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PRO ARIS ET PRO FOCIS



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THE COLORS BEFORE SANTIAGO

And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

“K” Company
71st Regiment, New York Volunteers

A RECORD
of its experience and services during

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

and a
MEMORIAL TO ITS DEAD

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CHARLES H. BRINER

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Mar. 8, 1900

T O T H E M E M O R Y

O F O U R

C O L O R E D F R I E N D S

The 24th U. S. Infantry (Regulars)

who fighting and dying with us on

SAN JUAN HILL

taught us a new respect and appreciation of the race to
which they belong

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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Only 500 copies of this Record of "K" Company,
71st New York Volunteers, are issued.

This is copy No. 499

Charles Scott

“Lie down—Lie down—Lie down”

“Don't Swear, boys, Shoot”

“Drive those Spaniards out”



*“ Left front into line of squads, as skirmishers,
double time, march*





THE following chronicle of the doings of "K" Company in the late war with Spain, makes no pretensions as an historical account. The idea that has governed in preparing it has been merely to describe that small section of the field of action in which we had place, and to recall again to "K" Company men the incidents of our experience in the army of Uncle Sam; and it is for this reason that personality has entered this record to so great an extent.

With regard to the statement on any debated point, it can only be said that this is simply a description of affairs as they appeared to the recorder. To others, they may have looked differently. He can only speak from personal knowledge.

Historian "K" Company





THE KITCHEN (CAMP BLACK)



THE COMPANY BARBER



FORT TAMPA



ON BOARD THE "VIGILANCIA"



THE evening newspapers of April 25th, 1898, contained the news that a state of war had been declared to exist between the United States and Spain. The suspense and uncertainty of the past two months was ended. Instantly, in every State in the Union, thousands of young men stood forward, eager for the chance to serve their country.

In response to a telegram from headquarters at Albany, the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y., was assembled in its Armory on the evening of April 26th, and to each man was put the question whether he would enlist in the United States service, provided the organization of the regiment was kept intact. About four-fifths of the regiment expressed their willingness for duty, devotion to family obligations preventing a unanimous response.

Late on the evening of Friday, April 29th, news reached the Armory that the 71st Regiment was one of those selected for duty, and Monday morning, May 2d, saw us started for Hempstead, L. I., where a preparatory camp had been established. Probably to none of us, as we marched out of the Armory and down to the ferry, did it occur how serious an undertaking we had entered on; how great the dangers and privations that were to fall to us, and how many places in the ranks, now full, would be empty on our return, four months later.

**Camp Black,
Hempstead, L. I.
May 2d to 12th.**

Camp Black is memorable for a condition and a character. The condition one of incessant rain, which by a steady downpour that made tent-life far less ideal than it has been pictured, tried its hardest to dampen our enthusiasm. Yet some mitigations existed in "K" Company. Each

tent had its own well provided larder to supplement the somewhat scanty rations; and the charms of feminine society were not entirely unknown, especially at the first tent.

Here the new men were initiated into the routine of Company duty, and a brilliant innovation in the way of chevrons was made by the company clerk, who in token of his office, appeared before the startled beholders with a pair of gold chevrons worn upside down. They disappeared after an interview with the First Lieutenant.

The character which Camp Black developed, is of course, none other than William. William, whose name must never be mentioned, save in connection with a big D. William of the coffee pot and steak! Alas, poor William! Oblivion swallowed thee at Williamsburg, but thy memory shall ever be cherished among us.

At Camp Black, on May 10th, the men of the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y., were mustered into the service of the United States, and the organization now became known as the 71st Regiment, New York Volunteers.

Camp at Hempstead was broken on Thursday, May 12th, the 71st Regiment being the first of the volunteers to start south, as it had been the first to be mustered in. A

weary night was spent in making the transfer from the cars at Williamsburg to the "City of Washington," which had been designated to carry us. We found the vessel ill-prepared for so large a number as had been assigned to it, and were rejoiced when orders were received to leave and take the cars at Jersey City for the South.

The journey from Jersey City to Lakeland, Florida, is one of the most pleasant memories of our trip. We passed scarcely a station along the way, where the towns-

City of
Washington,
May 13th and 14th.

people were not out to welcome us, sometimes bringing flowers or fruit with them for the boys. They were eager for souvenirs of any kind, and a trail of cartridges with the number of the regiment scratched on, or hard-tack on which the name had been printed, marked our progress. Some of these bore fruit later. For fuller information on the subject apply to Private G. W. Weeden.

Lakeland, Fla.
May 17th-30th.

Lakeland is a memory of incessant drill amid the sandy wastes and choking dust of Florida in summer time. Constant exercise in battalion and regimental formation continued the process which company drill had begun, and the regiment began to understand itself as a unit. And for a time, "K" Company marched next behind the band. But not for long, for with the promotion of Captain Keck to the command of the Third Battalion, we became the junior company, a position we occupied until mustered out. Our First Lieutenant became Captain and "K" Company rejoiced to find itself under one of the most able officers in the regiment—Capt. E. A. Selfridge, Jr.

Despite the heat and dust and work, we can look back upon our stay at Lakeland with pleasure, for we had good health, fair grub, and the chance to swim in the lake at evening and early morning. Mail from home made its appearance regularly, and an occasional box of provender would stray in.

Still we were anxious for the onward movement that was to land us in Cuba, to begin. The "Rumor Committee" met regularly, where and as provided for in the "Articles of War," but until May 31st, their deliberations were without result. On that day camp was broken, our baggage stowed on our backs, and at five

in the morning we started for the cars. A tedious ride carried us the twenty miles to Ybor City of unsavory reputation, and then a three mile march landed us on Tampa Heights.

Tampa Heights,
May 31st-June 7th. Camp on the Heights lay three miles from the City of Tampa, and the temptation to spend an evening there, sometimes outweighed consideration for the edicts which issued from the head of the street. A fifth of the Company remembers that roll call, one evening after dark, when the other four-fifths were away, engaged on private foraging details. And the cavalry charge made by the returning heroes in the early morning! The real truth of that incident has never been made plain. Was it Foley or Billy Carr that rode the mule? And the animated graveyard!

A startling accumulation of coin attended the stay of some of the members of "K" Company at Tampa Heights, while for others, this period was a time of mourning for vanished wealth.

Our first governmental pay-day made its appearance, and the rigors of an army diet were thereby mitigated.

On Tuesday night, January 7th, Tuesday was our regular moving day, camp was struck on Tampa Heights, the tents falling to the bugle note in perfect unison, while the regulars stood along the side lines and applauded. That was a pleasant evening we spent beside the blazing fires, under the southern night, while the different companies sang the old favorites, "Way down Yonder in the Corn-field," or "On the Banks of the Wabash."

**SS. Vigilancia,
June 8th-24th.** The next afternoon saw us on board the transport "Vigilancia," after a vexatious tramping to and fro to find where we belonged, or if we really belonged there at all. Our berths, in tiers three deep, "K" Company in the forward hold, which was shared with "B," "E" and "L" Companies, came as something of a luxury after a month with the bare ground for a bed, even if they were pine boards without mattresses. It was aboard the ship that we became acquainted with our new lieutenant, Lester J. Blauvelt, who commanded the respect and enjoyed the good will of the men through the entire campaign.

Friday, June 10th, the transport left the pier where we had been moored, and took a position in mid-stream. But not till nearly a week later, Wednesday the 15th, was the start for Cuba actually made.

In the meanwhile, time hung heavy on our hands, a dip over the side of the ship being the chief diversion. Our boating parties, at this time, when the sailors of "K" covered themselves with glory and the rest of the Company with salt water, should not be forgotten. After the voyage had commenced, things were, if possible, even duller; and it was in the endeavor to vary this monotony, after taps one night, that the unhappy incident occurred for which Von Kromer was seized upon to bear the blame, he being probably the only innocent member of the crowd. A daily cake-walk was instituted, but as this threatened to shake all the bolts out of the ship, it was abandoned.

Toward the latter part of the voyage, the rations, none too abundant at any time, began to grow exceedingly slim, and the efforts we made to add to them were without any very careful inquiry as to the ownership of anything eatable. For a time, condensed

milk and lime juice flowed in plenty, and it was not until later that the officers of the Third Battalion mess discovered that there was a shortage in these staples.

Monday, June the 20th, we sighted Cuba. The country on the coast is high and mountainous, changing in appearance as we gradually approached, from a bank of clouds on the northern water-line to a steep cliff, broken by ravines. A series of long mounds, three or four hundred feet high, lined the shore and extended abruptly down into the water, the waves running up among the rocks at the foot, sending up clouds of white spray. Behind lay an irregular mountain ridge, some eight or nine hundred feet above the sea, the crest hidden by low-hanging clouds. Along the shore, and between the mounds, there were Spanish villages, and one town of considerable size. That night we were so close in that we could see the red-roofed cottages, and the high trestle of a railroad bridge, with the cars still standing upon it.

The following day, we stood out to sea again, but, on Wednesday morning, came close in, to within a mile of land. The warships went still closer, forming a line about half a mile off shore. What a splendid spectacle it was! A gunboat came across under our stern, with a string of flags flying from the foremast, and the men in white canvas suits standing beside the guns in the side turrets, ready to open fire.

The regiments which were to form the landing party, wearing brown service uniforms, with their rolls slung across their bodies, were loaded into small boats, and these, in strings of three or four, towed in toward shore by steam launches with machine guns at the bow. When the boats were well under shelter of the war-vessels, the latter opened fire on the land, shelling the town and the heights. Under cover of the fire,

the boats crept in close, keeping up a continuous stream of fire from the machine guns.

On Thursday evening, a message was shouted to us from the Segurancia, to the effect that we were to land at once. This Company's turn for disembarkation came about two in the morning. Thirty men or more at a time were loaded into long boats belonging to vessels of the fleet, and then towed in to shore by launches and we jumped from the gunwale of the boat to the pebbly beach, a distance of about three feet, loaded with our guns and all equipments. All except Billy Weeden, who emphasized his love of the briny deep by attempting to swim ashore.

It was a strange scene, and one not quickly to be forgotten; the sea-shore strewn with men, some gathered around huge fires which we built to dry our wet clothes; new boat loads driving in from out of the darkness; the sailors standing waist deep in water to see that the landing was safely made; the whole scene lit up by the rays of the searchlights which struck upon the unfamiliar forms of the tropic vegetation, bringing out their vivid greens. Far up on the blackness of the mountain behind, signal lanterns blinked, telling where the outposts had been established. The enemy had constructed some rifle-pits amid the sand, but had not lingered to use them.

Siboney,
June 24th-27th. At eight-thirty that morning, the regiment was marched to the machine shops of the Juragua Iron Company. At eleven, the order was given to fall in with only gun and extra ammunition.

Las Guasimas,
June 24th. We struggled up the steep hill behind us in single file, and then marched westward about two miles through the underbrush, till a halt was called, and we lay down under the trees. The heat that day was frightful,

and several of the boys were overcome. After being held in reserve for an hour or two we marched back to camp, passing on the way a considerable stock of canvas uniforms, haversacks, tents and equipments which the regulars had thrown away.

The next two or three days passed quickly. We were cooking our own grub then, and some dozens of new ways of preparing beans, hard-tack and pork were immediately discovered. Here too, we first learned the proper army method of grinding coffee in a tin cup. Commissary details were the daily routine, varied by un-official "details" in search of cocoanuts. The Cuban patriots overran the camp, and we all remember the broad-sword exhibition that one of them gave.

A start was made from Siboney early Monday morning, and the march towards Santiago commenced, passing on the way the graves of those who had died in Friday's fight. A tramp of six or seven miles brought us to a grassy opening, and there camp was pitched.

Sevilla,
"Camp Hungry," Hungry," for the scarcity of supplies was such that hard-tacks attained
June 27th-July 1st. a considerable money value. During a heavy storm, the Tropical
Open-Air Shower Bath was here invented, and some of the men who had
ostentatiously shown that they were the proud possessors of a piece of soap, were left in
a considerable fix by the sudden cessation of the down-pour.

The camp was alarmed one night by a shot, but the cause of the disturbance proved to be a perambulating land crab.

The first man in "K" Company to succumb to the fever was taken ill here.



THE "SIGURANCIA" (GEN. SHAFER'S FLAGSHIP)



A TRUCE



SOME OF THE 24TH



SAN JUAN BLOCK-HOUSE

Thursday afternoon the regiment was marched a mile or two down the road after provisions, and in the evening these were distributed—three days' rations to each man. This took till late at night.

The next morning we were astir long before day-break, and with all equipments and provisions, started toward Santiago. About eight, we halted in a clearing to one side of the road. After a short wait, we went on again, marching in columns of fours. The cannon in front of us were firing steadily, the sound gradually becoming louder. On passing out of the thicket through which the trail lay, we could see the artillery on El Poso hill apparently about to limber up and move on. The war balloon passed us at this point, being towed along a trail to the right of ours by a dozen men who seemed to manage it with difficulty. Now we came to a stream which was forded, and then forded again. We passed a Gatling gun battery.

**Battle of
San Juan,
July 1st.**

A little further on, and a peculiar sing song began to be heard in the air. In a vague way, we recognized that this was the bullets, but the fact seemed of no immediate interest. McClelland of "E" Company, behind us, was hit in the knee-cap, and fell over to one side. A more vivid realization of what the humming sound meant came to us then. Suddenly a battery which seemed close above our heads, but was concealed by the foliage, opened up. We ordered to lie down beside the road. We could see nothing. The only way the position of the enemy could be guessed at, was by listening to the bullets. A shell fell in the forward part of the Company, bruising Everhart and Gieseman, but failed to explode. Von Kromer picked it up and uses it now as a beer mug. We were ordered

to move forward, which we did, turning at right angles to the left, and then again ordered to lie down, off to one side of the trail. Here it seemed to rain bullets. They whistled through the air above, cut the branches of the bushes under which we lay, or with a thud, buried themselves in the sod. Poor Schofield was struck here, never to recover consciousness. The trail was filled with wounded going to the rear, litter bearers carrying those too far gone to help themselves. Again the order to advance was given. It came as a relief. Any kind of action is better than passively lying to be shot at. This time we went forward about three hundred yards, forded a stream from the far side of which we could see Major Keck waving to us to come on, and emerged from the thicket into the open field at last.

Before us we saw a hill, with a low, flat building that looked more like a villa than a block-house, set upon it. We were not the first, for the Stars and Stripes were already on the side hill, and just under the crest, a line of blue figures could be seen running up to fire at the retreating enemy. We were fairly sheltered from the bullets by the hill. Those that reached us seemed to be high, striking among the branches of the trees. The battalion, without confusion, and in perfect alignment, deployed in extended order, and we crossed the intervening field, and mounted the hill. Here we threw ourselves down on our faces, waiting to support the regulars in case they should need help to repel an attack.

Some of the boys crawled up to the firing line to take a shot, but the powder raised so much smoke, that a fair mark was offered to the enemy to fire at, and a rain of bullets followed. Darkness soon settled down and the fighting for the day was over.

The next morning as soon as it grew light enough to distinguish objects clearly, the cracking of the rifles along the crest of the hill, and to our left and right, began again. The enemy replied with well-aimed volleys, and seemed to have found the range more accurately than on the day before. While we were sheltered from a direct fire from the front, our left flank was exposed, and within a few minutes, four or five men were shot, Niemeyer and André of "K" among them, Niemeyer through the lung and mouth, and André in the right arm. Major Keck in command of the battalion, understanding that we were to move out of fire, ordered us to come round out of our exposed position to a safer one on the right, but General Kent came up at this minute and told us to go back, so back we went, to lie there all day.

The upper side of the hillside where we were stationed was bare of any shade except that of a single scraggly bush, and the rays of the sun beat down on us all day as though focused through a burning glass. In the afternoon it rained, a sharp, sudden downpour, which, though it drenched us, was much appreciated.

Our position was not an enviable one. We were deprived of the confidence that action gives, and lay passively waiting till a call should be made for our services. Flights of bullets constantly passed above us, but these were not the worst; one became accustomed to their singing, but the big gun which they had over in Santiago was a terror. We could hear it boom far back in the city, then the shell came moaning through the air, while we tried to figure out where it would strike. Then it burst with a crash, sometimes in front of us, sometimes beyond, and sometimes directly over our heads. One exploded on the top of the hill, killing several of the regulars, while pieces from others struck the ground all around us.

Water was brought in canteens, from the stream which we crossed on Friday. A little resting station for the wounded on the way to the rear was established on the bank where we crossed, although the place was far from safe, the bullets rattling among the branches overhead or sinking into the trunks of the trees. About twenty wounded lay there on Saturday morning, with no hospital corps man to look after their needs, those who were less severely hurt attending, as well as possible, to the wants of those seriously injured.

The trees in the rear were still full of sharpshooters whose retreat had been cut off by our advance. They were in a desperate position and had determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, keeping up a continuous fire on officers, wounded and details. Details were sent out to kill or capture them, and many bit the dust. Sergeant Goulden, with two of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, fired a volley at one whom they saw in a tree about two hundred yards away. He fell to the ground with two bullet-holes, and the question is still unsettled as to who shot the Spaniard?

Saturday night, as the sun set behind the hills in the west, and the short tropic twilight came to an end, the Twenty-fourth Infantry left the rifle-pits in front of us, and we were ordered to fall in to hold them through the night.

We found the pits about a foot deep, and five feet from front to rear, with a wall of earth between, and immediately set in to deepen and widen them. Three or four men were assigned to each pit, and a line of pickets thrown out in front. About ten o'clock, firing began on the right, and soon the whole line was in a blaze. The picket-guard at this time consisted of Sergeant Whitenack and a detail; and through a misun-

derstanding, orders to fire were given before they had a chance to return. Caught between the two fires, they ran up the hill and tumbled over the embankment in the face of our volleys; every one, in some miraculous manner, escaping injury. The up-roar was tremendous, the gatling-guns at the head of the valley adding to the noise. A sheet of fire ran from hill to hill, curving in and out, marking the line which our entrenchments followed. Through it all, Major Markly, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, walked up and down the lines, paying as little heed to danger as though on dress-parade, and the bugle kept sounding "cease firing," varied by the "stable call," when the bugler lost his presence of mind.

Next morning, we left the trenches to the accompaniment of a fairly accurate fire from the Spaniards. Foley was hit in the arm, the bullet making a clean, round hole.

At noon, on Sunday, a truce was declared. Before that, however, forty men from the battalion were sent on detail to widen roads and bury the dead. The trail was being enlarged to a width of twenty-five feet, so that the heavy artillery could be brought to the front.

The men of the third battalion struck up a great friendship with the colored men of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and all along the trail, which led down the hill, black and white could be seen together, preparing rations or swapping experiences in the battle. The term "a gentleman and a soldier," was certainly exemplified by the men of that regiment.

Wednesday morning, orders were received for the battalion to leave the San Juan

Hill, and take position on the line of support further toward the left. We pitched camp on the sloping hillside, and started the construction of an embankment designed to protect us from the enemy's artillery.

But probably this would have proved inadequate, and we were not sorry early Saturday morning to march from our station along the rear of the whole line to nearly the extreme right.

Here the trenches had already been dug, so we were spared further exertion in that line. From this point we had our first real view of Santiago—the brick barracks, well protected by red cross flags; the bull pen beyond; block-houses and entrenchments, and to the right the bay. Guard was mounted on the trenches, and our shelter-tents erected in the rear.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on Sunday, the truce of the preceding week was declared at an end, and along both lines firing commenced.

So far as we were concerned small injury was received, a flesh wound, inflicted by a piece of shell on Anderson, being the only damage done in the regiment. The smoke from our guns presented so good a mark that we received an embarrassing amount of attention. (The regulars spoke of us as the light artillery.) But meanwhile, judging from the amount of lead expended, the enemy should have been decimated. Every dark patch on the landscape was a mark for our ambitious sharpshooters, and with the aid of Von Kromer's "telescope," which worked rather better when the larger end was held to the eye, the palm trees in front were riddled. Supper that night was an exceedingly sparse meal, as was breakfast the following morning.

Monday the fire from our side was maintained by the artillery, which shelled the town, the Spaniards failing to reply. It was a magnificent sight. A battery of artillery was stationed at each side of us. First to the right of us, and then to the left, a cloud of white smoke would leap up; a moment's wait and then far over on the plain a puff of dust would rise and the report of the explosion come faintly back. Sometimes the shells burst in the air, and sometimes they struck the Spanish block-houses, and we could imagine how uncomfortable the enemy's position must be. One shot penetrated the roof of the Coliseum and exploded inside. At noon on this day a new truce was begun.

A favorite remark of "K" Company men when the subject of rain is under discussion is, "You ought to have seen it rain in Cuba." And the gentle shower that fell on this Monday night while we stood guard along the trenches would justify a statement, which to one unacquainted with the tropical method of using the watering-pot, would seem the wildest exaggeration. The water descended in sheets, while the night, except when the lightning for a moment would make the country as bright as day, was so dark that a man a step away was invisible. But in spite of the drenching, the men, who were pretty well tired out, managed to obtain some sleep. Some lay right in the pools, others took it standing up, although in the case of "Scotty," with rather unpleasant results. A scientific feat, compared with which the discovery of liquid air is a mere nothing, was performed by the pedagogic Sours, who succeeded in starting a fire.

The week following passed without special incident, excepting the presence of General Miles, who rode around the lines with his staff.

Surrender of
Santiago.
July 17th.

On Sunday, July 17th, Santiago formally surrendered. About 11 o'clock the army was lined up along the trenches looking over toward the city; the cannon fired a salute; the bands played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the men brought their guns to a present. Then a cheer ran along the line. "Nick" Muller, not satisfied with this program, added some gymnastics of his own, which were received with great delight by the rest of the Company. Down on the plain the ceremony of turning the Spanish army over to ours was taking place, although of this we could see nothing.

This evening, for the first time, lights were visible in the town, and at nine the sound of the Cathedral chimes came floating across to us. A little later the bugles blew taps, the first time in eighteen days, and we hummed the notes over as we followed their advice to "go to sleep."

The principal effort during the weeks following, till our return to the United States, was to maintain existence. The daily routine of camp duty was resumed. Water details, wood details, commissary details, and cooking occupied the time. Within a day or two of the surrender, men began to complain of pains in head, in back, and of chills and fever. These became more violent, while the number of the sufferers grew. The line of men who responded to roll-call as fit for duty became less and less, till that one morning in July when only a dozen answered to their names. Meanwhile, the line of disheveled creatures who dragged themselves each morning up to the surgeons' tent lengthened every day.

As one looks back again to the incidents of that trying time, the recollection of

the humorous happenings may perhaps bring a smile, but the thought of the many dear comrades who, unattended, save by such inadequate care as we could give, sickened and died on that alien shore, makes the memory of our final days in Cuba unspeakably sad. And for those of us who spent the last three weeks wrestling with the torments of the fever, alternately drenched by the rain and stifled with the heat, sustained from day to day by the promise that another sun would see us started for the transports and for home—a nightmare is the remembrance of that time.

Yet it was amid these adverse conditions that the best qualities of the men shone brightest. The debt that many of us owe to some comrade who patiently and silently cared for him is not to be paid in words.

We shall always remember with affection "Teddy" Foley with his "Fall in for stew, boys;" Perry and Scott for the care which they gave to the sick men until too ill themselves to continue; and our quartermaster-sergeant, who, in addition to efficiently performing his commissary duties, was of more value to the ill and wounded of "K" Company than the entire hospital corps.

At last, on August 8th, our exodus from Cuba began. Fifteen men under command of Sergeant Whitenack started first, coming north on the "Grande Duchesse," while the remainder of the Company embarked on the "St. Louis." For both contingents the voyage was uneventful. Rumor reports that Sergeant Bohlig on the "St. Louis" placed the record for the consumption of biscuits so high as to remain unbreakable, while on the "Duchesse" the geometrical feat of dividing a very small pie equally among fifteen men was gone through with daily.

**On Board
Transports.
August 9-17.**

Camp Wikoff, Camp Wikoff, L. I., was reached by the "St. Louis" on August
L. I. Aug. 18. 17th, and by the "Grande Duchesse" a day later. Here we were comfortably quartered; cooked for by "Pipe-line" Kellar; and received many boxes with delicacies from home, especially "Billy" Carr.

We returned to the city August 29th, and the reception which greeted us can never be forgotten by any of the two hundred and fifty men of the regiment who were able to walk. A two months' furlough was given us and we were home at last.

Mustered Out. In November our term in the service of Uncle Sam came to an
Nov. 15, 1898. end. For nearly six months his will had been ours; he had supplied our clothing, food and shelter, and in return we had served him to the best of our abilities. We were mustered out in the armory on Nov. 15, 1898.

And now our service in the army of the United States has become a memory. The hardships and pleasures, the toils and joys, that fall to the lot of a soldier are ours no longer. Time has begun to soften the sharp regret we felt at the loss of the dear comrades whom death has removed. Like men they did their duty, and like men they died. May we all prove as faithful.



AWAITING "REVEILLE"



BRINGING HOME THE DEAD

In Memoriam

Corporal JAMES LANSING RODGERS

Musician ARTHUR VON ETTÉ

Private JOSEPH IRVING BLACK

“ NORMAN WILSON CROSBY

“ ARNOLD GEISEMANN

“ CHARLES GOMBERT

Private JOHN H. HALLER

“ WILLIAM McCLURG

“ E. PERCY McKEEVER

“ JOHN E. O'CONNOR

“ FRANK E. ROUSE

“ AUGUST F. SCHROTER

Private SIDNEY A. SCHOFIELD

James Lansing Rodgers.

CORPORAL JAMES L. ROGERS was born in 1873 at Hornellsville, N. Y., and died at Camp Wikoff, L. I., September 8th, 1898. He removed at a very early age to New York City, where he resided up to the time of his enlistment in the regiment, which he entered upon the outbreak of hostilities with Spain. He was educated in the Columbia Grammar School of this city, and afterward took up the study of law for a time at Columbia College, but did not complete the course. After leaving the Law School he went into business with his father, who, at that time, was proprietor of the Hotel Castleton on Staten Island. Later on he became interested in the Hotel Balmoral, at Lenox Avenue and 113th Street, New York City.

That Rodgers was a fearless soldier is known to all, and it was due to his soldierly qualities that he was appointed a corporal, not long after joining the company. He was almost a stranger to most of the men, but those friends with whom he became intimate can testify to his many good qualities. Of his life outside the company very little is known. He died at detention camp, four days after his return to the States.

Joseph Irving Black.

PRIVATE JOSEPH I. BLACK enlisted as a private in the 7th Regiment, N. G. N. Y., September 4th, 1871; was promoted corporal December 7th, 1874, and received his full and honorable discharge November 6th, 1878. He had three brothers who also served about ten years in the same regiment. He was the oldest man in the company. In spite of the fact that he was past the age of enlistment, he was quick to offer his services to his country, and at the outbreak of the war, applied for enlistment in his old company of the 7th Regiment. He had a thorough knowledge of military rules and regulations, but finding that his regiment

was not to respond to the President's call, he was only too willing to enlist in our company as a private. After being a short while in the company he was appointed company clerk. When the regiment departed from Cuba he was left behind because he was too ill to go, and he died at Santiago, September 2d, 1898. His remains were afterward brought home to rest in the soil of the country which he had loved so well. The cause of his death was given as "ptero-colitis."

Black was always cool and collected under fire, and the following extract from a letter to his mother, written a few days after the battle, serves to show his grit and courage under adverse circumstances, besides a knowledge of the military situation at Santiago, which was unusual considering the little information (mostly inaccurate), which we all possessed at that time. "I write these few lines to let you know that I am all right. You, of course, heard all about the battle we were in. Just one week ago it started, and we are now waiting for the City of Santiago de Cuba to surrender, or go at them again. We have the place surrounded on the land side by nine miles of intrenchments, besides the fleet outside. There is no hope for them, and if they are wise, they will give in. We started from camp on the day of the battle, about daylight, and at about 9 o'clock were under fire. We were ordered into the bushes along the roadside and to lie down. One man was killed lying alongside of me. I attended service with him the Sunday before. A bullet struck directly in front of me with a smack,—in fact they were dropping all around us. We occupied the hill captured from the Spaniards, and were two and a half days under fire. We had to lie down with the bullets whistling over us. I saw some unpleasant sights during and after the battle."

The following statement made by one of the officers of the company ably expresses the sentiments of the men. "I can testify to the soldierly and gentlemanly qualities of Private Black. He never shirked a duty, no matter how arduous or dangerous—he died beloved and respected, both by the officers and men of his company."

Norman Wilson Crosby.

PRIVATE NORMAN W. CROSBY, son of Horace Crosby, of New Rochelle, N. Y., was born January 27th, 1874. He was graduated with high honors from the Trinity Place Public School of that city in the class of '88, when he became President of the Alumni. He entered New York University in the Fall of 1899, took his B. S. in 1893, and his C. E. in 1894. He was a prominent member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, and took an active interest in alumni and fraternity matters after graduation.

After attaining the age of citizenship he became interested in the local affairs of his native city and joined the Relief Engine Company. It was intended that he should be its next President. He was also Corresponding Secretary of the New Rochelle Republican Club. He was a member of St. John's (Methodist Episcopal) Chapter of the Epworth League, and at one time was Librarian in the Sunday-school. He held other positions of trust, and was one of the most loyal and energetic members of these organizations. After leaving college he went into business, in New Rochelle, with his father, who is also a civil engineer. He had a very bright future before him, and in his death the city lost one of its best citizens.

When the war broke out he enlisted, after calm deliberation, in Co. K. He chose the regiment, as he himself said, "as the surest and quickest way of getting to the front, even if in no higher capacity than a private."

One of the men of the company has truly said, "He endured the terrible hardships of the Santiago campaign with a self-sacrificing spirit, always ready to do his own work and be helpful to others."

He left Cuba on the St. Louis, but two days before reaching Montauk Point he was

stricken with typhoid fever, and his short but glorious life ended in St. Luke's Hospital September 3, 1898.

While in Cuba he was detailed for a short time to the Engineer Corps, where he was equally as popular with the men as in "K." He was, to say the least, a high-minded, true-hearted man ; an upright citizen and a brave soldier. He was in everything sound to the core.

Arnold Geisemann.

PRIVATE ARNOLD GEISEMANN was a clerk in the American Printing Co. department of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., dry goods commission merchants, where his memory will ever be fondly cherished by all with whom he came in contact. He was but eighteen years of age when he entered the regiment, several months before it was mustered into the service of the Federal Government. He had always looked forward to the time when he would be old enough to join the National Guard, and at the outbreak of hostilities with Spain he was still more eager to serve his country. His patriotism was of such sterling quality that nothing whatever could have prevented him from following the flag for which he so willingly gave up his life, and without the slightest hesitation he volunteered to enlist with the regiment in the United States Army. Not only was he courageous, but ever faithful in the performance of his duty. Although slightly built and not strong, he stood the hardships of the campaign with remarkable fortitude and performed his full share of the arduous duties of soldier life without a word of complaint. He received a slight flesh wound at the Battle of San Juan, but escaped serious injury, only to succumb later on to the effects of the campaign. He died peacefully at Santiago a few days after the company left for home. The exact cause of his death is not known. His body was buried in Cuba, but was subsequently brought home, at the expense of his family, and buried in Lutheran Cemetery.

At the foot of his grave, lies, carved in granite, a broken sapling, and on his tomb-stone is carved the regimental emblem with its motto: "PRO ARIS ET PRO FOCIS." Below is the inscription—

ARNOLD GEISEMANN
BORN FEB. 5, 1880
DIED AT SANTIAGO
AUG. 11, 1898

John H. Haller.

PRIVATE JOHN H. HALLER was born in New York City, December 5th, 1875; was educated in Public School No. 26, and, after graduating, took a business course in the school connected with the Young Men's Christian Association.

He was employed as a clerk by Runkel Bros., the chocolate manufacturers, which position he left to enlist in the company for the war with Spain. He was an enthusiastic bicyclist, a member of the League of American Wheelmen and the Greenwich Wheelmen. He was so sick at one time in Cuba that he had been given up as lost by the doctors, but his remarkable grit enabled him to pull through successfully, only to fall, later on, a victim to the much dreaded fever. He died at Camp Wikoff, August 24th, 1898.

William McClurg.

PRIVATE WILLIAM McCLURG, when twenty-two years of age, enlisted in the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y., in the spring of 1892, and was honorably discharged after five years of service. The year following, when the call to arms rang throughout the country, he immediately re-enlisted in his old command and, in spite of the pleadings of his wife and his

father, who argued that there was no necessity for married men to go to the front, he was found later on in Cuba, fighting shoulder to shoulder with his old comrades-in-arms. He went through the entire campaign with the regiment without having received a scratch, but with him it was the same old story. Exposure in the trenches, together with the numerous other hardships incident to soldier life at the front, had undermined his sturdy constitution, and he fell a victim to the fever which he had contracted while in Cuba. He was educated in Public School No. 36, and, at the outbreak of the war, left a position as clerk in the Department of Street Cleaning. He was twenty-eight years old at the time of his death, and left a wife and child surviving him. He was well liked in the company by those who had served with him during his term in the National Guard.

Frank E. Rouse.

PRIVATE FRANK E. ROUSE was born June 8, 1874, at Rockland, Me. He was the son of an eminent physician and surgeon, and received a common school education. He became a clerk in Rockland after leaving school, but afterward went to New York, where he became head department clerk in a wholesale and retail provision store. He was well liked by his employers, who when he enlisted promised to keep his position open for him if ever he returned to business. He was twenty-six years of age at the time of his death, and was to have been married upon receiving his discharge from the service. His parents were both dead, and he believed that if a man was not bound down by family ties it was his duty to serve his country by enlisting. Before war was declared he had always expressed his intention to enlist if the opportunity presented itself, and his enlistment was the result of careful consideration. He was the only man from his section of the country who saw active service in the Army, although quite a few had served in the Navy. In Rockland he was universally

liked and was a boy of good habits. When he left there to go into business in New York he carried the best of recommendations with him. His townsmen regarded him as thoroughly honest, upright, open hearted, good natured and kind. In the company he bore the same reputation—he was a good soldier, a genial companion and a firm friend. He shouldered the burdens heaped upon him with the same cheerfulness which characterized most of the men, and no matter how weighty they were, uttered no word of complaint.

He died of typhoid malaria at Camp Wikoff, August 18, 1898, and was buried at Montauk Point. His remains were afterward removed to the place of his birth, where his memory will be fondly cherished by all with whom he was acquainted.

August f. Schroter.

PRIVATE AUGUST F. SCHROTER was born in New York City, June 15th, 1875. He was the son of a soldier of the Civil War, and inherited a liking for military life. In childhood, he was never so happy as when he wore a military cap and marched along at his father's side, vainly attempting to keep step with the veterans of '61.

He was educated in the Public Schools, and for some time attended evening classes at Cooper Institute. When but eight years of age, his father died, leaving him the oldest son in the family. August's inclination toward military work was only overshadowed by his love for drawing. He was an excellent draughtsman, and his ambition was to become an architect. He was employed as a draughtsman in an architect's office when he enlisted with the regiment, and there he was well liked.

Schroter passed through the campaign without much illness and, considering the condition of most of the men when they landed at Montauk Point, he was in pretty fair health.

On the 15th of August, he sent a very cheerful letter to his home in New Jersey and

his family prepared to welcome him back—the house was decorated, a feast prepared, and all the neighbors invited to be present at his home-coming. One night, only a week after he wrote, a terrific storm visited the camp, and the next morning he was found dead, without the least shelter over his head. He was in hospital at the time, and his tent had been blown down over night. With proper attention, such an occurrence could not have happened, for he had evidently been left to take care of himself.

The effect at home, caused by his sudden death, cannot be imagined. In one cruel moment all the joys and hopes of his family were dashed to pieces. That he did not die by a Spanish bullet makes his death no less glorious, for he sacrificed his life—the most that he could give—for his country.

He was very quiet and unassuming, always willing to do his share of work, and well liked by all. He was buried at Montauk Point, but his body was afterward removed to Lutheran Cemetery, where father and son, one the veteran of '61, the other of '98, lie side by side.

Arthur Von Ette.

MUSICIAN VON ETTE was born in New York, January 29, 1865, died September 5, 1898. He was a bugler and assigned to the rolls of the company together with Musician Killeen. He was a member of the regiment several years, and when he went to the front gave up a position with the Metropolitan Moving Co. When the regiment reached Cuba, he, with other musicians, was detailed to assist the men of the hospital corps in attending to the sick and the wounded. He was left in Cuba when the regiment departed, and afterwards came north on the transport Missouri. He died of fever on the voyage home, and, having been a sailor for quite a number of years, was buried according to the traditions of his former associations. A widow and four small children survive him.

Charles Gombert.

PRIVATE GOMBERT was a citizen of Freeport, L. I., and enlisted in the company as an assistant cook when the regiment camped on Hempstead Plains. He afterward became cook and assumed a position which nobody in the company begrudged him. Many were the complaints about "poor grub," and scant the praises of "good cooking." In spite of the trials of his position, he soon became a good cook and a very useful man to the company. When Cuba was reached the company cooking outfit was left on board ship, each man had to shift for himself, and Gombert was relieved of his rather unpleasant duties. Nothing is known of his relations outside the company. Although he was strong and powerfully built, he succumbed to the fever at Santiago, August 15, 1898.

Edward Percy McKeever.

PRIVATE MCKEEVER joined the 8th Regiment, N.G.N.Y., several years before the war, and was transferred into the regiment from that organization, about a year before hostilities commenced. Being the smallest man in the company, his physique was not such as would stand the strain of a trying campaign, but he made up in determination and spirit what he lacked in bodily strength. One cannot help thinking that had he not been ill treated and abused before he ever reached Cuba that his indomitable spirit would have eventually carried him successfully through the ordeal which he had to face. In Florida he received so large a share of "police duty" that one day, being sick and unable to work, while digging away at a task which he had protested he would be unable to do, he became unconscious and was carried away to the hospital. "K" men came near forgetting Army regulations that day, but fortunately for all concerned, they stowed away their resentment, and like soldiers, bowed to the superior authority vested in a pair of ill-worn shoulder straps.

Looking backward to the time in Cuba when the stronger boys were failing, and almost all were sick, one can still see little McKeever burdened down with a load of canteens, trudging wearily along through the mire, seized with a determination to "get there," but almost dropping in his tracks.

His spirit remained unbroken until he reached "home," where he was unable to regain his shattered health. He died of fever in New York City, August 31, 1898.

In connection with McKeever we will always remember his father, who on several memorable occasions showed a spirit of kindness and good will toward the boys, which will not easily be forgotten. We will always think of the one in connection with the other.

John E. O'Connor.

PPRIVATE O'CONNOR, or rather O'Connell, was under age when he enlisted with the regiment at the outbreak of the war. Probably not wishing to be prevented from entering the regiment by his parents, he assumed the name of O'Connor. On this account his father later on experienced considerable trouble in acquiring his back pay. Nothing is known of O'Connor's relations outside of the company. He died of fever at Santiago August 11, 1898.

Sidney H. Schofield.

PPRIVATE SCHOFIELD was at one time connected with the National Guard of Connecticut. When the war broke out he had a knowledge of military work and promptly volunteered his services. He was a citizen of Fishkill, N. Y., and a good friend of Private Watson of that city.

He died a true soldier's death, being almost instantly killed in action at San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898, by a bullet wound through the head.

His loss was keenly felt by the company. He was well liked by all, and was the first man of the company to sacrifice his life for the cause. It is said that he was engaged to be married upon his return home.



ROSTER AND
INDIVIDUAL STATISTICS

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	COMMONLY CALLED	CHUM	REMARKS	HIS PARTICULAR DELIGHT	HIS FET AYERSON	HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF
Selfridge, Edward A. Jr. Captain	The Captain	Commissioned Capt. from 1st L.	The Regu-lars	A ragged drill	As a brave and capable officer
Thompson, J. M. 1st Lieutenant	Thompson	Commissioned 1st L. from 2d L. Com's'ned 2d L. from "B." Co.	Malted milk and quinine	Little men	As a disciplinarian !!!
Blauvelt, Lester J., 2d "	Lieutenant		Rustling	Had none	Is good fellow-ship and under fire
Tunstall, David T. 1st Serg't.	26	5 9	Dave	Munde	Prom. 1st Sgt.	Keeping his books	Back talk	As an Art Sergeant
Hyads, Rufus C. Q. M. Serg't.	24	5 9 1-2	Rufe 'R.C.'	Sours	Prom. Q.M. Sgt.	Exploring	Had none	As a good fellow
Whitenack, William. Serg't.	23	5 7 1-2	Billy	Fogarty Freeman	A real good scrap	Rag chewing	As Serg't outpost July 2d
Bohlig, Fred. "	28	5 9 1-2	Freddy	Ferber our tent-mate. Buell	Promoted Sergt.	Rations	Rough Riders	As a bather
Goulden, Charles. "	24	5 6 1-4	Charlie	Brett-Millar Bill Carr	"	Bacon, even if mouldy	Wood Grubbers	As battalion Sergeant-Major
Briner, Charles H. "	19	5 9	Charlie	Anderson-Baummann-Baldy	"	Ice Cream !!!	Selecting a detail	By series persun'ly con'd water details
Carman, Charles W. Corp'l.	24	5 9 1-2	Charlie	Wallace	Promoted Corp.	Bossing his squad	Being bossed himself	By his willingness become an officer
Buell, Fred H. "	24	5 10 1-4	Henny	Bohlig. Ferber our tent-mate.	"	Camp Police	Non-com. school	By his melodious voice
Piercy, William A. "	22	5 7	Billy	Boynton	"	Guard Duty	Unknown	As corporal of the guard
See, William G. "	21	5 8	Billy	"	Drill in extended order	Sick details	First man to sport a 'Khaki' uniform
Benedict, Lewis. "	25	5 8 3-4	Benny	Rogers	"	Growling	Anybody else growli'g	As a pessimist
Grouard, Jos. M. "	25	5 6 1-2	Grouard	"	Scraping with Park	Too much exercise	By his angelic disposition
Rogers, Jas. L. "	26	5 10 3-4	Died at Camp Wikoff, L. I., Sept. 8, 1898.
Killeen, George H. Musician	31	5 9 1-2	Died at Sea, Sept. 5, 1898.
Von Ette, Arthur. "	35	5 5	Died at Sea, Sept. 5, 1898.
Finnessey, John F. Wagoner	27	5 9	John	Piercy	His Wash. correspond.	Cubians Sewing for officers other companies	Driving Me-ules
Andre, Charles. Artificer	34	5 9 1-2	Artisifer	Tunstall-Munde	Wounded in Arm, July 2, 1898	Hair cutting	As a tonsorial artist
Anderson, Arthur C. Private	24	5 8	Andy Baldy	Briner-Baummann-Baldy	{ S'g'tly wounded in chest, July 10, 1898.	Ice Cream !!	Shells	As a private cook
Asmus, Alex. H. "	24	5 6 3-4	Scaldy Mussy	Briner-Baummann-Anderson	Babies	Mal de Mer	Most nick-named man in camp

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	COMMONLY CALLED	CHUM	REMARKS	HIS PARTICULAR DELIGHT	HIS PET AVERSION	HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF
Baumano, Richard J.....	Private	24	5 9 3-4	Rich	Anderson Briner-Baldy	Ice Cream!	Fork	As a good soldier
Black, Joseph I.....	"	44	5 6 1-2		Died at Santiago Sept. 2, 1898.			
Boynton, Claude W.....	"	21	5 6 1-4	Claudio	Piercy	Letters in violet ink	Cooking	As a constructor of very feeble fires
Brett, Thomas H.....	"	27	5 8 1-4	Tom	Millar--Everhart Goulden--Carr	Craps up to July 21.	Craps after July 21	As an amateur commissary
Carr, William H.....	"	28	5 11 1-2	Billy	Millar--Everhart Brett--Goulden	Eighteen beers at clip	An empty flask	By his ability to grow a beard
Carr, Mitchell Y.....	"	21	6 0	Mitch	Brett--Millar Goulden	Work!	Water details	By his energy
Carson, William F.....	"	24	5 7 3-4	Kit Bill	Hynds	Sink details	Same as Billy Carr	By his flow of language
Crawford, John L.....	"	19	5 9 3-4	Jack	Stubbelbiae	Any kind real hard work	Guard duty	As a hustler
Crosby, Norman W.....	"	24	5 6		Died New York Sept. 3, 1898.			
Duester, Robert H.....	"	22	5 11	Bob		Rations	Expenditure phys. energy	As an eater
Everhart, John H.....	"	23	5 11 1-4	Evey	Brett-Millar Carrs, 1 and 2	Millar's cooking	Doing his own	As a member of the firm of E. M. & Co.
Ferber, Emil.....	"	23	5 8 1-4	Ferber our teot-mate	Buell-Bohlig	Stew	He's not fond of work	As a tent mate
Fogarty, William H.....	"	22	5 8 3-4	Billy	Whiteoack	Any work didn't require exert'u	Any kind that did	By his happy smile
Foley, Louis B.....	"	23	6 1 1-2	Teddy Lou		Wo'd'd arm Jul. 2, '98. Prom. corp. Sept. 15, '98	Stew	As volunteer cook
Ferguson, Edward G. W..	"	18	5 5 1-2	Ferguson		Trans. 1st Div H. C'ps. Jun. 15, '98.	Himself	By a striking resemblance to the Apollo Belvidere
Gieseman, Arnold.....	"	18	5 8 1-2		Died at Santiago Aug. 13, 1898.			
Goss, David J.....	"	22	5 9	Dave	Potts	Helping the cook	Short rations	Helping himself
Greaves, Fred W.....	"	23	6 2	Fred	Wallace	Assigned Depot detail, Tampa, June 3, 1898.	Sick boy	As tallest man in company
Green, John J.....	"	24	5 7 1-2	Green	Kenney	Quinine	Capt. St-v-us	As first man to have the fever
Gombert, Charles.....	"	21	5 9			Died Saotiago, Aug. 16, 1898.		
Guillen, M. Mateo.....	"	21	5 7 1-2	Mateo	The whole company	H. C. Assign'd 1st Div. II. C.	Doctoring	Camp Black weather
Haller, John M.....	"	23	6 1			Died C. Wikoff, L. I. Aug. 24 '98.		

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	COMMONLY CALLED	CHUM	REMARKS	HIS PARTICULAR DELIGHT	HIS PET AVERSION	HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF
Heitz, Fred. C.....	Private	Fred	Kenney	Trans. from 60th N. Y. Vols. to Co. K, July 12, '98	Water details	Too free use of comp'y fire	Doing an extra of details without kicking
Hurst, Jay A.	"	22 5 8 1-4	Jay	Men of other compaies	Assign'd 1st Div H.C. Jan. 15, '98.	Grubbing	Work	By his shape
Jansen, Christian.....	"	22 6 1 1-4	Jansen	Tunstall	Grub	Too little grub	By his size
Kellar, John J.....	"	24 5 5	J. J.	Munson	Scrappin'	Building his own fire	Sole survivor of the pipe-line detail
Kenoy, Thomas L.....	"	24 5 7 1-2	Fighting Tom	Geiseman Heitz	Collecting Souveairs	Dirt	As a fisherman
Leopold, William Jr.....	"	29 5 8 1-2	Billy	Von Kromer G. Moore	Coosider't'n inner man	Siak details	An orderly at Headquarters
McClurg, William.....	"	27 5 5 3-4	Died in New York, Nov. 9, '98
McDonald, John I.....	"	22 5 7 3-4	Mac	Potts Goss	Cooking on some one else's fire	Too much exertion	Member of the Comp. Quartette
McKeever, Edward Percy	"	21 5 5 1-4	Died in New York, Aug. 31, '98
Martin, Frank E.....	"	21 5 9 1-4	Fraak	Nick Müller	Doingstunts	A deficiency of rations	As a good soldier
Millar, H. Graham.....	"	27 5 7 1-2	Millar Pop	Brett-Everhart Carrs 1 and 2	Promoted Corp. Sept. 15, 1898.	Fried Potatoes	Grubbers	As a cook
Moore, Alton M.....	"
Moore, George.....	"	25 5 7 1-2	George	Von Kromer Leopold	Gassing with Von Kromer	Details	As assistant cook
Müller, Nicholas Jr.....	"	26 5 9	Nick	Martin	Guinea hen dinners	Scrappers	Celebration on own hook at Surrender
Munde, William M.....	"	25 5 11	Billy	Tunstall	A bunk in the first teat	Cooking	Attention to duty
Munson, George I.....	"	23 5 6 1-4	George	Niemeyer Kellar	Niemeyer	Digging	Cutting work
Niemeyer, John	"	19 5 7 1-4	Niemeyer	Munson	Wounded side July 2, '98. Prom. Corp. Sept. 15, '98	Munson	Unknowa	Member of the Comp. Quartette
Neff, Charles.....	"	22 5 10 3-4	Neff	A square meal	Reveille	By keeping quiet
O'Connor, John E.....	"	22 5 10	Died in Cuba, Aug. 11, 1898.
Park, Charles D.....	"	23 5 11	Park	Grouard	Had none Expos'g rose	Had none	As a model of perfect repose
Perry, John B.....	"	27 5 5 1-2	Jack	Goss Scott	Promoted Corp. Sept. 15, 1898.	leaf skin for sun play on	A fakir	Voluntarily caring for the sick
Patts, Oscar F.....	"	21 5 6 3-4	Patts	Goss-McDonald	Foraging	Too many details	By helping with the sick

NAME		AGE	HEIGHT	COMMONLY CALLED	CHUM	REMARKS	HIS PARTICULAR DELIGHT	HIS PET AVERSION	HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF
Rouse, Frank E.....	Private	24	5 7 1-2			Died C. Wikoff, Aug. 23, 1898.			
Schoemann, Robert C...	"	26	5 8 3-4	Bob	O'Connor		Chewin' the rag	Any kind of detail	As a scrapper
Schroter, August F.....	"	23	5 5 1-4			Died C. Wikoff, Aug. 23, 1898.			
Schofield, Sidney A.....	"	23	5 8 5-8			Killed in action, July 1, 1898.			
Scott, Patrick.....	"	24	5 7 1-4	Scotty	Perry		To be let alone	Rag-chewing	By voluntarily cursing the sick
Sherwin, James E.....	"	19	5 9	Sherwin the maogo fiend	Weeden		Mangos	Co. Police	Ability smile under all circumstances
Sours, James E.....	"	25	5 6 3-4	Souers	Hynds		Discouraging	Guard duty	As quartermaster's assistant
Sowney, George E.....	"	26	5 7 3-4	Sowaey			Fighting (at long range)	A calling down	As a company cook
Stubblebine, Gilbert W...	"	23	5 10	Stubby	Crawford		Any old kind of hard work	Too much of it	By his original style of hair-cut
Sutters, Thomas J.....	"	34	5 6	Tom	McClurg		Pills	Spiders	As the only original Sutters
Taylor, Ralph W.....	"	18	5 8 1-2	Ralph			Doing as he was told	Quioioe	As a good soldier
Von Kromer, George.....	"	25	5 8 1-4	Voo	Geo. Moore Leopold		His spy-glass	Water details	As a collector of relics
Wallace, Archer B.....	"	22	5 6 1-2	Wallace	Carman		Lemos	Drill in ext. order	By his ability to lose flesh
Watson, William M.....	"	23	5 5 1-2	Watson			Rapaduras	An early morn. detail	As chairman of the Rumor Committee
Weeden, Geo. W. Jr....	"	22	5 10 1-2	Billy	Sherwin		Unofficial details	Result of unoffic. det'l's	The best dressed man in company
Whitman, George S.....	"	21	5 9	Whitman	Benoy	Prom. Corp. Sept. 15, 1898.	A buok with the Q.M.Sgt	Any details except com.	As chief of the officers' mess
Ziegler, August.....	"	24	5 7 1-4	Ziegler	Schroter		Mangos	Cooking	As a clerk at head quarters

Our "Happy Homes"

"I'd leave my happy home for you, Ooo-oo, Ooo-oo"

Camp Black - - - -	Hempstead, L. I. - - - -	May 2-12
SS. City of Washington - -	N. Y. Harbor - - - -	May 13-14
On Train to Lakeland - -	Florida - - - -	May 14-16
Camp at Lakeland - - - -	Florida - - - -	May 17-31
Camp at Tampa Heights -	Florida - - - -	May 31-June 8
SS. Vigilancia - - - -	From Port Tampa - - - -	June 8-24
Camp at Siboney - - - -	Cuba - - - -	June 24-27
Camp at Sevilla - - - -	Cuba - - - -	June 27-30
Occupied San Juan Hill -	Cuba - - - -	July 1-5
Camp at Left, San Juan Hill -	Cuba - - - -	July 5-6
Camp at Right, San Juan Hill	Cuba - - - -	July 7-Aug. 10
SS. "La Grande Duchesse" }	From Santiago - - - -	Aug. 9-18
U. S. SS. St. Louis }	From Santiago - - - -	Aug. 10-17
Camp Wikoff - - - -	Montauk Point, L. I. - - - -	Aug. 18-28
On Furlough - - - -	- - - -	-Aug. 26-Oct. 27
Mustered Out of the United States Service - - - -	- - - -	Nov. 15

THE WAR VETERANS OF CO. "K"

71ST REGIMENT, N.G.N.Y.

OFFICERS
OF THE
War Veterans of Co. "K"

President, FRANK KECK

Secretary, WILLIAM H. CARR

Treasurer, FREDERICK BOHLIG

Historian, ARTHUR C. ANDERSON

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

1. This Organization shall be known as the War Veterans of Company K, 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y., of 1898.

2. The purposes of this Organization shall be to keep alive the memories of the Cuban Campaign of 1898 ; to continue and foster the friendships and associations formed during membership in the said company ; to encourage a spirit of loyalty to, and continued regard for the welfare of the company, and to keep a record of the personal history of the members of this association.

3. There shall be three classes of members—active, associate and honorary.

The active membership shall consist of those who served in Company K, 71st N. Y. Vols. during the Cuban Campaign.

The associate membership shall consist of those made eligible to this association by reason of service, past or present, in Company K, 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

The honorary membership shall consist of those whose interest in, or services to this company may in the eyes of the members entitle them to this recognition.

4. The officers of this association shall be as follows: A president, a secretary and treasurer, and an historian.

The council shall consist of three members and the officers above named. Only active members shall be entitled to hold office.

The officers and council shall be elected annually by a majority vote of the active members.

The president shall preside at all meetings and all notices shall be issued in his name.

The secretary and treasurer will keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the society. He will be charged with the custody and accounting for all receipts and disbursements.

The historian shall complete at as early a date as possible an account of the experiences and services of "K" Company in the late war, and henceforth keep a list and record of the members.

5. The duties of the council shall be to act as an advisory body in all matters relating to the general conduct of the organization ; to pass upon the applications for associate membership ; to recommend the conferring of honorary membership ; to audit the accounts of the treasurer, and to authorize expenditures to be made on behalf of the association.

6. Associate and honorary membership shall also be conferred by the unanimous vote of the members assembled at the annual meeting.

7. The annual meeting shall be held on the 1st day of July in each year, and the council shall make such suitable provision for a dinner or other form of entertainment as may be deemed advisable.

8. The annual dues of this association shall be fixed by the council.

9. This constitution and by-laws may be changed by a two-thirds vote of all the active members.

The following Resolution was adopted by the Members of the Company

(Meeting held July 1st, 1899)

We the members of Company "K," 71st Regiment, New York Volunteers, assembled on the First Anniversary of the Battle of San Juan, sorrowfully recall the memory of those, our comrades, whom God, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst.

Yet, when we remember their devotion to duty, the uncomplaining patience with which they bore the hardships and suffering which fell to their lot, and the courage, with which at the last they faced the great unknown, we believe that the occasion is not one of unmixed sorrow, but that pride in the example which they have set, should hold a part.

We feel how inadequate any words that we can say must be, to console those who mourn the loss of son, or of brother, but we would convey to them our deep and sincere sympathy, and assure them that the thought of their loved ones shall be held sacred, and that their memory shall be kept green among us, until we too depart, to answer "Here," to the roll-call from above.

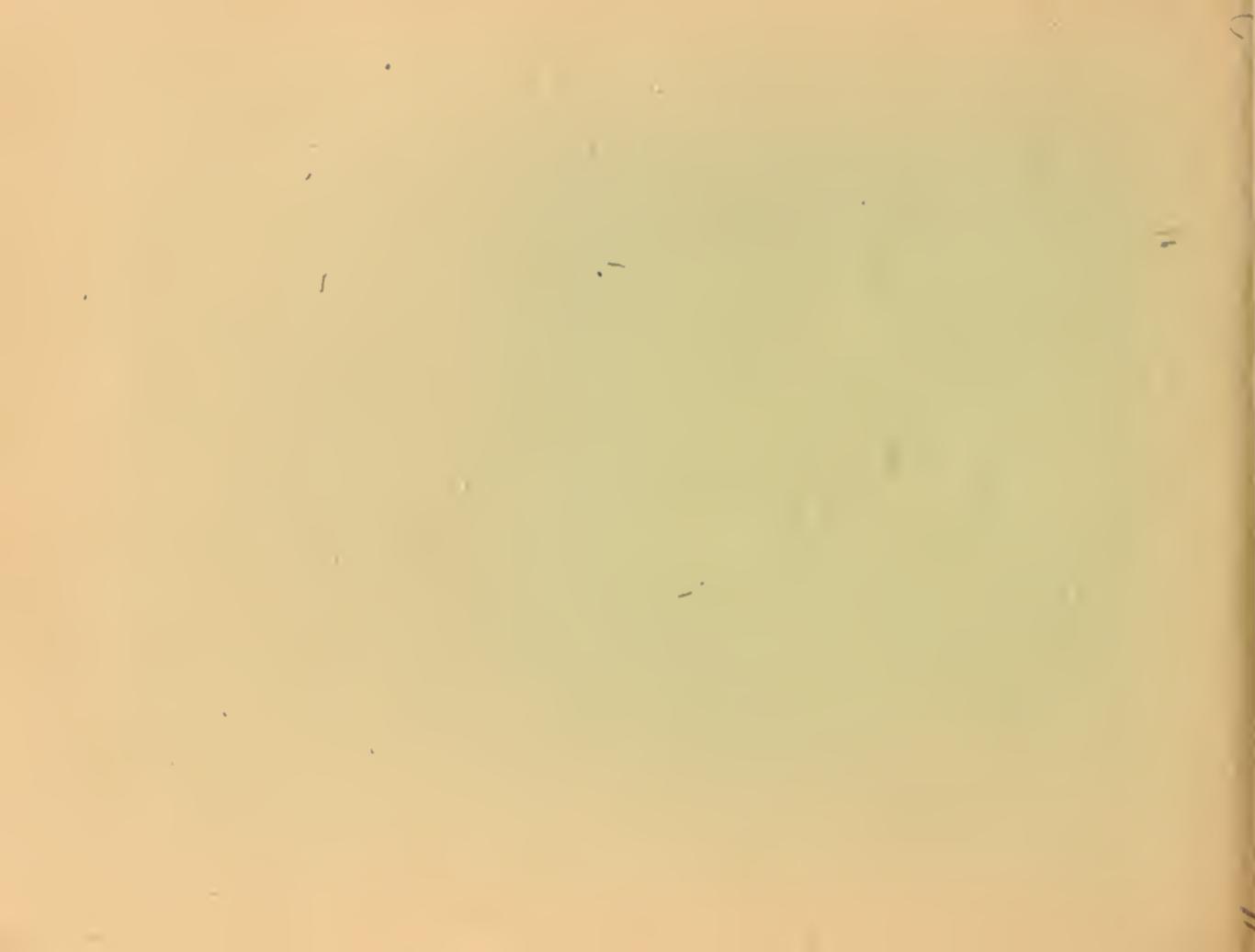
Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the relatives of each of our departed comrades.



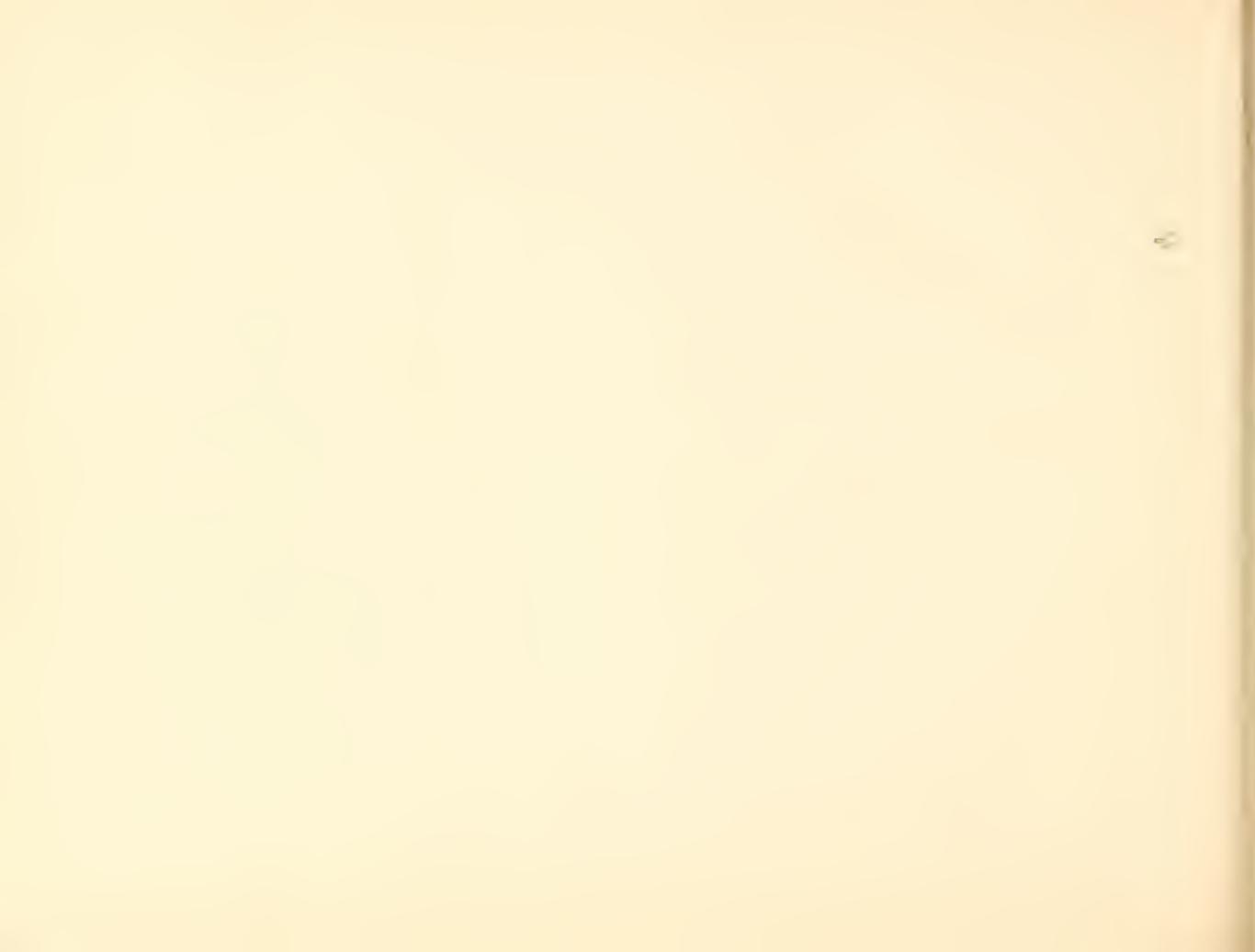


K
COMPANY

71st Regt.
N.Y. Volunteers











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