summer on record, in that vicinity. After thus perspiring for two months and finally surviving such surroundings, to lie down last night on a bed of thick green turf and breathe in the cold, frosty air, was simply heaven. Actually, the men said they felt like getting down on their knees and kissing the fresh clean grass, it looked so good to them.

The men this morning woke up happy, for the first thought was "We are going home, our work is most over." The men also woke up somewhat refreshed, but it will take many a night like last night to bring the men back to life again. The eight weeks in camp ending in a rapidly increasing sick list, the marches to and from the train and the broken rest of the previous night on the way home, had left the whole regiment in as near a physical collapse as it well could be. A guard mount which followed immediately on our reaching here showed some of the heretofore toughest men in the regiment

unable to stand steady. But everyone was cheerful, for we had been ordered home to rest and recuperate a little before being finally mustered out.

Imagine the feelings of the men then, when the following order issued from headquarters soon after breakfast:

Company drills from 7.30 to 8.30 a. m.

Battalion drills from 9.30 to 11.30 a. m.

Battalion or regimental drills from 2.30 to 4.00 p. m.

Dress parade from 5.30 to 6.00 p. m.

Five hours of marching and drilling a day for men sent home to rest and recuperate! Had an order issued from the skies it would not have been received with more surprise. Its effect was to bring the men down out of the heaven they had been in, for a few hours, in short order. Furthermore, the statement has come from those within earshot of headquarters that we are not to receive our furloughs for two weeks or more and the daily five hour drills are to be strictly executed in the meantime. Nor will there be any individual passes issued to return home even for an hour—home, so near and yet, as it now seems, so far.

The Third Regiment left this afternoon for Camp Meade, Middletown, Pennsylvania. The First Regiment turned out to see them off, the Third going in the same cars in which the First came.

Another order has been issued which is being severely criticised by those competent to judge in the matter and that is, that the First Regiment, which now occupies new and pleasant grounds on the south side of the camp, far from the sinks and near to the bathing grounds, shall move over to the spot now vacated by the Third Regiment. When it is understood that the Third Regiment has been here three months or more and that the floors and ground beneath have become filled and saturated with the accumulations of these three months, the wisdom of moving the First Regiment over there can well be doubted.

Yesterday afternoon, within an hour after the arrival of the last section of the regiment, a dress parade was ordered

but through the vigorous kick of one of the field officers the parade was omitted. This morning, at the company drills, some of the officers only tacitly consumed the entire three hours at drill but very humanely gave the order "rest" at frequent and for none too long intervals. Many of the companies of one hundred and six men had but four fours out at drill, not one-third of the full number. It is said the delay in the granting of furloughs is due to the fact that all government property accounts must be straightened out and receipts obtained before the men leave the grounds."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10. Another fine day. Inspection ordered. Inspection omitted. The whole regiment, instead, was ordered out to clean up the grounds recently deserted by the Third Regiment preparatory to moving over there. The men of the first battalion refused to obey the order but The Courant Sunday letter best tells the story of the day. The first letter sent from here so disturbed the commandant of the regiment that he ordered Captain Saunders with emphasis to call me down. The captain did so to-day but in a manner so unlike the way intended that the blow finally fell as a mere kindly suggestion. There were no drills to-day. The state encampment of the Second and Fourth Regiments, C. N. G., which was ordered to begin Monday has been abandoned because of the sickness here. This morning we had sausage for breakfast, the first meal in three weeks to taste good to me.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11. Weather still fine. The usual Sunday sink had to be dug to-day, down near tide water. This afternoon I took a walk over by the railroad track and fell sound asleep on the rocks near the water. To-night we pinched some mattresses as well as floors from the Second Regiment mess house and slept much warmer. This was the Sunday letter referred to yesterday:

"In The Courant of Saturday mention was made of the fact that the First Regiment, which is now nicely located on new green turf on the south side of the camp grounds, had been ordered to occupy the bare grounds and use the floors left by the Third Regiment the day before. Saturday forenoon

the execution of the order began. The twelve companies with rakes, shovels and brooms were ordered over there to police and clean up the floors and grounds. The men began work, but they soon discovered the floors were so full of vermin and the grounds in such filthy condition that whole companies quit work and without orders returned to their quarters. Other companies complained to their officers and upon a personal inspection of the floors they at once ordered the men back. Finally Colonel Hammond was notified and he ordered the policing to stop till further orders. To what extent the floors of the other companies were infested I cannot say, but the floors to be slept on by Company K were pretty lively with a variety of bugs, lice or vermin of some kind or other.

Dr. McCook, who throughout our entire tour of duty has looked after the health of the regiment very closely, issued an order Saturday forbidding the men from using two of the four regimental sinks. The condition of these was such, he said, as to make them unfit for use, except under the most urgent necessity. This fact makes itself apparent to the nostrils of anyone within a distance of one thousand feet. In fact, while I was at work policing the old quarters of the Third Regiment yesterday the odor was offensive in the extreme and sleep in such quarters even should the bugs below cease their activities, would be out of the question. The sinks in question are being cleaned out and this accounts for much of the smell in that vicinity.

Passes are now being issued, good for twenty-four hours, five a day to each company and the men are gladly availing themselves of the privilege.

Yesterday all drills were omitted, in accordance with the regulations as to Saturdays. The bathing facilities are being very generally indulged in and the effect must be to tone up the lagging vitality of the men.

Last night was the coldest night ever spent upon this camp ground, in the opinion of old military men. Soon after dark the sky became overcast with indications of rain, but it soon cleared off and blew strong and cold from the north. The men were without floors in their tents and many preferred this, so

long as no rains came, but as the digging of ditches around the tents was forbidden (because of the intended change to the Third Regiment grounds), memories of last May and the prospects of getting flooded out again should a storm come were not pleasant to contemplate. So the men in groups of two or three began silently to steal away in the dark only to return in a few minutes with floors "pinched" from the grounds of the Second Regiment. These floors had been left on the grounds during the afternoon, after the tents over them had been stored away in pursuance of the abandonment of the state encampment. Some twenty-five of these floors were taken during the evening and no doubt added to the comfort of the men during the night, but no one slept warm. This morning at roll call those who had no overcoats fell in with their blankets thrown over their heads but many a man, by his actions, showed he had started a good cold during the night.

The sick list is daily increasing. In one company of the Third Battalion twenty-six men are out of the company street, either in the hospital at Hartford or in the regimental hospital here. Some are being cared for by friends, near by. In the company street several others are unable to perform their regular duties. In one of the batteries forty-six men are on the sick list out of a total of one hundred and ninety-six. Several of the new cases are undoubtedly typhoid. How many new cases of typhoid will be traced to our uncalled for detention, even for a week or so, in a fever infected camp?"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12. I went on guard this morning at 8.30 and when I was selected as colonel's orderly I thought my time had come. But no reference at all was made by Colonel Burdett to my Ceurant letters. Lieutenant Bronson complained about the men pinching mattresses because it made extra work for him. Colonel Burdett ordered a guard put over the mess house—"a guard with ball cartridges," he said, with emphasis.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13. Scene, the colonel's tent. Time 8.25 a. m. Officer, approaching: "Is the colonel in?" Orderly, in front of tent, saluting: "No, sir. He has gone

over to the battery." Another officer, approaching: "Is the colonel in?" Another officer, approaching: "Is the colonel in? Why, he ordered a meeting of the officers at 8.30." Officers all depart. Time, 8.40. Colonel returning, sends orderly for first officer. The two officers retire inside the tent. Band, at guard mount, begins to play "The Wayside Chapel." The colonel comes hurriedly out of the tent, goes close up to the band and listens. First officer, tires of waiting, leaves. Colonel returns to tent. Second officer comes back and goes into tent. Band still playing. Colonel bursts out of the tent, hurries up to band leader, whispers in his ear. Band leader stops band playing in the middle of a bar. Band leader called back to tent by colonel. "I won't have such playing. Who is making that discord? Take him out and teach him if it takes all the forenoon." Band leader goes back. Band don't play any more. Colonel enters tent. Second officer has gone. Third officer and first officer come back together. First officer waits outside. Orderly sent for second officer. Finally at the end of an hour all three officers depart, leaving their business with the colonel unfinished. I was the orderly. This scene simply illustrates the manner in which business is transacted at headquarters.

All the mattresses have been ordered back to the mess houses. K had only two fours at drill this morning, out of one hundred and six men. "No life, no appetite." This brief entry in my diary tells the whole story of my condition.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14. This morning we had calisthenics. This afternoon we were allowed to draw new mattresses. At dress parade to-night, when the officers marched, in single rank, up to the colonel's position, the goat followed them at a respectful distance but when the officers, at the command, suddenly came to a halt the goat stopped instantly and involuntarily threw back his head as if he had been struck a blow. The performance made the whole regiment laugh. My weight is down to 120, 35 pounds off. To-night some clam chowder from the restaurant just outside the gate tasted good. This short letter was sent to The Courant to-day:

“An illustration, in a small way, of the effects of too much red tape occurred here yesterday in the matter of mattresses for the men. The nights here are so cold and the change from the hot days and nights in that Virginia corn field is so sudden and great that the men feel it. A week ago yesterday the thermometer stood at 112 in my tent and that was not one of the hottest days either. Besides, many of the men have not so much fat on their bones as they had a month or two ago and it is not so easy to keep warm sleeping on the ground. So the men began looking around the night before for means of keeping themselves comfortable during the night and soon found a lot of mattresses in one of the mess houses. These they appropriated to their own uses, without felonious intent, however. The next morning there was trouble.

The mattresses belong to the State of Connecticut; the men, to the United States of America. The representatives here in camp of the State of Connecticut informed the men that they could have the mattresses to sleep on and welcome but the men must first ask for them. This request must come through regular channels and as it had not the mattresses must be returned. The men were ordered to return them forthwith and a guard, with ball cartridges, was ordered to be placed about the mess houses.

The fact is most of the members of the First Regiment, United States Volunteer Infantry, are still members of the Connecticut National Guard, on leave of absence, and as such the necessity of first asking for the mattresses would not apply to them it would seem with as much force. Still, be that as it may, the real objection to the men pinching the mattresses to keep the cold from pinching themselves, is that an invoice of the number of mattresses would have to be made out if a request through regular channels was made and this would entail considerable additional clerical work upon the quartermaster's department, now overworked already in the hurry to get home.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that last evening, as the shades of night began to fall, the men began to fall upon that

mess house again and great was the number of mattresses missing.

The order for five hours' drilling a day has been changed and now only two hours are required of the men.

Senator Hawley visited camp this afternoon and was taken about the grounds by Colonel Morgan, accompanied by Colonel Burdett and Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15. This morning K had only fourteen men at drill. This afternoon a detail went over to the hospital and carried the sick men of the company down to the station. Last night Private Fulton was aroused by some pounding on our tent and upon the second offense, he rushed around to the rear in the dark and, giving chase to the offender, caught and gave him the "Nelson," whatever that is. The fellow who got it knows I guess.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16. Sergeant DeLamater complains of a lame shoulder this morning. The rain fell all the forenoon and all drills were omitted. Lately I have been trying to get some new life into me by going in swimming twice a day and doing the dumb bell drill on the beach. It certainly is helping me some. My letters home have now been reduced to postal cards. This I sent to-day:

"I guess we are in for another Sunday here. I *could* get a pass for twenty-four hours but I'll be d—— if I ask any favors of anyone, now. The accounts of the Q. M. D. are in such a mess that we cannot see our way out yet and one thousand two hundred men are being kept here because of the inefficiency of a few officers."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17. This morning another kitchen sink on the side hill had to be dug and I was on the detail. To-day drills, inspection and parade were all omitted.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18. Discipline is getting very lax. Recently a pet pigeon made use of Captain Saunders' flag for lactrine purposes, "Mrs. Gale" and her family mussed Sergeant Henry Huntington's bed and last night Private Gale's new paper pail was found to have been used as a United States depository without his knowledge or consent. To-day for dinner we had

chicken, dumpling, sweet potatoes, bread with butter, coffee, with sugar and milk and pie. For supper, rice pudding.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19. I was No. 1 man at the guard house to-day. All our guns were turned in this afternoon but a few for the guard were re-issued to us.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. I slept on the floor of the guard house last night when off duty but couldn't keep warm. When I went on at 3 o'clock this morning, try as I would, for two hours I could not keep from shivering. It was the coldest two hours I ever passed. At 4.30 it just began to get light a little. The guard mount this morning was without arms. At 10 the company turned in all equipments. The band and regiment paraded and the whole thing was over at 1.30 p. m. To-night nine of us went over to Saunder's and had an oyster supper.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. Last night two theological students came down from Hartford to spend a night in camp with Corporal Sanderson and Private Fulton. Just before taps something seemed to stir Private Hollis to words and a stream of eloquence resounded down through the street far more profane than sacred. The visitors were dumb-founded at the variety of "cus" words Private Hollis had at his command and the combinations he made were truly marvelous. Later I found that Corporal Pierce was the cause of this outburst of oratory by suggesting to Private Hollis that he entertain the visitors with a little. Twenty-six members of the company are now on the sick list and have been relieved from duty. Of my eight tent mates (those with whom I have tented since leaving Niantic in May) three are in the hospital, two others are on the sick list, one is home on sick furlough and another is relieved from duty. In the whole company, out of one hundred and six men, but three have gone through the entire term of service without being sick at one time or another. I am one of the three and have not missed a roll call nor been relieved from a single duty.

The last night in camp was one of the old sort, like those we had before seeing Camp Alger. The fun began in the

afternoon with an onion and potato fight between the kitchen detail and the street, during which a good share of the missiles landed in the rear of the major's tent. At retreat the yelling began. During the evening the tents of First Sergeant and Sergeant H. L. Huntington were demolished during their absence and worse looking wrecks I never saw. After things had quieted down a little some of the wreckers began monkeying with the ropes of our tent. Private Fulton was on the alert but I lulled him to sleep with the promise that I would watch out for them. I did so and when all was ready I slipped out of the tent and down it came, smothering Private Fulton in the ruins. That evens up I told him for the night at Portland when he doused me with a pail of water. But the fun was not all over. Suddenly a cry of fire was heard. We had all been waiting for it and every one in K seemed to know, without looking, just where the fire was. The row of bath houses, long in such a filthy condition that the men had utterly refused to use them, were found in flames. The whole regiment was soon aroused and Company L came down in double quick time, in fine shape. There was nothing to do but let the thing burn and after letting it burn awhile, the Danbury company marched back to their quarters again in good order. So did the rest of us, after the last timber had fallen. It was a clean job, well done and Trumpeter Camp had the pleasure of sounding the "Fire" call in addition to participating in other interesting events.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. All hands were up at 5. Company M men had been up an hour, then. Tents were struck at 6 and then all the borrowed mattresses and spring beds had to be returned. We left camp at 9.45 and Niantic at 10.30. We were all very happy, but how quiet! We had been kept at Niantic so long, so unnecessarily long, that the pleasure had been discounted—our starting for home was very tame indeed. Just as we took the train we heard of Private Dimock's death. In K he was the first to fall. Tame as our starting was, our welcome home however, was all that we had imagined and more. It was great. But what is the use of going into the details of

an event so recent and one long to remain vivid in our memories. One thing I must mention. We arrived at Asylum street at 12.45 and reached the armory soon after 1 o'clock where a luncheon had been provided. Soon after, the men began to appear on the streets in citizen's clothes once more and then they rushed up to each other and shook hands like old friends long parted, forgetting for the instant that they had only been away from each other an hour or so. The Derby hat that I wore last spring and which just fitted me then, now goes down to my ears, so thin had I become.

This is the last Courant letter :

"You ask me how it seems to get home. It seems queer ; queer, the way those at home greet us.

"Hello, George," they said, "did you have a good time?" I was looking down into Union Place from the railroad platform, recalling the memorable Fourth of May when the whole space was filled with a pretty array of bright colors, mingled with a sea of sad faces bidding us farewell. Often, since, had we recalled that scene in Union Place, crowded as it then was with all that was dear to us. Now we were permitted to look down upon that spot again and though the crowd was not so dense, the faces were much brighter. This and much more was running through my mind when someone again asked me if I had had a good time.

A good time ! I rubbed my eyes to see if I was awake and pulled myself together—what there was left. Thirty-five pounds had gone somewhere, to which fact my cheek bones and shrunken form prominently testified.

"Well, Frank, have you enjoyed yourself since you have been away?" There it was again. Had we all been away on some vacation or moonlight excursion? It could hardly have been a moonlight excursion, for nothing but the sun, and a southern sun at that, could have melted the meat off men like us.

"Hello, Will. That's a good color on your face. Guess out-of-door life agreed with you." A good color in our faces ! The last two weeks of sea air at Niantic may have falsely

painted that for us, but the wasted forms beneath, we knew, were still full of malaria.

So it went, along Ford, up Pearl, through Trumbull street to Main—everywhere the one thought prominent in the minds of those at home was, "Have you enjoyed yourselves? Did you have a good time?" as if we were returning home from some grand excursion—a party of Cook's tourists. Even the good, old faithful Courant, in welcoming us back to Connecticut soil, mentioned the fact that, if nothing else, we had at least seen a good deal of our own country. Everywhere it was the same picnic idea.

"Yes," said a member of Company K to Sergeant Beebe one day down at Camp Alger, after coming in from one of those lively skirmish drills, under the hot sun and in the dust and filth, "you told me up in the armory that if I would join Company K I would have a hell of a time and sure, I'm having it now, ain't I?"

And, as soon as we could get out of our uniforms and appear on the street in civilian's clothes, modestly ready to be congratulated upon even the inconspicuous part we had taken in the grand result of the war, this is the way intelligent men met us:

"Well, I'm glad to see you back, alive. It's a wonder you are, the way things were managed. This whole business has sort of been mismanaged from the start. To begin with, your rations, they tell me, were not fit for a dog and not half enough of them either."

"But," I remonstrated feebly, for the malaria will take the fight out of any man, "we, in our company, had three square meals a day issued to us and it was well cooked, too."

"Well, that may be, in your case," replied this military critic dubiously, "but those fellows out in Nebraska tell a different story."

The next man to analyze the inefficiency of the War department began thus: "Let's see, you have been at Niantic all summer. Well, you're lucky not to have been sent to Cuba, for that Santiago expedition was a failure from beginning to

end. Richard Harding Davis says so. He says the thing to do, when Sampson found the forts, mines and torpedoes at the entrance of the harbor made it impossible for him to get at Cervera, was for Shafter to take these forts and things at the point of the bayonet. If Shafter had done this, Cervera would not have escaped."

"But Cervera didn't escape very much, did he?" I interposed mildly, "and we heard Santiago had surrendered with an army twice as big as Shafter's."

"So it has, but Spain dictated the terms to us."

A third critic, who met us with failure on his lips, announced, "I have watched the course of events during this war very closely and have come to the conclusion that it is one stupendous blunder."

"But we licked them, didn't we?"

"Y—yes, but that was a mistake."

You ask me how it seems to get home and be met by such greetings and such arguments as these? So far as the prevalence of the picnic idea exists, it may be natural enough. The First Regiment, when it was split up in May and distributed along the New England coast, did have a picnic, for a time. But that did not last, at least the picnic experience, though the picnic idea continued to prevail at home, just the same. Where Camp Alger was, very few of us, even in the regiment, knew, and fewer at home possibly took the trouble to find out. Camp Thomas and Chickamauga Park had been pictured as such a beautiful spot, a paradise in fact, that probably Camp Alger in Virginia was considered a counterpart of it—a Garden of Eden annex. How far these impressions were, though, from the facts as we found them!

A single reference to the official reports will show how these camps failed to become the ideal picnic grounds expected. Since these two camps were established, nearly six hundred volunteers have died in them; more than twice the number killed in the battles at and around Santiago. In the light of these official figures, the people at home ought to begin to realize that the First Regiment has had no picnic this

past summer; that it has, in fact, encountered as great peril in the typhoid germ as other regiments have in the Mauser bullet. The crowded wards at the Hartford Hospital and the fever patients in many anxious homes indicate that the experience of the men, at least, has not been conducive to their good health and now, in the presence of these newly made mounds in Hartford, Rockville, New Britain and other places from which the First Regiment drew its life and young blood, let us hope this picnic idea will soon vanish away—vanish as quickly as the sound of the volleys being fired over the graves dies away after the word of command, leaving the low notes of that beautiful bugle call to remind us all, that another and still another member of the First Regiment, as the result of its outgoing in May, has returned in September only to have the sweet music of the soldier's "Good-night" sounded in his deaf ears.

As for these tales of inefficiency, incompetency and failure that meet us on our return home, consider for a moment to whom they were addressed. Every man of us during our absence had grown to feel that he was a part, more and more, of one great whole, one grand army, and that its success or its failure was in part, his own success or failure—the capture of Manila was his, the suffering at Santiago his own. And if such mistakes have occurred and such mismanagement taken place, let those who were the first to suffer be those who shall first complain. If only the soldier who suffered complained, how few complaints would there be, for the American soldier does not complain—he is made of different stuff. But if such glorious results, which none can deny, have been brought about by a series of such stupendous blunders, then thank God for the blunders.

The First Regiment, to be sure, did not see active service nor was it to be expected that in a three months' war the whole army would reach the firing line. Some must act as the support and others must take their places in the reserve. All are necessary. No, the First Regiment did not even hear a hostile shot, but whether we formed a part of the firing line or

were ordered to take our place with the reserve, whether we stopped Mauser bullets or took in typhoid germs, whether or not we failed even to see a live Spaniard, Spain and I doubt not other European countries, jealous of our territorial increase, but awed into respectful acquiescence nevertheless by the grand spectacle, saw us, two hundred thousand of us, all armed and equipped ready and eager to move up to the firing line and if necessary take a more active part in a war so completely successful, in the end, that few instances of like character are found recorded in history. Who would not feel proud as indeed we all do, to return home, after even such slight service, rendered in answer to the call of the President of the best government and in furtherance of the general welfare of the best people upon the face of this earth?"

* * * * *

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21. The thirty days furlough is ended and we came together at the Elm Street armory at 8 o'clock this morning for final examination and muster out. And O, how it makes me feel to meet all the boys again! I have been away, up in the White Mountains, since our return from Niantic and have seen none of them during our furlough. But now that I have met them again after even so short an absence a new experience has come into my life. A college class reunion isn't in it. On those occasions the impulse is to yell and hurrah. Now, I just want to put my arms around their necks and cry. The love of a husband for his wife, of a brother for his sister, is one thing but this is far different. Now I know, only in part perhaps, the feeling which I have heard old veterans try to explain when they meet at their reunions—the feeling which ties their tongues and can only find expression in a loving embrace and a flood of tears. To experience this, to know even in a lesser degree, the feeling those old veterans have for each other, is worth all it has cost and more, far more. Roll calls at 8.30, 11.30, 1.30 and 4.30 daily.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24. Company K went through the physical examinations to-day.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27. Muster roll signed to-day.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28. Band concert for benefit of the sick at Foot Guard Hall.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29. Banquet at Ball's restaurant at the expense of the ration fund.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31. Private Tinkham and myself were orderlies to Captains Walter Howe and John P. Wisser, mustering out officers. We carried the muster rolls when the regiment was called out upon the armory floor. K was the first company mustered out, the members present answering to their names and stepping two or three paces to the front. This was at 2.30 p. m. The company, upon being mustered out, marched out of the armory and assembled in front where Captain Saunders made a short address. Company F made the finest appearance on the floor, the men being lined up in alphabetical order. As they stepped to the front the line remained broken only at one point and the effect was a marked improvement on the broken lines of the other companies. I remained on duty till 5.30 and was the last enlisted man in the company, if not in the regiment, (the sick men excepted) to be relieved from duty.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7. Company K was paid off, the \$5.65 over-pay from the State of Connecticut during the month of May last, first being deducted.

Dates and Events.

War between the United States and Spain began April 21, 1898, that date being named in an act of Congress passed on April 25, declaring that a state of war existed. Spain issued a declaration of war on April 24. Hostilities ended with the signing of the protocol by the Secretary of State for the United States and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, acting for Spain, on August 12, 1898. The war lasted 114 days. The principal events preceding and during the war and the dates on which they occurred are as follows:

FEBRUARY 15—The United States battleship *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana. According to the report of the Court of Inquiry appointed by the United States, the explosion was due to an external mine.

APRIL 20—President McKinley, authorized by Congress to intervene in Cuba, using the United States military and naval forces, sent an ultimatum to Spain. The Spanish Minister at once left Washington and the next day the United States Minister left Madrid.

APRIL 22—A proclamation was issued by the President blockading the principal ports of Cuba.

APRIL 23—President McKinley issued a call for 125,000 volunteers to serve for two years.

APRIL 27—The batteries of Matanzas, Cuba, were shelled by Admiral Sampson's flagship, the *New York*, with the monitor *Puritan* and the cruiser *Cincinnati*.

APRIL 29—The Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Cervera, consisting of the *Christobal Colon*, the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Maria Teresa* and the *Vizcaya*, and the *Furor*, *Terror* and *Pluton*, left the Cape Verde Islands for Cuba.

MAY 1—Rear-Admiral Dewey, commanding the United States Asiatic Squadron, destroyed the entire Spanish fleet in the Philippines without losing a man.

- MAY 11—The Wilmington, Winslow and Hudson engaged the Spanish batteries at Cardenas. Ensign Bagley and four of the Winslow's crew were killed. Major-General Wesley Merritt was ordered to the Philippines as military governor.
- MAY 12—A United States fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral Sampson, bombarded the fortifications of San Juan, Porto Rico.
- MAY 19—Admiral Cervera's fleet reached Santiago de Cuba and a few days later was "bottled up" there by the "flying squadron" of Commodore Schley.
- MAY 25—President McKinley called for 75,000 more volunteers. Twenty-five hundred United States troops sailed from San Francisco for Manila, several thousand more following later.
- MAY 31—The Massachusetts, Iowa and New Orleans bombarded the fortifications at the mouth of Santiago harbor. They were bombarded again several times after Admiral Sampson took command of the fleet.
- JUNE 3—Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson with seven men ran the collier Merrimac into Santiago harbor and sank her in the channel, under the fire from the Spanish forts. Hobson and his men were taken prisoners.
- JUNE 10—Six hundred marines were landed at Caimanera, Guantanamo Bay, where sharp skirmishing continued for several days, several Americans being killed.
- JUNE 12—The Fifth Army Corps, commanded by Brigadier-General Shafter, sailed from Tampa on twenty-nine transports for Santiago, arriving off there on June 20.
- JUNE 13—President McKinley signed the War Revenue bill, providing for the raising of revenues by a stamp tax and providing for a popular bond loan.
- JUNE 17—A Spanish fleet under Admiral Camara left Cadiz for the Philippines, but returned after passing through the Suez Canal.
- JUNE 22—General Shafter's troops began disembarking at Baiquiri and Siboney, near Santiago.

- JUNE 24—Roosevelt's Rough Riders were attacked while advancing towards Santiago; sixteen Americans were killed and forty more wounded before the Spaniards were repulsed.
- JULY 1—General Lawton took El Caney, near Santiago, and General Kent, commanding the first division of the Fifth Army Corps, which included the Second, Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth infantry and the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, took San Juan Hill after heavy fighting. Official reports gave the American losses 231 killed and 1,364 wounded and missing.
- JULY 3—Admiral Cervera's squadron made a dash out of Santiago Harbor, and every vessel was sunk or disabled by the American fleet. General Shafter demanded the surrender of Santiago. The seizure of Guam, in the Ladrone Islands, by the Charleston, was reported.
- JULY 7—President McKinley signed resolutions passed by the Senate annexing the Hawaiian Islands to the United States and the Philadelphia was ordered to Honolulu to raise the American flag.
- JULY 17—General Toral, in command of the Spanish troops at Santiago, General Linares being wounded, surrendered his forces and the eastern portion of the province of Santiago de Cuba to General Shafter.
- JULY 20—General Leonard R. Wood, formerly colonel of the First Volunteer cavalry, was appointed Military Governor of Santiago.
- JULY 25—United States troops, under General Nelson A. Miles, landed at Guanica, Porto Rico, the town having surrendered to the Gloucester after a few shots.
- JULY 26—Through the French Ambassador, the government of Spain asked President McKinley upon what terms he would consent to peace.
- JULY 28—Ponce, the second largest city in Porto Rico, surrendered to General Miles and he was received by the

residents with joyful acclamations. Capture of several other towns, with little or no fighting, followed.

JULY 30—President McKinley's statement of the terms on which he would agree to end the war was given to the French Ambassador. The President demanded the independence of Cuba, cession of Porto Rico and one of the Ladrões to the United States and the retention of Manila by the United States pending the final disposition of the Philippines by a joint commission.

JULY 31—United States troops engaged the Spaniards at Malate, near Manila, in the Philippines, and repulsed them, with some loss on both sides.

AUGUST 9—The French Ambassador presented to President McKinley, Spain's reply, accepting his terms of peace.

AUGUST 12—Protocols agreeing as to the preliminaries for a treaty of peace were signed by Secretary Day and the French Ambassador. United States military and naval commanders were ordered to cease hostilities. The blockades of Cuba, Porto Rico and Manila were lifted and the war was ended.









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