

Three Comrades:
The remembrances, poems and letters
of three comrades in the
Grand Army of the Republic

*Compiled by
Robert L. Nelson*

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THREE COMRADES

**The Remembrances, Poems and Letters of Three
Comrades in the Grand Army of the Republic**



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PREFACE

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and the first quarter of the twentieth, the American Civil War began to be viewed as an epochal event in the eyes of its participants. At the conclusion of the war in 1865, returning veterans attempted to put the killing, carnage and destruction of the previous four years behind them as they rebuilt their lives. By the 1880's however, the suffering they had seen and experienced twenty years earlier were beginning to dissipate and be replaced by a pride in what they had accomplished. As this feeling grew, veterans began perceiving themselves as a unique band of comrades who had participated in the great American adventure, which would never be repeated. Organizations such as the Grand Army of the Republic, representing Union veterans of the Civil War, continued to fuel this attitude. They encouraged "comrades," to share their remembrances in books, articles and letters in order to ensure that the nation would never forget what they had achieved. Among Civil War veterans living in Santa Cruz, California who shared their remembrances and impressions were three members of a local GAR post. Their contributions provide us with a window into the war experiences of young soldiers and sailors, their veteran organization, civilian concerns and the lives of their aging comrades in veteran homes.

While gathering information for *OLD SOLDIER, the History of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Civil War Veterans of Santa Cruz County California*, published by the Santa Cruz Museum of Art & History in 2004, individual reminiscences, poems and letters were encountered that cried out to be preserved in a contemporary context. "Three Comrades" is a compilation of the writings of three local Civil War veterans that appeared in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* newspaper. In their writings Andrew Kane, Isaac Blaisdell and Caleb Todd shared their remembrances, feelings and observations.

On November 22, 1885 the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* began the first of a series of eighteen articles ending on March 14, 1886 recounting the Civil War experiences of Andrew Kane, a local veteran originally from Indiana. In his *Remembrances of the War* Kane shared his experience as a young soldier serving in the Union Army's Army of the Tennessee in the western theater, continuing through the Carolinas and concluding with his discharge and return home.

The sea battle adventures of Massachusetts's sailor, Isaac Blaisdell, published in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* on March 30, and April 11, 1886 provide a glimpse of naval engagements in which he participated during the Civil War. In his *Letters to the Editor*, from the late 1880s until his death in 1902 Blaisdell shared veteran concerns and served as a local "gadfly" in addressing other issues of the day.

In 1908 Caleb Todd, a Santa Cruz carpenter who had served in an Illinois regiment in Tennessee during the war, was admitted into the Sawtelle Soldiers Home near Los Angeles. Over the next ten years he contributed over thirty-seven letters to the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* describing the life and experiences of old soldiers living out their days in that Southern California facility.

Included in the contributions of Isaac Blaisdell and Caleb Todd are a number of poems. Although the style and wording may appear antiquated to contemporary ears, they were typical of the poetry

of that period. Readers also need to assume a “then and now” attitude when judging the appropriateness of the racial names used. The epithets the authors applied, which today may be considered crude or offensive, were commonplace in their society and have been left unchanged. The original spelling and punctuation used by the author and/or publisher have also been left as they originally appeared.

Between 1865 and the death of the last Union veteran in 1956, Civil War veterans came to envision themselves as a unique and privileged fraternity. That feeling became so imbedded in their belief that they chose to let the Grand Army of the Republic die with its last member rather than become diluted by the inclusion of non Civil War veterans. As you read these remembrances, poems and letters it is hoped that a better understanding of our nineteenth century veterans and the fraternal bond existing among them might be obtained.

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Robert L Nelson
Santa Cruz, California
January 3, 2014

INDEX

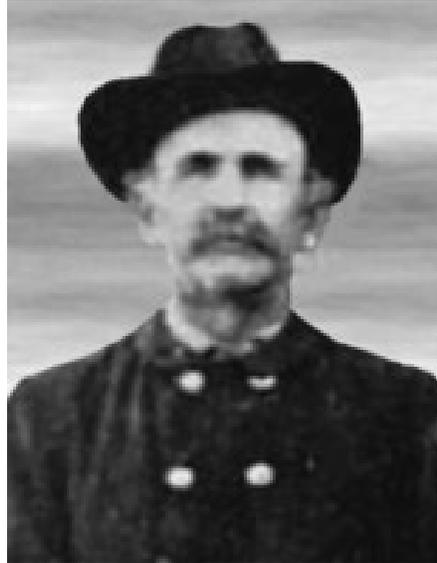
Remembrances of the War *Andrew H. Kane* **Page 2**

The Voice of the GAR *Isaac L. Blaisdell* **Page 43**

Life at the Soldiers Home *Caleb J Todd* **Page 77**

REMEMBRANCES OF THE WAR

By Andrew Hill Kane



Andrew Kane
(1841-1912)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Andrew Kane provided harsh, vivid images of the Civil War, along with a lighter view of camp and field life in a series of eighteen articles appearing in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* between November 22, 1885 and March 14, 1886.

Andrew Hill Kane, the son of Morrison and Rhoda Kane, was born on August 5, 1841 in Hendricks County, Indiana. His parents, originally from Stokes County, North Carolina, had moved to Indiana 1832. When the Civil War began Andrew was living in Ashland, Indiana, and enlisted as a musician in Company A of the Fifty-ninth Indiana Infantry Regiment at Spencer, Indiana on October 10, 1861. He remained with that regiment throughout the war.

As a musician Kane served with the band in providing cadence music for the regiment while marching, and signals during its field operations. When in battle he also functioned as a medic in attending the needs of the sick and wounded. At the conclusion of his enlistment on April 14, 1865 he was honorably discharged at Wilmington, North Carolina, and returned to his home in Indiana. Three years later, on October 25, 1868 Andrew married Martha Brady in Fremont, Iowa. In 1870 their daughter Rhoda Kay was born, and the family moved to Jackson in Amador County, California where Andrew worked as a miner. A son Fred was born into the Kane family in 1876, and sometime prior to 1882 the family relocated to Santa Cruz, California.

During his early years in Santa Cruz Andrew was employed as a carpenter, and later worked as a policeman. Kane later affiliated with the J.F. Reynolds post of the Grand Army of the Republic and served in most of its offices, including that of commander. While living in the community he also became an active member of the Santa Cruz Odd Fellows lodge. By 1900 Kane had left the carpentry trade and subsequently worked as a salesman, night watchman and census enumerator.

During a trip to San Francisco in July 1902, Andrew was hit by a streetcar and suffered internal

injuries that remained with him throughout his life. By October of that year his condition had not improved and he admitted himself into the Veterans Hospital at Sawtelle, California for surgery. After returning to Santa Cruz, he attempted part time work as a yardman in a lumber company, but was later forced to return to Sawtelle for additional medical assistance. Andrew remained in that Southern California facility until early 1909 when he was moved to the veteran home in Yountville, California. On May 13, 1909 at the age of 70 Andrew Hill Kane died and was buried in the veteran home's cemetery.

Source Reference: <http://www.santacruzpl.org/history/articles/905/>



BRIEF REGIMENTAL HISTORY OF THE 59TH INDIANA (Source: http://www.civilwarindex.com/armyin/59th_in_infantry.html)

Officers: Colonels, Jesse I. Alexander, Jefferson K. Scott, Thomas A. McNaught; Lieutenant Colonels, Jefferson K. Scott, Thomas A. McNaught, Edward J. McBride; Majors, Elijah Sabin, Thomas A. McNaught, Edward J. McBride, John E. Simpson.

This regiment was organized at Gosport in the fall and winter of 1861 and was mustered in Feb. 11, 1862. It left the state Feb. 18, and preceded to Commerce, MO, being the first regiment to report to Gen. Pope for duty with the Army of the Mississippi. It moved to Benton and thence to New Madrid, participating in the siege of that place and being one of the first regiments to enter the town and take possession of Fort Thompson. It then marched for Tiptonville and assisted in the capture of over 5,000 prisoners. It embarked for Fort Pillow April 12, returning on the 17th, and then proceeded to Hamburg, TN. Gen. Buford was assigned to the command of the brigade to which the 59th was attached. The regiment was engaged from April 24 to May 29 in the movements connected with the march to and siege of Corinth, and then joined in the pursuit of the enemy to Booneville, Miss. Returning to Clear creek near Corinth June 13, it remained until Aug. 6 and then removed to Jacinto where it remained until Sept. 7. It then moved to Rienzi where it was joined by 250 recruits from Indiana. It was engaged in the battle of Corinth in October and pursued Gen. Price to the Hatchie River, after which it moved successively to Grand Junction, Davis' mills, Moscow, Oxford, and Lumpkins' mill. On Dec. 26, it started for Memphis as escort for the commissary train, then returned to LaFayette and back to Memphis, where it went into camp and remained until Mar. 1, 1863. It then moved to Helena, Ark., and embarked Mar. 12 on the Yazoo river expedition. It then took up the march for Vicksburg and reached Port Gibson just as the battle closed. With the 1st brigade, 7th division, 17th army corps, it was engaged at Forty Hills, Raymond and Champion's hill. Its skirmishers were the first to enter Jackson and its flag the one to float over the capitol dome. It formed the rear-guard for the 17th corps at the Big Black River and was the last regiment to cross and then destroy the bridges. It served in the trenches at Vicksburg, joining in the assault of May 22 with heavy losses, 126 being killed or wounded. It marched into Vicksburg July 4 and remained there until Aug. 5, when it moved for Helena. On Sept. 28 it reembarked for Memphis and then moved to Glendale, where it remained until Oct. 17. It marched for Chattanooga, took part at Missionary Ridge, and went into camp at Bridgeport, Ala., where it was transferred to the 3d division of the 15th army corps. It was in camp at Huntsville from Dec. 26, 1863, until Mar. 3, 1864, when it proceeded to Indiana on furlough having reenlisted as a veteran organization on Jan. 1. It returned to Huntsville Apr. 3 and remained there until June 22, when it left to join Sherman's army. It reached Kingston, Ga., July 1, and guarded the bridge over the Etowah River until Aug. 26. It was then ordered to Chattanooga and marched from there in pursuit of Wheeler's cavalry. It moved to Tullahoma Sept. 1, returning on the 21st, and escorted a wagon train as far as Cartersville, Ga. It was again at the Etowah River from Sept. 28 to Nov. 12, when it proceeded to Atlanta and accompanied the army to Savannah. It marched through the Carolinas to Raleigh, thence to Washington City, where it participated in the grand review; was then transferred to Louisville and mustered out July 17, 1865. During its term of service the regiment traveled 3,756 miles by rail, 4,618 miles by water, and 5,305 miles on foot. The original strength was 721; gain by recruits, 1,195; reenlistments, 240; total, 2,156. Loss by death, 221; desertion, 32; unaccounted for, 158.

SANTA CRUZ SENTINEL ARTICLES BY ANDREW KANE

NEW MADRID AND ISLAND NUMBER 10

(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Nov. 22, 1885)

In the fall of '61 I concluded to volunteer and do what I could toward putting down the Rebellion. The battle of Bull Run and other lesser engagements had been fought in which the Union cause had come out second best; in fact things looked gloomy for the cause of the Union. On the 20th of September I enrolled, and on the 9th of October, amid the tears of mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and hope-to-meet-again smiles of "the girl I left behind me," we started for the appointed rendezvous of the 59th Indiana Volunteers at Gosport. We arrived in the town on the same evening, and were kindly cared for by the citizens. The next morning we marched to the fairgrounds about a mile distant, where a kind of camp oath was administered, and we were shown our quarters. These were stalls which had been used by the horses and cattle brought there for exhibition. We proceeded to remodel these and make them suitable for habitation. On retiring to bed the first night I overheard a conversation between two of our boys in the next stall. It seems that one of them was going to disrobe and go to bed as he had been accustomed to at home, when the other made the startling announcement that they would be called out so quickly the next morning that they would not have time to dress. Volunteering was slow at this time, and it was three weeks before the next company came into camp. Our company being the first, we drilled twice a day, and between times amused ourselves by dancing, wrestling, jumping, etc., occasionally making a raid on the neighboring apple orchards.

Our First Battle

A protracted meeting was going on at one of the churches in town, and we were in the habit of attending, not so much because we were religiously inclined, but rather to see the pretty girls that also came regularly. As a matter of course we became acquainted with the young ladies and some of the boys were in habit of escorting them home. The boys in towns were very much incensed at us for thus getting away with their best girls, and threatened vengeance dire. The climax was reached on the evening of November 2d, when about thirty of us, after leaving church, were attacked by twice our number of town boys. The fight at once became general, clubs; staves, brickbats and knives were used. After about twenty minutes hand to hand fighting they got the best of us, and we had to retreat. We formed a line of battle in the suburbs, but the enemy did not again attack us. The casualties were great. None were killed, but nearly every man in our company was wounded, and the other side fared no better. The next morning we were ordered to fall in, and the Adjutant read the following order:

Hdqtrs 59th Indiana Volunteers

Camp Hughes, Gosport Ind.

November 3d 1861

General Order, No. 2- Hereafter no non-commissioned officer or private will be allowed to go to the town of Gosport without a pass from these headquarters. By order of J.I. Alexander Col Commanding T.J. Lee Acting Adjt.

That put a stop to our going to town. In fact we were not anxious to go, for the boys there

generally made it warm for us when they got a show.

On the 11th of February 1862, we were mustered into the United States service, and a few days later we left our old camp and boarded the cars for New Albany. Here we drew our first tents of the Sibley pattern, and went into camp. Nothing now occurred while we were here, except the passage through of the 13th Michigan. They were a fine body of men, and were anxious to get to the front. About the middle of February we boarded the steamer *Atlantic* and steamed down the Ohio River.

In due course of time we arrived at Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. Here we saw the first signs of grim-visaged war. Commodore Foote's flotilla of gun boats were anchored in the stream while a large number of steamers were at the landing discharging their cargoes of prisoners and war material captured by Grant at Fort Donelson. The prisoners were sent to Camp Douglas by the way of the railroad. The gunboats showed unmistakable signs of the conflict. Their smokestacks were shot full of holes, and in some instances were entirely gone, and great dents in their armor showed the accuracy of the enemy's aim. The small arms captured were of all patterns from a single barreled shotgun to a Mississippi rifle. We changed pilots and our steamer's prow was turned up the Mississippi river. The ice was running and the steamer's paddles would pick up great flakes and throw them against the wheelhouse making a terrific noise. We steamed up the river sixty miles to the town of Commerce, Mo., where we landed and went into camp. We now learned that we were a part of a force gathered here under the command of General John Pope for the reduction of New Madrid and Island No. 10. Our first necessity was transportation. We had plenty of wagons and wild mules. The latter had to be broken to harness and the teamsters had all the fun they wanted in breaking them.

About the 25th of February we left Commerce for New Madrid. The enemy obstructed the woods by felling trees, but we were not delayed, and at Sikeston our cavalry overhauled the enemy under Jeff Thompson and worsted him capturing two field pieces. On the second night out we camped at Benton, the county seat of Scott County. Our company had the Courthouse for quarters. The papers in the Clerk's office were scattered all over the room. The night was rainy and quite cool. We found a small stove but no wood. I skirmished round and found some law books, which made a good substitute. We made our coffee and told our stories that night according to the "Code of Missouri."

On the afternoon of the 3d of March we arrived in front of the enemy's works at New Madrid. After making a strong reconnaissance and locating their works, we fell back out of range of their heavy guns and went into camp. Here we had our first actual experience in army life.

We were green in everything, cooking in particular. We received bread rations in flour instead of hard tack. This we had to make into "flap jacks," fried in bacon grease. They were very unhealthy, and soon a large number of the boys became sick and were sent to the hospital.

We had a number of skirmishes with the enemy, without any material advantage on either side. Our regiment made an attempt to capture a rebel gunboat, which was tied to the shore above their upper works, but we were discovered and got a good shelling for our trouble.

The citizens in our vicinity came in frequently with wagons loaded with farm produce, cakes, pies, etc. These sometimes came to grief through the pranks of some of the boys, who would take a linchpin out of the axle, and when they started up down would come the wagon, and in the excitement the cakes and pies would generally disappear. A serious accident occurred here about this time. A number of citizens and soldiers were examining a percussion shell thrown from one of the rebel gunboats, and after passing it round for each one to look at the last man threw it on the ground, when it exploded, killing and wounding eight men. General Pope brought up some siege

guns and things were becoming lively when, on the morning of March 14th, we found the enemy gone. They left in a great hurry, abandoning all their artillery wagons, tents, etc. I saw card tables with cards and whisky on them the latter poured out, to be left untasted.

On the night of April 4th the *Carondelet* ran the blockade of Island No. 10, and the *Pittsburgh* on the 6th. On the 7th our division under General Schuyler Hamilton, crossed the river and marched to Tiptonville. Here we came upon the rebels, under General Mackall, who surrendered without firing a shot. That night was one of the worst I experienced during the whole war. The rain poured down in torrents. We stood around fires with our rubber blankets on the whole night without sleep.

A young man in our regiment found his father among the prisoners. The old man did not seem to be particularly overjoyed to see his son, and seemed to regret that he had gone in with "you all." We returned to our old camp at new Madrid, and had a grand review. General Pope had all the bands play an old tune, called "Era Extension," after which we boarded some transports and started down river.

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SIEGE OF CORINTH *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Nov. 28, 1885)*

In my last letter I stated that the army under Gen Pope was on its way down the Mississippi river, our destination being Fort Pillow. We landed on the Arkansas shore near Osceola, while preparations were being made to lay siege to the Fort. Talk about mosquitoes, we had to go aboard the boats and sleep on account of them. Another soldier and myself started out fishing. We went down the river till we came to a canebrake. Here the mosquitoes were so thick we had to turn back. A number of mules were stung about the head and neck by the insects until they died; rather a tough story to tell but true nevertheless.

While we were stopping here the transports, to the number of fifty, were tied to the shore. One day a small steam tug, of which we had several, caught fire. To get it away from the steamboats was the great object. The men in charge turned it toward the middle of the stream, turned on a full head of steam, jumped off and let her go. She ran out to about the middle of the river where she turned, [and] ran down the stream quite a distance. Again she turned toward the shore and came to within 100 yards of the helpless steamboats; again she turned ran up the river a ways, then turned and ran out to the middle of the stream where she blew up. The excitement as very great, as none of the steamers had steam up and consequently they could not get away. A few days after this we received orders to go up the river again and reinforce Gen. Grant at Shiloh. We passed up the Mississippi to Cairo, then up the Ohio to Paducah, then up the Tennessee River to Hamburg, where we landed. We moved out beyond the town and took position on the left flank of Grant's army. In coming up we saw a number of dead bodies floating in the river, soldiers who no doubt had been drowned in trying to swim the river while the battle of Shiloh was in progress. As we passed through our camps I noticed a soldier tied up by the thumbs. This was the first and last time I ever saw a man punished in that way. His two thumbs were tied together, and the cord was tied to the limb of a tree in such a manner that he could not touch his heels to the ground. He belonged to the regular army, and they were very strict in enforcing order. Gen Halleck came down about this time and took command in person. Now came the tedious part of the campaign. We would advance three or four miles and then fortify, until the country between the Tennessee River and Corinth was one continued breastwork. An order was issued by Gen Halleck calling all

the army out in line just before daylight and standing so until sun up. This was done to prevent another surprise such as was experienced at Shiloh. Halleck's great dread was a general engagement, and it required close watching on his part to prevent some of the subordinate Generals from bringing one. When we were nearing Corinth we came to a swamp about a mile wide. This we bridged or corduroyed, as it was called, and when completed Gen. Pope marched his command over and we formed a line of battle in the cleared fields beyond. An order from Halleck to fall back was obeyed, but before our rear regiments were ready to cross, the enemy appeared and a gallant charge was made by the Second Iowa Cavalry, which held them in check until all got safely over the swamp. This regiment was terribly cut up, and it was reported that they charged further than intended, because the bugler lost his instrument and could not sound retreat. A painful accident happened about this time. Our brigade commander, Col. Worthington, of the Fifth Iowa accompanied by this Adjutant, Patterson, was making the grand rounds about two o'clock in the morning, when by some mistake they got outside the picket line and in returning they rode directly on to a picket who, mistaking them for rebels, fired, the ball striking the Colonel in the head, killing him instantly. Gov. Morton of Indiana, made us a visit at this time, and in a speech gave us all the encouragement he could. He was second to none in looking out for the wants of his soldiers. Shortly after this we again crossed the swamp and our advance became engaged in a skirmish with the enemy. Our regiment halted and was resting when the rebels threw a few shells over us. Our Chaplain sat on his horse and his darkey cook stood beside him. When the second shell came along the Chaplain took fright and spurred his horse into a thick clump of young oaks. The darkey followed suit as fast as his legs could carry him. As he passed me he dropped his master's tin cup. I called his attention to the loss, when he sung out, "No time for picking up tin cups now." The Chaplain and darkey made good their retreat, followed by the hoots and yells of the entire regiment. We continued to advance and skirmish with the enemy until the night of the 29th, when explosions in Corinth gave notice that they were evacuating the place. We entered the town next morning and found the enemy gone. We followed them as far as Booneville, capturing about three hundred prisoners. Our last night in this pursuit was a very disagreeable one. It rained hard and the ground was covered with mud and water. I procured three rails and lay down on them with my knapsack for a pillow and my rubber blanket over me. Fresh meat was scarce on this trip and on coming to a plantation the only living thing suitable was a superannuated guinea. I gave chase. After running him for half an hour I finally brought him down with a club. I cooked him but failed to eat him, on account of his toughness. We came back to a place called Clear Creek and went into camp. Here we remained until the 5th of August, when we broke camp and marched to Jacinto, remained there a few days and moved to Rienzi. Here we staid till after the battle of Iuka in which our regiment did not take part. When [Generals] Price and Van Dorn threatened Corinth we evacuated Rienzi and went to reinforce the above named place. I was sick at the time and was riding with others in open army wagons. The sun was very hot and I became delirious, so much so that when were crossing the Tuscumbia River I jumped from the wagon into the water, a distance of twenty feet. The water as quite deep and I escaped uninjured. We went into camp in an old field in the suburbs of Corinth. Here we had a number of large tents all filled with sick and disabled soldiers. All old soldiers will remember sick call. This tune was played by drum and fife in infantry regiments and on the bugle in cavalry and artillery. The First or Orderly Sergeant would take all the sick in his company to the Surgeon's tent to be examined, the doctor would look at your tongue and then give you a wine glass full of a mixture of quinine and poor whisky, which he always kept at hand. Army doctors generally gave the same dose to all patients, not matter what was the disease.

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THE BATTLE OF CORINTH *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Dec. 6, 1885)*

Gen. Rosecrans, with about 20,000 men occupied Corinth when [Generals] Price and Van Dorn, after their discomfiture at Iuka, attempted its capture. The battle opened on the morning of the 3d of October 1862, by an attack on our advance, some five miles from town. The fighting continued all day and resulted in our troops being driven back to an inner line of fortifications, which had been prepared some time before. I mentioned in my last letter that I was in the hospital, which was located in an old field to the east of town. Those of us who were able to do anything were kept busy on the first day's fight helping the teamsters haul in knapsacks, which the troops had left when they went into the battle.

About daylight, on the morning of the 4th, the rebels opened on us with a battery, and their first shell struck within two hundred feet of where I was sleeping and killed a mule. My awakening was rather rude, as I didn't feel very well, and a morning nap would have done me good. Another shell went through the front door of the Tishamingo House, which we were using for a hospital, and killed a wounded soldier.

About eight o'clock a staff officer came along and called for all able bodied about the hospital; again about 9 A.M. came another officer calling every man that could hold his head up. This last order took all of us who were not actually sick abed. The rebels had broken our lines and were in town, having possession of Rosecrans' headquarters. The knapsacks we had hauled in the day before were all piled up and got ready to be fired at a moments notice. My first impression that things were going badly was the army of sutlers, clerks, darkies, etc., who came on a dead run down the street making for a place of safety. The sutlers threw open their doors and told everybody to help themselves. But the most of the crowd were more anxious to save their lives than to lose a minute in carrying off goods. However, I did notice one soldier moving to the rear at a double quick with all the new boots he could carry in his arms. He was an attached of the hospital, and did not belong to the front. I took my position in one of the large tents and carried water to the wounded. I would fill my canteen and give them water to drink and bathe their wounds, and so continued until the battle was over. Some of the soldiers were very cross when only slightly wounded, and did not always speak pleasantly to the surgeons, as they should have done. I remember a surgeon, who was slightly under the influence of liquor, having a wordy war with a wounded soldier, which culminated in the surgeon drawing his revolver to shoot him, but other parties interfered and saved the poor fellows life.

When the battle was over I went to the front near battery Powell and assisted in getting the rebel wounded to the hospital. I passed along where our brigade had fought, and our battery was a perfect wreck. All the horses, some eighty in number, lay dead and wounded were mixed up among them. The enemy captured this battery, but failed to hold it or carry off any of the guns. But around Battery Robinett was the greatest carnage. Here [Gen] Van Dorn massed his Texas and Mississippi troops under Gen. Walker for a final effort. Here the charge was led by Walker in person. With the rebel flag in his left hand, and his revolver in his right, he advanced, leaped the ditch, scaled the parapet, waived the flag and was instantly killed, his body rolling into the ditch. One after another of the Confederates seized the flag and tried to plant the staff in the ground, but all were killed. The last to attempt it was a Chaplain, and he, too, was killed. At this moment a soldier from Ohio named Gould seized the flag, a rebel held the staff, and a pulling match took

place. The rebel was killed and Gould mortally wounded, but the latter held on to the colors. The flag was of a silk and a very handsome one, and with the exception of a rent about a foot long, caused by the struggle for its possession, it was intact. The Governor of Ohio sent Gould a Captain's commission for his part in the battle, but before it arrived the heroic soldier was dead.

I visited Battery Robinett about two weeks after the battle. A long trench near by was the graves of all the Confederates who fell near the fort. A few feet to their right of the works was the grave of the brave Walker. It was nicely rounded up, and a piece of board was stuck down at the head and a piece of paper fastened in a split at the top, with the name of Gen. Walker. I took a look around to see if I could find anything for a souvenir. In this search I saw a beech stump about one foot in diameter, and the same in height, that carried the marks of thirteen canister shot. Talk about men being killed, the wonder is that any escaped! On the morning of the 5th, all the army started in the pursuit of [Gen] Price, leaving two companies of the Second Iowa Cavalry to guard Corinth. About noon some darkies, who were down at the creek watering horses, saw half a dozen bushwhackers. These hostlers came into camp as fast as their horses could run, yelling rebs and bloody murder generally. The two companies of cavalry started to the rear, and some officers at the hospital got all the convalescents in line around them, and started across an open field to some breastworks. It was the largest regiment I ever saw, when it started there being at least 1500 men in the ranks, but when they got to the works about half a mile away they only had about 500, the remainder being scattered along the line of march.

It took the ambulances all the evening to haul them in. Shortly after this I was sent to the general hospital, located in and around the seminary. Here were several acres of tents in which were congregated some five thousand sick and wounded including those left behind by [Generals] Price and Van Dorn. Next to the seminary was a huge pile of rough coffins, such as the Government furnished to bury its dead; these were a forcible reminder to the patients that in all probability their turn would come next. I was there three weeks in this hospital, and for downright agony of mind I never experienced its like. The groans of hundreds of wounded continually saluted my ears. These groans were in all keys; from the feminine cry of the boy perhaps not over sixteen years of age, to that of the middle aged man. I would hear the cries and shrieks of certain ones until I knew them by their voices. Perhaps some morning one particular voice would be missing. I knew too well what that meant. When the dead cart came along I would see carried out and placed therein one whom I had only known by his agonizing cry of pain.

We had an eccentric individual in our tent by the name of Davis. He had been in the Mexican war and now belonged to a Missouri regiment. He was always hungry; he was wounded in the thigh by a pistol ball. One day he got a board for a crutch and sallied forth in search of grub. He was gone about half an hour, when he returned with a ham bone, which he proceeded to pick with great gusto. While speaking of eating I will say that none of us had anything to brag of. Just before meal time a waiter would pass through the different wards and place on each bunk a tin plate, tin cup, knife, fork and spoon; then another would come along with bread; behind him another with coffee and tea; the fourth waiter would bring some apple sauce, if for breakfast; for dinner we would have some bean soup or rice. Soldiers are different from civilians, the sicker one becomes the hungrier he gets. I can state, so far as my experience goes, that the average hospital was no place to get fat. I remember a kind-hearted old lady who passed through the different wards and gave each of us a cup of lager beer. This would have been acceptable every day, but she only came twice a week. When the wounded became convalescent they were sent north by States. For instance, to day all the sick and wounded able to travel, from Ohio, would be put on the cars and sent away, tomorrow Illinois and so on. When Indiana's turn came we were all put on

the cars and sent to Columbus, KY. Here we took steamer for Paducah; there we landed and went to what was called the Gothic Hospital. The property, I believe, had formerly belonged to General Tilghman, the same that was captured at Fort Henry. I was here about six weeks, and I can't particularly brag of my experience, but I learned some of the mysteries surrounded these institutions. I found out that all the delicacies sent South by the Sanitary Commission did not reach the sick and wounded, but a large percentage tickled the palates of the hospital stewards, ward masters, nurses, etc. Such things were pronounced unhealthy for sick folks. In lieu of this we got plenty of beef soup, bean soup, rice etc. The convalescents had to keep their rooms in order, and when it came James Murphy's, (of the 36th Illinois) time to sweep he positively refused. The surgeon was sent for, who gave him the alternative of sweeping or going to his regiment. He said he would die before he would "swipe," so he was sent to the front. After I had been here about three weeks I was considered well enough to do some work, so I was promoted to third cook, my duties consisting mainly in washing dishes. But I fared better. It was now my turn to get a pop at the sanitary goods; in fact we fared sumptuously every day. We had a colored man and his wife doing the washing- Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe. They had run away from their master, so who should come one day but this slave owner and an officer, looking for the former's chattels. Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe got wind of it, and some of the boys in the hospital took them in a skiff and rowed them across the Tennessee River, where they remained until their former owner had gone. About the first of December thirteen of us started for our regiments. We followed the same route we came back to Jackson, and from there we went by train to Grand Junction. Here we were told we could not get transportation any further. Grant's army was below Oxford on the Yoconapotosi (Yokocona) River, so we had to look out for a ride down there. About dark a freight train came along, and when it stopped we tried the doors and found one unlocked. We all got in and closed the door. On examination we found the car was loaded with sutler's goods *and of course we didn't bother anything*. We rode all night in this car, and at daylight next morning we got out at Holly Springs. From here we joined our regiments at the front. A curiosity in the shape of a round stone, about the size of a hen's egg, was found near our camps. Put one of them in the fire and when it got hot it would explode with a noise like a pistol. The officers in vain tried to prevent this racket, and every night the guardhouse would be full of offenders. Occasionally some one would slyly fill the Colonel's fire full of these stones, and in a few minutes such a shooting around headquarters you never heard, but no one did it. About this time [Gen] Van Dorn captured Holly Springs and burned all our rations, and Gen. Grant's cherished plan of assailing Vicksburg from the north was abandoned. We fell back leisurely to Memphis, where we went into winter quarters.

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THE YAZOO PASS *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Dec. 13, 1885)*

In my last letter I stated that the army under Gen. Grant went into winter quarters at Memphis. We had nothing to do here but eat, sleep, and grow fat, with the possible exception of now and then making an excursion into the country. On one of these expeditions a young lady showed me a finger ring made from a Yankee's bone by her "feller" who was in Lee's army. My recollection is that the bone was procured after the first battle of Bull's Run. She was very proud of her ring and would not part with it on any terms. I had a good opportunity during this winter to see Southern life as it was, and after mature deliberations I came to the conclusion that they were

having a fine time, niggers to do all the work, absolutely nothing to do but drink whisky and "chaw terbacker." I attended church and was interested in the style put on by the ladies, they having a colored man in attendance carrying foot stools, etc., which he placed in the pews. He then retired to what is known as the colored gallery, where he remained until the services closed when he returned and carried home the same articles he brought. I saw a lady on the street one day, accompanied by a little Negro boy, perhaps six or seven years of age. The lady wore a dress with a very long train. When she came to a place where the walk was muddy, at a given signal this little darkey would shoulder up her train and carry it along until the obstruction was passed, when he would lower it to the ground. The circumstance was a novel one to me, and I kept watch and saw this repeated several times. About this time, 1862, there was a mutual understanding between the two armies that all surgeons should be allowed to go free, or in other words should not be made prisoners of war. While on an excursion at this time, our regimental Surgeon went to a house some distance from the road to get something to eat, a band of guerillas surprised and captured him. They took his horse and equipments and started him for the road, a number of them following, using the toes of their boots freely. Our doctor was a sadder but a wiser man when he got to camp.

On the first day of March 1863, we got aboard transports and started down the Mississippi river. This expedition had been the theme of conversation among the soldiers for some time, and by a great many held in mortal dread. One man in our regiment exposed himself to the small pox, and got that disease so he could escape the campaign. Another, just before the boats left the wharf, jumped from the hurricane deck into the river. A loud splash was heard; his hat floated down the current, but he passed under a steamer and was seen no more.

Another of interest occurred until we reached Lake Providence, La. Here we landed, and an attempt was made to open a new line of travel for steamers by way of the lake. A large crevasse or break was made in the levee, and a large stream of water flowed inland, the Mississippi being very high, but for some cause the experiment was a failure. We again got aboard our transports and came up the river to Helena, Ark. Here we landed on a sand bar and waited for orders. These soon came in the shape of what is known as the Yazoo Pass expedition. Our regiment got aboard the steamer *John H. Dickey*, and we started on this, the most perilous of all inland streams. We entered the Pass, which is not more than fifty feet wide and very crooked. After about half a mile we came to what is called half Moon Lake. This is a crescent shaped piece of water, about a half-mile wide and perhaps three miles long. We passed through this and again entered the pass. Our troubles now begun with the stream so crooked, and choked with overhanging trees, that we had to take smokestacks down before we could get along. We could only travel in daytime, and we could easily see back to where we started from in the morning.

One steamer lost her pilothouse, it striking against a limb of a tree which carried it clear off the boat and landed it in the water. The steamboat *Pike*, having on board the 17th Iowa, ran on a snag and sunk. Here and there through the woods could be seen barrels of pork from the steamer's cargo floating in the water- a fine prize for some hungry reb. We finally emerged into the Coldwater River and had better sailing. The first high land we came to we stopped a day to kill gray backs. They were small animals a few sizes smaller than a squirrel. We had good luck in our hunting, and a large number were slain. A soldier found an old canoe and was paddling around in the river, when a turtle put up his head. The soldier took off his canteen and taking it by the strap he threw it to the turtle. It seized it in its mouth and the soldier paddled ashore with it. It was the largest one I had ever seen; it weighed 160 pounds. Gen Quinsby and staff feasted on turtle soup on their headquarter boat, "*Gentle Annie*" next day. We passed down the Coldwater and into the

Tallahatchie and down that to its junction with the Yalobusha. Here we found a rebel fort, which barred our further progress. The gunboats engaged the enemy's batteries but without any good results. The ground was all covered with water so that land troops could do nothing. After remaining here a few days we received orders to return to the Mississippi. This we accomplished without material loss, and again took up our camp on the sand bar just below Helena. Here we remained a few days, receiving a large mail, which had accumulated while we were down the pass. We again took steamer and did not halt till we reached Millikins Bend; here we went ashore and camped on the levee. Where here Adjutant General L. Thomas made us a visit, also a speech; the subject of his address I have forgotten but I believe it had something to do with arming and equipping the colored troops.

After remaining here a few days we started down the river to get at Vicksburg from below. We had terrible bad roads and our progress was very slow. We followed a bayou known as Lake St. Joseph. One day our regiment was rear guard [and] when we halted for lunch we discovered a soldier out in the middle of the bayou, perched on a tree. Upon inquiry we learned that he and a companion had built a raft to avoid the walk. Here the current was quite swift; the raft struck a tree and capsized; his comrade stuck to the raft, while he clung to the tree. We got a long rope, and waded out and threw him the end, and hauled him ashore. We only passed one town on the road in the whole distance of seventy miles. It was called Richmond, and a very dilapidated looking place it was. The first place we sighted the Mississippi was at Hard Times Landing, a little way above Grand Gulf. We passed down below the latter place to Bruinsburg; here we arrived on the first day of May 1863. The battle of Thompson's Hills, or Port Gibson, was in progress, so we got aboard the ironclad *Louisville* and were ferried over the river. I don't think much of ironclads as ferryboats; they run too low in the water, which makes one feel as though they were about to sink. We went into camp shortly after crossing over. The next morning we passed over the battlefield; it seemed to be very rough ground and covered with stunted oaks and underbrush. We entered Port Gibson and halted while the bridge across Bayou Pierre, which the enemy had burned, was being repaired. There was a bank here, and our boys got any quantity of paper money; all they had to do was to sign Jeff Davis' name as President and Alexander H. Stevens as Cashier, and the money was all right. When we crossed the river and got about a quarter of a mile beyond, we found a large stack of bacon, which the Confederates had moved out of the Yankees way. We overhauled the pile for hams and left the sides for the darkies. I noticed a negro down on his knees, another colored man was placing bacon sides on his head; he put on six large pieces, then raised to his feet and marched off, the grease running down through his wool and over his face. On the third day of May we came to a place called Forty Hills, and here we had quite a skirmish with the enemy. Our regiment was deployed as skirmishers, supported by the brigade. The enemy had a battery and opened fire on our skirmish line. Captain Sands, Chief of Artillery brought a gun down by hand and opened on the enemy. There were present, near this gun, a number of officers, General James B. McPherson was standing behind an oak tree; General Crocker, Colonel Sanborn, of the Fourth Minnesota, and a number of others were scattered around. As soon as our gun opened, the enemy turned all his guns loose on us. The writer of this dropped down and hugged the ground. When I came too sufficiently to tell which one of the boys I was, I looked round [and] all the officers were gone except General McPherson and Captain Sands; the former changed his position from the oak tree to the other side of the road; he barely saved himself. The next shell went through a tree about breast high to a man. I was nearly covered up with dirt by the exploding shells and for close calls it certainly ranked a No. 1. A forward move was made about this time, which was a great relief, for of all the places in the

world, lying on the ground with the shells exploding around you is the least desirable. We came to a little creek, on the opposite side of which was a farmhouse. Skirmishing was quite lively; a spring pullet started out from cover and ran toward the rebel skirmish line; a young soldier from our lines started after her. She made him quite a chase, but he finally caught her. It was quite a spectacle, a soldier chasing a hen between the skirmish lines of two armies, liable to be killed by friend as well as foe.

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BATTLE OF JACKSON

(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Dec. 20, 1885)

After the affair at Forty Hills we marched over to the vicinity of Black River where we went into camp. Gen. Grant had to reduce Grand Gulf and get over rations to last us while we were swinging around Vicksburg. We remained in camp here from the 4th to the 10th of May. All old soldiers will remember a certain game played in the army called "chuck-a-luck". For the benefit of those who never saw it played, I will say that the game was played with dice; the player would generally have the numbers from one to six painted on the inside of his oil blanket, and all he had to do was to spread it on the ground and take out his dice and business commenced. The betting was done by placing your money on any one of the six figures. When the box was lifted, if the numbers showed up, you won, if no you lost. This game had become a great nuisance, and the officers made several ineffectual attempts to put a stop to it. The next day after going into camp, as mentioned above, some 2,000 men or more were engaged either in playing or looking on in a grove just beyond our camp. Gen. McPherson got a regiment from some other division and quietly surrounded the "chuck a luck" players. All at once they closed in on the double quick and captured the whole crowd. They marched them down to the different regiments and made them sweep the grounds. On the 10th we took up our line of march for Jackson, Gen Logan's division in the advance. On the afternoon of the 12th, as we neared Raymond, we heard cannonading. Soon an order came for us to hurry up. We moved as fast as we could, the last mile on the double quick. Logan's division was being roughly handled, but when we swung unto line the enemy fell back without any further resistance. A desperate charge had been made by the 7th Missouri (Irish Regiment), just before we came up. I had charge of a squad of men, gathering in their wounded. They were very severe on their officers for making the charge, they being repulsed with considerable loss. The next day we passed through Clinton. One of our boys went into a drug store and found a large bottle full of something good to drink. He drank some of it, and sold the balance to a soldier in the 48th Indiana. He treated his mess. When we started again, after a ten-minute rest, all the boys who drank from that bottle were writhing in agony on the ground. None of them died, but they learned a good lesson. We camped that night in a little grove. Meat was scarce. Some of our boys found a flock of sheep in the grove and drove them in. We killed as many as we wanted and cooked sufficient meat to fill our haversacks.

The next day, May 14th, was cloudy, and several hard showers fell on us as we marched toward Jackson. Our division (Crocker's) was in front. About noon we came upon the enemy's skirmish line, some three miles from Jackson; a battery was brought up and an artillery duel was carried on for some time. A thunderstorm was also in progress. The lightning flashed and the thunder drowned the roar of the guns. A house stood near by, and a large number of beehives had been robbed, and the air was full of bees, all on their "ear" and ready for a fight. A party of surgeons came ridding up to examine the premises and locate a hospital if the place suited. I was near the house, having gone there to get some honey, but arrived too late. When I saw this party of officers

coming I knew what would happen when they came in range of the bees. They rode up to the front fence at a lively canter, and one of them asked me some questions in regard to the house, if it was occupied by a family, etc. I answered his questions and waited for the bees to commence their part of the program. I did not have to wait long. They sighted the horses and their gay riders and went for them by the thousand. The struggle was short, sharp, and decisive. The last I saw of those surgeons they were going like mad through the woods with thousands of bees after them.

A little while after this I happened to be near General McPherson, when General Logan rode up. The latter asked the former to let him go into the fight with his division. McPherson told him he had the advance and had fought the battle of Raymond and he now proposed to give General Crocker a chance. Logan begged hard, but in vain; soon McPherson rode away. When he was out of earshot Logan turned loose. I thought I had heard profane language before, but this tirade by General Logan took the linen from the bust. About 2 o'clock the rain let up a little and a general advance was ordered. The Second Brigade, being on the wagon road, had the worst of the fighting; our regiment was on the extreme right and did nothing but skirmish. A solitary rebel fought our entire regiment for some time. He would walk as fast as he could from us and load his gun, then turn around and shoot. We were on the double quick, and I suppose a hundred shots were fired at him before he fell. Some South Carolina troops were here and they bragged considerable, as they passed through Jackson, how they would kill the Yanks. From the dead ones I saw, they seemed to be gentleman's' sons. They had small hands and feet, and did not look as though they had ever done any manual labor. They had a very handsome uniform, consisting of light blue pants, grey jacket and cap. The latter bound around with red. Before the battle opened they stacked their knapsacks, but in the retreat they had no time to get them. These knapsacks were very handsome, and had the owners name, company and regiment painted in gold letters on the back. They were full of fine white underclothing. Our boys opened them and scattered the clothing around looking for valuables. A number of rebels got under a cotton gin, and when we came near they came out and surrendered, holding their hands in bunches of cotton in lieu of a white flag.

We followed the enemy into Jackson, and the flag of the 59 Indiana was raised on the State House. The rebels retreated across Pearl River and burned the bridge; we did not pursue them further. Pemberton was marching out from Vicksburg, and Grant was in a hurry to get rid of the enemy on the east, so that he could turn all his attention to him. Our corps, the Seventeenth, left Jackson at daylight on the morning of the 15th, and marched rapidly on the road to Vicksburg. We all felt that the climax was approaching and that before many hours we would be in or near Vicksburg. Rations were getting scarce, and everybody seemed to be in a hurry to get back to the Mississippi river. We captured some tobacco at Jackson, enough to give us seven small plugs each. Soldiers, as a rule, use it either for smoking or chewing, and when none was to be had all its lovers wore long faces. I have seen a soldier who by good luck had secured a large plug of tobacco, take it out to take a chew, when his next neighbor would ask for a bit; it would pass from one to another, but none ever returned to the owner. The rebels did not pursue us when we left Jackson so suddenly, as they were somewhat mystified by Grant's movements. We went into camp in the woods on this, the night of the 15th of May 1863, and, after a very light supper- made so by necessity- we sank to rest. To a large number this was the last time they ever spread their blankets. We little thought what was coming tomorrow.

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BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILL *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Dec. 27 1885)*

The morning of the 16th of May 1863 broke clear and glorious. The clouds had passed away and the prospect for decent weather was good. Mississippi is a beautiful country in the springtime almost equal to our own California, and except for the movements of two hostile armies intent on each other's destruction, everything was peaceful and lovely in the extreme. There seemed to be no hurry about starting on the march. Hovey's division moved out, Logan's followed and after breakfast a slim-slim on my part, consisting of a piece of fat bacon only, without bread or coffee, we started.

We moved very leisurely, and about 10 o'clock the sound of cannon to the front gave us the first indication that the enemy was disputing the further advance of our army. We still continued to move on the road to Vicksburg, the sounds of battle growing plainer and more distinct as we advanced. About noon we were hurried up a little and soon came to Hovey's command. This division, which numbered some 5,000 men, was fighting all of Pemberton's army. Perhaps the General was trying to make a little glory on his own account, as it was not the design of Grant to bring on a general engagement until he had his troops well in hand. McClelland was away to the left, on the road to Clinton while Sherman's corps was strung along the road to Jackson. But Hovey had got his foot in it, so nothing could be done but to reinforce him with the nearest available troops, and thus save the day the best he could. Logan's division passed around to the right, and our division (Crocker's) took the center. As we passed Hovey's troops the fighting in his front was simply tremendous. Although hid from us by the woods, the roar of small arms interspersed with cannon was continuous. We had to run the gauntlet of the enemy's batteries, and this was done while marching by the flank and at a double quick. When we got to the rear of the position we were to occupy in the line of the troops, we halted, and the knapsacks were stacked, and one man from each company left to guard them. The lines were then formed and an advance made. Some of Logan's troops were in our immediate front, and the particular regiment in our front was out of ammunition. In advancing up the hill the bullets from the enemy's infantry would fall with a dull thud; but the closer we got the swifter they came. When we reached the summit we raised a cheer and charged, moving over the regiment that was out of ammunition, they lying down to enable us to do so. After passing over them we came to a piece of timber not more than one hundred yards wide. Beyond that was a small field of rye, just heading out. The 40th Georgia regiment was behind the fence separating the wood from the rye field. When we bore down on them they surrendered, but a few afterwards escaped by hiding in the rye. We got their colors and about 200 prisoners. I noticed one Confederate sitting by the fence his guns resting between the rails, on going up to him I found he was stone dead. He occupied such a position that when the fatal bullet struck him he never changed. There was now a lull in the battle in our immediate front, which gave me an opportunity of seeing how the rest of our brigade was getting along. On the right of our regiment, where some of Logan's men had fought, were a number of wounded men and some who were overcome by heat. Among the latter was a Lieutenant Colonel of Illinois regiment. He asked me to help him off the field. I took hold of him and when we started he was so feeble he could hardly walk. To make matters worse the enemy commenced to shell that part of the line, and as I had to go so very slow I was in doubt as to whether I would get away with my care or both of us killed. I asked him to move faster, telling him of the danger we were in. Finally a shell burst not more than ten steps to our rear, scattering the dirt and sticks all over us. This seemed to revive my Colonel, for he stepped off quite briskly. Two or three more shells followed,

and I had no more trouble in regard to slow progress.

An Ohio regiment made a handsome charge to our right, and as it was in open ground I saw it all. A high fence was in their front. This they pushed down as soon as they reached it, scattering the rails in every direction. The enemy at the same time were giving them a volley, but the gallant Buckeyes never faltered, but with a loud cheer that rang out in clear accents over the battlefield, and at a double quick, bore down on the rebel line. The latter stood their ground for a while, but when the Unionist came near they threw down their arms and surrendered. While these events were in progress on the right, Pemberton was massing his best troops, a Missouri division under General Green, for a final effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. They formed in front of our brigade in a piece of woods, and to the left of the rye field, heretofore mentioned. Our regiment was on the right and in a cleared field. The rest of the brigade, consisting of the 18th Wisconsin, 48th Indiana and 93rd Illinois, were in the timber. These [units] the rebels struck first and drove them back. First came the main body out in considerable confusion, then one and two together, we retreated doggedly, loading and firing as they walked along. At the edge of the cleared land was a rail fence. Up to this the Mississippians came, the front rank resting their guns on the top rails and firing at our regiment, as it was changing front from west to south. At this junction orders came to lie down. The rebels were getting over the fence when three batteries which were planted in our rear, opened with canister and shell. The first volley from these guns knocked the fence down as far as I could see at the same time it was covered with men in the act of climbing over. Dillon's Wisconsin Infantry fired over our heads and I noticed that some of the canister shot struck the ground before they got a hundred feet beyond our lines. In fact they came to close to our backs for comfort. After a few minutes rapid work our firing ceased, and when the smoke cleared away not an able bodied Confederate was in sight. The shells had fired the woods, and a number of rebels wounded were badly burned. This was the last determined effort made by the enemy to break our lines. When we went into the fight our regimental band stopped to stack their instruments, and in following they turned to the left, the first road they came to thus getting lost. This road led them among Hovey's troops, which at that particular time were being driven back. Our band got tangled up with these. The bugler was shot through the neck and the base drummer was wounded in the hip. They did not reach us till the battle was over, and then in what I considered a demoralized condition. The battle ended about four o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy retreating in haste toward the Big Black. Later in the evening I remember seeing Gen. Logan pass along. The men in his division cheered him wildly. Black Jack was held in high esteem by all his soldiers. He could crack a joke, was always ready for a fight, and when in battle, with his hat in one hand, his sword in the other, he was a complete type of daring soldier and commander. I assisted in bringing in the wounded, which occupied our time till dark. I was beginning to get hungry, owing to my slim breakfast, so I helped myself to crackers from the haversacks of the mortally wounded, knowing that they would never need anything to eat again. I found a Union soldier lying dead at the root of a tree, his head resting in his hand and his elbow on the ground. I thought he was alive when I first approached and spoke to him about his wound. In passing over the battlefield I found a number of wounded rebels whom I assisted to the shade of stumps and trees. In some instances I carried brush and made a shade for them. Their great desire to get a place to lean back and at the same time be protected from the rays of the sun. While at the above-mentioned work, a regiment deployed as skirmishers, came along gathering the dead. Then they found a dead man, a couple would take him by the hair of the head and drag him along until a place was found suitable for a grave. Here they gathered all the dead in the immediate vicinity, when a trench was dug, and without ceremony they were all thrown in and

covered up. Rather a brutal way of doing business, but perhaps the best that could be done under the circumstances. I overtook my regiment at the Big Black where they were constructing a bridge across that river.

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THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Jan. 3, 1886)*

The bridge across the Big Black was finished during the night, and on the morning of the 18th we commenced to cross. This bridge was a kind of floating concern, made of old flat boats and such material as could be picked up near at hand. It was rather "shaky," but we all got over without accident. We moved slowly, and when night overtook us we were only half way to Vicksburg. This delay was caused by Sherman's corps being in our way. We arrived near the enemy's works about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 19th. We marched into a dark canyon and lay down to rest in the thick brush. Everything had got quiet, and I was on the point of hoisting the white flag to old Morpheus, when the sharp report of an Enfield rifle, accompanied by a cry of pain, rang out on the evening air. Upon investigation it was found that a soldier was wounded; his little finger almost shot away. Lieutenant Brown, our assistant surgeon, told me to take him to the general hospital, about a mile to the rear, where his wound could be dressed and his finger amputated if necessary. I was somewhat disgruntled at being roused at that unseemly hour, as I believed then, and do now, that the soldier purposely wounded himself in order to keep out of the hard fighting ahead of us.

I turned my charge over to the attendant at the hospital and started to return. In coming along I noticed a curiosity in the shape of little lights revolving in the air. They seemed to start from the horizon, and after mounting almost to the zenith would descent out of sight, apparently in the city of Vicksburg. I was non-pulsed. I inquired of a belated artilleryman what it was, and received for a reply that it was "lightning bugs." I thought they flew pretty high for bugs, but resolved to say no more about the matter but keep an eye out and unravel this "bug" business myself. This I succeeded in doing on the following evening, without "giving myself away." The "lighting bugs" proved to be shells from Porter's mortar fleet, and the reason I had not dropped on it before was because there was no report accompanying the "bug", or none that I could hear. They were shelling some of the water batteries situated at the upper part of the city.

The next morning we found ourselves in a deep gulch or "hollow", as they call in that country, which was covered with a perfect labyrinth of brush and vines. Our regiment finally got its position, and we proceeded to clear off the ground and get what few tents we had up. The ground was so steep we had to dig it away to get a level place for a bunk. Some of the boys dug caves and slept in them. The enemy sent a shell over us occasionally just often enough to add zest to our work. By the evening of the 21st we had got things in fair shape, and were ready for the order to charge the enemy's works at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, which we then received. On the morning of the 22nd all was bustle and preparation, guns were put in order, letters were written, valuables and money were deposited with some one who was going to remain in camp. Precisely at 10 o'clock we filed out of camp and up the hill and down into another gulch, where the lines of battle were formed. I had quite a close call while this line was being formed. A large tree had been felled by the enemy, and in getting through the top I was in the rear of a soldier, whose gun was discharged. While fronting to the rear the bullet passed through his hand and grazed the side of my neck. I believed at the time that the man wounded himself purposely, and so expressed myself to him. Our line moved up the side of the hill to within one hundred yards of their works,

when their fire became so hot that we were ordered to lie down. The day was very warm, and a number of the boys were overcome by the heat. In returning to the front, after taking some of these boys to the hospital, I met an Irishman going to the rear with seven muskets on his shoulder. He was quite severely wounded in the head, the ball striking him in the forehead, and glancing upward made quite a bad scalp wound. I halted him and told him to throw the guns down. He remonstrated, but I finally succeeded in getting him to do so. I directed him to the hospital, and started on. After going a few steps I looked and who should I see but my Celtic friend, who had come back and was gathering up the muskets again. I saw that he was determined to save these guns, so I said no more to him. At noon the fighting, so far as our division was concerned, was over, and we fell back out of range. Soon the word came that McClernand had taken two forts and wanted reinforcements. Grant, in his Memoirs, seemed to distrust these dispatches with reluctance sent Quimby's division to his aid.

It was late in the afternoon when we got off. We had to march about two miles, and most of the line in full view of the enemy. When we came to the railroad we turned abruptly to the right, following a gulch that led to the enemy's works. When we got near the head of the gulch we came to Gen Burbridge's brigade, the 77th Illinois, having planted its colors on the bastion of the fort. We went into line right among the 67th Indiana and gradually worked off to their right, when from some unexplained cause the 67th fell back a short distance but immediately moved up to the front again. Bart Burke, of this city, was a member of this regiment, but he don't know by what authority this retrograde movement was made. The enemy was reinforced in our front and the battle raged with unparalleled fury. Our regiment was falling fast and in thirty minutes 120 of our 350 lay dead or bleeding on the ground, but we held on until night threw her sable curtain over the field, as if to shut out from human sight the horror of this slaughter pen. About sundown, when the battle was raging with great fury, a man raised up in our front and shouted, "Cease firing! You're killing your own men." Our officers stopped the firing as soon as they could, thinking some of our men had got in our front, but some one in the regiment shot this man who was playing the Yankee officer. The smoke lifted and about sixty yards in our front was a rebel regiment that had come out of their works to charge us. They aimed to get close before raising the yell, and that is why they claimed to be our own men. A volley from us sent them back into their works. The fighting lasted till 8 o'clock, the combatants firing at the flashes of each other's muskets. About that time we silently withdrew leaving our dead where they fell. These we buried two days after, under a flag of truce. We were greatly incensed at General McClernand for misrepresenting (perhaps innocently), the situation and for the bungling manner in which he handled our division. I believe his action on this occasion was the cause of his retiring from the service, he being relieved of command not long after.

The next morning we marched back to our old camp, glad to get out of McClernand's death trap. Another charge was ordered a few days after this but for some cause was countermanded. We now went to work to dig our way into Vicksburg. All pickets were relieved during the night for greater safety, and where an open ridge had to be crossed a road four feet deep and running in a zig zag manner was cut and made wide enough to allow an artillery carriage to pass.

The works on the skirmish line were made strong, and when an opportunity offered an advance was made and new works erected.

When the boys went on picket they would generally take sixty rounds of ammunition, and in most cases it was all used. They had a habit of what they called shelling Vicksburg. This was done by elevating the gun to an angle of about 45 degrees. I afterwards learned from citizens and Negroes that our musket balls reached the river, one mile away, and that a good many people were

wounded in different parts of the city by this continual shower of lead.

One of our company remarked that he was going to shell Vicksburg one night. He elevated his gun to about the proper angle and proceeded to fire sixty rounds into the beleaguered city. When daylight appeared the next morning he discovered that he had done all his shooting into a big stump that stood about ten feet high, and about two rods in front of our works. He never heard the last of "shelling Vicksburg" while the war lasted. I put in some of my spare time selling a kind of beer; I believe it was called spruce beer. I dug a place in the bank and fixed up a shade over the keg and proceeded to sell the stuff at ten cents per oyster can. I got along first rate until the rebels concluded to do a little shelling on their own account. The first shell missed my beer garden about fifty feet. This had a bad effect on my audience, and caused most of them to beat a retreat to a place of safety. Another shell coming still closer caused the balance to leave, and the demand for beer very perceptibly declined. However, I "staid with the boys," or rather with the beer, until the corner of my evergreen beer shed was shot away, when I retreated in good order to a place of safety, but kept my beer in sight. As I watched my property I wondered how high the beer would fly in case a shell would strike that keg fair on the head. When this little unpleasantness was over I moved my business to safer and more congenial quarters. We had plenty of grub and very good water, so that we actually were in better health when the city surrendered than when we first invested the place. Picket firing was continuous all along the line, and the gun and mortar boats on the river made it lively for everybody inside the enemy's lines

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG (CONTINUED)

(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Jan. 10, 1886)

About the 1st of June General F.P. Blair, with about 5,000 men was sent on an expedition to Mechanicsville, distant about fifty miles. Our brigade commanded by Colonel Banborn of the Fourth Minnesota, composed a part of this force. We left our camps in front of Vicksburg about 8 o'clock in the evening, and marched out about five miles, when we stopped for the night. The weather was very warm and we did most of our marching in the evening and morning, stopping over during the heat of the day. On the third day we arrived at Mechanicsville. This proved to be an insignificant place of perhaps 200 inhabitants. We saw no enemy with the exception of a few irregular cavalry. We remained here overnight and the next morning started on the return trip. We took the road down the Yazoo River, or what is known as the Haines Bluff road. The Yazoo bottom was covered with young corn nearly waist high, and from what I could see, they appeared to be very rich.

The expedition was sent out to look for an enemy that might be in this part of the country, and destroy the property that was contraband of war. General Blair marched us on this return trip as though we were en route to relieve some beleaguered garrison, whose ability to hold out another twenty four hours was doubtful.

The weather was very hot, and straggling was no name for the way the men fell out of the ranks. At one halt we made only four men in our company were present to stack arms. The guerillas picked up quite a number of these stragglers and carried them off as prisoners.

Our line of march was marked by burning cotton gins, and bales of the fabric that were stowed away in barns. I believe we got to Haines Bluffs on the second day, the fastest time on record, considering the warm weather. The boys said that Blair had whisky and ice on a boat at the Bluffs, and was in a great hurry to get there. Although General Blair may have been a good soldier and a true patriot, he certainly had no respect for the common soldiers. We remained at

Haines Bluffs two or three days, when we returned to our old camp in front of Vicksburg.

The siege was beginning to be monotonous. The only place in our corps that was lively was in Logan's division, near the Jackson wagon road. He had run a zigzag trench right up to their breastworks, and was running a tunnel under one of their forts to blow it up. After the explosion there was considerable fighting, but no permanent ground was gained. A colored man on the enemy's side went up with the dirt and came down on our side. He was not much hurt, but was very pale from fright. About the 1st of July I could see preparations going on for the proper celebration of the Fourth. Wagons were busy hauling ammunition to the various field batteries and a general activity was visible in all ordinance stores.

On the evening of the 2d I went on the skirmish line and remained twenty-four hours. In the forenoon of the 3d a white flag was raised in front of A.J. Smith's division, and negotiations were opened looking to surrender. White flags were also hoisted all along the line, and all the soldiers on both sides were on top and in front of their works. Everything went lovely until a gun was fired, which caused everybody to hunt their holes; however, not much more fighting was done. In the afternoon Grant and Pemberton, accompanied by their respective staffs, met in front of our corps (17th), near a small oak tree. They remained there about half an hour, when they returned to their respective commands. This tree became historical and was carried away, root and branch, by relic hunters. Everybody felt glad that the long siege was over, and that no more blood would be shed. Sentinels from each army mounted the breastworks and walked their beats on top in plain view. In some places, particularly in front of General Logan's division, our own and the enemy's sentinels paced their beats within twenty feet of each other.

The next morning, July 4th, about 10 o'clock, the enemy marched out and stacked their arms in front of their works and then returned to their respective camps, and about the same time our division marched into the city. It was indeed a desolate looking place. The streets were barricaded and covered with a deep dust. Everywhere was to be seen fragments of shells, broken wagons and other debris. The citizens had dug caves in the banks to live in and protect themselves from the fire of our artillery. Some of these subterranean chambers were quite large, the dirt floors being carpeted, I recollect seeing a church that a shell had entered at the roof and came out near the basement. A Negro told me that services were being held at the time. He says, "Golly, Massa, dey cum out s' dat church like scared sheep." I presume the benediction was cut short. Soon after the surrender we moved inside the entrenchments near the suburbs of the city. One day I was roaming around town, and on going to the lower landing I saw the steamer *City of Madison* taking on a load of ammunition. Some 40 Negroes and a number of white soldiers were engaged in the work. The colored men were letting the shells down into the hold of the vessel by passing them from one to another. After looking at them awhile and seeing them drop a shell or two, I came to the conclusion that it was no place for me, so I started across lots for camp, and as the sequel will provide, none too soon. I had proceeded about a quarter of a mile when I heard the explosion of a shell, then another making the second, and then a tremendous explosion that made the whole earth shake. I rightly surmised that the darkies had dropped a percussion shell and blew up the whole cargo. On returning I found the forward part of the boat back to the wheel house, was a mass of splinters and had sunk, the stern still remaining out of the water; but the darkies, Oh, where were they? Not one out of the 40 left to tell the tale. The white soldiers were on a barge passing the shells up, so they only had one man killed, but all of them were badly shaken up. Bart Burke of this city was one of the white soldiers engaged in the work, and he informs me that he was knocked senseless for some moments. A spar from the boat was blown about 40 rods in the direction of the city, striking on the end stuck in the ground, where it remained in a

perpendicular position.

Some time in September our division was ordered up the river to Helena, Ark. All the sick, together with the tents, were left as they were. There were thirteen convalescents in our company, including myself, left back, and I was left in command. This was the first time I had a separate command, or any show whatever to show my generalship. About the first thing I did was to trade a surplus of white beans to a colored man for a barrel of Muscatine's. These were a kind of wild grape that grew along the creeks and rivers of the country, and are about the size of the California Mission variety. They have a very thick skin so that it takes many to make a mess. We thirteen ate the barrel of grapes at one meal, and still lived. I next sent out a detail to forage for pumpkins and muskmelons, but they didn't get many. Some colored people not far away had three fat hogs. I sent a detail of four men to bring one of these porkers, dead or alive. Two of the four men took their guns. Of course this was done in the night. After they had been gone awhile I heard a tremendous row over about the Negro cabins, in which the squealing of a hog and the shouts of the excited Negroes formed a large part. Finally the hog was shot and brought into camp. We had hot water, so we cleaned our hog, burned the lard and had everything in good shape by midnight, so if any of the officers came along no suspicion would rest on us. We remained here about a month, when we were ordered to join our command at Helena. We had accumulated about six months' provisions, the most of which we had to leave behind. Our boys had another way of getting extra grub; they had some broken bank money. The backs of the bills they painted green. This they used in buying fresh meat and other articles from the Negroes. Money was no good unless the bills had green backs.

We finally got ready and got aboard the steamer *Gen Anderson*. She was loaded down until the water ran over her lower decks, and I was afraid she would sink. The night was very dark, so we tied up to the shore till the moon arose. As we rounded the bend in the river near Milliken's Bend, about sun up next morning, we saw a steamer burning. A number of cattle were swimming in the river. We ran up to the steamer and found her nearly burned to the water's edge. She proved to be the *Robert Campbell*. Some twenty-five persons, about half of whom were women, were on a sand bar in their nightclothes. These were all that escaped. How many were drowned no one seemed to know. I saw one man with a life preserver on, drowned. He had neglected to put the straps over his shoulders. When it worked down around his hips. He had a valise in one hand and a hand trunk in the other. We took the shipwrecked crew aboard, and ferried them over the Million's Bend where we left them.

We arrived at Helena on the third day and joined our respective regiments. About this time our division was changed from the 17th to be the 3d division, 15th corps. Orders were also received to get aboard our steamer and go up to Memphis where we took cars for Corinth, being ordered to Chattanooga to reinforce Grant.

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MISSIONARY RIDGE *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Aug. 30, 1885)*

On the evening of Nov 20, 1863 after a long and tedious march from Corinth, Miss., by way of Florence Ala. Fayetteville, Deckerd and Bridgeport, Tenn., we arrived at the foot of Lookout Mountain. The road from Bridgeport was horrid; dead mules and broken wagons were on every hand, showing with what difficulty the army in Chattanooga was being fed. On the point of the mountain, next to Chattanooga, was a signal station. When it became dark, I distinctly remember

how I watched the light as it swung to and fro, conveying to Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge possibly the news that something was wrong below. Our pickets were up some distance on the side of the mountain, and above them were those of our foes. Little fires gleamed out in the darkness, marking the place where the reserves were stationed. About 9 p.m. we again took up our line of march. Turning to the left we crossed the Tennessee River at Brown's Ferry on a rickety pontoon bridge; so rickety indeed, that it broke several times, and finally gave way leaving our 4th division (Osterhaus) behind. We passed around to the rear of Chattanooga, and hid ourselves away among the hills, having received strict orders to keep quiet. In our immediate front was a high hill whose top commanded a fine view of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. On the morning of the 23d, the writer, with hundreds of others climbed this hill to get a view of Hooker's battle. We could hear the musketry, but owing to a heavy fog which hung around the top of old Lookout, we failed to see much. This battle, aside from being fought above the clouds, was a very commonplace affair. As we were descending a deer suddenly started from its covert, and ran down the hill as fast as its frightened legs could carry it. The injunction to keep quiet was instantly forgotten. Everybody yelled and cheered the frightened animal, which ran through John E. Smith's division, and after a number of hairbreadth escapes was finally captured by some of the boys in the first division. About midnight of the 23d, we left our camp and silently marched down to the Tennessee River, just below the mouth of the Chickamauga Creek, there we found Giles A. Smith's brigade busily engaged ferrying troops over the river in pontoon boats. They were a square, clumsy boat and would hold about thirty men. All night long these boats plied back and forth and by morning about 8,000 men were across the river and had thrown up a very respectable rifle trench. When daylight came, they commenced to lay the pontoon, and by noon it was finished and all the troops over. This bridge was 1300 feet long, and considering the time in which it was laid down, it certainly displayed great ability on the part of Gen W.F. Smith, who had the work in charge. A heavy fog hung over the valley, completely hiding us from the enemy's view. About 9 a.m. Two Confederate cavalymen came down toward the ferry and not knowing the place had changed hands during the night, rode directly on to our skirmish line. One was captured and the other escaped. The prisoner was brought back to our regimental headquarters, and I remember how earnestly he begged for his life. He thought we were going to kill him on the spot. It took our Colonel some time to convince him to the contrary. At 1 o'clock the three divisions of the Fifteenth Corps and Jeff C. Davis' Division of the Fourteenth, were ready to move. The country for some distance from the river was level and in cultivation. The whole army was in plain view. It was the finest parade of troops I saw during the war. We advanced through the open ground until we reached the woods. There we found the land swampy. We went splashing through it, and soon reached the foothills and made a lodgment with no opposition but that of the enemy's skirmish line. We proceeded to fortify our position, and all night we worked to make our works secure. The enemy was also busy, as the sound of their axes and falling trees made plenty of music during the night. We occupied a ridge, which ran parallel to, but was not connected with Missionary Ridge proper. Between our position and that of the enemy was a narrow valley. A rail fence ran along on each side of this, and was occupied by our and the enemy's skirmishers respectively. A house stood about midway between the lines, and was occupied by a lady and her two daughters. About 9 a.m. the order was given to charge. Over the fence and across the field we went at a brisk run, and up the hill on the opposite side, driving the Eighteenth and Twenty-first Texas before us. We captured their first line of rifle pits. Just above us on the bench of land, was a rebel battery. Our boys went for that. The gunners fled notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of their commander to remain and give the Yankees a warm

reception. We thought the guns were ours, but before we could lay hands on them a brigade of the enemy, that was supporting the battery, suddenly arose to their feet, gave us a volley, and charged, and such a volley. Fortunately for us we were below them, and the soldiers invariably fired over our heads when firing down hill. It was now our time to do a little 2:40 running. I remember that in my blouse pocket I had a white handkerchief. A small tree that, owing to urgent business, I failed to go around, but went over, caught this and drew it from my pocket. A hurried glance backward showed it floating from a limb, a token of surrender; but in this instance the goods were not delivered. We rallied before we reached the valley, and made a stand. The gunners returned to their pieces and opened on us with canister and shell, but we held our ground. Near by was a wounded Texan, and a comrade and I placed him on a litter, and bore him down the hill to the house in the valley. Some other wounded rebels were there, and the lady and her daughters were caring for them.

In our charge across the field, mentioned above, our boys pushed the garden fence down. Soon after taking the wounded man to the house I made another trip. This time I met one of the daughters driving a couple of pigs out of the garden. I engaged her in conversation about the battle that was then going on around us, asking her if she was not afraid of being killed. She said she was not. While we were talking a minnie ball passed near and tore up the ground within six feet of where the girl stood. Other bullets passed near by- in fact the place was getting a little warm for me, so I passed on leaving her to herd pigs amidst one of the great battles of the war. I believe these women remained in the house during the terrible battle fought for the possession of Tunnel Hill. I frequently saw shell burst directly over them, but they passed through safe.

About noon we fell back to the fortified ridge, and the storming column moved out and up the side of the hill. I remember seeing the Fifth Iowa fighting over the log breastworks with the bayonet, but the enemy was too much for them. Two companies of the regiment were captured, and I believe they lost their colors. We were reinforced by the Eleventh Corps, who went into battle and fought gallantly. The rebels reinforced from other parts of their line, held their ground. Things were uncommonly quiet in General Thomas' immediate front up to this time, but suddenly they became lively over that way. Thomas gave the order to advance and take the first line of rifle pits. This being done, the troops, without orders, kept right on for the works on the summit. The enemy had a line of infantry and forty pieces of artillery, and were protected by earthworks. These poured a destructive fire into our men, as they advanced. I was in plain view of the enemy's works, and for rapid firing the rebels at this time excelled anything I had hitherto seen. Their line of battle was one continuous sheet of fire. Finally all was quiet, but it was morning before we learned the glorious result. How Thomas' men had scaled the heights, captured all the enemy's cannon, a large number of prisoners, and driven the remainder from the field. During the night the rebels retreated, and left us in possession of the field. They stripped our dead and wounded of boots, shoes and blankets- such of them as lay close to the works.

Provisions were scarce with us at this time, so we did not follow Bragg's forces very far. Before we returned to our old camp, in the rear of Chattanooga, we were out of rations and none were to be had. Some of our company gobbled a sack of "nigger peas," but I was not in that mess. Our company commander had quite a supply of coffee, so we were marched up three times a day and took our coffee straight. This lasted for three days, at the end of which time I actually believe I could have eaten some of Seaburg's "tripe."

We finally moved from there to Huntsville, Alabama where we went into winter quarters. There I build my first chimney of brick, with a cloth tent for a house, but like some of our lecturers and public speakers it failed to "draw".

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A COLORED WEDDING *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Jan. 17, 1886)*

My last letter brought me to Corinth, Miss, and my "next" was written and printed in the Daily Sentinel of Aug. 30, 1885. In it was described the battle of Missionary Ridge, and our movements until we went into camp on Russell's Hill at Huntsville, Alabama.

[NOTE: A.H. Kane's "Missionary Ridge" article, when originally printed, was not published in the actual chronological sequence of events.]

After remaining in camp here a few days we moved down to the city. Our Company (A) and B took possession of a large wagon train

The weather was very cold for that country, the ground freezing solid enough to bear up a wagon and team. About this time the Government was offering large bounties to all old regiments, or to those who had been in service for two years to re-enlist. Nearly all those who had been in the service long enough re-enlisted, or at least enough for the regiments to hold their organizations. Four hundred dollars bounty and a thirty-day furlough were the prizes offered for these re-enlistments.

After our regiment had started home on their veteran furlough those who did not re-enlist, about fifty in number, including myself, moved to a vacant lot opposite the public square where we erected our tents and prepared to stay. Among the help we had was a colored man, about thirty years of age, named Zeb Watkins. He was as black as the traditional ace of spades, and so far as the make up of his features was concerned I can assure you he was no beauty. He was a man of all work, helping the cooks getting wood, water, etc. Zeb had belonged to a planter that lived on Flint river, some ten miles from the town by the name of Watkins, and I will here remark that the slaves almost invariably took their master's surname, adding such given name to it as they had been known by on the plantation. There is not much danger of the more illustrious names in the South dying out so long as their slaves or their descendants live.

The heading of this letter is somewhat different from its predecessors as they generally treated of some battle, while a part of this one at least will treat of a wedding. Our man Zeb had received a shaft from Cupid's bow, which landed directly in his heart. The cause of all this love sickness on his part was one Cleopatra Jones, a black beauty they lived on a plantation about four miles from town. Zeb approached me one day and gave me an invitation to his wedding, which was to come off in about two weeks. He was anxious to have an officer perform the ceremony; in fact a common preacher looked small in the eyes of the average darkey when compared to an officer with his military trappings on. After some conversation with him in regard to my being captured by guerillas should I conclude to go, the place of the wedding being beyond the lines I took the case under advisement to report in a week.

After a conversation with Lieut. W. A. Bartholomew in regard to the matter, in which he positively refused to risk his capture by the enemy in going so far from camp, and also refusing to give his consent to any of the boys going, I was resolved to go if I could get any one to go with me. After discussing the question for a few days I at length succeeded in getting a Sergeant and private to go along. The Sergeant I wanted to perform the marriage ceremony. When the time was up I informed Zeb that we would be there, and we wanted a trustworthy person to pilot us to the plantation. It was all arranged satisfactorily. Zeb was to send his brother for us, he knowing

all the trails and by roads, as we had no desire to use the main traveled road for fear of meeting some of the enemy. It was not a fight but fun we were looking for.

We made all necessary preparations. Our Sergeant borrowed a Captain's coat and sash from some one outside of our regiment. We each had a revolver, and at the appointed time our guide made his appearance, and about eight o'clock in the evening we silently stole out of camp, our Sergeant carrying his officer's clothes in a bundle. He also had a copy of Hardee's tactics and a pamphlet left with him by the agent of the Christian commission. From these latter documents he was going to improvise a kind of marriage ceremony for the occasion. Our guide, a strapping young colored man, led us through cleared fields, timber and brush, over creeks, and gulches and finally, about half past nine, we approached the place. When we came within a couple of hundred yards of the house our Sergeant halted the squad and sent our guide on to reconnoiter. After being gone a few minutes he returned and pronounced the coast clear, so we proceeded to the house. Our first duty was to put out pickets, consisting of two young colored men to guard the road in both directions from the house. We now went in, and were introduced by Zeb to the most prominent persons including the coming bride. Our Sergeant had, before coming in, donned his Captain's clothes, and of course received the lion's share of attentions. There were about fifty people in and around the house, of all colors from that of a new saddle to the most polished ebony. The house consisted of a double cabin with an entry between.

One of these was used for a sleeping apartment and the other for a kitchen. Several smaller cabins stood near, and the whole was surrounded by a rail fence. The bride, Cleopatra Jones was a "culled gal" about twenty years of age. Not being a judge of colored beauty, I will not dwell on that point, but will say she was somewhat better looking than the groom. She had on a silk dress, which I presume had belonged to her mistress, and was a few sizes too small for her. She also wore a profusion of brass jewelry. After some preliminaries our Sergeant Captain ordered the bride and groom to stand up. His first question was a demand for his fee, five dollars. The groom not having any money or at least not so much as that was somewhat embarrassed; but he rustled around and succeeded in finding a five-dollar note, Confederate money, which he gave to the officer. That functionary gave it a comical look, put it in his pocket and proceeded with the ceremony. "You will now join hands!" Zeb took the hand of the "fair" Cleopatra in his. After going through the ceremony as near as he could remember, our Sergeant Captain closed as follows: "In the name of the people of the United States I declare you man and wife for three years, or during the war. The ceremony seemed to please all hands hugely, and the custom of kissing the bride was indulged in for a few minutes. Supper being announced, we passed out through the entry and into the other part of the house. Here we found a table that would gratify the sight of a gourmand- roast chicken in profusion, corn cakes, fried, pies, cakes and last but not least, three fat 'possums, roasted brown, placed at intervals along the table. I will state for the benefit of those that never saw a possum that they are a small animal, nocturnal in their habits, and fond of visiting hen roost. They are very fat and are hunted by the colored people for their flesh, of which they are passionately fond. Of course we were given the seats of honor at the table, and, after a blessing had been asked by Uncle Jerry, we proceeded to help ourselves. Everybody ate, ate hearty; indeed such satisfactory eating I seldom or never saw. Colored jokes and repartee were plentiful; the color line and the war were forgotten. Finally when the last slice of possum had disappeared, the guests arose from the table. Their chins shone as bright as baldheads in the front seats at a variety theater, caused by possum grease that escaped the road to their stomachs. Soon the notes of the violin and banjo struck up in the other room. I being a kind of officer of the guard took a couple of men and went and relieved those already on guard, so that they could come to

supper. It was now about 12 o'clock. The light fantastic was being tripped by two score of men and women, some with shoes on, some with boots on and some bare footed. This thing had been going on perhaps an hour when an unearthly yell from one of my guards, immediately followed by three or four shots from a revolver, caused a general consternation and panic. Somebody yelled "bushwhackers" and a grand rush from the house to a place of safety was made. I made a break for the nearest timber. In passing through I noticed a dozen horsemen coming toward the house full tilt. They were within seventy-five yards of the house and time was precious. In getting over the rail fence, the top rail turned and I fell into a hollow stump just on the outside. The fall knocked the breath out of me, so that by the time I had got my wind and was ready to run it was too late; so I crouched down as close as I could. By this time the bushwhacker were all around me. They tied their horses to the fence and went into the house. My soldier friends and nearly all the darkies were gone. They made some of the women get them some supper leaving one man to guard the horses. They sat down and helped themselves. They never suspicioned that any white soldiers had been there, an, after satisfying their appetites and making a good many inquiries about the Yankees in Huntsville, they got ready to leave, winding up their little escapade by whipping a negro man who failed to answer some questions put to him. They left the way they came. After they were out of sight I crawled out of that stump and made tracks for Huntsville. I stopped every few minutes and listened for the enemy. When hearing nothing I would again resume my run for home, which I reached, nearer dead than alive, about four o'clock in the morning. My two companions reached camp about one hour later, they having lost their way in the woods. Our Sergeant Captain had to pay for the Captains coat and sash, as they were both torn into ribbons while running through the bush.

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A VISIT TO NASHVILLE *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Jan. 24, 1886)*

Soon after the events narrated in my last letter had transpired, I concluded to visit Nashville, if I could get a furlough. I wrote one out and got the lieutenant commanding the company to sign it. I then carried it to regimental headquarters, where it was again signed; from there to brigade, division, corps, and finally to department headquarters. It was the most muchly signed paper I ever saw. It was signed and countersigned! It was signed vertically longitudinally and diagonally. It was signed with blue, black and red ink. It was signed with gold, steel and goose quill pens. It was a conundrum to guards, whose early education had been limited, and curiosity to officers and others. It contained the names of four generals and a colonel and lieutenant besides the various adjutant generals. I intended to keep the paper, but I lost it later in the war.

The next day I proceeded to Nashville passing through the pleasant towns of Pulaski, Columbia and Franklin. I went to the Soldiers' home on Vine Street, where I spoke for board. That night I slept on the soft side of a table. After breakfast next morning I sallied forth to see the sights. After visiting the State House and James K. Polk's tomb, I concluded that I would visit "Smoky Row." This was that part of the city lying over the railroad, and was devoted to immoral purposes. No pass was good in this place, and after wandering around awhile I was overhauled by the provost guard and taken to the well know Zollicoffer House. The door opened and I was thrust in, and the door again locked. The Zollicoffer House was a stone building not yet finished. The walls, roof and floors were in place, but no inside work had been done. I believe it was four stories high and was built by Gen Zollicoffer, the same who was killed at Mill Springs. It was not

used as a barracks and guardhouse. The room in which I found myself was the full size of the building, perhaps 60 X 120, and contained about fifty soldiers. The omnipresent gray back and frisky flea were also well represented. I was in and how to get out was the question. From what I could learn it was much easier to get in than out. I made every effort with the officer of the guard to gain my freedom, but to no purpose. I passed the balance of the day and the night in that place. Next morning an officer came and released me, so I was again free. After remaining here until my furlough was out, I boarded the cars for home. After we had gone some miles the conductor passed through, or rather over the top of the cars, looking at passes and taking up tickets, etc. Our car was covered with soldiers, and when the conductor got about the middle I noticed that he was having a controversy with a soldier about something. He (the conductor) accused the soldier of being a woman. At first he or she denied the charge, but after some threats by him that he would expose her, she owned up that she was a woman and that she belonged to the 1st Alabama (Union) Cavalry, and her husband belonged to the same command. She had been in the hospital in Nashville, and had so far escaped detection; it remained for a railroad conductor to do that. When we got down to a station near Decatur, she exchanged her soldier's clothes for feminine attire.

We used to go foraging for corn out in the Tennessee bottoms. We would take from forty to sixty wagons and about six men to the wagon. When we reached the field the six-mule team would be driven along one row, and the corn would be picked from the stalk and thrown into the wagon. When all were loaded we would start for camp. While on one of those foraging expeditions we came to a plantation, the owner of which was a surgeon. In his office he had a skeleton all arranged in good style, and hanging by the head in one corner of the room. He told me that some years before there came along late in the evening an Irishman in an inebriated condition, who desired to stay all night. Not having any room in the house he made him a bed on the office floor, and in such a manner that when he awoke the first thing his eyes would rest on would be the skeleton. He said that the next morning about sun up he heard a lively racket in the office, and on looking out he saw his Celtic friend moving down the road at a lively gait minus his hat. Another time coming home with 40 wagons loaded with corn, we met a Negro with a mule and cart. The boys [union soldiers] on the front wagon began to pelt him with corn, then those on the next wagon and so on, and when the teams all got past, the cart was half full and the ground was cover round about. When we got near town we came to a Negro cabin, and in the front door being open the boys commenced to fire at the door and the ears came so fast that the inmates could not close it. When the last team got by I suppose there was five bushels of corn on the floor of the cabin. The boys did not do this with any desire to hurt the colored people, but merely to have a little fun.

About the 1st of June the rebel Col. Roddy, with 1,000 men and two pieces of artillery, crossed the Tennessee at Butler's Ferry, and moving rapidly to Madison, a station on the railroad, garrisoned by two companies of the 13th Illinois, surprised and captured the place with most of the garrison. A dispatch was sent to Huntsville for help. About two hundred of our regiment boarded the cars and proceeded with all dispatch to Madison. Here we were joined by a detachment of the 5th Ohio Cavalry, 120 strong. The enemy, after securing what plunder they could, made haste to get back across the river. We got off the cars and immediately took the road to the ferry. We were only about one hour behind the enemy. The cavalry went ahead and overtook the rebels in the river bottom. We proceeded as fast as we could, and about 4 o'clock in the evening we came up to our cavalry, who were trying in vain to drive the enemy's skirmish lines. The land was very heavily timbered, and in some places covered with water so that cavalry could not do much.

About half of our line was deployed as skirmishers, and with the help of the 5th Ohio the enemy's

skirmish line was routed and driven back on the main body at the ferry. The enemy was busily engaged in crossing the river, and had planted their cannon to protect them and these now opened on us. We pushed ahead and engaged their infantry, and the fighting became quite spirited, but no much damage was done, as it was not dark. We found the enemy in an almost impregnable position, with both flanks protected by swamps. Our Colonel now decided to withdraw, as nothing could be done. I recollect that a field officer of the 13th Illinois begged our Colonel to let him have our regiment to make a charge on the enemy, as he felt badly about his men being captured, but his request was not complied with. It now began to rain and our command started back to Madison, distant about eight miles. Our casualties were only two, one slightly and one mortally wounded. The one mortally was Sergeant Alexander. Eight of us were detailed to carry him back, as we had no ambulance with us. We put him on an oil blanket, and four of us would carry him as far as we could, each one holding a corner of the blanket. The rain fell in torrents and all the light we had was from the occasional flashes of lightning. All the troops moved to the rear, leaving us with our wounded comrade to get along as best we could. We expected the enemy would follow us, and in that case we would have been captured or dispersed. That was a long four miles through mud and water, and we must have been at least two hours in traveling it. I thought the wounded man would drown, it rained so hard, but we covered his face with his hat. It was a sad and melancholy experience, and one not soon to be forgotten. When we reached the highland we found the troops halted, it having occurred to the commander that we were in the rear. We carried him to a farmhouse and left him, his brother remaining as nurse. We got back to Madison about midnight, and stopped for the night. A party returned next morning for the wounded Sergeant, but found that he had been mustered out by the Great Commander. His remains were sent to friends in the Hoosier State. Toward noon a colored man came riding into town on a fine bay horse. He appeared to be a doctor from the saddlebags hanging on the saddle. He seemed to be in very good spirits and gave the following account of himself. He had been a cook in the 13th Illinois, and was captured the day before by Col. Roddy's men. A rebel surgeon being in need of a hostler pressed him into the service. During our skirmish with them at the ferry the surgeon gave him his horse to hold while he attended a wounded man. He mounted the horse, and the night being very dark and everything in confusion, he at the first opportunity rode into the brush, and escaped up the river. Beside the horse and saddle there was a doctor's haversack, blankets and a fine set of surgical instruments. We remained here one day and then returned to our old camp at Huntsville.

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MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Jan. 31, 1886)*

About the 20th of June 1864, Gen. Sherman, then near Kennesaw Mountain, ordered our division to Kingston, to hold that point secure against the cavalry of Gen. Wheeler. We marched as far as Bridgeport, passing through the town of Bellifonte on the way. At Bridgeport we took cars for Chattanooga. When near Whiteside Station our train broke in two near the middle, one half following the engine the other half going back toward Bridgeport. After going about a mile, word was got to the engineer and our half stopped and slowly backed up. We found our runaway about a mile from where the break occurred, the boys having put on the brakes and brought the train to a standstill. The coupling was broken so that we could not couple on in the usual way. Some one found a log chain, and with that the train was fastened together. I was on top of the car just

forward of the break, and when we were going down grade I could hear one end of the log chain dragging on the ties. My imagination pictured a hook on the end of the chain, and the possibility of a collision should it catch on anything was very good, but we got through to Chattanooga, where we changed cars for Kingston. We passed through Tunnel Hill, Buzzard Roost, Dalton, Tilton, Resaca, Calhoun, and Adairsville and at length arrived at Kingston our present destination. At all points we passed through could be seen evidence of the struggle between Sherman and Johnston. Every ridge was fortified, and every rock and tree was taken advantage of by Johnston in his stubborn defense.

We pitched our tents and remained until the 12th of July, when we marched to the Etowah river railroad bridge by way of Cassville and Cartersville. We proceeded to fortify this place to prevent any raiders from burning the bridge. The railroad bridge is about one mile from the village of Cartersville, and of course we spent some of our leisure time there. While the work of fortifying was going on, two drummers of our regiment went out in the woods to play poker. The Captain of a battery seeing them sent a guard out which surprised and captured the two boys and put them to work on the fort. They worked from morning till night without dinner. To say that the boys were mad would be putting it very mild. A number of Stoneman's cavalry came into our lines here that had escaped capture when that General surrendered on one of his raids around Atlanta. Their feet were all scratched to pieces running through the brush and briars. They stated that almost every day they were chased by either citizens or Home Guards.

After we had got settled down in our new quarters at the bridge, I accidentally came across some distant relatives, 42nd cousins or something of that kind, and of course I visited them, and was treated with true Southern hospitality. A young lady relation from the country was visiting in Cartersville at the time, and she gave me a cordial invitation to visit her family, living about twelve miles from town. She went on to state that her two brothers had been conscripted into the rebel army, and that they were now at home, but in hiding, and she was very earnest in her invitation for me to go out. My memory reverted back to a certain "nigger" wedding, the festivities of which were suddenly brought to a close by bushwhackers. The hollow stump and the four mile run had somewhat dampened my ardor for these little excursions into the enemy's country. I at first very politely declined, but in the course of a month after thinking the matter over, I concluded to go, and the following arrangements were made. She was going home that day, Sept. 2d 1864, and she was to send her two brothers to meet me at the forks of the road eight miles from town. She made out a kind of map on which the main roads and houses were marked. I took a walk out on the road in the evening to see where our pickets were stationed and the best way to avoid them. I hired a Negro man to go with me for company, as far as the forks of the road. As soon as it was dark we started, keeping the fields until we had passed our pickets, when we followed the road for about two miles passing in the meantime two or three houses. Here was quite a large plantation, and the owner was a bitter rebel, so I had been advised to steer clear of his place. My colored companion was never on this road before, and as a matter of course was of no account as a guide. When we got near this house we left the road and made quite a detour through the woods when we again took the road. There was but one more place marked "shaky" on my map, and that was a bridge across a little creek six miles out. When we neared this place we heard the patter of horses' hoofs on the road, so we hurried to a place of safety. It proved to be a solitary horseman, but whether white or black the darkness prevented me from ascertaining. He came from the direction in which we were going, and it now stood us in hand to be cautious. What bothered me now was to tell the exact location of the bridge, as I had designed to avoid it by wading the creek. There was also a house near by, and this was also to be avoided. We again got

on the road and followed it slowly until the barking of a dog gave us notice that we were nearing the house. We now left the road, and crossing the creek without difficulty, we again emerged into the road, feeling better that the worse was past. We stopped occasionally to listen and learn if any one besides ourselves were out at that late hour. At length we heard footsteps on the road, so we again took to cover. It proved to be an old Negro. We let him go on his way rejoicing. We again resumed our journey, and from the time we had traveled I concluded we were near the forks of the road. On turning a bend in the road we came in full view of the two roads not more than fifty yards away. We halted. This was the most trying part of the program. Perhaps these 42nd cousins of mine might fool me, and either kill or hand me over to the enemy. We had arranged a signal consisting of three whistles, which I got my companion to give, as he was a better whistler than I. We were answered in the same manner, and immediately there stepped from the shade of a tree two men, who approached us. We met and exchanged greetings. We immediately left the road and did not see anything more than a trail till we came to the place where my folks lived. I spent a week there, and put in most of the time dodging from one place to another. I found in the camp about twenty men, the most of who had deserted Johnston's army in its retreat south. They belonged to the poorer class, and had no heart in the cause. They had a camp in the woods and were also armed. When night came the most of them would visit their families living in the neighborhood, returning to camp again before daylight. The reason for all this camping out and hiding was the fear of a company of regular Confederate cavalry sent into that country to pick up deserters and return them to the army. This company was in the vicinity twice while I was there, but as I had not lost any Confederates of course I did not hunt them up. These rebel deserters were also afraid of the Union forces, and as they often visited that part they took good care to avoid them. I also avoided my friends, as I had no pass, nothing but a verbal leave of absence from my regimental commander. I was glad when my week was up as the strain on my mental faculties was more than I cared to bear. At any rate the fear of capture overbalanced the fun. My friends came almost home with me, and when I got to camp and curled up in my bunk I got rid of several large sighs of relief.

We remained her until Sherman had taken Atlanta and Hood had started north on his great raid. Altoona is five miles south of the Etowah River, where we were stationed, and when the rebels under General French were trying to capture the place I could hear the musketry, and when they made their final charge I could hear the rebel yell very plain. General French sent his engineer to look after the roads in our direction, but he rode into our picket line at the wood yard and was gobbled up. He failed to report to his chief on time, so we were not molested. About the 1st of November we broke camp and moved south, passing through Alatoona, Ackworth, Big Shanty, and Marietta arriving about the 10th at Atlanta. Here we found great preparations were being made for the march to the sea.

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THE MARCH TO THE SEA *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Feb. 7 1886)*

"Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness

That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted 'Boys, up and be ready
For Sherman will march to the sea!'

Bright and early on the 15th of November 1864, we filed out of Atlanta. We were going somewhere, we did not know where. Our destination might be Savannah, Augusta, or even Pensacola, in case we should meet with any unforeseen difficulty. Of course we common soldiers knew nothing positive in regard to our destination. All we knew was that we had cut loose from our base, had sent all our extra trains and sick to the rear, had written our farewell letters to friends in Northland, and were in for it, let the outcome be good or bad.

We had all confidence in Sherman, and the idea of getting whipped never entered our heads. In fact, we started on this march with the greatest hilarity, the bands playing and the boys singing "John Brown". I have no doubt but what we would have followed Sherman right into Sheol had the commander desired to lead us to that place.

An army consisting of 65,000 men, all of whom were veterans, some begrimed by the smoke of twenty battles, are not to be despised, and could Sherman and Lee have locked horns about this time there would in all probability have occurred one of the most stubbornly contested battles of the war. Our first town after leaving Atlanta was McDonough. From there we passed on to Jackson. These towns were situated in a fertile country, rich in hogs and sweet potatoes. Each division had a band of foragers, commanded by a commissioned officer. These started at daylight on foot and scoured the country for miles on either side of the road. When they came to a plantation they would hitch up all the teams they could find not excepting the family carriage. When all the wagons were full and anything more remained it was packed on the back of horses or mules and brought along that way. An old family carriage that cost a thousand dollars before the war looked the least bit out of place when filled with bacon, and the coachman's seat occupied by a Yankee bumper, but I have seen them used in that way more than once on that march. We generally got into camp early in the afternoon if our division happened to be in front; if in the rear it would be nearly sundown before we stacked arms. We had plenty of coffee, sugar and hardtack, to which add sweet potatoes and pork. It all made a very respectable bill of fare. In fact, we lived in clover, fared sumptuously every day, and by way of comparison I will say that the March to the Sea was the most enjoyable of all my army experience. The third day out from Atlanta we crossed the Ocmulgee River. This was quite a nice stream, with rather a swift current, and seemed well adapted for furnishing waterpower for any kind of manufacturing purposes. Our cavalry foraged for corn and fodder for their horses, and it was no uncommon thing to see a cavalryman with quite a bundle tied on behind the saddle. The Southerners made this fodder by pulling the blades from the corn and interlacing them among the stocks in the hill in such a way that they would not fall to the ground. When sufficiently cured, they would go late in the evening or early in the morning and bind it into bundles. It was carried to the stack yard on the backs of the Negroes and stacked around a pole. The fodder was very brittle, and could not be handled in the heat of the day without great loss. I recollect seeing an old lady with a long club standing guard over a small stack of fodder. She had considerable trouble, as nearly every soldier made an attempt -mostly in fun- to take it. She had a long watch, as the 15th corps all came by this place.

When we got into camp in the evening our rations of hog and sweet potatoes were issued to us. We boiled our meat in a large camp kettle, and when nearly done we would put in a lot of potatoes. After supper we scraped the fire away and put the balance of the potatoes in the hot sand, and by morning they were done nicely. These we put in our haversacks to eat during the

day.

About once a week we stopped for a day, not merely to rest, but to gather forage and other portions of the army a chance to close up. On one of these occasions our company was out as guard for a lot of wagons that were gathering forage. The sky was cloudy and a light drizzling rain was falling. As we were coming home we were attacked by some Confederate cavalry. Our guns were wet so that half of them would not go off. They rode through our ranks but did no serious damage; we finally drove them off. A rebel cavalryman rode over and knocked down a soldier in our company on this occasion, and shot at him three times while down with a revolver, and then rode on our boy got up without a scratch, which was not saying much for the marksmanship of the Johnny. At another time when we were resting a day our Chaplain held divine service, but the boys did not take kindly to church matters, and on this occasion I noticed three or four games of poker in full blast within a few feet of the Chaplain. Of course this was all wrong, but the boys could not see in that light.

A great many of the boys were mounted, and so many old mules and horses became obnoxious to General Sherman that he ordered them killed, but there was catching before hanging in this case. The boys would dodge into the brush and elude the would be horse killers. But at last they got us. When we got to the Oconee River we had to cross on a pontoon, so all the old horses and mules were taken from us and shot.

At last we got through the settled portion of the State and entered the great pine forest. This is a strip of country about sixty miles wide and covered with a kind of pitch pine. The soil is almost pure white sand, with scattering bunches of grass. I, don't recollect of seeing but one house, and that a miserable cabin; the windows were filled with white headed children, who with eyes and mouth open took in the March to the Sea.

I also saw a few places where rosin and turpentine had been made. As a matter of course there was no foraging in a country like this, so we had to depend on the contents of our wagons, and by the time we reached the Ogeechee river we were out of rations. We crossed at King's bridge and moved up to the defenses of Savannah. Here we found plenty of rice, on which we lived for ten days. The rice had the husk on and looked very much like barley. We had to beat this husk off in a mortar with a pestle. I roasted the rice; beat it fine in a tin cup with a bayonet, and then made coffee of it, but can't say that it was good. The rebel, Gen. Hardee was in Savannah, and had all the approaches well fortified. This was an easy matter, as the city was almost surrounded by impassible swamps. Around these swamps grew many live oaks. These were very large at the ground, but the trunks were short, the limbs were large and very long and hanging in festoons, from every leaf and twig was what is known as Spanish moss. This parasite is found all over the southern country, particularly near watercourses, and is gathered and sold in market, being used for upholstering purposes.

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THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Feb. 14, 1886)*

Fort McAllister, at the mouth of the Ogeechee, garrisoned by a small force of the enemy, lay between us and our hard tack. Our supply ships were in Ossabaw Sound waiting for the obstructions to be removed from the river, when they would come up to the landing at King's Bridge.

The taking of this fort was allotted to Gen. Hazen, and on the evening of Dec. 13th he assaulted

and captured the place with all the garrison. The torpedoes were now cleared out of the river and the boats came up with our long looked for hard tack and bacon. About this time, the 13th of December, our division made a reconnaissance along the Ogeechee Canal. We followed the towpaths, our brigade, commanded by Gen. Clark, in the advance, and our regiment in the rear of the brigade. Across the canal to our left the 17th corps was having a noisy battle with the enemy, but the dense undergrowth shut both parties from our view. When we neared the scene of the conflict our brigade was halted and our regiment was ordered to the front, for the reason that we had two of the best skirmishing companies in the brigade. We again moved forward by the flank, Generals Clark commanding the brigade, Smith commanding the division, Osterhaus commanding the corps and Howard the army of the Tennessee, which were near the head of the column. For a while we had dry ground on our right, but soon this gave place to a swamp, so we were confined to the use of the tow path, which was about wide enough to drive a wagon on. The swamp was not very wide at this point and was dotted over with tufts or bunches of grass. When about opposite the fighting on our left we were ordered to halt. Soon our attention was attracted to a colored man that as wading through the mud and water, waist deep, and coming towards us. He finally floundered out on the towpath and commenced to tell us that he had been working on the breast works of the enemy, and a good opportunity offering he had escaped. He said we were close to their works, which were hidden by brush and trees. His pronunciation was very funny, and he finally got off something that made the boys laugh. This attracted the enemy's attention, and they opened on us. They had a raking fire on us and the order was given to counter march. Things were decidedly mixed up at this time. Gen. Howard personally superintended the movements. When we got back a little ways, they crossed over to the dry ground by stepping on the bunches of grass. One man missed his footing and going into the mud up to his knapsack, the other boys pulling him out. One of Howard's bodyguards attempted to ride through this mud, and his horse went down; he jumped off and scrambled out, his horse sinking out of sight in less than one minute. When our regiment was home on veteran furlough, our Major, Thomas a McNaught, was presented by his friends with a fine black stallion, four years old and weighing about 1,300 pounds. He was naturally very proud of him. He was at the rear of the regiment when the firing began, and when we countermarched he called me and ordered me to take his horse to a place of safety. I thought that would be a good job, as it would give me a chance to save my own bacon at the same time. The horse was very much excited at the leaden bees that were buzzing around him. I thought that the best way would be to mount him and ride as fast as I could to the rear, so I leaped upon his back, but instead of riding to the rear he reared up and commenced to walk backward toward the canal. I jumped off in time to prevent him from falling in the water. About this time an orderly attempted to ride between me and the canal. My horse kicked both into the water. I presume they got out, but I had no time to look after them.

I finally led him along till I got to the end of the swamp. Here a battery occupied the towpath, and the only way to get through was to pass between two trees that stood about four feet apart. Beyond these was dry ground and safety, but my horse refused to go through the gap. He turned his side to the opening, completely closing it up, and resisted all my endeavors to move him. I looked down the towpath and I saw General Raum with the 2d Brigade coming up at a double quick. I was tugging away at my horse, but without success. Gen Raum came up and stopped, as did the regiments in his rear. The situation was becoming critical. A sixteen-dollar man and a three hundred dollar horse were preventing reinforcements from going to the front. I knew there would be a change in the situation before long, so I kept one eye on the horse and the other on Raum, resolving to cut and run at the first sign of danger and leave the horse to his fate, for I

believed that the officer would shoot the horse or myself, or perhaps both of us without delay. Finally I gave the horse a surge and crowded him into the swamp, where I held him till the whole brigade passed between those trees. I then got him through and on dry land, and turned him over to the Major's colored hostler. One of our boys got two of his toes mashed off in trying to stop a cannon ball that came slowly rolling along. Another was leaning against a tree, when a cannon ball struck the ground and bouncing, struck the tree, knocking the man insensible for a few moments. On the 20th of December General Hardee abandoned the city and crossed with his men over the Savannah River into South Carolina. The next morning we marched in and fair Savannah was ours.

Sherman sent the following dispatch to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also 25,000 bales of cotton."

We went into camp in the suburbs in a grove of live oaks. We found Savannah to be a very nice place, with broad streets lined with shade trees. Near the center of the city, in a small fork, was a monument in memory of Count Pulaski, who fell in the siege of Savannah during the Revolutionary war. The monument is supposed to mark the spot where that officer fell. It is a marble shaft about 60 feet high, and near the base is an equestrian portrait of the count carved in the marble. Near our quarters was a two-story house, vacant. We were in need of firewood, so someone pulled a board off the house. There was grand rush, and in half an hour I helped to carry away the last still. The only pause in the work was when the structure fell. Some would call that vandalism, but we got the wood; that was all we cared for.

The winter was very mild, I recollect only two or three frosts, but in the way of fog I will put Savannah against the world. I remember on two occasions that the fog was so dense that the camp guards all lost their beats, and the cry of corporal of the guard, post number one, two, etc., was heard all night, and when one relief went on, the old guard in going to their quarters ran over my "pup" tent, knocking it down, and interfering very much with the peace and quietude of my pard and I. We had a grand review during the winter of the four corps by General Sherman, after which we began making preparations for the conquest of the Carolinas. Nearly all our army had a grudge at South Carolina for being the first to start the war, and many threats were made by the boys what they would do when they got in that State, and from what I saw afterwards they made their word good. There was a rumor in camp that we were going by steamer to Virginia to reinforce, and in fact I believe such an order was issued but was after countermanded.

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THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Feb. 21, 1886)*

Early in the spring of 1865 Gen. Sherman had completed his preparations for the conquest of the Carolinas. Again we were going to cut loose from our base and depend to a great extent on the country for our support. The larger part of the troops took steamers and went to Beaufort, while others crossed above at Sisters Ferry, but our division crossed the river where partly on our own pontoons. We were going to Pocotaligo by the old causeway. We also had two large trains of wagons. After getting over the river we found ourselves in the midst of some large rice plantations. These were cut up by ditches, used to drain the land after it had been flooded. We had gone two or three miles from the river when suddenly the water began to raise in the ditches. Gen John E. Smith, our commander, countermarched his division, and we started back to

Savannah as fast as we could go. When we got back to some high ground near the river, I could see the whole country over which we had just marched covered with water. Some of the rear regiments had to wade, toward the last, but no one was drowned; indeed, it was a narrow escape. A large number of wagons were left in the water, the teamsters escaping with the mules. It was generally understood at the time that some citizens, with rebel sentiments, had raised the floodgates and attempted to do with water what they had failed to do with powder. We had a two-wheeled ambulance, drawn by one horse, which had been with our regiment since early in 62; our surgeon generally used it to haul his medicines in. We had to leave this ambulance on this occasion, and the last time I saw it the water was up to the top of the wheels. We all lamented its loss. We finally got back to Savannah and the next day we got aboard the steamer *Mariposas* and went to Beaufort. We marched from here on a kind of causeway to Pocotaligo, where our corps was concentrating preparatory to its march to Columbia. When the tide was down I remember of seeing great banks of oysters. The boys would wade in and get as many as they could carry out through the mud. The darkies would bring them in camp and sell them at ten cents a pint. We started on our march on the first day of February, our faces turned toward Columbia. Our quartermaster issued codfish on this morning before we started. I remember how very large they were, and that we left them all laying on the ground for soldiers have no use for codfish on a march. Why they were issued at this particular time will probably forever remain a mystery. We saw nothing of the enemy until we reached the Salkiehatchie River. Here we found the river much swollen by recent rains and the bridges destroyed. The enemy had adopted the Salkiehatchie as a line of defense. As we neared the wet bottomland I saw some soldiers digging for supposed treasure, but when they got down about four feet they found the corpse of a Negro baby. But not all graves in this country contained a corpse, as sometimes a brass cannon or trunks containing valuables were found in graves. We waded knee deep in water across the bottom, and crossed the main river, which was narrow, on a single timber. Wheeler's cavalry were guarding the river at this point, but they beat a hasty retreat without firing a shot. We found a church near the opposite bank that was known as the Salkiehatchie Church. Wheeler's cavalry had gutted it, taking the organ out, breaking in the top and feeding horses in it. To show you how big a hurry these cavalry were in, I will say that they left their meat in little piles as they broiled it, not having time to pick it up. When we got over we marched out in an open field and commenced to make a breastwork of rails, about a half a mile way on a ridge. Drawn up in line of battle was Wheeler's brigade of cavalry, their right resting near a farm house. When our brigade had got over and formed in line of battle, I noticed about 25 foragers mounted on mules going toward the house on the rebel right. I suppose Wheeler thought we were trying to outflank him, so he made good his retreat. We now fell back to the vicinity of the church, stacked arms and were taking a rest. Down a road, which came in from our right came a regiment of cavalry leisurely riding along. When they got within 40 rods of us they suddenly wheeled their horses and rode off as fast as they could. They proved to be rebels going up to the church, not being aware that another sect had taken possession. We moved on from here to Lynch Creek, where we rested a couple of days. The citizens of South Carolina said we treated them better than Wheeler's men did. Sherman's army burned a good many houses, more perhaps than was necessary, but the old grudge of firing on Fort Sumter was still fresh in the minds of our boys, and a little unnecessary destruction of property was to be expected. We were now traveling over roads that had been used by the American and British armies nearly one Hundred years before. That daring partisan, Gen. Francis Marion, had ridden along these same roads while in quest of some English baggage wagons, or en route to break up some Tory camp. The land was very poor, hardly strong enough to sprout peas. I am now

speaking of the uplands, the bottoms being more productive. We were now approaching the capital of the State, and we expected some trouble in crossing the Congaree River. We struck the river below Columbia, and marched up opposite the city. One of our batteries fired a few shots at the State House. I could see covered wagons leaving the city as fast as they could go. We marched up above the city and crossed over the Saluda. On this march we passed a prison pen, used, I believe, for Union officers. I believe it was called Camp Sorghum. In general appearance it was like all other rebel prisons. The prisoners had dug holes in the ground and covered them over with brush, or whatever they could find. It certainly was a cheerless place. The Congaree River is formed by the junction of the Saluda and Broad Rivers. They came together some two or three miles above Columbia. After we crossed the Saluda we still had the Broad River to cross. There was some skirmishing back and forth across the river. Early the next morning some troops crossed the river and drove the enemy away, and we proceeded to lay our pontoon bridge. This was done by 12 o'clock, and we crossed over and marched on a broad road between old fields of corn and cotton and entering the city, our flags flying and our bands playing "Yankee Doodle."

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THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel February 28, 1886)*

There has been considerable said pro and con by the leading Generals of the war on both sides. Those on the side of the Union endeavored to palliate the offense, while those on the Southern side made every effort to fasten the blame of the burning of Columbia on their Northern enemies. General Sherman, in his Memoirs, says that Wade Hampton, before he evacuated the city, had piled a large quantity of cotton in the streets and fired it, and that the heat was so intense that he (Sherman) had to ride his horse on the sidewalk to get by, all of which I know to be true; and we also had to march on the sidewalk to avoid the heat. After rolling the bales into the street the ropes and bagging had been cut, and a match applied. There was no blaze but a kind of smoldering fire, and little bits of cotton were flying in the air, reminding one of a snowstorm. Our corps, the only one that passed through the city, marched out on the Camden road and went into camp, and as soon as possible everybody went back to the city to see the sights. On the sidewalk on Main Street was a Palmetto flag, the emblem of South Carolina. It was spread out so that all of Uncle Sam's soldiers could step on it that so desired. It was made of silk and was very handsome, having a palmetto tree in upper right hand corner. Whisky was also abundant and a large amount had been emptied in the streets and was running in the gutters. From these I saw some half intoxicated soldiers down on their hands and knees drinking. At another place was a large tank filled with liquor, and could be dipped out with a bucket. Early in the evening I could see from the general appearance of things that times would be lively that night. Considerable foraging was already going on, principally for tobacco, as we had been short of the weed for some time. Our mess got a box of Petersburg natural leaf, which satisfied us for the time being in that line. Not far from where we were encamped was an old well about sixty feet deep; there was no water, but several feet of mud and leaves in it. About dark a drunken soldier fell in this well. An artillery rope was procured and he was drawn out, and, wonderful to relate only slightly injured.

A number of our soldiers, who had been prisoners in Camp Sorghum and the Asylum, during the hurry and excitement of the evacuation, made their escape and secreted themselves until we arrived in the city. Among these was Adjutant Byers of the Fifth Iowa, author of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

About sundown the wind came up from the north, and blew quite a gale, the cotton in the streets began to blaze, and some houses near by caught fire. The city was full of soldiers under the influence of liquor, having a high old time. I shall not disguise the fact that houses were purposely fired and trunks broken open, and a general destruction of property was brought about; but will say that most of the fires were kindled by men who had been prisoners among the rebels and were nearly starved. I don't blame them for burning the city; it was certainly a just retribution on this the cradle of secession.

Wade Hampton's house standing on an eminence in the suburbs caught fire and was burned to the ground. In it was handsome furniture and large, costly mirrors. By 8 o'clock the whole of Main Street was a sheet of fire. General Logan sent two brigades to try and stop the fire, but the high wind prevented anything from being done. They finally turned their attention to saving the women and children and what property they could. It was reported that quite a number of our soldiers perished in the flames, but I can't vouch for its truth. Our boys got a large number of keepsakes. One man in our regiment got a gold headed cane on which was the inscription, "Presented to ____ in honor of your being Speaker of the South Carolina House of Representatives when the Ordinance of Secession was passed." He cut the gold head off and carried it in his pocket. It was perhaps worth fifty dollars. Nearly all the boys brought some thing away by which to remember South Carolina.

Pollard, in his history of the war from a rebel standpoint, says that the "Rev. Mr. Shand, the Episcopalian clergyman, while conveying a trunk containing the communion service of silver from the church of the South Carolina college, was accosted by a Yankee and a negro who compelled him, under threat of death, to give it up."

The above may or may not be true, but I remember on two occasions after we left Columbia that our wagon trains were suddenly surrounded on going into camp and searched. Perhaps they were looking for this communion service, perhaps not. The teamsters would empty a box of crackers and then fill it with tobacco or clothing or anything they chose.

The morning of the 18th revealed a destroyed city. From the State House to Cotton Town nothing but blackened ruins remained. The families that were burned out were for the most part camped in the parks with what little furniture and bedding they had saved beside them. They looked dejected and appeared stupefied by the great calamity that had befallen them. The walls of the brick buildings falling continually, making it dangerous to travel the streets. I went down and took a look at the new State House. The marks of three shells were plainly visible on the walls; one of them struck near the corner and knocked out a large piece of the wall, but the injury was trifling. Some small buildings that stood near, in which was stored marble for finishing work, had been burned and the marble destroyed. Inside of the building was a bronze statue of George Washington, which had been sent down from Richmond; it was of life size, and represented the Father of his Country, leaning on a cane and looking exceedingly good. Some Yankee "vandals" had taken his little hatched and chopped this cane off and carried it away. I don't think that was the right way to treat George, as he had nothing to do with bringing on the war. A little way off was a palmetto tree, the artificial one. At its base was a pedestal, on the sides of which were engraved the names of the South Carolina Volunteers who fell in the Mexican war. The tree looked so natural that to make sure that it was not I threw a stone into its top when the metallic ring showed of what material it was made. The teams were busy hauling ammunition and throwing it into the river. While this was going on quite a serious accident happened. A shell down near the water exploded that ignited the loose powder which was scattered from the wagons down to the water's edge, and a terrific explosion took place. Forty men were killed and wounded;

also three six-mule teams were completely destroyed. The Captain in charge was never heard of again. It was supposed that he was blown into the river.

All of the 18th and 19th we spent in destroying the machinery and annals of the Confederacy. We also broke up a large number of muskets and sabers. We were well pleased with the way we wiped out this hotbed of secession, and were now ready to continue our march through the Carolinas.

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MARCH THROUGH CAROLINA *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Mar. 7, 1886)*

When we left Columbia on the morning of March 20, 1865, we took the direct road to Cheraw on the Great Pedee River. We did not pass through Camden, but so close that a large number of the boys visited the old Revolutionary battlefield, where Gen Gates was defeated by Lord Cornwallis, and where that grand old hero, Baron De Kalb, gave up his life fighting for American liberty and the right of self Government.

We trudged along the yellow clay roads, not seeing any towns or anything else worth mentioning. I remember of helping to eat Gen. Frank P. Blair's dinner one day, and it came about this way. The two corps were marching along side by side. We came to a plantation and a general scramble for chickens took place. Blair's colored cook set his basket down to run after a chicken, my "bunky" seized the basket and we skipped to a convenient place and partook of a very good dinner at the expense of the commander of the Seventeenth Corps. What explanation the cook made to his master when lunchtime arrived I never learned. The Negroes along our route were very anxious to see Massa Linkum, as they called the President of the United States. On one occasion we were passing a plantation where there was a large number of Negroes. They inquired for Massa Linkum, and wanted to know if he was along. Some of the boys told them he was with us and that he would be along soon; that he was a large man, very fat, and wore a red sash around his waist and across his shoulder; was riding a bay horse. They referred to the jovial Major of the Sixty-third Illinois, who was officer of the day, and of course was togged out in full uniform. When the major came along the Negroes came out and surrounded him. He was very much astonished at first but he soon tumbled to the racket and laughed as heartily as any one. One Negro man called for his free papers. The plantations along her were about five miles apart, and contained on an average about 5,000 acres. There were no small farms, and I saw no houses except those of the planter, his overseer and the Negro quarters. The latter were generally arranged in a row at a convenient distance from the overseer, and consisted of a log cabin about 12 x 14 feet, generally of two rooms, and was neatly white washed on the outside. None of the "white trash" lived here, as they had no show whatever to make a living. All the mechanical trades were represented after a fashion among the slaves, so that when one planter needed any help he hired a slave from his neighbor. The Pedee country is very swampy, and a wonderful sight of corduroy road is needed to cross it. I saw some plantations that were actually on islands being surrounded by these swamps. The agricultural implements of these people were a great curiosity to me. Their plows were nearly all wood, only a small piece of iron on the point of the share. Their horse collars were made of "shucks" platted together, the harness were home made; their lines were made of tow. Every horse or mule when worked single was driven with two lines. When hitched to a wagon, a darkey mounted the near mule taking the bridle of the off one in his hand. No check lines were used, in fact they had never seen any, and were ignorant of their use.

Growing in these swamps was a kind of water palm; the leaves grew single and looked like the leaves of the fan palm, only smaller.

On the evening of March 2d, we arrived at Cheraw after a night march, which lasted till near midnight, hungry and tired, with very little to eat. Our mess would have been destitute of anything to eat had I not met with a small streak of luck. About midnight our Corps (Fifteenth) was crossing the track of the Seventeenth. The latter were resting to give us a chance to get by. As I walked along I saw something that looked like a sack sitting on end near a tree. A number of soldiers were sitting near, their heads down as though half asleep. It was quite dark, and without checking my pace I reached out my hand and lifted that sack and took it along. It proved to be a piece of jeans, which some forager had cut from the loom, and in it was a peck of nigger peas. I was so rejoiced to think that we had struck it so rich. It takes about three hours to cook these peas, but we could not wait so long. So as soon as they got a little soft we took them off and proceeded to have supper. Such a dose of half cooked peas would kill anybody but a soldier; but we were tough and could stand almost anything.

We found Cheraw to be rather a nice town of perhaps (when at home) 2,000 souls, and situated on the west bank of the Great Pedee River. This was a wide, deep stream, and, I believe, navigable for small craft up to this place. The rebels had burned the bridge so that it became necessary for us to again use our pontoons. General Hardee had sent up a large amount of property to this place before evacuating Charleston, including ammunition and household goods, together with about eight carloads of wine. General Blair being along, of course none of the privates got a taste of this fine old Madeira.

When our pontoon was ready we crossed over and marched across the bottom to the highlands, where we went into camp and waited for the different wings of the army to close up. On the morning of March 6th we again took the road, this time for Fayetteville. We had to pass through the pitch pine forest of South and North Carolina. The trees had a notch out in them similar to the ones we used to cut in the maple trees to catch the sap. The tree was then scarred up for perhaps ten feet, with a gouge. Down these scars the sap would run and collect in the notch, when it was taken out and made into turpentine and rosin. There were also tar kilns where the tar of commerce was made. The blackest smoke I ever saw was from one of these kilns on fire. The woods caught fire and one whole day we marched in this blinding smoke. The fire would run up the sides of the pine trees, feeding on the pitch with which the bark was more or less saturated. On this evening we had no water except barely enough to make coffee. Everybody was as black as burnt cork minstrels, and no water to wash. The hair of the soldiers was all alike, smoked black below the cap and it was hard to recognize the light haired ones.

On the 12th we all arrived at Fayetteville, and thus another stage of the campaign was ended, and we were now getting close to Joe Johnston again, who was organizing an army in North Carolina to oppose our progress.

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HOMEWARD BOUND *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Mar 14, 1886)*

On the 11th of February I finished my term of service, having served three years from the time of my muster into the United States service and three years and four months from the time I first enlisted and went into camp.

When we arrived at Fayetteville, Gen. Sherman resolved to get rid of the colored and white

refugees that had joined our ranks during our march through the Carolinas. On the 15th of March 1865, about 100 men of our regiment and the same of the Fifty Sixth Illinois, whose term of service had expired, bid farewell to that grand old army, the grandest perhaps the sun ever shone upon. An army that had marched and fought from Wilson's Creek to Atlanta, and though sometimes checked yet never defeated; an army that had followed Sherman to the sea, mowing a swath sixty miles wide through the heart of Georgia; an army that had humbled that hot bed of secession, South Carolina, and made her people feel the heavy hand of war.

I was sorry to part with the boys for we were like brothers. Our trials and sufferings had tended to cement that tie of friendship, which can never be broken. I was glad that my term of service had expired; glad that I could again do as I pleased without asking leave of a United States officer; glad that the Rebellion was on its last legs, and that peace was again about to spread her white wings over our beloved land, and the time very near when the Star Spangled Banner would float unmolested from Maine to Texas.

We crossed the Cape Fear River, passed through the city of Fayetteville, turned to the right, and forever lost sight of that old army which we had known through so many trials and dangers. Behind us was a train of white and black fugitives, 7,000 strong, the most of them on foot but many mounted on old mules and broken down horses, others in dilapidated carriages and buggies. The Negroes carried their worldly goods on their heads, tied up in a sheet or quilt. About three o'clock we came to a plantation situated on a small creek. A gristmill was near by, and our commander, Lieutenant Colonel Jeff K. Scott, of the Fifty-ninth Indiana, hunted up the colored miller, and set him to grinding the corn of which the mill seemed well supplied. All night the mill run, and when morning came we took the planter's mules and wagons, loaded the latter with corn meal and started on our march. During this, our second day out, we could hear the sound of cannons way off in the direction of Bentonville. Sherman had met his old antagonist Joe Johnston, and quite sever fighting was going on. We soldiers began to mount ourselves by scouring the country far and near for saddle horses. These were more plentiful than saddles. At one time one of our boys asked an old planter for a saddle. "I have none on the place suh," was the answer. "Bring out that saddle," said the soldier, at the same time bringing his gun down and drawing a bead on the planter. "Jim, you Jim, bring that saddle quick," said he to a little colored boy, who stood near while the old man fairly danced with fright. The saddle was brought and placed on the back of one of the horses, and the squad moved out to repeat the tactics at the next house.

One day- it was Monday- we came to a little church. The tracks of horses about showed that a meeting had been going on there that day, and had only a few minutes before adjourned. Two of our boys in search of adventure took a road leading to the left. After riding about half a mile they came in sight of four persons on horseback, two ladies and two gentlemen. A race for life now took place. Our boys gained on them until they were within rifle range. The Tar heels, as they call North Carolinians, now thought they would abandon the girls and save themselves, but our boys captured the whole lot, and very gallantly escorted the young ladies home, bringing the two Johnnies back as prisoners. We kept them till next morning and then turned them loose.

Provisions were very scarce, and it was almost impossible to feed so many mouths. Seven thousand people were a large number to feed off the country as we marched along. The consequence was that considerable suffering was experienced by the blacks. I frequently gave the last bite I had to eat to the starving children. One day I came to a house, the owner of which seemed quite well to do. The first thing I noticed was the smoke house, which I found locked. I asked the proprietor to unlock to door and save me the trouble of battering it down. He very

reluctantly applied the key and the door flew open. Several hundred pounds of nice bacon was hanging up, and I was proceeding to lower a fine ham, when the owner very honestly informed me that he had a couple of school ma'ams boarding with him, and desired that I would take side meat and leave the hams for his boarders. I very politely informed him that I thought side meat plenty good enough for school teachers, and I proceeded to load myself with the best I could find. About this time some more of the boys came up, and then the Negroes, and in a few minutes the last piece of bacon was gone.

The bacon made and cured in the South far excels that made in any other part of the country in flavor, as anyone will bear witness who has ever eaten it. As we neared Wilmington our command presented a motley appearance. There must have been at least fifty buggies and carriages in which our "vets" were riding. Some had girls with them, whose families were refugees. Some had donned plug hats. The cavalcade reminded me very much of the Fourth of July "horribles." When we got to Wilmington we went into camp and waited for a mustering officer to muster us out. The detachment of the Fifty-sixth Illinois got tired of waiting, so took the steamer for Fortress Monroe. When off Cape Hatteras the steamer (*General Lyon*) took fire and burned up, nearly all of the boys perishing with her.

On the 4th of April 1865, we were mustered out by Captain Campbell, and on the next day we boarded the steamer *Nevada* for Fortress Monroe. There we remained one day, and in the evening we took the mail steamer for Baltimore, by way of Chesapeake Bay. On our arrival in that city we went to the Soldiers' Home. There we found a detachment of soldiers with about fifty bounty jumpers, which they were taking to the front. One soldier had one of them handcuffed. One of the irons on his (the guard's) left wrist, the other on the bounty jumpers' right. The guard told me that the man had jumped twenty-seven bounties, and that he was now going to take him to the front or both perish together.

I spent a day looking at the sights around the city, including the Washington monument, and then took the cars for Indianapolis, Ind. passing through the historic town of Harper's Ferry, where John Brown, with a handful of men, threw the whole State of Virginia into spasms.

About the middle of April we arrived at the capital of Indiana, were paid off, mustered out, and separated for our respective homes

THE END



(Civil War Sailor Memorial)

A VOICE OF THE G.A.R.

ISAAC LAWTON BLAISDELL
(1837-1902)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

No Santa Cruz County Civil War veteran expressed more patriotic fervor in his articles, poems and letters, or was more of a gadfly than Isaac L Blaisdell. In his written correspondence appearing in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, Blaisdell shared his experience as a sailor during the war, the problems existing within his local Grand Army of the Republic post and his social and political concerns of the day.

Isaac Lawton Blaisdell was born in Taunton, Massachusetts in September 1837, and at an early age moved with his family to Providence, Rhode Island. In 1855 Isaac left home to go to sea and remained a seaman until October 1861 when he left for Boston to enlist in the US Navy. His enlistment records indicate that he was five feet eight inches in height, with black hair and blue eyes. During the war he served as a “coal bearer,” (fireman) aboard the *USS Mohican* and *US Pocahontas*, which were part of the South Atlantic and West Gulf blockading squadrons.

On Sept. 16, Blaisdell was honorably discharged from the navy, and returned to Providence, Rhode Island where he secured work in a local foundry. Soon afterward he married a Harriett Newhall. As a result of a sciatic nerve problem affecting his leg and hip Isaac was unable to continue his work at the foundry, and began work as a clerk in a dry goods store.

In 1867 Isaac and Harriet were divorced, and Blaisdell left for California, stopping briefly in Idaho before arriving in Santa Clara County in 1868. After securing employment as a bookkeeper in a Gilroy lumber company he sent for his fiancée, Mary Spellbrink who lived in Pennsylvania. Upon Mary’s arrival in San Francisco on October 30, 1868 the couple were married, and settled in Gilroy where they remained for nine years.

The Blaisdell’s left Gilroy in 1877 and moved to Santa Cruz County and Isaac began working

with a Felton Lumber company. Shortly thereafter the family acquired a home on Ocean Street in the city of Santa Cruz where Isaac and Mary raised their four children.

Throughout his life in Santa Cruz Isaac Blaisdell remained an outspoken critic of various social and political issues. He wrote poems in opposition to local workmen being replaced by “cheap foreign” (Chinese) labor, the need for a strong national “free silver” policy, the importance of voting and similar issues. Isaac’s interest in politics ultimately resulted in his being elected as the Branciforte Township Justice of the Peace in 1892.

Isaac Blaisdell’s community involvement was highlighted by a strong belief in the importance of fraternal organizations. He was an active member in the Ancient Order of United Workers, and for over eighteen years served as its “Financer”. Blaisdell also became involved with the Knights of Honor and acted as its “Financial Reporter.”

Above all Isaac Blaisdell was a Grand Army of the Republic man. It was in response to the fraternal, charitable and loyalty aspects of that organization that he devoted most of his correspondence. Isaac joined the W.H. L. Wallace post of the GAR In Santa Cruz sometime between 1881 and June of 1884. Until his death in 1902 he contributed a flood of letters, remembrances, poems and editorial comments to the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* under the pen names “Veteran”, “Adjutant”, “Naval Veteran”, “Comrade” and possibly others. He was also instrumental in establishing a Memorial Day tradition in Santa Cruz of honoring departed sailors by the placing of wreaths upon the waters off the local pier. On December 24, 1902 Isaac Blaisdell suffered a stroke and died at the age of 65. His remains were buried in the family plot at the IOOF (Santa Cruz Memorial Gardens) Cemetery.

Source Reference: <http://www.santacruzpl.org/history/articles/608/>

Fold3 History and Genealogy Archives (Mary C Blaisdell Page 59) <http://www.footnotelibrary.com/>



THE GRAND ARMY of the REPUBLIC

The following brief history of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Wallace and Reynolds Post may prove helpful in better understanding Isaac Blaisdell's GAR concerns and perspectives.

Of all American veteran organizations the most influential was the Grand Army of the Republic comprised of Union veterans of the Civil War. It was the most powerful single-issue political lobby in the United States at the end of the late nineteenth century. In addition to securing massive pensions for veterans, it controlled significant power in both state and federal legislative bodies. Five of the U.S. Presidents elected were GAR members, as were most of the northern states governors. To its members however, it was a fraternal order that provided entertainment, charitable funds for their needy comrades, and an outlet for patriotic activities.

Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, a surgeon with the 14th Illinois Infantry, founded the GAR at Springfield Ill., in April 1866, and its first Commander in Chief was Gen. Stephen A Hurlbut also of Illinois. Hurlbut was succeeded by its most illustrious commander, Gen John Logan, who was instrumental in the creation of Memorial Day in 1868. During the eighty-eight years of its existence the organization, had seventy-seven commanders comprised of politicians, professionals and every day workers.

From 1871, when reliable membership figures were first recorded, through 1878, the GAR never exceeded 31,000 men. Then began a steady growth that brought the total in 1890 to a peak of 409,489 dues paying members, approximately 40% of the Union veterans reported in the 1890 census. Vigorous recruiting efforts, a desire for an inexpensive social outlet and the zeal of the national organization in pressing for veteran's pension legislation all contributed to the GAR's impressive growth during the 1880's. Other significant activities of the Grand Army included advocacy programs for the creation and maintenance of old soldiers' homes and hospitals, military training in high schools, Flag Day and the inculcation of patriotism in youth through their selection of history curriculums used in public schools.

After 1890 the strength and influence of the GAR diminished rapidly and its orientation became increasingly nonpartisan. During the 20th century it concentrated its efforts on fraternal and patriotic activities. In 1949 the Grand Army's 83rd and final encampment was attended by six of its sixteen surviving members. Prior to disbanding, and before the death of its last member, Albert Woolson in 1956, the G.A.R. designated the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War as its legal heir and representative.

WALLACE-REYNOLDS POST NO. 32 G.A.R.

Following the Civil War in 1866, members of Company K of the 5th California Infantry, Company A of the 8th California Infantry and Co. L of the 2nd California Cavalry returned to Santa Cruz where they formed a detachment of the California Veterans Corp. The purpose of the organization was to assist returning veterans in seeking employment, and the obtaining back pay. With the birth in Illinois of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1866, other veteran organizations began merging into it, and on February 15, 1868 the Santa Cruz Veterans Corp became Baker Post #6 of the GAR. The post continued to grow and remain active until 1871 when interest in veteran's organizations began to wane. By the end of 1872, falling membership forced the Baker Post to close its doors.

At the beginning of the 1880's local Civil War veterans were in need of an advocate to assist them in obtaining pensions and medical assistance, and attention was once again turned to the Grand Army of the Republic. On September 10, 1881 GAR representatives arrived in Santa Cruz and the Wallace Post #32 was mustered into its Department of California. The post soon began meeting, conducting business and sharing fraternalism at the IOOF Building at Pacific and Church Streets where they remained until 1932.

The local posts served veterans through a variety of charitable outreach programs. When a veteran required financial assistance the post was usually able to provide a few dollars, and when a veteran became ill they were assisted in obtaining medical assistance. Their auxiliary, the Woman's Relief Corp, often provided food and clothing to needy veterans and their families. It was a desire of the GAR to insure that no comrade would be subjected to a pauper grave, and on December 4, 1884 they acquired a plot at Evergreen Cemetery in Santa Cruz to bury needy and indigent veterans.

In 1885 dissension broke out between members of the Wallace Post as to how the post would support a national GAR convention visitation to Santa Cruz from San Francisco. This resulted in the splitting of the post. On January 2, 1886 the J.F. Reynolds Post 98 was formed by dissident members and moved into quarters in the Masonic Building on Pacific Ave. By 1894 their differences had been reconciled, and on Feb 2, 1895 the two posts became the Wallace-Reynolds Post.

Throughout their remaining years, the GAR in Santa Cruz concentrated its efforts on promoting patriotic activities. Memorial Day services held at Evergreen Cemetery and at the wharf, Flag Day events at Booth's Grove, school visitations, and World War I rallies all helped enhance the Grand Army image within the community. By the 1920's, when seen in their familiar blue coats with GAR buttons and badges, they were accorded the status of historical celebrities. In 1932 few of these "old soldiers" were available for the post's final move into the Veterans Memorial Building. By 1940 only two members remained. On June 11, 1948 John Smith, the last surviving member of the Wallace-Reynolds Post, died at the California Veterans Home in Yountville, and the Grand Army of the Republic in Santa Cruz came to an end.

THE CIVIL WAR REMEMBRANCE, POEMS AND LETTERS of ISAAC L. BLAISDELL

In 1886 Isaac Blaisdell provided the Santa Cruz Sentinel with his "War Remembrances" articles. Below are two episodes of that serial that appeared in the Sentinel. The second installment of War Remembrances makes reference to a continuation of the story "in the near future;" however that installment, if written, could not be located.

Reminiscences of the War *(Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Mar. 30, 1886)*

I enlisted in the U.S. Navy, Oct. 8th, 1861, on board the *U.S.S. Mohican*, Captain Gordon Commander. She was a second class sloop of war, mounting two eleven inch pivot guns, six long thirty two pounder broadside guns, one eighty four pounder pivot rifle Dahlgren gun, with wrought iron breech over casting to strengthen the piece. This was capable of throwing shot or shell over five miles. She also carried one ten pounder Parrott rifle, on her top gallant forecastle, and two twenty four pound howitzers on the quarter deck; in all twelve guns. She was a formidable ship, being considered equal to a vessel of the old style carrying 40 guns broadside, without eleven-inch pivot guns. It is not generally understood the immense advantage these formidable guns give to a ship carrying them. They are capable of throwing solid shot three miles, and shell three and a half miles, and deliver their fire five or six points forward or aft the beam. These guns take fifteen pounds of powder to the charge for shell and twenty pounds for solid shot. We were ordered first to New York, and then to the rendezvous in Hampton Roads, Virginia, where we cast anchor among the many gunboats and other war ships that had preceded us. This was the latter part of October. It was a grand sight, presented by the collection of war vessels and the transports, gathered for the purpose of descending upon some southern port. The destination at this time was unknown, save to the flag officer, Commodore Dupont, on board the flag ship *Wabash*, a frigate of the first class, carrying fifty-two guns and a complement of 500 men. There were sailing ships, river steamboats, and tugs, the whole comprising this great expedition, the land forces being in the command of Brigadier General T.W. Sherman, and the naval forces under the command of Admiral Dupont. On Tuesday, October 29, 1861, this magnificent equipment of land and naval forces put to sea. When about two or three days out a terrific gale came on, and the fleet became scattered in a short time. The side-wheel steamer, *Governor*, went down, just after her crew had been taken off by the heroic efforts of the crew of the sailing frigate *Sabine*. The *Isaac Smith* was saved by throwing overboard her guns. On board our ship everything had been made secure. The hatches were battened down, and extra lashings were put upon the pivot and broadside guns. The wind piped among the shrouds and cordage a tune quite familiar, but not very pleasant; sometimes causing an unusual roll, so that the boats were dipped in the sea, that were secured at the davits. The fleet was all scattered on the morning of the second day, and rude winds still kept up a rage upon the face of the old ocean. About ten or eleven o'clock on this day the sea was running very high, across that sea that, as is generally found in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras. We were making good weather of it, and away down on our lee bow we discovered a

steamer with her Union down, a signal of distress. We quickly bore away for her, and as we came nearer we could see her crew all standing upon the hurricane deck. We could not come very near to the steamer, but hove a short distance to windward. A boat was with much difficulty lowered, and quickly followed by as many brave tars as were wanted. A long line was thrown in, and the next moment was out from under her lee and pulling down toward the sinking vessel. Our boat could not come alongside of her on account of the tremendous high sea, so dropping as close as possible to her stern, the line, with running noose, was thrown from the boat up to the hurricane deck, where it was caught by one of the distressed crew. The noose was then slipped around the body under the arms, and then they had to jump overboard, after which they were hauled into the boat. It was a thrilling scene, and one never to be forgotten. After they were all taken into the boat, they were brought close to the stern of our ship and one after another again slipped on the noose, and plunging into the sea, were drawn quickly up to the spanker boom by means of a whip or tackle, rigged for the purpose. They were pretty well exhausted and were very thankful for their deliverance, and after stowing away a liberal glass of grog, and donning dry clothing, they were distributed among the crew, pending our arrival at our journey's end. This steamer proved to be the *Peerless*, loaded with cattle for the soldiers and sailors of our expedition. It was pitiable to hear the poor dumb brutes bellowing as they resisted the efforts made to lighten the ship by forcing them overboard. We fired a few shots from our forward pivot gun into her, and in a few minutes she sank beneath the waves and was seen no more. Immediately after this eight bells were struck, and the boatswain's merry pipes were heard calling us to mess cloth, or supper, as landsmen would call it, it being four o'clock in the afternoon. Our mess had just gathered around the cloth, which had been spread on the berth, on account of rough weather. I spoke to one of my shipmates to be helped to some hard tack that was not within reach, when up jumped one of the rescued seamen, who had been placed in our mess, saying he had heard that voice before. Rising up in my place I took a hurried look at the stranger, and the next moment our hands came together in a genuine grip. This sea waif was no other than Jim Webb, formerly of the good ship *Ocean Express*, and was in her during the trip which I am trying to write about in the "*Sentinel*". This is but one of the many strange dispositions of Providence experienced in everyday life. It was not until the morning of Nov. 4th that this grand array of men of war and troop ships cast anchor near the entrance to Port Royal harbor, about 50 miles south of Charleston. Here was to be enacted one of the most brilliant naval engagements of modern times. The rebels had removed the buoys to the channel, and destroyed the lighthouses. Extensive fortifications had been erected upon Bay Point, called Fort Beauregard, and upon the south shore Hilton Head, called Fort Walker, the two forts having 42 guns. Some of these were Columbiads, throwing 130 pounds of shot, and none were less than thirty-two pounders. In connection with these there were less than thirty-two pounders. In connection with those there was a Commodore Tattnall's fleet of gunboats, stationed above the Forts, the distance between them being about two miles. The time was well improved between the 4th and the 7th in sounding and fixing buoys in the channel, and in laying plans for the approaching conflict. Many a heart beat with anxiety over the coming engagement. And I must confess that I was no exception to the general rule, and although often exposed to the dangers of the deep had no idea of how one would feel when death and destruction were going on around him.

I must now close, for time and space forbid my conclusion of this great expedition. Tomorrow we shall be under fire, so until then adieu.

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Reminiscences of the War (*Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel Apr. 11, 1886*)

At the close of my last article I left your readers near the entrance to Port Royal harbor, and on the morrow we were to be under fire. It was as beautiful a morning as ever seen. A gentle wind sent the haze floating seaward, while the rising sun glistened through mast and shroud, over the still waters of the bay, and on the grim batteries lining the shore. Many an eye rests upon this panorama of Nature and war today, who, ere the sun sinks to rest, will be closed in death, and all this lovely picture, of ship and shore, be changed. With these introductory sentences I will pass on and endeavor to tell what is being done on board our ship and on board every vessel that will take part in the engagement soon to begin. It is now about two bells; the shrill pipes of the boatswain have just sent up all hammocks from the berth deck, and each one has been stowed in the hammock netting, five minutes being allowed to turn out, dress, lash with seven turns, and no wrinkles, your dreaming sack, and deposit the same in the netting; plenty time, too, for a nimble Jack Tar. This being done, the merry pipes were again heard, some of the blue jackets being sent to lifts and braces, and everything set taut, fore and aft. Then splinter nettings were placed all around inside the bulwarks and triced up to the taffrail. Next the decks were sanded down fore and aft, particularly around the guns. This was an ominous proceeding, and it struck on a cold vein, sending thoughts of what might before long be mingled therewith. The lashings were removed from every gun, and every truck journal well oiled; then the train tackles were cleared away for the foreword and after pivot guns, and the shell and shot whip rigged at the fore-hatch for sending up fixed ammunition for our battery, all such ammunition being stowed away in the forward magazine, situated below the after port of the berth-deck and just in front of the step of the main-mast. Let us go down on the berth-deck and see what is going on there. The forehold has been closed; it is immediately under the ladder leading up to the spar or gun deck. Looking towards either wing of the ship, we find that cots to receive the wounded have been swung. Aft of this the surgeon has arranged his table for the purpose of saving what may be left of the unfortunate wounded. It is not a very pleasant view, this array of implements, consisting of sharp knives, fine tooth saws, lint, bandages, splints and sponges, and other articles common to surgery. This is very pleasant and inspiring just before the battle. The shot locker is open, and peering down into its darkness one sees piles of shot, shell, grape, canister and spare gun tackle. This completes the inspection on the berth-deck, and I must return to the gun deck, for passing time tells me that we shall soon hear the drum calling all hands to quarters. When I reached the above named part of the ship I found that the signal had been made for the fleet to get up anchor from the *Wabash*, our flagship, and the deck tackle had been stretched along the deck, and the fall led aft through tail blocks around to port side of the ship. So when the boatswain piped up anchor, sixty or seventy men clapped on the fall, and with a steady tramp, tramp, the huge anchor was soon aweigh, and a few moments later was securely catted and fished. It was now half-past nine, and the signal was made from the flagship, to form in line of battle, which was done according to the rank of commander of the different men of war. First came the majestic *Wabash*, 52 guns, next the first-class sloop, *Susquehanna*, 20 guns; then the old *Mohican*, 12 guns, followed by the *Bienville* and eleven gunboats. The sailing sloop, *Vandalia*, 22 guns, was towed in by the tug *Isaac Smith*. In this order we stood in towards the forts and batteries, every man at his station. I had been detailed to hold the pipe on the fire hose, and was stationed at the engine room hatch, in case our ship took fire from the hot shot thrown from the rebel guns should set us on fire. I belonged to the forward pivot eleven-inch gun, being first shell man, and was ill at ease in my

inactive position and away from my crew, who always gather around their grim charge with pride and exultation. We are now within easy range of both batteries, and instantly three puffs of smoke arose from Fort Walker, and the ball had commenced. The *Wabash* replied immediately, then the *Susquehanna*, and then the old *Mohican*, passing into the smoke of the battle, opened with the compliments of our forward pivot gun, which was followed by the after pivot. Our range was then ascertained, and the proper elevation secured, and then we went in like hearts of oak. Shots were hissing over our heads from each side, shells were bursting all around us, and hearing a twang aloft, I cast my eye in that direction and saw that our fore brace had been shot away. This was the first shot that took any effect upon our ship. The next moment the officer of my division was struck by a solid shot on the right side of his neck taking one-half away, together with the lower jaw, leaving one half of his mouth in which a chew of tobacco remained. At this moment Commodore Dupont came along as I was standing at my post near the officer just killed, and told me to get a bucket of sand and cover up the pool of blood that but a few moments before warmed the heart of a brave man and a genial officer. It was getting warm; the powder boys were running from the magazine to the different guns as fast as their legs could carry them. Shot and shell were carried with a rush to the same destination. The men seemed to gain heart the hotter it grew. I could not stand this inaction any longer, and stepping up to Assistant Cuthbert, I obtained consent to join my gun's crew, first promising, if our ship took fire, that I would return to my post. It did not take long for your humble servant to get among the boys, and No. 22 first shell man was soon engaged in bringing ten-second shell to the first and second loaders. Some of our men had kicked off their shoes; some pitched their hats into the lee scuppers, while not a few tossed away their shirts and tied their black silk neck handkerchiefs around their heads. It was a fearful scene; shells were bursting and shrieking over and around us. Our guns were served very rapidly, and crash, bang, and whiz was the order of the day. In this kind of style we passed the forts, and dispersed the Mosquito fleet under Admiral Tattnall's, of the Confederate navy, who beat a hasty retreat up Broad River. During this time one of our gunboats had received a shot in her boiler, and drifted hopelessly out of the fight. We still kept on, and circling around, following our next in line, we stood in nearer to Fort Walker, in which was thundering away at us bravely in spite of the loss of several guns that had been dismounted. We passed swiftly by, pouring our fire in a terrible storm upon their works, while the smoke hung over us in a cloud, and hundreds of shell boxes were floating with the tide out towards the sea. The circle had been completed, and only one vessel disabled, and on board of our ship only one man was killed, and but trifling damage done to our staunch sloop of war. The grog tub was piped up, and the gallant tars, half tripped and blackened with sweat, filed up, and tossed off their grog, with the *sang froid* that was pleasing and peculiar to our sons of the briny deep. Still on our flagship goes, and we are ready for our share. There are no weak knees now, for all have settled down to real, determined work. You can, as you glance around, see our men clustering around the gun to which they belong, and in low tones speaking of the incidents that have occurred. All seem ready and anxious, and here she comes, Boom! Boom! The leaders of the van are at it again. We see ominous flashes of fire leaping from out the still defiant embrasures, and whistling messengers of death come crashing through our sides. Splinters are flying about, and our shipmate, Thompson, while standing at the wheel, steering our noble craft on in our fiery circle, falls with a shattered leg to the deck, but the wheel is taken by another brave old tar before the ship can swerve from her course, and a bleeding form goes below to find the needed care of the surgeon. We have already told you that he was ready, and in a few moments our shipmate is quite comfortable in one of the cots swinging on the berth deck. We are firing from our battery ten shots per minute, and the rest of the fleet is firing in about the same

proportion. The din and thunder, mixed with a cross-fire from the Confederate guns, whose shot and shell were shrieking and bursting among us, was terrific, and for once in my life, as were many of the rest, I was deafened, and we had to yell to know that we spoke at all. In this manner we pass for the second time by the forts and up to the turn. Gallantly our flag still floats over the brave hearts, and as staunch a wooden fleet as ever floated. The heart swells with pride for our gallant officers and men as we look over the records of our heroic navy. You will excuse me for wandering, for an "old vet" has to occasionally.

Once more we round to and bring our starboard battery to bear upon Fort Walker. Her guns are pounding away at the flagship, and at the *Susquehanna*, which are just ahead of us. You can see the splinters flying in board, as they are repeatedly struck, for they are within six hundred yards, but they; gave back more than gun for gun. Sheets of fire flash forth from their sides, darting out here and there like serpent tongues. Now we come in for our share; yes, and more than that, for our noble ship had been drawing too close to the land, too near the fortifications, and just as we were making our shot tell, and were about five hundred yards off, we ran aground. It was a critical moment. Shot after shot came through and through our sides. A thirty-two pound shot came through the port side, about a foot above the deck, passing through a range of sand bags placed around the combings of the forward engine room hatch, then through both sides of the hatch, and one more range of bags. Just as it passed through the last range, it went between the legs of a tall acting master's mate, and down he goes, for the wind of a shot takes your underpinning away in a jiffy. Our friend rises to a sitting posture, examines his extremities, rubs his hands over them, and finally concludes he was fooled that time, and it seemed to give him a good deal of pleasure.

But I had forgotten to tell what became of the ball. Now this is the strangest part of it, for the history of this shot is not often the same as that of any other hurled at a ship, and for the reason that after it sent our worthy acting master on his beam ends, it struck the waterway on the starboard side, and rolled back upon the deck to midships, for it had spent itself and could go no farther. It was too good a chance to be lost, and one of our jolly tars threw his grappling hook around it in an instant, and forward it went to one of our thirty-two broadside guns. Just the thing. The smoke was hardly off of it so in she goes. The gunner squints over his piece, gives the lock-string a jerk and our iron visitor goes back whistling as lively a tune as before. At this point the gun crew broke forth in a ringing cheer, and in a moment all hands are cheering. It caught from ship to ship, and all hands had a full share of the uproar. We were suddenly called to belay, for the ship had run aground as mentioned just before this incident happened, and it was all done in a couple of minutes. Our engines were backing their best. Word was passed for every; man to lay down, and just then a voice spoke to Blaisdell, that still small voice we read about, and it said lie with your head towards the battery. Now readers, I am here today because I obeyed that little cherub who looks out for poor Jack. I stretched myself full length across the deck, folded my arms around my head and waited. Around me were many of our crew. One man next to me, poor Curthbert, lying fore and aft. I hope he yet lives, but he lost both feet at the angle. Had I not done as described above I would have been cut in twain. Rip, rip, came the shot through and through one ship, and she trembled from stern to stern. The *Wabash* and *Susquehanna* had stopped, and were pouring their broadsides into the rebels to save our ship and crew from being cut to pieces. We, at last, fortunately for us, backed off, and soon after passed out of their fire, which was directed toward vessels in the rear of us. This finished round No. 2. And the old *Mohican*, or at least six of her crew, remember this whirl at Port Royal. The Admiral now came in a boat from the *Wabash* alongside, and stepping up to the side-ladder inquired our loss, for it was thought at the time that we had suffered a rough handling by the way the splinters were flying from our

bulwarks. Our Captain replied that on account of our men, lying down our loss of life had been small, and that we were fully prepared to continue the engagement. Shaking hands with Capt. Gordon, the boat was called away, and in a few moments he was upon the deck of his own ship, and once more heading off in the van. The fire from Bay Point and Fort Beauregard had not apparently diminished, but we did not devote so much of our attention to those batteries, because Fort Walker as by far the stronger work, and on this side the fire had slackened considerably, for the reason we had knocked some of the guns out of the embrasures. As we reached for the third time the turning point, the *Mohican* and several other gunboats were sent to take a raking position, which was about seven or eight hundred yards north or nearly so from Fort Walker. We trained our four pivot guns upon that work, and soon sent over on her side another of her guns. The Johnnies were very confident that they could sink or drive our fleet away, for they had said God Almighty could not take the port of Hilton's Head, but in a few moments after taking our position, they broke pell mell from the fort, and left coats, arms, matches, money and all their munitions of war behind them. This ended this most brilliant naval battle of the war. Not in point of numbers engaged, or in the amount of killed and wounded, but in the fair and square give and take order of business, by which it was conducted. For the rebels it was entirely unexpected and its effect was terrible. On our side the victory was gained easier than we had hoped for. Capt. Rodgers was sent on shore from the *Wabash* and found the place deserted. The only prisoners captured were found in the hospital. Fifty large cannons, together with a large amount of camp equipage, fell into our hands. The Union loss was 8 killed 32 wounded. The *Mohican* had her full share in this accounting. The rebel loss was 120 killed, and 100 wounded. Surgeon List of South Carolina was killed in the bomb proof while performing his duties for the wounded. The shell by some means rolled down the crooked incline, and there exploded. We were struck 28 times, our bulwarks receiving the most of them. One shot struck into our side just even with the planking, and was not removed while I remained in the ship, which was about a year. I could write at still greater lengths about this affair and there are many details recollected of this engagement that both time and space forbid. And now, asking your pardon for the long trial of your patience, I shall beg leave to close, and at some time in the near future, will see where the old ship *Mohican* took us next. I.L. Blaisdell.

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The specific article or comments that drew Isaac Blaisdell's ire, and prompted the following letter to the editor of the Santa Cruz Sentinel are not known. Only twenty-five of the local 1000 Civil War veterans had served in the navy, and their limited visibility may have caused the press to minimize their exposure

Heroes of the Navy

(Santa Cruz Sentinel January 25, 1889)

Ed. Sentinel- we are compelled, almost, to ask the question, "Was there a naval force in the war of the Rebellion?" This question is asked, for the simple reason that nearly all public speakers, also comrades of the G.A.R., in reverting to those terrible days of toil and danger, forget to mention that we of the navy had any share or part in that struggle. Therefore it will not perhaps, be deemed amiss, if we bring forward our branch of the service, which for true grit and gallantry of action palls before none, from the days of John Paul Jones, in the *Bon Homme Richard*, in her fight with the *Serapis* off Scarborough Heights, England, down to the bombardment of Fort Fisher on the Eastern coast. No prouder record exists. We are often told of the desperate charges of our brothers in the army, but fail to hear the fact mentioned that the blue jackets at Fort Fisher made a

charge on that fortress that will bear comparison with any made by our gallant comrades of the infantry. I would also revert to the assault at night in open boats, upon Fort Sumter, also to those brave lads who wend down at their guns on the *Congress* and *Cumberland*, fighting the ironclad *Merrimac*, the *Monitor*, which sank off Cape Hatteras, the *Weehawken* at Fort Sumter, the *Tecumseh* at Mobile, the *Verona* in the passage of the Fort's Jackson and St. Phillip, and the *Mississippi* at Port Hudson. The graves of those noble shipmates, amidst the waves of ocean and Inland River, receive no decoration at the hands of former comrades. The sad requiem of the winds of heaven sweeps mournfully above their last resting-place. Cheerfully we concede the heroic devotion and services of our comrades who marched and fought, suffered and died for our flag and country, and at the same time we wish to be recognized as having done our full share. The last national [GAR] encampment placed for the first time one of our naval heroes upon its staff and this, after an existence of twenty-two years as an association of veterans of the army and navy. We feel proud of this late recognition although long deferred. Let us honor our dead alike, cherish the memory of all branches of service; honor the flag we followed and the Grand Army to which we belong. I.L. Blaisdell *U.S.S. Pocahontas* and *Mohican*.

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While no immediate response could be found to the above complaint by Isaac of a lack of naval appreciation shown by the community, he apparently persisted in "beating the drum and sounding the alarm" over the years. On a lighter note in 1893 "Admiral" Blaisdell, or an unidentified GAR companion's who dubbed himself "Military", responded with a "tongue-in-cheek" to a lack of consideration by the press. In the letter the author mulls over the situation with two army veterans Charles Craghill, a Santa Cruz Justice of the Peace, and Constable John Copp who were appropriately promoted for the occasion.

Army Navy Notes **(Santa Cruz Sentinel November 17, 1893)**

Ed, Sentinel: There was great activity in Camp Craghill yesterday; also on board the flagship of Admiral Blaisdell, located some three miles out of Light house point. The Admiral had come on shore at an early hour, and by chance ran across Gen. Craghill and Col. Copp. These two worthies, with ill concealed wrath, called the attention of the Admiral to a certain article in the Sentinel reflecting on the trio above-mentioned. There was a rush to the General's tent, where vials of wrath were opened, and the cheapness of printers' ink bitterly discussed. The Admiral was for landing his sailors and marines a la Hawaii, in Kanak land, and for a moment it was Hanna hanna ki-ki, Kanaka, wiki wiki, for our Admiral is one of the early voyagers to these Isles of the Sea and can talk a little bit kanac, but to resume: Gen. Craghill and Col. Copp thought it would look as though the land forces were not equal to a printers outfit, and therefore would not consent to give way to the irate son of Neptune and the army, having one majority, it was ordered that the navy be dispensed with, pending the commencement of hostilities. The Colonel, the Admiral and the General, all laughed at the printer's brigade, and the Colonel remarked that the most of his fighting was done from 1861 to 1865, which was heartily concurred in. The Admiral then shifted his quid to starboard, and hitching up his port trouser leg, said that where he was during the war there was a notorious absence of printers who were ready to die for the flag, sink or swim, for the land we love or even cool coffee aboard a receiving ship that never went into commission. This provoked laughter from the General and the gallant Colonel, and both remarked, in one breath,

that there were no ink throwers in the valiant First Division, First Corps, First Brigade, to which they had formerly belonged, and that if there were any such they were acting as correspondents. A General laugh then followed, and the ire of all hands having vanished to some extent, a brief review of the situation was taken in order that the intent of the great *Sentinel* and the immortal Zachy might be disseminated from the moss of buncombe surrounding the article referred to. As a result Col. Copp was ordered to seek out the editor of said *Sentinel* and demand a solution of said problem, and then report instanter at brigade headquarters...Military

*

FRATERNAL ACTIVITIES

The Grand Army of the Republic was firstly chartered as a fraternal organization. Fraternity served as the basis for its purpose and programs. In that capacity it conducted social events, campfires and family days along with providing the "old soldier" a place and a space to relive past times with comrades. We are unaware of when Isaac Blaisdell first associated with the Wallace Post in Santa Cruz, but in June of 1884 local newspapers found him actively involved in organizing a "Campfire" (social event) for the post.

In 1885 members of the Wallace GAR post became embroiled in a controversy, which would result in the splitting of the post. The major issue concerned the role the post would play in hosting visiting GAR members from the San Francisco National encampment during their August 1886 visit to Santa Cruz. The more progressive members of the post, including Isaac Blaisdell, supported a program intended to promote the community and encourage visiting "old soldiers" to relocate in Santa Cruz. The more conservative members of the post opposed the plan that they felt was too optimistic. Personality clashes compounded the situation and in December of 1885 Isaac Blaisdell, and 19 similarly minded veterans, left the Wallace post, to form the J.F. Reynolds Post. Over the years Isaac Blaisdell played the role as mediator between the two posts. In an attempt to create a positive image on the creation of the new post, Isaac provided the following conciliatory reason for the split:

Purpose of the New Post *(Santa Cruz Sentinel December 25, 1885)*

"A Member of the G.A.R. [attributed to Blaisdell] says that the principal motive for the organization of the new Post was for the best interest of the G.A.R., and Santa Cruz in view of the coming of the National Encampment, as two Posts are able to accomplish more in having the veterans come to this city than one."

*

It was a common practice for G.A.R. posts to host events to which other posts invited. On May Day 1888 the Dolphin Bath House at the beach was reserved for a GAR family day by the JF Reynolds and the Dix GAR Post of San Jose was invited to attend. A special train car was to be made up in San Jose and upon arrival to be met by local GAR members and their families. In order generate interest and support Reynolds Post Adjutant Blaisdell sharpened his GAR military protocol pen and posted the following invitation through the local paper.

May Day Hosting Instructions *(Santa Cruz Sentinel April 24, 1888)*

G.A.R. Attention

Headquarters; J.F. Reynolds Post 98 G.A.R.; Santa Cruz, Cal April 27, 1888

The officers and members of said post are hereby ordered to meet at their headquarters at 10 o'clock A.M. on Tuesday May 1 in uniform for the purpose of proceeding to the beach depot and receiving the G.A.R. Comrades from San Jose. The drum Corp of this post will report at these HQ's at the same hour for duty. The wives and families of members are expected to join the post at the same time with one day's rations in their baskets. By Order A.H Kane Post Commander, I.L. Blaisdell Adjutant.

*

This particular event had good and bad overtones. While a wonderful day was experienced by the Old Soldiers and their families at the beach and bathhouse, a group of what was described as San Jose "toughs" rowdies, wild-eyed chippies suffering from the effects of too many stimulants" were to ruffle the Victorian feathers of Isaac and his comrades.

*

In 1890 the Grand Army of the Republic had reached its high water mark, and posts were beginning to experience a drop in membership. Those issues, which had initially caused the split between the Wallace and Reynolds Posts in Santa Cruz, were no longer relevant, and close personal ties had continued to be maintained between most of the members of the two posts. It seemed only natural that the two posts should consolidate, and on October 1, 1890 the first of several meetings were held between the two posts to examine the possibilities of reunification. Members supporting this action were submitting letters to the editor, and Isaac Blaisdell contributed the following poem to share another level of feeling:

Consolidation Poem *(Santa Cruz Sentinel October 7, 1891)*

LET US UNITE

Let us unite, that's the watchword
Let it echo down the line,
Not like battle cry of old,
Enwrapped in smoke of olden time
We Fear no enemy in grey,
For they are vanquished whom we fought
In long embittered battle fray
'Twas victory then we sought.
And now our shattered ranks need closing,
For bitter is the battle of time,
And comrades we loved are reposing
In the grave, so cold and sublime
Yes, unite. Let that the watchword be,
And let it echo far and wide
For peace and unity:

No more should we divide.
 It won't be long that we can meet
 Within our loyal post,
 And one by one must soon retreat
 From comrades loved the most.
 Grasp the hand that's now extended,
 For it may never be again,
 For union and for peace untended
 And from bitterness refrain.
 And let us come together,
 The loyal, brave and true,
 And buried be forever
 All troubles that we knew.
 Once more around our altar's light
 Renew the vows of old,
 And swing for aye the falchion bright
 Of Peace, more dear than gold.
 Comrade I. L. Blaisdell.

*

In November of 1891 Isaac Blaisdell, and two of his J.F. Reynolds Post comrades, volunteered to serve as a committee to help bring about a consolidation of the Wallace and Reynolds posts. They met with the Wallace post and it was proposed that both posts would give up their charters, numbers, and names and join together in order to create a new post. The Wallace post agreed to consolidate; however 18 members of the Reynolds posts opposed and subsequently blocked the merger. Shortly afterwards Isaac along with four or five other leaders of the J.F. Reynolds Post left and re-affiliated with the Wallace post. Blaisdell would soon be directing his correspondence from a new home base as spokesman for the W.H.L. Wallace post.

On March 22, 1892 the Sentinel published an article entitled "On the Banks of the San Lorenzo," by an "old soldier" by the name of W.S. Walker. In the article Walker, a new comer to the community, noted that he had initially been pleased at the news of a consolidation of the two posts, but that his hopes had been dashed when the movement failed. Blaisdell, who had by now become entrenched in the W.H.L. Wallace post, responded to Walkers concerns in a follow up article to the Sentinel.

Letter to the Editor

(Santa Cruz Sentinel March 26, 1892)

Ed. Sentinel: - There was a large and enthusiastic meeting of W.H.L. Wallace Post, Grand Army of the Republic, Thursday evening. Three old soldiers were mustered in and three more applications placed on file. There are many old soldiers in this vicinity who have not as yet joined the G.A.R. One reason is the fact that there are two posts in Santa Cruz. Many looked to a union of the two posts. Efforts in that direction were made several months ago. A failure to unite has caused a boom in W.H.L. Wallace Post, which post did all in its power to so unite, and acquitted itself like fine men and did all that was asked of in the direction of unity and consolidation, but before this could be brought before the post for action, its object was defeated in advance of a

report from a committee appointed by J.F. Reynolds Post. The article in your widely read columns of a recent date headed "*Banks of the San Lorenzo*" was a just and conservative article. Its statements were correct, and the sentiment cannot fail to reach the heart of all those who have been tried in the fire of battle and know the value of solid front and unit of purpose and action. The ranks of the Grand Army are now decimated at the rate of thirty thousand a year, therefore we should close up as we go forward in the battle of life, and for the remainder of our days live in fraternity, charity, and loyalty. Let us fall in under one banner and with one sentiment, and show an unbroken front in these days of old age towards our common enemy, the ravages of time. Let all those who believe in unity and peace fall in; join those familiar spirits who realize the shortness of our existence and the necessity of closing our shattered ranks. Soon we shall be called upon to visit the last resting-place of our noble dead, and pay that tribute so justly due to those who gave their lives that our nation might live, and freedom be perpetuated. We return many thanks to the *Sentinel* for its kindness in placing before the public the notes of the Grand army of the Republic, and to all old veterans we would say fall in, join the grandest association on earth and live in the perpetuation of patriotic principles...A Veteran of the Navy.

*

AUXILIARIES

The Grand Army of the Republic felt that it was critical that a trained Corp of military volunteers be available to support the United States during periods of military emergency as they had done in 1861. In 1866 the Civil war veteran was still in his physical prime and able to be called upon to serve should the need arise. By the late 1870's it was becoming apparent that age was rapidly reducing the Civil war veterans ability to return to military ranks.

Members of the GAR saw their sons as the natural candidates to step into heir shoes. Soon camps of Sons of Veterans were formed throughout the country modeled after GAR posts, and the young men were trained to function as a militia. In 1886 the Sons of Veterans was recognized as an official auxiliary of the GAR. In Isaac Blaisdell's community of Santa Cruz California this resulted in the creation of Sons of Veterans Lincoln Camp #10 of which Blaisdell's son Ben was an active member. During this same period California was in the process of developing its National Guard program to provide necessary military support, and sons of civil war veterans frequently became members of both organizations. During the 1890's the California National Guard held encampments and maneuvers at Camp Allen in Santa Cruz, and GAR members were frequently invited to observe as honored guests. During the 1891 encampment Isaac, and other "old soldiers", visited and reported activities in the Lincoln Camp.

A Visit to the Camp of the Sons of Veterans of Santa Cruz (*Santa Cruz Sentinel July 25, 1891*)

Ed Sentinel: - "Last Monday evening several old Grand Army vets concluded to drop in on the youthful sons of Lincoln Camp, No. 10, Sons of Veterans, of our city. On our arrival at the hall of said Camp, after gaining admittance, we were very much surprised to find that we had been forestalled in our visit by some of the old boys from the camp of the National Guard, located at Camp Allen; also, by a large delegation of Sons of Veterans from said camp, who are likewise members of our guardsman. We found the Camp in charge of the visiting Sons, who very kindly consented to this order for the purpose of showing our Sons of Veterans how the work is

performed in their Camps, and the work was done in a very soldier like manner. After routine work was finished speeches and anecdotes became the order, and every old vet was called upon to say something, which they responded to. All the old veterans felt that the Camp, just formed of sons of Santa Cruz, would be an honor to the organization and a credit to themselves.”

...A Veteran of the G.A.R. (I.L. Blaisdell]

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Women's auxiliaries would also arise in communities to support the GAR. In Santa Cruz the Women's Relief Corp (the official women's auxiliary to the GAR) was supported by the Reynolds post and was open to any woman who chose to join. The Ladies of the GAR, made up of wives and blood relatives of union army veterans, created the Shenandoah Circle of the Ladies of the G.A.R. and were sponsored by the Wallace post. When Isaac Blaisdell returned to the Wallace post in 1892 he became a strong supporter of the LGAR. The lines below written by Isaac were read Friday, April 24, 1896 at a reception given by the Ladies of the G.A.R.

Ladies of the G.A.R.
Respectfully dedicated to the Shenandoah Circle
(Santa Cruz Sentinel April 26, 1896)

In the old war days,
When bitter were the frays,
When our country made its call,
Each comrade then was young,
When to arms they quickly sprung
When they said farewell to all.

Chorus:

Ladies of the G.A.R.,
God bless them every one
For the splendid work they done
These Ladies of the G.A.R.

Who said: Good-bye my son;
The battle must be won.”
On that sad parting day
When the conflict had begun
In eighteen sixty-one.
When their loved ones marched away.

Who said to us good-bye
When the fight was drawing nigh;
When treason raised the bar:
When bravely fought the blue
With courage good and true,
But the Ladies of the G.A.R.?

Who nursed us back to life
When weary with the strife,
When the boys came marching home;
Who prayed before the throne
For these soldiers, all their own,
but the Ladies of the G.A.R.?

Whose hearts in grief were burned
For him that na'er returned
At the closing of the cruel war;
Whose prayers will never cease
Till we gain the realms of peace,
But the Ladies of the G.A.R.?

Long may these ladies live
To comfort and to give
us pleasure, as we journey afar;
And when we come to die,
Sweet will be the last good-bye
From the ladies of the G.A.R.

And when we meet above
In eternal peace and love,
Beyond where the gates stand ajar
In that land they will enfold
Their soldier boys of old
In the Circle of the G.A.R.
I.L. Blaisdell

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PENSIONS, BURIALS and OTHER CHARITABLE ISSUES

Charity, the second major function of the GAR, was the most important issue to the returning soldier in 1865 because of their desire for preferential employment, bounty equalization and widow and orphan support advocacy. In 1865 few, social "safety nets" were available to catch the returning veteran when he fell unto financial, physical and mental hard times. The GAR attempted to fill these voids by providing local support while lobbying for major concessions at the national level. The physical and financial outreach by the Old Soldier to his needy comrades provided the Grand Army considerable visibility within the community.

Isaac Blaisdell, in reporting the activities of a Wallace Post meeting in 1892 shares an insight as to the attitude of one dedicated group within the order.

CHARITABLE ASPECTS OF THE GAR

Wallace Post Notes

(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 14, 1892)

"Silk hat soldiers are scarce, and the vim of comradeship prevails always among those who stood shoulder to shoulder on the battlefield and on river and bay. The work of the Grand Army is to preserve the memories of that bitter struggle, and to assist those who may be found needing assistance. Let us be ever ready to take a comrade by the hand and help him up and encourage him to fight the battle of existence in his declining years. Let us practice more of the charity we profess and less of profession." ...Veteran G.A.R.

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PENSION PROGRAM

Following the Civil war only minimal financial support was provided by the government to the veterans, and was only available to those veterans who had been seriously wounded during the war. As the veteran grew older, they began appealing for federal assistance for physical ailments accentuated by injuries incurred during the war. During the last quarter of the 19th century a major objective of the Grand Army of the Republic was to obtain support for every veteran that required it. As the GAR gained political power they were able to bring about the most massive veteran pension program in US History. This pension program, which was to consume one fifth of the national budget, naturally drew criticism, especially when abuses occurred. Newspaper articles and letters frequently attacked the pension program and it is probable that Isaac was responding to one of these. While the casualty figures used by Blaisdell's figures are highly inflated the intent of his letter is not

Response to Pension Critics

(Santa Cruz Sentinel December 17, 1893)

At the Front 1861-1865

Ed, Sentinel: - The boys in blue enlisted, and went to the front during the time mentioned, to the number of more than two millions. They took their lives in their hands and bidding their dear ones good-bye, were off for the seat of war. Fully 125,000 of these men fell dead on the field of battle.

Some 500,000 were wounded, and 360,000 died from disease incident to the hardships endured. What a fearful picture 485,000 killed and dead of disease, and 500,000 wounded and crippled! A total of 985,000 men on the side of loss by death, disease and wounds. There were fought over 2,000 battles and skirmishes, some of which were the bloodiest record in the page of history. There were also 125,000 men in the navy during the war, and among whom there is a fearful death roll to be added to that of the army, and yet we hear a cry go up from those who never paid one dollar towards the pension roll, or served one day in defense of our flag and country, about the immense amount of money paid to pensioners, the survivors of this terrible conflict. You don't hear from this source the amount paid to the bondholder, to wit the enormous sum of \$4,446,000,000 in principal, interest and premiums. This enormous amount of money would never have been paid, and the bonds would not have been worth the paper they were written on, were it not for the men of the musket. Yet we hear these veterans spoken of as "coffee coolers" and "bummers," men who faced death on battlefields, and in every combat upon river, bay and sea. Surely the howlers have but little conception of the sacrifices made and the sufferings endured by the army of the nation's defenders. Where does the money go that is paid the pensioners? Every dollar is due some merchant or landholder before it is received. It is not hoarded like money paid the bondholder, but put in circulation and paid to those among us, to whom it is due. Where is the man among these howlers who pays one dollar towards the pension of a single veteran? True enough is the charge that some veterans are drawing pensions who are not entitled thereto, but where is the organization, order or creed that has not some fraud or hypocrite? Surely you would not punish the deserving many in order that the few might be reached.

Let me say in conclusion, that it was no picnic, this fighting one million and a half of the bravest men on earth, who fought on their own grounds, believing that they were right. The men, who fought to the bitter end and finally surrendered at Appomattox, have more respect for the men in blue than the pension howlers, who had not enough courage or principle to fight on either side. The great mass of worthy pensioners would gladly exchange their humble pittance for the good health and sound limbs left behind in those days of cruel war. Thank God, the ungrateful beings are few and far between, and are thought of as they deserve. Let us rest in peace, and disturb us not, those who were faint of heart and weak in patriotism in the days of 1861-1865A Veteran Reader (Blaisdell)

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By 1900 most soldiers who were honorably discharged from the army and navy during the Civil War, or their widows, were receiving pensions which would usually vary between \$8-\$20 per month. They would gather at the County Clerks office where the clerk or volunteers would assist them in filling out the voucher required for payment. Isaac Blaisdell reflects on this in the following:

Local Pension Payments *(Santa Cruz Sentinel September 6, 1901)*

County Clerk Miller

Ed. "Sentinel"-- In your popular journal I wish to state that in behalf of the old soldiers and sailors that they appreciate very much the kindness of County Clerk Miller in opening, at an early hour, his office for the benefit of pensioners. There were more than the regular force of clerks in attendance, and the vouchers were made out with a speed never before witnessed. We shall be sorry, however, according to a recent issue of the "Sentinel," to miss his genial face or that of his

successor, forty years hence, as none of the present generation will be alive at that time except the old soldier. William J. Bryan is credited with saying in 1892 that the remarkable longevity of those people [the old soldier] is something wonderful, who are standing up the Government in the pension business as long as the stars and stripes shall wave over our country. Just so long will there be soldiers, aye and sailors, too. When there shall be no more of these remarkably long lived people who carried our flag to victory, then we shall have no flag, no country. At one time in the history of our land they did not live long enough and no one envied him or sighed for the weary march and bloody fields, where tens of thousands filled the long trenches or sank beneath river and bays. Long may the old soldier and sailor live to enjoy somewhat of the comforts of life for which they suffered and died. With many thanks to our genial and accommodating County Clerk and his able assistants. I am, very truly yours....Naval Veteran.

*

PATRIOTISM

COMMUNITY PATRIOTIC ACTIVITIES

During the 1890's the major thrust of the Grand Army of the Republic shifted towards patriotism and instilling a patriotic zeal within the youth of the nation before they were passed the scene. Within the public schools the GAR used their influence to have history added reading, writing and arithmetic as compulsory subjects. They insisted that flags be in every school and that the flag salute be a part of the opening of every days activities. In New York they instituted ROTC in the high schools, and introduced the practice of standing during the playing of the national anthem and at the passing by of the flag. Between the 1890's and the 1930's the local GAR posts would visit schools during Lincoln's birthday events to share their experiences and to enjoy the programs prepared by students. Isaac Blaisdell shared the patriotic feelings of his comrades in his below letter:

Editorial

(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 14, 1895)

Ed. Sentinel: - Having seen a kindly reference in your columns a few days ago to Memorial Day, I beg a space in your widely read journal. It is true that the veterans are dying out, and that the ranks are thinning faster as the years roll on, but the memory of the dead heroes is growing, it would seem, by the general revival of interest in the services that are to be held on the 30th of this month. In the City of New York 10,000 school children, trained in military movements, will fall in behind the old veterans, most of whom are now grey with age and worn with the journey of life. In the city of Oakland thousands of school children will line the sidewalks while the old boys march in review before them. These young children will some day perhaps fill the places, once filled by these warriors whose strength has failed, but whose glory will live forever.

We know from what we have heard that there is no official in the city of Santa Cruz opposed to this patriotic lesson to our children, although there have been whispering to that effect. I feel that this coming Memorial Day will overshadow that of any previous occasion, in the observance of the day Santa Cruz lacks not in patriotism, lacks not for the flag and those who fell in its defense. Let us scatter our bright flowers where they rest, beneath the folds of the grand old flag, for which they fought and fell...A Naval Veteran (Blaisdell)

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The American flag gained a new level of patriotic importance through the efforts of the Grand Army of the Republic and was the major lobbying group sponsoring legislation to create Flag Day as a national holiday. Local posts would frequently sponsor picnics and encourage student participation. Flags also served as the central symbol at veteran funerals. In 1894 Blaisdell used a local GAR funeral to express the feelings that veterans felt toward the flag.

The Old Flag

(Santa Cruz Sentinel March 17, 1894)

Ed. Sentinel- At a funeral a few days ago of an old veteran [James W Crawford] by the G.A.R., it became necessary as a part of the ceremony, to unfurl the stars and stripes, and let the folds of the glorious banner lie across the bier of one who had given three years of his life to preserve the honor of the flag. When the splendid emblem was slowly unfurled and the loved combination of red, white and blue appeared in a blaze of beauty, a hush of almost unreal solemnity came over the assemblage. Every heartbeat with patriotic enthusiasm and tears sprang to many eyes. No loyal man can look at the old flag without emotion. Our flag is a splendid banner. We cannot be blamed for feeling that it is the most beautiful in the world, and Drake's magnificent lines well describe it.

When freedom from her mountain height Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night, and set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes the milky baldric of the skies,
And striped it pure celestial white with streakings of the morning light.
.... Veteran (Blaisdell)

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In addition to Flag Day the GAR could usually be found participating in Independence Day activities. Following within such a short period of a hectic Memorial Day schedule, July 4th participation by the GAR was usually more subdued. Grand Army posts could usually be counted on to provide a marching contingent in local parades, and during picnics at the park Civil war veterans frequently served as key speakers. Ignoring the 4th was unthinkable, and fearing that July 4th 1892 would not be properly observed in the community Isaac wrote:

Observe the 4th

(Santa Cruz Sentinel June 28, 1892)

Ed Sentinel: In your valuable paper I have not seen anything relevant to the proper observance of the Fourth of July. A committee has been appointed by both of the Grand Army Posts and Sons of Veterans who would be pleased to meet a committee of citizens with the object of celebrating the anniversary of our nation's independence. Let us evince a proper show of patriotism that will show that we still live and love the flag and country for which our forefathers fought and suffered...Member G.A.R.

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BLUE AND GRAY RELATIONS

Following the Civil war there a feeling of animosity existed between many Union and Confederate veterans. When President Grover Cleveland proposed returning captured battle flags to their

former Confederate states the GAR put on full battle gear and had the proposal rescinded. Other controversies involving the payment of Mexican war pensions to former Confederate soldiers, school history books interpretations etc. would periodically arise and the Grand Army would react in force. As the years passed so did the animosities, and veterans of both sides began to move toward a common appreciation of the role of the other in the Civil war. The Spanish American war of 1898 acted as the catalyst toward healing the sectional wounds, and the two former adversaries became Old Soldiers who had participated in the American epic event. A sense of this gradual reunion is reflected in Isaac Blaisdell's letters.

In April of 1888 the former Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston was reputed to have sought admission into the E.D. Baker post of the GAR in Philadelphia. Accompanying the application form was a letter, which stated:

“For the purpose of enabling me to participate in the noble work of charity performed by comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, I hereby make application for contributory membership in your post. Enclosed please find the sum of \$10 for one year's dues.”

When the question was put, the entire 200 members present voted unanimously to accept his application. When this article appeared in the Santa Cruz Sentinel a feisty Isaac Blaisdell was quick to respond.

Explaining Gen Johnston & the GAR **(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 1, 1888)**

A Grand Army Explanation

Ed. Sentinel: - Having read in a recent issue of the *Sentinel*, and in the *Call* of San Francisco, an article on the election of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston as a member of the G.A.R., I beg leave to say in regard to the matter that Gen. Jos. E. Johnston is not, nor can he be, a member of the G.A.R. in the sense that a Union veteran can be. In the first place none who has ever borne arms against the Government can so join. Even those who were pressed into the Confederate service and afterwards enlisted in the Union ranks can never become a member of this loyal army of blue. There are those in our midst who would gladly enter this circle of patriots if not barred out by previous service in the ranks of the Confederacy. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is merely granted the privilege of contributory membership, in order that he can help the Grand Army of the Republic in its noble deeds of charity, and until the corner stone of this organization has been taken from the structure none bearing the stain of treason can be a member in its truest sense. Were this true the Grand Army of the Republic would be a fraud and its loyalty a farce. We can forgive, but we must be true, and until this Grand Army of the Republic shall have changed its constitution this cannot be. I.L. B [Isaac L. Blaisdell] Santa Cruz April 30th.

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Over the years the members of the Grand Army of the Republic came to feel that the veterans of the Civil war had shared a unique experience never to be repeated. By the time of Spanish American war the Southern veteran had organized himself into the United Confederate Veterans and drew much from the GAR in developing its organizational model. Confederate soldiers would usually join with their “Yankee” counterparts at local patriotic and social activities and many GAR posts would include them in their “campfires” and other post activities. Isaac Blaisdell later letter reflects this changing attitude.

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Blue and Gray
(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 10, 1899)

Ed. "Sentinel" - Knowing that your very interesting and widely read and interesting journal is always ready to accord space for articles of interest to the general public, I beg leave for space wherein I may express a few thoughts in connection with the above subject. The thirtieth of May next marks an important circumstance. At Vicksburg recently, where the ex-confederates decorated the graves of their honored dead, a regular U.S. Infantry band headed the procession, which was made up of the Blue and Gray. It was an all inspiring sight, a spectacle lesson of comradeship, and a loyalty to flag and country. The broad stripes and bright stars, which drooped gracefully and tenderly around the staff, expressed a touching sentiment of love and loyalty. Since the war with Spain the sons of the bright Southland have demonstrated by their valor and devotion their patriotism to flag and country, side-by-side, shoulder-to-shoulder, led by gallant Wheeler and other valiant old warriors. The gallant sons of the sunny South vied with their northern comrades in deeds of bravery and under the bright flag of our united country charged home on the foe at El Caney, La Guasima and San Juan.

Their blood dyed the hills and dales of Cuba Libre, and the trench and grave received the cold forms of our brave comrades. Therefore, when we go forth to honor the loyal dead let us recollect that all are now comrades. Let there be a mingling of the Blue and Gray, hand in hand, hearts full of love and sympathy, each for the other, and let flowers be scattered with a deeper feeling, and let all hearts be raised heavenward, that truly it can be said, one flag, one country and a united people.

Bring not arms but wreaths and roses, fresh with the morning dew: Place them with our brave repose over the Gray and Blue.....I.L. Blaisdell.

**

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day was the signature event of the Grand Army of the Republic. On that day the "old soldier" was on center stage and the community could not seem to do enough for him. In 1868 the GAR was looking for an event, which could properly represent them in centering attention on the sacrifice of the departed Union soldier. On May 5, 1868 General John Logan, then Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic issued his famous General Order #11 to GAR posts, which resulted in the establishment of Memorial Day. May 30th was selected as the day of the event as it was felt that was when the most flowers would be in bloom through out the country. While its initial purpose was to acknowledged those soldiers and sailors who had lost their lives during the Civil War, it would be expanded to include all veterans who had departed. From 1884 until 1902 Isaac Blaisdell, the voice of the veteran in Santa Cruz, would contribute a new poem each year, which was frequently accompanied by a letter, honoring his departed comrades on Memorial Day.

In May of 1884 Isaac Blaisdell's first letter reminding the public of their Memorial Day responsibilities appeared

Letter to Editor “Memorial Day”

(Santa Cruz Sentinel April 24, 1884)

Ed, Sentinel: Memorial Day will soon be here, and the thoughts of our comrades of the long ago come crowding upon us. We are led to look towards their last resting places, and the day on which we shall proceed once more to those cities of the dead where lie those who followed our starry flag when all was dark and the nation in peril. Peacefully they rest, and although our ranks are constantly being decimated, those who are from year to year spared by the hand of time will, with closed ranks, repair to the resting-place of our dead heroes with undiminished spirit. From north to south, from east to west, will gather the remnants of the brigade and fleet to place our dear old flag upon those graves where those, who gave their lives that our nation might be perpetuated, rest. Sweet flowers of spring will then be scattered by loving, tender hands above them. Would that all could be so decorated. Many patriots sleep in unknown graves, and many a gallant soul rests beneath the sea and inland river, that once battled for freedom, and whose last resting place remains unmarked. Let us hope that no duty of ours in these days of peace and prosperity will be left undone to commemorate the services of our noble dead. I.L.B

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While an amicable relationship continued to exist between the two competing GAR posts after their split in December 1885, they would frequently conduct separate activities during the early years of the split. On Memorial Day 1886 Members of the Wallace Post met at the Methodist church for a memorial service and then proceeded to Evergreen Cemetery in Santa Cruz in order to conduct the traditional GAR service. Isaac Blaisdell and the Reynolds post met at the Congregational church and then proceeded to the IOOF Cemetery in order to decorate the graves of veterans buried there. For the occasion Blaisdell submitted his first Memorial Day poem to the Sentinel

ODE FOR MEMORIAL DAY

(Santa Cruz Sentinel, June 1, 1886)

Memorial Day! Memorial Day! reaches back from sea to sea,
While freemen join throughout our land, and homage pay to thee,
Who in the earliest trump of war left home and fireside,
To fight for country and its flag, whatever should betide.

With steady tramp and muffled drum we bring thee flowers,
And place upon thy grave that dear old flag we love,
for thee no bugle calls or threatening storm cloud lowers;
The dawn of peace has come, and thou are gone above.

Once more we gather, with ranks that are fading,
To scatter bright tokens o'er our comrades who lay
In the churchyard secure from Death and his raiding,
'Till the last tramp shall sound at the closing of day.

Our ranks are more broken at the close of each year;
Still our flag from the ramparts is flying.

“Close up, boys! close up!” is the cry that we hear,
And we know, one by one, that our comrades are dying.

Fond hearts and willing hands sweet flowers will bring,
With steady tramp, and flag, and muffled drum.
Fair maidens, too, will gather there to sing
The praise of God, who bids the soldier come.

May God remember the widows and the orphan child,
As time with ceaseless wing move on with rushing tide,
And the rude blasts of winter make like, summer mild,
Until we’re called to him as well, where no rude storms abide.
I.L. Blaisdell

The GAR considered Memorial Day the most revered of the public holidays and was to be used for memorial purposes only. Woe to the business that remained open or to the individual who used the day for recreational purposes; this included the President of the United States. It has been suggested that the outcry made by the GAR against Grover Cleveland for his having gone fishing on Memorial Day helped to defeat him in the election of 1888. Isaac expressed the appreciation of the “old soldier” for a business, which chose to honor Memorial Day by closing.

Memorial Day
(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 27, 1892)

Ed. Sentinel: “In your valuable paper of Thursday morning I read the announcement of A.C. Snyder stating that he would not open his store on Decoration Day. All honor to him for this acknowledgment of respect and patriotism and love for the day on which our nation, as well as ourselves, go forth to honor our noble dead and the memories of their services for the land they loved. We feel assured that many others of our business houses will close on that occasion, at least while our services are being conducted, for we can recollect the date in Santa Cruz when the day was not observed, but on the solicitation of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic our citizens and businessmen generally closed up on that occasion and have always contributed cheerfully toward the expenses that have to be incurred. Let us one and all honor the flag for which our comrades died, and go forth with the nation on that day so sacred to the memories of our noble dead.”

Memorial Day
(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 29, 1892)

Memorial Day. Once more the time arrives
On which the soldier loves to show
That love for comrades gone survives
All wreck and ruin here below.

A nation honors them today- our dead
Who fell on Southern hill and plain;
O’er them let flowers pure be spread,

And sing a peaceful, sad refrain.

Calm and peaceful, 'neath the sunshine far and wide,
We are drifting, slowly drifting on the tide
Towards our final camp-ground of eternity,
Where our comrades beck from the golden sea.

Soldiers, know ye of that sea or shore
Where we meet together, there to meet no more?
Yes, the angels answer, no matter what betide,
You shall meet and march together on the other side.

But there'll be no clink of spur or sabre,
No arduous marching, charge of bayonet nor labor;
But on a peaceful march calm and slow,
We'll be drifting, ever drifting where the roses blow.

They have gone, those comrades, to their rest,
Home to God to forever blest;
While each year our ranks are sadly thinning,
Death its victims claiming, ever surely winning.

The let our country's flag be carried there,
Its starry folds float proudly on the air,
And let the music, that of old we used to hear,
Break forth once more in gladness on the ear.

Now a yearning stirs the heart with strongest pain,
That we might meet our comrades once again,
For there is no returning. Never yet has any sail
Her white wings spread at dawning before the gale.

Then on their graves spread nature's purest flowers,
In honor unto all brave patriots of ours;
And as the cycling years shall come and go,
We shall meet them by and by whilst drifting to and fro.

All honor then to soldier and sailor brave,
Who sleep beneath the earth or ocean wave;
Nobly they fought and nobly there they fell
For our land and starry flag they loved so well.

So gather we the old, the young and fair,
To honor and to scatter flowers where
Our patriots calmly and sweetly sleep;
Where the south winds blow, where the violets peep.

Each year we come, but 'tis with shattered ranks,
Returning unto God our warmest, grateful thanks
For mercies unmerited, but kindly shown
From heaven's highest, purest throne.

So farewell, comrades, who sleep beneath the sod,
Your bodies rest below, your souls have gone to God.
We hope to meet you in that eternal sphere,
As one by one are called and taken year by year.

We realize full well there is no rest below,
The sad, wild winds they do but whisper no.
There is no rest to mortals ever given
Except of God, in peaceful, quiet heaven.

I.L. Blaisdell

W.H.L. Wallace Post G.A.R.

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Over the years standard programs would evolve out of the simple ritual, which the GAR performed at appointed cemeteries on Memorial Day. The GAR comrades began adding politicians, orators to the program; however a favorite aspect continued to be the children. Isaac Blaisdell joined a team of other Wallace-Reynolds Post members in participating in one such event in 1895, which he describes below

Memorial Day at Holy Cross- (Santa Cruz Sentinel June 5, 1895)

At the Catholic Cemetery

There was a goodly company at the Catholic Cemetery on Memorial Day. Senator Bart Burke was to have delivered the oration, but unavoidable circumstances made his presence impossible, but he was fortunate in procuring the services of W.A. McGuire. On reaching the cemetery we found Miss Humphrey, of Live Oak School, with her scholars in waiting, also many of those residing in the vicinity. The children had brought a wealth of flowers, and under the guidance of Comrade John Delahanty, followed by the comrades, children carrying flowers, and friends, the column took up its march to the graves where our heroes are sleeping. The children decked each lowly mound with fresh blossoms. After this loving tribute was finished the column wended its way to the front of the cemetery, where the oration was delivered under the shade of the trees. Here W.A. McGuire made a stirring and very appropriate address after which a poem was read by Comrade Blaisdell. The children then sang very sweetly several selections, one of which was "The Union Starry Banner, Boys," which was very affecting and in harmony with the ceremonies. After this Senior Vice Commander E. Pendleton thanked the school and Miss Humphrey and all present for their attendance and efforts in making the services so pleasant and effective.

This occasion will long be remembered by those comrades who stood under the shade and listened to those young voices. It carried them back more than a quarter of a century to those days when the tempest of war was about to break forth. These young boys I though may one day hold aloft the starry flag of which today they sing. God bless the lessons of the day and these young

loyal hearts! An Old Comrade (Blaisdell)

Below is the poem, which Comrade Blaisdell read on that Memorial Day in 1895

Memorial Day
(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 25, 1895)

All hail the grandest day on earth,
Wars' sacrifices gave it birth;
And so our nation rightly said,
This day we honor our noble dead.
Their souls have journeyed unto God;
Here rest their bodies 'neath the sod.
And so we gather on this Memorial Day
To honor them in a loyal way.
In the days of eighteen sixty one,
When the martyr Lincoln called upon
These comrades that were true,
These loyal hearts left hearth and home
To wear a suit of blue.
They fought along Potomac's shore,
Their sabres flashed through Shenandoah,
At Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Mobile
Shot answered shot, steel met with steel,
They gave their lives on land and sea,
Preserved our flag and liberty.
The sweet south wind now gently blows
The where we met our southern foes,
And where the battle's cup we quaffed
Now rise the headstone and the shaft.
The where our heroes fell,
The young, the fair, the bent and old
Revere and love this sacred mould;
Then place sweet flowers where they rest,
A victor's wreath above each breast.
Yon starry flag, athwart the sky,
Shall beam transcendent in the eye
As long as time shall move,
Take freedom for your battle cry,
And love for country prove.
That dear old flag with strip and star,
Makes glad the loyal eye,
None shall they brilliant lustre mar,
nor take thy place in Freedom's sky.
Thy deeds forever more we sing
And will until our fleeting breath

Shall yield itself to thee, oh, death.
Comrades, citizens, children, and friends,
Not many years will dawn
Before the last Grand Army man
Will be mustered out and gone.
And as the cycling years go by,
our numbers will grow less,
And the generations yet to come
This sacred day will bless.
And while these loyal hearts shall beat,
And time for them shall be,
Their graves will echo to the feet
Of loyal sons of liberty.

I.L. Blaisdell

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The 1901 Memorial Day in Santa Cruz took on a new addition, which was to be copied by other communities along the Pacific coast; the honoring of departed sailors with a special seaside ceremony. Newspaper releases of the day indicate that Isaac Blaisdell working with the Women's Relief Corp of the GAR was instrumental in bringing about this special service. Following the traditional Memorial Day services at Evergreen Cemetery the community would gather on the Railroad wharf in Santa Cruz. A GAR ceremony for the dead would take place with the Naval Reserve firing a salute. Wreathes of flowers would than be cast in the sea to honor officers and sailors who had perished at sea during the Civil war. This tradition would continue into the 1960's.

Memorial Day
(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 30, 1901)

Columbia, our republic, grand
All o'er thy fair and favored land,
This thirtieth day of May,
Around thy honored dead will stand
A host on Memorial Day.
With colors draped in mourning
Each column will be led,
And the muffled drum give warning
That we honor now our dead.
Memorial Day is a day of tears,
For loved ones will meet at the shrine,
With a love and affection not broken by years
And a hope for reunion, that seemeth divine.
Stooped are the forms, and grey the head
Of the comrades who march today,
Who wearily march and slowly tread
To the spot where our heroes lie.

No East, no West, no South, no North
From lake to gulf, from sea to sea,
All sections, now loyal. As one they go forth
To honor the brave 'neath the flag of the free,
Then gather garlands, sweet and fair,
To place above each breast.
While fragrant roses scent the air
Above their peaceful rest,
All hail the day when war shall cease
Her dread alarms be heard
Until we gain the realms of peace
No heart in grief be stirred.
Shoulder to shoulder the blue and the grey
On the march, are comrades together,
To honor alike Memorial Day
In joy, and peace, forever.
Then let us look to Him alone
That rules the earth and sea,
And from His everlasting throne
Rules o'er our destiny.
When the last march is over
And all comrades shall be dead,
May we hear sweet words of welcome
When the roll call shall be read.
When the pearly gates are opened,
And the splendor we behold
Shall spread its lustre o'er us,
On each comrade, true of old,
We shall sing eternal praises
In the land so far away
And shall bivouac together
In one long eternal day.
I.L. Blaisdell Naval Veteran

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OLD SOLDIERS CROSS THE RIVER

The Grand Army of the Republic was determined that every soldier who had worn the "blue" uniform should be given a proper military funeral and that none should ever be subjected to a paupers grave. In December of 1884 the Grand Army in Santa Cruz acquired a plot of land from the Evergreen Cemetery Committee in order to bury needy veterans. Over the next twenty years approximately 30 needy and indigent Old Soldiers were interred in the plot and other locations by the local GAR posts.

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In February 1892 Franklin W. Dow a native of Maine who had come to California during the gold

rush died. Dow had joined a California regiment during the Civil war, and returned to Santa Cruz where he worked as a laborer and stable hand. Early in 1892, lacking funds, he was admitted to the county hospital where he died of pneumonia. The two GAR posts got together to bury Dow with Blaisdell providing the literary commentary.

Letter to the Editor

(Santa Cruz Sentinel March 2, 1892)

Ed. Sentinel- the old soldiers are fast passing away, and each year, day and week some of these patriots who volunteered in the service of his country are called home to answer to roll call, before the Supreme Commander, before the great white throne. Sunday the remains of F.W. Dow were laid to rest under the auspices of W.H.L. Wallace Post, assisted by loving comrades from J.F. Reynolds Post No. 98

Deceased was a member of a California regiment during the late war and was honorably discharged therefrom.

Many comrades fell into line as the funeral cortege filed away, under escort of a squad of Sons of Veterans from Lincoln Camp, No. 10 of this city, and a portion of the drum corps. Many of us were carried back to days long gone as the fife struck up the funeral march, accompanied by the drum corps. We recollected the long trenches filled with our noble dead, or the dear shipmate who as sliding off a grating into the deep blue sea. And so the cortege took its way over the hill to the cemetery of W.H.L. Wallace Post, where these comrades of the late war performed the last acts of kindness for the departed. Commander M.S. Patterson, of W.H.L. Wallace Post, presided over the fitting ceremonies of the hour, while the Chaplain, in the language of the ritual, paid a just tribute to our dead. After this, appropriate hymns were sung by women of the Shenandoah Circle, ladies of the G.A.R., after which a firing party composed of members of W.H.L. Wallace and J.F. Reynolds Post proceeded to fire the salute for the dead. Taken all together this scene was most appropriate, and was conducted in a spirit of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty. Many Thanks are returned for the carriages furnished from the Lincoln Stables for the fragrant flowers contributed for the occasion...The Army and Navy. [Attributed to Isaac Blaisdell]

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Isaac Blaisdell would also use poetry to honor fallen comrades. Shortly after Isaac rejoined the Wallace Post, John C. Toll a post member died and was eulogized in the following poem.

Mustered Out

(Santa Cruz Sentinel, April 19, 1892)

One more comrade stricken from the roll,
Brave patriot and soldier, J.C. Toll;
One more taken from life's fitful dream-
Gone to the bivouac across the dark stream

The last march is over and life's battle won,
Earth's campaign is over, the new life begun;
No answer at roll call or sharp reveille,
A soul has been taken, a spirit set free.

No more shall we meet our loved comrade here,
To his virtues and memory let all drop a tear;
let's follow the patrol on his way to the tomb,
'Neath the clean shave mead, where violets bloom.

To the post room our comrade comes no more,
Passed on to muster beyond that silent shore.
So gather once more, let us mingle with those,
Who follow the patriot to his last long repose.

Let us mingle our tears with those who will mourn
For the loss of a loved one from this side torn.
Let the flag of our country be placed on his bier,
For that proud, starry emblem he ever held dear.

Fall in once more, tis the last sad farewell
For our comrade, now gone, Toll the funeral bell.
Salute our noble dead as in the days of yore;
We shall meet him bye-and-bye on the other shore.

I.L. Blaisdell

Each year a delegation of G.A.R. members were sent to Evergreen Cemetery to prepare the Grand Army plot for Memorial Day services. Finding the cemetery in need of attention prompted the following letter to the Editor

Evergreen GAR Cemetery
(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 29, 1894)

Having been detailed to visit Evergreen for the purpose of locating graves of soldiers in that city of the dead, I found it no easy manner to locate them, and could not have done so but for the kindness of Mr. Standcliffe, Sexton. It was not pleasant to contemplate, at least not to me, the picture spread out to view. Neglect and want of care were evident on every hand. The wild nettles, grass, blackberry bushes, and other evidences of decay were too plainly visible, and a feeling of gloom and sadness came over me as I wandered amidst the receptacle of our departed loved ones. Forgotten seemed to stare me in the face. Could not some interest be shown and some of these lots cleared up before Decoration Day? The G.A.R. cemetery will be put in order: a new flag pole has been placed there, and the twelve graves found outside the G.A.R. Cemetery will be cleared off and marked with flags. Let us hope that some care will be bestowed in that direction for the sake of the departed and for the satisfaction found in such labor. I.L.B. (Isaac L Blaisdell)

In reporting the Memorial Day activities for 1902, the Sentinel included the notation: "After the following original poem by I.L. Blaisdell, flowers were scattered upon the waves." This was to be

Isaac Blaisdell's final poem for the Sentinel.

Sailors Memorial
(Santa Cruz Sentinel June 1, 1902)

Sweet is the memory of our sailor dead,
We honor their deeds today,
Who fought in the van, where Farragut led,
Who sleep beneath river and bay.
Their deeds are marked on history's pages,
And ever there shall shine,
Down through all future coming ages,
Stand, heroic deeds of thine.
Peacefully our heroes sleep,
Who manned our ships of war,
Their everlasting tomb the deep,
There rest forever more.
No tender hearts nor loving hands
May linger by thy side,
The ocean wave and drifting sands,
Thy resting place shall hide.
Far beneath the sun-kissed wave
Forever they shall rest,
They were the bravest of the brave,
True to the flag each loyal breast.
Calm and peaceful by thy dream,
Thy rest shall break no more,
No call to arms, on bay and stream,
As in the days of war.
Full many a mossy hulk lies deep
Beneath the sea and river,
Where our heroes calmly sleep,
The waves now gleam and quiver.
Full well we know the resting place
Beneath the throbbing sea,
No monument that spot will grace,
Where e'er thy rest may be.
No loved ones gather there at eve,
But many a silent prayer
To heaven will rise from hearts that grieve,
And float upon the air.
Then cast upon the ocean tide
The laurel wreath and rose,
That winds may waft them far and wide,
Above their last repose.

We shall meet our sailor boys
When life's voyage is o'er,
And share with them the heavenly joys
Of peace forever more.

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Death of I.L. Blaisdell

(Santa Cruz Sentinel Dec 25, 1902)

On Wednesday morning Isaac L. Blaisdell died at his home on Ocean St. after a month's illness. For a quarter of a century the deceased had resided in Santa Cruz. The deceased had a war record to be proud of for he was in several of the most important naval engagements. He took pleasure in raising the flag on the Lower Plaza on holidays. He frequently wrote prose and poetry for the "Sentinel". Mr. Blaisdell was always pleased with the title of Naval Veteran which was attached to most of the articles which he wrote. Everything that was connected with the navy had his keenest interest. He was a good citizen, kindly natured, and always did his duty in whatever position he was placed.

The funeral of deceased will take place from his late residence 450 Ocean St. at 2 P.M. tomorrow (Friday).

Friends and acquaintances of the deceased are invited to be present.

THE END

LIFE AT THE SOLDIERS HOME

The Collected Letters and Poems of CALEB TODD



CALEB J. TODD
(1848-1931)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Caleb Todd was a talented, prolific writer within the local Civil War veteran community who shared his gifts in both prose and poetry with the greater Santa Cruz society. His parents were born in Indiana, however prior to Caleb's birth in November 1848, they had relocated to Iowa where he was born. On Feb 2, 1865, shortly after his eighteenth birthday, Caleb enlisted in Company B of the 155th Illinois Infantry at New Liberty Illinois. His regiment was organized at Camp Butler, Illinois on February 28, 1865, and was mustered into federal service for a period of one year. On March 2, 1865 the 155th Illinois moved through Louisville, Kentucky and Nashville to Tullahoma, Tennessee where they were stationed. The regiment was then divided into detachments charged with guarding various locations of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad. As part of his assignment, Caleb and his company occupied blockhouses in the fifty-mile area between Nashville and the Duck River in Tennessee. They continued to serve as railroad guards in the Nashville area until September 4, 1865 when they were mustered out of federal service and returned to Camp Butler, Illinois to be discharged.

The middle years of Caleb Todd's life only appear in the form of a few sketchy facts. Following his discharge it is likely that he returned to the Pope County, Illinois area and a carpenter apprenticeship. Prior to 1880 he married Hester Anne (maiden name unknown) who was an Indiana native. Physically, Caleb Todd was described as being 5'10" in height, of a dark complexion with blue eyes and brown hair. Caleb and his wife moved to Santa Cruz, California in the 1880's in the hopes that the climate might improve Hester's physical health. The Todd's originally resided in the Garfield Park area of the community and became active members of the Disciples of Christ (Christian) church. Caleb worked within the local carpentry trade and may

have done some building contracting. During the next several years Hester Anne's condition appeared to improve, however on July 29, 1891 she apparently suffered a relapse and died. After almost a year to the date of her death, Caleb married Fannie (Pollard) Marlett in Saratoga California. The Todd's moved into a home in the Beach Flats area of Santa Cruz where they raised six children from previous marriages. During this period Caleb became affiliated with the Reynolds Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and served as its Sergeant Major in 1893. Known for his singing ability, he was frequently called upon to perform at GAR social events.

In 1902 Caleb Todd began suffering from chronic ulcers in both of his legs, and was granted a veteran disability pension. By 1906 he was no longer able to work and applied for admission to the Soldiers Home at Sawtelle in Southern California. His application was accepted, and on January 7, 1907 he became a resident. In July 1908 Todd's health had improved and he returned to Santa Cruz, but within a year he required additional medical assistance and returned to Sawtelle. At the Soldiers Home Caleb became active in the Christian community, conducted Bible study classes and served as its chapel sexton. Later he also assisted the Soldier Home undertaker.

The writings of Caleb Todd reveal a creative mind and an extensive vocabulary. His first known contribution to the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* is believed to be an anonymous poem entitled "Comrades", which appeared in the May 30, 1896 edition. The first known article attributed to him appeared under the name "Signet", and was written from Sawtelle in 1908. Over the next ten years Caleb Todd provided the Sentinel with over thirty articles or poems describing life in the Soldiers Home, and kept local readers aware of the status of former county residents living at the facility.

On December 10, 1931, six months after the death of his wife Fanny, Caleb Todd died of a cerebral hemorrhage and was buried in the Soldier Home Cemetery.

Source Reference: <http://www.santacruzpl.org/history/articles/1199/>



EARLY POEMS OF CALEB TODD

It is believed that the first poem Caleb Todd's contributed to the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* appeared on Memorial Day 1896, and was a memorial to comrades. A later anonymous poem bearing the characteristics and style of Caleb Todd appeared in the July 4, 1896 *Santa Cruz Sentinel* centered on an Independence Day theme

Comrades (*Santa Cruz Sentinel* May 30, 1896)

Comrades, brave and true, I greet you;
Heroes of many a sanguine field
(Where stood the loyal legions
Who dared to die but not to yield),
Where flying missiles ploughed the earth
And shot and shell shrieked through the air,
And battle storms, raging fierce and loud
Spread blackened ruin everywhere.

While frightful death, with unstayed hand
Wildly swept the unfaltering line,
True heroes, shattered, bleeding, fell
A sacrifice to freedom's shrine.
Brave old comrades, I greet you here
Upon this sun kissed golden shore,
Who faced the thund'ring war clouds' blast
On many a hard fought field of gore.

The shattered lines and broken ranks
that sadly left the wreaking field,
Where lie the slain who consecrate
With blood the ground they would not yield.

Shall no more bivouac on the plain
Nor vigil keep on picket post,
The drum's long roll that stirs the blood,
Awakens not the silent host.

Dear old Comrades, halt and grizzled,
Battle scarred, diseased and maimed,
Through iron hail and leaden rain
Your nation's honors you sustained,
And struck the shackles from the slave,
Reforged the bonds that holds this land,

The glorious realm of the free,
Upheld by God's eternal hand.

Brave old comrades, worn and weary,
Footsore and thirst from life's long march,
E're long we'll reach the river's brink,
And camp 'neath heaven's triumphal arch;
These blushing flowers like incense sweet
Thank offering of a rescued land,
We sacrifice upon the clay
Of those who've answered God's command.

Our country's call placed in our hands
The bayonet, sword and booming gun,
For war's alarm had rent the air
And deadly battle must be done;
The willing hands of smiling maids,
And grateful matrons, fair and brave
Weave garlands round the scar-seamed brows
That offered life their land to save.

My Comrades brave, though ripe with years,
Our loyal hearts have ne'er grown hard,
Nor lost the touch of angel hands
In camp or fever-stricken ward.
Then here beside the murmuring sea
And San Lorenzo's rippling side
We'll take these buds of love and peace
Bestowed by dame and blushing bride.

And decorate the lowly mounds
Where rest the brave and honored dead;
The blue and grey, together they sleep
Upon the warrior's dreamless bed,
And when we've made our final camp
And sleep with honored and brave,
We'll rest the sweeter if angel hands
Cull flowers to deck the soldiers grave.

“Hymn of Praise”
(Santa Cruz Sentinel July 4, 1896)

All hail this great and glorious day,
Our country's natal morn.
Awake the anthems of the free,

For "Liberty" is born.
Unfold the starry flag on high
and let it catch the breeze,
Our standard fair shall wave aloft,
O'er land and rolling seas.

CHORUS

Then hail this glorious day,
Heaven's gift to the brave,
Let tyrant hands ne'er bind
With shackles of the slave.

Let freeman shout with glad acclaim,
And praise the "hand" that gave,
The heaven-borne gift to loyal men,
Their land from chains to save.
From shore to shore let peals ring,
And hush the voice of war,
Nor let the smoke from battle's wreck
Our peace and pleasure mar.

CHORUS

Then hail this glorious day
Heaven's gift to the brave,
Let tyrant hands ne'er bind
With shackles of the slave.

From Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate,
Let herald angels flee,
And bear the golden talisman,
This glorious land is free,
And may the God of nations rule,
And guide us in the right,
So the rising sun of freedom
Shall never lose its light

CHORUS

Then hail this glorious day
Heaven's gift to the brave,
Let tyrant hands ne'er bind
With shackles of the slave.

*

OLD GLORY

(Written for the Santa Cruz Sentinel May 30, 1897)

Unfurl Old Glory once more on high,
Let its colors blaze 'gainst the clear azure sky;
Let its luminous folds float out on the breeze
That bears freedom to man o'er land and o'er sea;
Let the old heroes who fought 'neath its stars
And received war's heritage, wounds and scars,
Gaze with glad homage on its mingled dyes,
With hearts true and loyal cheers as it flies.
For, to your blood and valor, old comrades true,
Belong every star in that field of blue.
When treason's red hand had sundered in twain
That royal blue field and white starry train,
You rallied in hosts this Union to save,
Unite the white stars, unchain the black slave.
From New England's hills, the prairied west,
Streamed forth in legions the bravest and best;
True sons of the cradle of liberty's birth,
Valiant to purge slavery from off God's green earth;
To strike off the shackles, the fetter and chain,
And blot from existence the curse of old Cain.
Subdue the proud southerner's hauteur and pride,
That his scourge-smitten chattel might free men abide;
Behold once more that old emblem of light
That blazed o'er the ranks that led in the fight;
Remember our comrades who fell like grain
Before the keen sickle of sharp leaden rain,
A sacrifice noble to freedom and right,
A free will offering without servile blight.
In the pestilent swamps in dark southern wood,
The dauntless heralds of freedom battling stood;
In Chickamauga's swamps and Virginia's mire,
Dark Rappahannock's fierce guerrilla fire,
The bloody peninsular and red Malvern Hill,
Appomattox Courthouse and Chancellorsville:
At Pittsburg Landing and in Vicksburg mines,
In the dark wilderness those battle swept lines,
From Lookout Mountain's tall cloud-capped height,
Where hero met with hero in death-dealing fight;
Through the Shenandoah and at Stone River bridge,
Bull Run, Cairo, Arkansas Post and Pea Ridge,
And a host of fields of battle-trodden ground,
Where marked "Unknown" our comrades' graves are found.
Ah! recall the red harvest that sowed that land

Fiercely reaped by grim war's death-dealing hand;
Recount the dead conflicts of war's withering blast
The time worn, gray-bearded veterans have passed.
Close up the broken ranks that grow thinner each year,
The last earthly roll call we all shall soon hear;
But we'll fling out Old Glory once more on high,
Limp out to Evergreen bid our fallen good-bye,
Strew flowers on their graves as a token of love
And undying affection till we meet them above.
The stranger and friend, our comrade or our foe,
Shall all receive our bounty - no difference we'll show,
For God only knows where all our old "pards" sleep,
Or who scatters flowers or who beside their graves weep.
My brave halting old comrades, the time shall soon be
When we shall all wake "up yonder" to Grand Reveille,
For our ranks grow thinner on each Memorial Day.
There's silence at roll-call of the names passed away;
Ere long not a color guard of comrades there'll be
When Old Glory's unfurled o'er the land of the free.

C.J. TODD Co. B, 155 Ill. Vol. Infantry.

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PACIFIC BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS

By 1887 it had become apparent that the US. Government would need to expand the number of its existing Soldier Homes to meet the increasing demands of Civil War veterans requiring physical and housing assistance.

In July 1887 congress made the decision to create a sixth Soldier Home, and established it west of the Rocky Mountains. Congress then appointed a selection committee to begin the process of investigating potential locations. When word was received that the Pacific Slope was the favored location of the Pacific Branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, as it was officially designated, bidding became intense among California cities. Los Angeles offered Elysian Park of 500 acres, but the city attorney, in an opinion, declared that the city could not dispose of the park. San Diego, San Bernardino, Monterey and Santa Cruz, all submitted proposals. In December 1887 the winning bid was awarded to Col Robert S Baker and Senator John Paul Jones who had purchased property from the Sepulveda family in Los Angeles for a potential site. In order to have the home constructed at their location the investors donated over 600 acres of land to the Federal Government. Two thirds of the land was from the purchase of Sepulveda's Rancho San Vicente y Santa Monica, and one-third from the San Jose de Buenos Aires property.

The *Santa Cruz Sentinel* of October 5, 1887 published a report by Captain William Blanding, of the congressional selection committee describing the federal Soldier Home branch and the services they provided.

"The object, 'said he' [Blanding] is to secure a home for the disabled volunteers of all wars in the United States; Indian, Mexican or the Rebellion, and any soldier who was regularly enlisted and honorably discharged, and is now disabled, can enter them by making application to the manager of the home."

"The name 'Home' is applied to the institution in general, and each separate home is called a 'Branch,' There are now five branches in the United States." and he went on to say.

"The first home was established about 20 years ago at Dayton [Ohio], and is the principal one. It is called the Central Home. A hotel has been built upon the grounds to accommodate visitors, a streetcar line goes to the grounds and last year 168,000 persons visited the home. They have a beautiful theater on the grounds and in the summer some theater troupe is contracted with to play for the soldiers. Thousands of people attended their entertainment, all paying admission except soldiers.

"A 'Home' has all the appearance of a military post, all the inmates being subject to army regulations. Bands composed partly of veterans discourse music the daylong. In the morning they go to the hospitals (all buildings being disconnected and isolated from each other), and play for the sick and those permanently disabled. In the afternoon they play at the foot of the great Flagstaff.

"Everything that can possibly be done to make them comfortable and happy, is done. Flowers are cultivated, trees are planted and pruned, lawns mowed and kept in order, artificial lakes made at different places on the grounds, and all who desire to assist in any of this work are paid wages.

"None are compelled to work; it is simply voluntary. The Treasurer of the Home at Dayton has now invested in Government bonds more than \$80,000 belonging to the soldiers of that Home. The money is not given to them, only when they desire it for express purposes.

"The most impressive occurrence is the death and burial of a veteran. A death is kept as quiet as possible in the hospital. When a man dies he is lowered through a trap door in the floor into a receiving room below where he is prepared for burial. He is taken from this room through a tunnel whose exit is at some distance from the Home. At the exit a caisson, draped with the stars and stripes is in waiting, upon which the body is laid, and is then transferred to the cemetery in another part of the grounds,

where it is buried with the usual military honors.”

Construction of the home began in 1888 and by early 1889 “inmates” were being admitted to the facility in significant numbers. In 1895 the town of Sawtelle, named for a local banker, was established between Santa Monica and Los Angeles to support the facility, and was serviced by an electric car line running between the two cities.

During its existence Sawtelle housed over 46,000 veterans who had served from the Mexican War through World War I. Finances, floods, food shortages, alcoholism, discipline, and other conditions provided continual challenges to the facility. The greatest concern however, was that of serving the needs of an ever-aging veteran population. As early as 1907 it was reported that the hospital was being pushed to its capacity of 600 and that one resident a day was dying. By the end of the 1920s an increasing number of WWI veterans began to severely tax the capacity of the Sawtelle facility.

In 1930 the National Home and the Veterans Bureau were combined into the United States Veterans Administration, and planning began on a major building replacement program. Over the next twenty years the old hospital and theatre were replaced, and additional facilities were constructed at other locations. The remaining 1890 structure of the original Sawtelle Soldier Home were demolished in the 1960s, and its cemetery was incorporated into the Los Angeles National Cemetery.



Funeral Parade at Sawtelle
(Taken from a post card)

SOLDIER HOME LETTERS

Caleb Todd had been a resident of Sawtelle for two and a half years before his articles began finding their way back to Santa Cruz, and he would continue to provide sketches of the home and its "old soldiers" for the next ten years.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME

Written for the "Sentinel"

[Attributed To C.J. Todd]

(Santa Cruz Sentinel June 20, 1909)

In reference to the items going the rounds of the press concerning the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, I wish to make some explanation. Being a member of the home I don't wish to see it get a bad name by causes for which the local government is not responsible.

To start with, the capacity of the home is 2200. When I came away a year ago it had a membership enrollment of nearly 3700 about 2400 of whom were present, with some 1300 out on furlough. The average attendance is taken at the beginning of the year, and rations are figured for the coming year from that basis.

Usually there are from 1500 to 1800 out on furlough, leaving about 1800 to 2000 in the home. Supplies being reckoned on a basis of from 1800 to 2000 and then there coming in an extra 300 or 400, the supplies would naturally be exhausted before the year is up, and under the very best economy rations are bound to run short, as much as 300 or 400 extra men will consume, which is bound to show a glaring defect at the end of the year. Appropriations for the homes are made only once each year, and become available the first of July. The quartermaster's requisitions are turned in every three months, on the basis of the average attendance. As there are a large number of members always out on furlough, it is impossible to know just how many will return and have to be provided for. When a soldier is once admitted he is always a member, except he is discharged for causes, or allows his furlough to run out, and not get it renewed each 90 days, for which cause his name is dropped from the roll. Any one on furlough is at liberty to return at will, and cannot be turned away, but must be provided for out of the supplies

The men are all rapidly approaching the line of total disability and are compelled to cease active labor and retire to the home permanently, and as times have been hard all over the coast, many are driven against their will to relinquish their furlough and retire to the home, thereby overtaxing its capacity. Then, again, the Sawtelle Home is the third in importance of the thirteen National homes in the United States, and the favorite health resort of them all. Men afflicted with diseases in the other homes, for which the Sawtelle climate is beneficial, are being transferred there and must be received and cared for. No case needing the hospital service, is, or can be, turned away, whether he is admitted as a member or not. The Government Inspector, Colonel Wadsworth, closed the home two years ago, against the admission of any new members, who were not invalids, and offered free transportation to the new Johnsonville home in Tennessee, but the men refused to accept it. I am sure the local management has done all in its power to avoid the present stringent condition. But they are powerless to go beyond the limits set by congressional appropriation.

If Colonel Cochrane, the governor, and Captain Barr, the quartermaster, could move the powers, and secure the needed supplies, I am quite sure not one old boy in blue would ever have just cause

for complaint. I offer this explanation that those not acquainted with the home and its management may not form erroneous opinions concerning its real character for it is truly a great and beneficial institution, and is worthy of the very highest commendation. Its officers are gentlemen of honor, high executive force and shrewd business ability.

I have never been in a place where the lines of demarcation are more rigidly fixed in the minds of the inmates, than in this home.

Anarchy and socialism are rampant, and all the papers published in the world, advocating these doctrines, are found among the men and are made the subject of close, critical study, and are continually discussed. It's a hot bed of infidelity and agnosticism. The drunks and dope fiends hold their opponents in utter derision. The kickers and knockers, whose name is legion, regard discontent as a natural feast to the soul of the fault finder and grumbler, and like the fire that is not quenched, and the worm that dieth not, their work never ceases.

Colonel Cochrane is a Christian, and a strong advocate of temperance. The intemperate portion of the members did not want him to be Governor. There was a sullen undercurrent of anger when the canteen was closed, and it was intensified when the change of Governors was made. This feeling is kindled and fostered by the saloon element of Los Angeles and Santa Monica, which deprived of the privilege of debauching these old men, and look with an evil eye upon any restraint. From this source, and this only, come the rumors of revolt and insubordination. If drink was unrestrained, it would be heaven for the booze fighters, but hell for all the rest. I was present when Colonel Cochrane was installed Governor and when the men called on him for an outline of his policy. He refused to give any rules, except to say he would rule just as well as they would allow him to. If they would be good, and make the task easy it would be well for all concerned. If not, he would do the best he possible could. More than this he would and could not say; but would let the transgressors suffer for their personal deeds and not punish the home by stringent general rules, as had formerly been done. I am quite sure his appointment as Governor was not of his own wish or solicitation.

SIGNET

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C.J. TODD AT SOLDIERS' HOME

**Writes of His Experience with Old War-horses of the Civil War
(*Santa Cruz Sentinel March 6, 1910*)**

Soldiers' Home, March 3, 1910

Ed. "Sentinel": - According to the Almanac, it's the opening of spring, but in reference to the thermometer it's the good old summer time, and dry as a powder house. From present indications rain is an unknown quantity; even indications seem to have forgotten to show up lately. During the winter considerable rain fell, and at times the weather was cool. Frost and frozen ground were in evidence on several occasions. We have been very comfortable and passed the winter as snug as "bugs in a rug". Warm and dry, and never had less money or less use for it. Living is fine, and abundant, food well cooked and nicely served. There are women in charge of the hospital and the old men's dining rooms, and in July we shall have women in charge of the big dining hall. This will require about 40 women. The upper story of the great building is being prepared for their quarters. The deportment of the men is much improved by the presence of the women, but there are some who herded sheep and hoboed so long that they are past al redemption. The general effect upon the men is very noticeable for the better. The time is near when all help will be

citizen. The men are growing old so fast that they are practically incapacitated for any labor, save ward orderly and the lighter kinds of janitor work. It is becoming harder all the time to get men even capable and willing to do this work. All get good pensions and have decided to take a rest and get ready to let go and move on. The current expense roll now is about ten thousand dollars per month. Pensions payment amounts to over eighty thousand dollars each quarter in cash, beside the amount sent out in checks. The home has a new water system of its own. Six wells were bored and all are pumped from the powerhouse by a compressed system, just installed. I think the water is much better than that formerly furnished by the Santa Monica Land and Water Co. and is more abundant.

During the winter the road to Sawtelle has been in the hands of the contractors, and now we have a fine road, well graded, with broad sidewalks, finished with oil and gravel. The line of arc lights has been improved, so we now have a fine boulevard well lighted and of any easy grade. We are soon to have an iron fence around three sides of the home grounds, with gates and police stations. I imagine we shall feel more at home then.

Recently we were all busy signing the one-dollar per day petition. When we get that we will feel we are drawing our back pay to make up that \$12 a month service pay that we got in greenbacks, depreciated to 35 cents on the dollar. The boys feel sure we'll get it, because the Democrats got it started and are shaking the bill in the Republicans' face, much in the manner of the red flag to anger the bull to make him fight. We've done our fighting; let others scrap now; we'll pocket the shekels and enjoy the fun.

The health of the home is excellent. Very few funerals. Only the real old last-enders in the hospital, and now and then some fat man drops down from heart failure. Occasionally one takes that sort route, but nearly all are booze men, who get disgusted with their vile habit and won't stand it any longer. We have nearly 2500 men, and out of that number less than 100 names are known as misdemeanors in the Governor's Court. Not such a bad crowd after all.

Drunkenness is quite as unpopular here as any place I have ever been. We never had but one saloon here, and they put it out of commission years ago, and couldn't bring it back. Yet lovely Santa Cruz has about 40, and is scared into conniption fits and is afraid to put them out. Read the papers, my shaky friends, and see what Los Angeles is doing to them! It is funny how you up there look upon this question. Look through the big end of a telescope at Loma Prieta and catch the notion. Surely the world "does move". It keeps pace or gets lost.

We have a red-hot ball team. Game Saturday afternoon. Good seats and fine music. We have lectures and picture shows, all the papers and magazines, and new books up to date. Church services in the Home are well attended and growing in interest. The Missions at Sawtelle are also well attended
C.J.TODD.

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PENSION DAY AT SAWTELLE DESCRIBED BY C.J. TODD
Former Santa Cruz Resident Gives Description of Life at Old Soldiers' Home
(Santa Cruz Sentinel March 26, 1910)

Ed: "Sentinel": - We of the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home, have safely crossed the Rubicon and Caesar still lives, although one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars was handed out to the boys one afternoon recently. I have not seen a drunken man, only a few slightly fuddled. Within half an hour after payment began a long and ever increasing line of men stood at the money order window at the Home post office, and the express office, beside the road full going to Sawtelle to

make deposits. The banks are very accommodating, keeping open till after six o'clock in the evening on pension day. It's quite a gala day when the payment is made. Many buggies, wagons and autos are seen along the roads and the grounds full of people in holiday dress. Many wives come along to look after the old husbands who are almost blind and deaf, scarcely able to stand. It's truly pathetic to see how eagerly they received the little brown envelope containing the few coins upon which the poor old wife must subsist for three months. She can have but the plainest fare and clothes and a little one room shack to live in, and yet they are ever so glad they can spend their declining days together, even though barely above want. When I see these poor, old faded, thread-bare mothers, their warped frames, knotty, twisted fingers, worn to calluses over the wash tub and kitchen range, their brave, patient old faces, deep scarred with the sharp pangs of anxiety, I revert to the dread days of courage and bloodshed, when they suffered and toiled all day, wept and watched over their sleeping children by night, and I ask who suffered most for the nation's life?

The more I see of the beneficence of this great home and think what could all these old men do without it, the more I thank God that we have this city of refuge. There were less than three hundred passes, furloughs and discharges called for at the end of the quarter. Only a very few discharges. The men are growing old so fast that the home appeals to them very strongly and they cling to their membership, much closer than ever before. It's a promise to pay worth its full face value, backed by the best government on earth. Armed with it, a many may be poor, homeless, dead broke and bankrupt in friends, but as soon as he steps inside of Uncle Sam's gate he is at home and among friends and heir to all he needs and no man can say him nay. He's paid for it all with the offer of his life when the nation's hung in the balance.

The inspectors were here recently and they treated us very nicely, not even calling the men out in line. I hear rumors of some changes and improvements, but shall refrain from any comments until events occur. My company has a new set of officers recently acquired. The old ones having tired from long service, having retired.

Our new sergeant, making his rounds of inspection, found an eccentric old fellow, whom the men declared had not taken a bath since Noah's flood. He was ordered to the bathroom but refused. Help was summoned and he was put into the tub. His yells attracted the police. "They are trying to kill me," he shouted, "I thought they treated me bad in the hospital, but here you serve me worse. I'll have ya's, so I will." They found he had an iron constitution and was afraid water would rust. Some said he had been dog bitten forty years ago and was fearful of developing hydrophobia. He got a bath just the same and is yet alive.

Recently an old Weary Willie was brought to the hospital. The lady nurse ordered a bath and haircut. This raised a storm of protest. The doctor confirmed the order. The bath was given but it required the combined force of nurses, ward orderlies, doctor and the house police. He was shaved and shorn after the fashion of a bronco mule. In less than a week he slid into a clean suit of citizen's clothes belonging to another patient and vanished, cursing the institution for ruining his profession.

The dry spell was broken by the timely arrival of several light rains, which have practically insured the early hay crop; some say all other crops as well. Since our new road to Sawtelle has been finished the men seem to enjoy it much and it seems they ...

A Charge on Sawtelle

Tramp, tramp, go the old boys in blue
In crowds of one, and sometimes two.

Just after grub you'll see them hike,
With crutch and cane down the pike.
Beneath the pepper tree as it stands,
Holding its delicate lace-trimmed hands.
Each old vet goes marching at will,
Heedless of step or drummer's skill.
With face stern set and eyes ahead
Closing up where the colors led.
As if hearing the commander's yell,
Attention the line--Charge on Sawtelle!

What find they down there, do you think;
Business, pleasure or something to drink?
Whatever it is, I cannot guess,
But day after day it grows no less.
They hit the road from morn till night,
Keeping it up as long as there's light.
Stopping not to rest or explain-
Down they trudge, and then back again.
These crooked, grey-haired, men of yore,
Who drove human slavery from your door?
Still dream they hear the leader yell,
Attention the line- Charge on Sawtelle!.

When you see them perhaps you smile,
But time was when their rank and file
Between you and dark treason stood;
Firm as a dark, impenetrable wood.
Harkening the shrill bugle's wild call,
Facing death and battle's dread appeal,
Upholding the old Red, White and Blue,
Defending home and country for you.
Have charity now for these old men,
Many were beardless boys then.
Now they've nothing, but heed the yell
With crutch, can and peg leg-
Charge Sawtelle!

Which reminds me to say that for a village, the growth in this town is commendable. It is fast assuming airs. Their celebration on the completion of their grand thoroughfare was very creditable. Church and school flourish and are well represented and business is anything but slow. In my position as keeper of the Home church building, I meet many people from nearly all parts of the country, Canada and Manitoba, and none of them ever heard of Santa Cruz. If I had literature I should take pleasure in putting it in their hands. I read the "Sentinel" with pleasure and pass it on with recommendations to keep it going. The make-up and scope of its resources are very pleasing. I notice much to commend in spirit and enterprise, especially its outspoken policy concerning the

corruption of the city dailies
C.J. TODD

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APPROACHES OF SUMMER AT THE OLD SOLDIERS HOME
C.J. Todd Writes Interesting Letter of Life at Sawtelle Near Los Angeles
(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 12, 1910)

Ed: "Sentinel": - If signs count for anything, the good old summer time is here. Some time ago the season threatened to be a dry one. Later on two very nice rains came and assured the farmers of good crops, which assurance now seems in a fair way to be fulfilled. Berries and vegetables are fine and in great abundance. Strawberries of fine quality are almost a drug on the market, 4 boxes of the ordinary size sell for five cents, other things in proportion. Apples of good quality are very cheap. The Home gardens are producing very fine vegetables in ample abundance, all except potatoes, which have to be bought in the open market. They are fair, but when compared to Santa Cruz products, are far below the standard. The strawberries look well, but are extremely acid. We are now well along in the last quarter of the year and everything is plentiful and good. Not a sign of shortage or of inferiority anywhere. As the last quarter approaches the crucial test comes, and those stories about starvation among the veterans begins to make the annual tour of the country. I want to set at rest the minds of our comrades at home on this much-mooted question. No need of indignation meeting or solemn resolutions, all's well, and the old veteran is well housed, fed and clothed. I would to God all families were as well provided for as we are. The new clothing now being issued is of the same pattern, but of very superior quality. The Government is much more careful and the inspection close. Members are not allowed to wear soiled or over worn clothing. Each man is looked after and exchanges made so all are kept clean and looking neat.

The laundry was recently overhauled and a steam mangle and a dry cleaning plant added, so now we have an up-to-date plant with a citizen service list, cheaper than in the towns. Our new water system is a success and instead of paying out \$10,000 Per year for water, we have a surplus for sale. The grounds are beautiful, the trees green and flourishing, showing healthy growth. Even the rows of sequoia gigantea from Mariposa are growing nicely. Our flower gardens are all ablaze with roses and the borders and hedges, red flame swept, so I fairly revel in floral decorations in the church. From what I gather from reports, things in the country are prosperous. I seldom leave the grounds now. My duties at the chapel and my increasing infirmities require all my time and remaining strength, but I am perfectly resigned and happy; and if it shall be that from here

This robe of flesh I drop and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize,
It shall be well with my soul.
Let it come when it may.
I have tried to do my duty
and will to the last.

Health in the Home is excellent. The death rate in the hospital is only nominal. Last Saturday the two thousand five hundred and fifteenth grave was made. We celebrated Appomattox day in appropriate manner and are preparing for Memorial Day services. I don't think it will be an open-air celebration, as the men are too old and feeble to march out to the cemetery.

A fine arch has been erected at the base of the hill leading to the cemetery. On the front are the lines from Theodore O'Hara's poem:

“On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
and glory fills with solemn found,
the bivouac of the dead.”

The old part of the cemetery is covered with an evergreen moss that rises and falls above the mounds, showing the forms beneath the soft mantel, which just now is ablaze with a reddish purple tinted blossom. In the blaze of the noonday sun it is a glorious sight. The white marble slabs stand in even rank, sparkle in the light. The iron fence around the grounds is progressing nicely and the police state at the Sawtelle gate is completed. When completed, the whole job will be much to the good appearance of the Home and grounds. They will resemble the park surrounding some old baronial mansion. Through a mistake of some one the commissary sustained a loss of a large stock of beef, just after moving into the newly completed building. The icebox was heated instead of being frozen. I haven't learned upon whose head the big stick fell in consequence. Our library has just undergone a radical change and been placed under the catalogue system. The men have always been allowed to go among the shelves and select books. They balked at the new rule and the charge fell upon the business like a white killing frost, practically destroying the patronage. But the order was preempting from the governing board and had to be obeyed. Preparations for installing women waiters and cooks in the big dining hall is progressing and when 35 or 40 more women come into the Home it will create a mild sensation at least. We have already had one lawsuit over giving candy to the waiters in L Co.

There was a maiden from Mazoo
Who had a Dutch mother
And a big Scotch father,-
And she was halfway 'twixt the two.

And she was fair, with eyes of brown,
A smile was on her lip,
Inviting you to sip,
But on her face was n'er a frown.

Her step was light, and smoother her tongue,
As glassy summer seas;
Or gently sighing breeze,
Among the wind harps softly strung.

There was a grey mustached old vet,
A sometimes country Dock,
Of played out ancient stock,
Who thought himself a Lothario yet.

So he smiled on the young Mazoo,

And soon discovered the truth,
That she had a candy tooth;
And wisely thought he knew what to do.

His pension plunks he freely blew,
And often scraped his chin-
Grooming himself to win
The young half and half, from Mazoo.

But now sad trouble arose,
Dock thought it not amiss
If he purloined a kiss,
But she landed one hard on his nose.

Dock's much wiser now, I suppose,
There's no maid of eighteen
That's been recently seen,
Will let a grey mustache tickle her nose.

It is an interesting study to go among the trees and observe the little world that lives there. Birds are nesting all through the boughs, but they seem more favorable to the cacti in Arizona Park in L' Companies grounds. Here you can look into the nests and see the process of feeding and caring for the young. Beneath the cacti is a favorite hiding place for rabbits. At evening they come out and the men come out and set along the porches and watch them sporting and feeding on the lawns. Everything here is a pet and treated with the greatest care and kindness. About the quarters the mocking bird is the favorite. A small cup is filled with raisins and the office windows left ajar so he can come in and feed. You will see him drop down and often perch on some old man's head, then dart in through the open window and standing on the captain's table, help himself as deliberately as any regular boarder. Brown thrushes build under the porch ceilings wherever they can find a nook or box placed for them. In front of the chapel are gold finches, blackbirds and mocking birds and also grey squirrels. There is a standing feud between the blackbirds and the squirrels. Hardly a day but I see a skirmish between them. Apparently both want the same pine tree. The squirrel always gets licked and is compelled to scale an Australian oak before his pursers call off the chase. They delight to pluck hairs out of his long, bushy tail to line their nests with. The humming birds are so tame that they will feed within an arms length of you, but their keen, beady eyes are always on the watch. Loquats (Japanese plums) are ripening and from the numerous trees planted about in convenient places and along the roads, the men help themselves. The tree, like its fruit, serves two purposes, shade and ornament; its product is both food and medicine. It has a strong purgative power, even superior to the pomelo and is very palatable.

The weather just now is cool and refreshing. The morning are pale blue with a high fog, bright and warm afternoon. Very similar to dear old Santa Cruz; but not just the same. There is only one
OLD SANTA CRUZ

C.J. TODD

AMONG LOCAL VETERANS AT SOLDIERS' HOME
Humor and Pathos of Old Soldiers Lives Ascribed by C.J. Todd
(Santa Cruz Sentinel August 24, 1910)

Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles Co. Cal., August 12, 1910

Ed. "Sentinel"-- Politics is, and for some time past has been the prevailing ailment among the old Blue Boys, and if this spasm subsides without producing hydrophobia, or becoming epidemic, we shall feel grateful for escape. You probably imagine that men with as many legs and arms in the grave as we have, would have, ere this, have gravitated beyond the fume and furor of political discussion, and turned to their prayer book and rosaries, in preparation for the sweet by and by. Such, however is by no means the case. It acts like measles- the older one gets the worse they have it. The discussions of the merits and demerits of the swarm of candidates is much after the fashion of the food experts. Should one believe what he said, nothing fit to eat, nor any one worthy of being voted for would be left.

Like the Quaker who refused to share his bed with the preacher who in his prayer told the Lord how bad he was, remarked, "if thee is only half as bad as thee makes thyself out, I wouldn't sleep with thee." If these office seekers are not quite half as bad as we hear of them, then the country is in need of new and better men, both as voters and officers. The would be's have visited the Home on several occasions, and put forth their oily efforts as word wizards and spell binders, but like the rhyme of woman, convince a man against his will he's of the same opinion still, especially an old soldier. If any two intend to vote the same ticket, I have not met them, and if they should, and it becomes known, it would be regarded as a very regrettable coincident, so absolutely lone are these among men, they would regret having their individual line crossed by another.

We have five polling places in the Home, and from the formidable appearance of the ticket, and considering the age and infirmity of the men, it looked as if we should have to begin proceeding the day before, to enable all to have the Roosevelt square deal.

The Spanish American veterans have a separate organization, and have developed considerable strength. In public meetings they endorsed Senator McLachlan, because he publicly announced he would secure them special pensions, and also work for the \$1 per day bill for the older men. One promise is quite as chimerical as the other, both being made of the stuff of which dreams are composed. I found Frank Mattison's card lying on my table, and his big manly shade reminded of old Santa Cruz, and I felt like I had met an old friend.

MEN FROM SANTA CRUZ

There are several men her from Santa Cruz and vicinity. James Harris, Denny Mulligan, Dutch Pete, Grover Co.'s old mule skinner for so many years; Jenkins, the old carpenter; Hurd of east side, and perhaps others whom I have not met. Judge Hossack of Boulder Creek was buried the forepart of July.

WEATHER AND CROPS

The weather, that ever pregnant source of comment and conversation, has this season broken all previous records, by remaining too cool for comfort. Twice during July slight showers fell, and the air has been threatening several times this month.

From all sources come cheering reports of the prospects for an enormous yield from all kinds of crops. The cool weather seems to have worked advantageously for the country's good. Bean harvest is soon to begin, and is expected to be a bumper crop. Hay on the Home grounds was not a very heavy crop, but is said to be of extra good quality. It is all baled and stored. All crops on the Home grounds are very promising, even the beets, some of them dead ones, also the hobo,

which seems to flourish on all California soil, more especially in the vicinity of Sawtelle and the Soldiers' Home. Green corn as the next delicacy of the season has just made its appearance at the dining halls today, soon to be followed by tomatoes from the Home fields. Apricots were plentiful, but of small size, the later ones however were larger and better. They were gathered by details of men from the quarters, and when the dining rooms were supplied, the boxes were sent around to the different buildings, and placed in convenient reach of the men, also beside the roads, that all might help themselves.

INBORN DISCONTENT

It is relishing to see a man fill his hat with fruit, then walk away cursing the managers for not furnishing the men something to eat. The longer I live the more am I convinced that discontent is a natural feast to the sordid soul of the grumbling faultfinder. Our fig orchards give promise of abundance, and walnuts show up in good form. Oranges and lemons are full crops and pomelo are plentiful enough to throw at the birds.

The grounds were beautiful during the spring. The borders and hedges showed fine form. Later the usual stringency of water began to be felt in the limited allowance, so that now the lawns are becoming quite dry. The Home management developed six wells last year, and their flow furnished a sufficient supply for the home services, but nothing for irrigation. Several wells and other sources of supplies are being vigorously pushed to completion. By another year, it is confidently expected, the supply will be ample for all demands. Water scarcity is certainly the stigmatizing ban, irrevocably destined to deter the ultimate development of this great country.

C.J. TODD

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OLD VETS NO LONGER CAN SERVE THEMSELVES

C.J. Todd Humorously Describes Attempts to Relieve the Old Soldiers of their Few Responsibilities in Life
(Santa Cruz Sentinel August 25, 1910)

Ed. "Sentinel": - During May and June last, the death rate was perhaps the largest for any equal period in the history of the Home. May showed 37 cases, while June was a close second with an even 30. Since then the rate has been merely normal only 17 in July with 7 to date for August.

The furloughs and withdrawals since last June pension has been very large, yet the attendance holds up to nearly normal standard. Many of the old men when they reach the 20 dollar pension withdraw, and retire as they suppose to pass the their decline among family and friends, but is a delusion of the dotard mind. They soon return and are gathered to their comrades on the hill.

Where stand the gleaming monuments?
In long and solemn rows,
White sentinels beside earth tents,
Where green the grave moss grows;
Their last long slumber undisturbed,
By sound of hostile foe,
Their spirits brave, in death uncurbed,
To victory marching go.

The worst class we have to deal with is the special privilege men. They take passes at every

pension day, and remain till their money is gone. When they are brought in they are in the most deplorable condition. Usually they live just about long enough to enable the nurse to restore their sanitary condition, and then being "ousted", and seeing no possible chance to get out and do it again, and being dead set against being clean and living decent, out of pure contrariness, and seeing nothing else they can do, they go dead. The cemetery now has two thousand six hundred and thirty-six; many more than live in the home.

Forty Waitresses

Last July the Home was put under the new regime, citizen help was employed in nearly all branches, and the old soldiers were dismissed. The managing board considered the men too old and infirm to longer perform the work. Forty waitresses were employed by a Los Angeles firm, and shipped out by night to take charge of the main dining hall. They came a whole carload of them, bringing baggage, pets, Kodak's and phonographs, not omitting their double acting, automatic chatter boxes. When they were lined up, and headed for their sleeping quarters in the second story of the dining hall, you would have thought Cap McLaughlin was trying to house a full-fledged pigeon roost. But when they entered the room- there was but one- and saw a walled-in space about the size of the aero dome, minus partitions or curtains, and viewed the rows of cots strung through the floor, you could easily have imagined a political convention in full working order, or an insane asylum gone mad. Many of the men sympathized with the girls, and joined the throng, and swelled the din, helped make the 'wee small' hours of night gloriously hideous according to the verdict of competent judges.

Next morning they decamped as mysteriously as they came, leaving in their reeking wake a few of the cooler headed ones who assumed duty under the guidance of a resident matron. Some days later other women came strolling in by twos and threes, until the clackety crew filled up, and some degree of order was established and meals began appearing at some time of day. The boys say they don't believe Cap. McLaughlin can run a seraglio anyhow.

The hospital steward had a similar experience with a company of Japs who were employed as scrubs, to relieve the old vets. They worked a few days, then lined up demanding \$1 per day, and their linen laundered, in addition to their board and lodging. Being denied more than twenty-five dollars per month without laundry, they packed up and quietly faded away in the shades of evening. Young white men were give the work, and so far have proved that one white man is worth three Japs, and some say four. The steward smiles, looks wise, and the work goes steadily on.

We have just had a female strike in the hospital dining hall. The women refused to move the cupboard trucks that carry the cooked food along the aisles to be distributed among the tables. They declared if they had to work like mules they must have proper harness, and when they found the men would not chip in to buy the straps, like old Maud they kicked and bolted the job. Some old vets were detailed, and they put it up for their old comrades, till some other girls less fractious blew into camp, and the hum of gum chewing, the busy clack of tongues woke again the wonted industrial hum, then the steward stroked his smooth cranium, where there don't a single hair condescend to grow, leastwise he has a wife of his own, and you know how it is yourself.

C.J.TODD

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ECCENTRIC OLD VETERANS AT SAWTELLE HOME
C.J. Todd Describes Some of the Odd Personalities Among the Soldiers
(Santa Cruz Sentinel September 24, 1910)

Soldiers' Home, Sept. 20, 1910

Ed. "Sentinel": -- According to the almanac and the occupation of the granger this is the fall of the year; September and bean harvest are said to be inseparably associated. As both are rapidly becoming things of the past, I am inclined to give credence to the almanac maker, as little as the weather indicates it. It must be admitted that beans and red peppers know their own time, and season, and as they have selected the present for the proper time for ripening, it is a strong evidence of the good judgment of the almanac man, and I shall allow him to score one, not, however without contemporaneous evidence.

Recent days have been slightly warmer, and some appearance of rain, but it failed to materialize, and the calm cerulean zenith is sparkling and bright as ever; not a scud of cloud flecks the serene heavens, where floats the golden queen of night, attended by her retinue of soft, twinkling orbs. Each succeeding day is so like the last, that the mind is robbed of comparison, change being apparently an unknown quantity in this summer zone.

So smoothly slides time that we almost forget to note days, and reckon only by events, and as they drag along in their laggard snail gallop pace, the last dips beneath the disk of time's horizon before another casts a shadow as a promise of its tardy coming.

Primary elections with its caloric temperature being the last spasm that struck us, its fever had quietly subsided, and left us gliding along the dead level of normal existence till out of the dim future crept along pension day, and the old Blue Boys lined up to the captain's office and heroically lugged away a hundred and thirty thousand of Uncle's big plunks in their little brown envelopes and then hip, hip, and hurrah, and they began tearing off pleasure in huge big chunks. Off come old blue, and on went the citizen, and hike for the town at rapid pace.

In a few weeks, and some in a few days, will creep slowly back, or send up wheezy messages for the ambulance. Soon the undertaker man will gather them in, and up on the hill the long rows, of new made graves grow and grow, and ever lengthen.

Happily, the booze crowd grows beautifully less, and the greater company went their way to the post office, and here you see a long line passing in front of the money order window, and the clink of coin speaks of the hundreds of homes being made happy by the old men who still stand in the breach behind the gun, remembering those who are struggling for life in the outside world. Only in eternity will be known the joy inspired by the little rivulets that trickle from this great home, standing like a mountain of melting snow, refreshing a barren land. From all sides beckoning hands are seen inviting its patronage.

Even Captain Edwin Bailey, the patriarch of the home, who is nearing the one hundred and one year of life, is furnishing funds to educate a bright young granddaughter, and last year denied himself a trip and centennial celebration in Honolulu, his old home, in order to economize for her benefit.

Indian Louie, nearing the hundred marks, still distributes his pension among needy relatives, assisting them to gain a foothold in education and business.

Sergeant Colp, who is past ninety-four, having served twenty-three years and six months in the army, a veteran of three wars, the Seminole, Texan Independence, Mexican and the Civil War, has just taken his discharge, to go to his children who are improving a tract of 900 acres of land in the Lone Star State, which was held for him as a reward for services rendered in her war for independence, and all unknown to him had been lying subject to his claim all these years, and was only recently discovered by accident. His youngest child is past sixty, but the old Sergeant is hale, and expects to live many years to enjoy his good fortune.

Colonel J.D. Higgins is one of the grand old men of the Home. He is near ninety-four, and a few Sundays since, in the Home Chapel, preached an able, scholarly discourse, full of energy, eloquence and deep spiritual consolation. He is now absent on pass, completing and addition to his house in the city of Pasadena. The home is full of these seasoned old war dogs, who after all these decades possess more vital force than the Filipino and Spanish war men, who are dying like diseased sheep.

Here is found nearly all types of men and character. Among them is the fanatic, the religious crank, the long haired Nazarene who has traveled the world over, preaching and searching for evidence of his particular kind of belief; the Holy Howler who declares every man no similarly affected, and howling as loud as himself, hopelessly lost; the man who eats peanuts, hull and all, because God made them that way; the Christian socialist, who is neither Christian nor socialist, the most difficult man known to live with. But the most colossal fools is the man who don't know, and seemingly can't be taught, that he has grown old, and outlived his day and generation. He is simply incorrigible. Then there is the looney wit, who in explaining the historic cannon to some visitors, informed them that as it has two wheels, it fought on both sides at the same time. He also told the Governor that he did not want the flag staff any longer. Being asked for his reasons, he replied that it is a hundred and twenty feet long, all of one piece of timber, and that is long enough. Old Shylock also lives here or did till recently, when he was brought before the Governor's court for lending money to the members of the Home, which is a violation of the Home laws. He pleaded for leniency, offering as an excuse that he only charged the Dutchman's one percent, loaned one dollar and collected two. He was given the gate, or discharged from the Home, and opened an office down in the town, and increased his rates of percentage.

C.J. TODD

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C.J. TODD AT SOLDIERS' HOME
Santa Cruz Veteran Continues Description of Life at Sawtelle
(Santa Cruz Sentinel September 25, 1910)

SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE AT THE GOVERNMENT INSTITUTION

Ed. "Sentinel". -- John C. Campbell, one of the Roosevelt rough riders, died here a few days ago, and was shipped away to Tempe, Arizona. He is said to be the only member of that famous organization ever here.

Recently I met and listened to the conversation of two of the crew of the first Monitor that fought and defeated the Merrimac off Fortress Monroe. One of the men claimed to have caught the falling body of Lieutenant Green, her commander, whose head was cut away in the action.

Some very queer coincidences crop out occasionally here. One August 25, Wm H. Hunt, E. Co., First California Inf., and Jacob Raymond E. Co., First Penn. Inf., died and were buried on 27th. A man was admitted at Leavenworth Home, and assigned to K. Co., under the Home number 10,180. Some years later he was transferred to Pacific branch, and when his assignment was made here it was noticed he had been give the same Co. and the same number. The Adjutant called attention to the singular fact as a very curious occurrence.

Some men carry their eccentricities even down to the grave, as for instance; one man awhile back

forbid any kind of funeral service to be held over his remains and ordered the band should play the "Rogues March" as he was removed from the morgue, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," while passing through the pepper tree drive, and "Marching Through Georgia" while climbing the hill into the cemetery. His friends insisted on having his wishes complied with.

New faces are very noticeable in the Home, and requisitions for new outfits are coming rapidly. If the present rate of increase continues, the coming winter bids fair to be the most crowded season we have had. Lest you might come to the conclusion that with all our eccentricities we are a dull weary crowd, I wish to say such is far from the fact. Two county roads from the Monica's- as they say here- pass through the home, and there is scarcely a dull moment during the day or night. Autos, motorbikes and various other kinds of vehicles are speeding all day, and these beautiful crisp September nights are made hilarious with joy riders galore. With about twenty nurses and some seventy-five waiter girls parading the cool serpentine walks in the starlit evenings several machines squawking tin can music, picture show, band concerts, missions, tent meetings, and church revivals all in full blast, what would suppose we should want for our money anyhow?

Not a day but the excursion cars pour their human cargoes into the Home grounds, and they look us over and ask enough questions to jar you teeth loose, only it don't work that way on old soldiers. They have manned the firing line too often not to know how to retaliate in kind and some more for good count.

But when it comes to real sensation, we are there in the shape of a green parrot, which has learned to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" from hearing the band play at color call. It really sings one verse in fairly good time. Its tone is that of a child's voice, and it has a surprising accuracy of tune. Its performances are given at all times of day and attract large crowds, not only of the old boys, and waiting girls, who come to the aviary to hear it sing, but large audiences of citizens and tourists congregate about the bird house, and express surprise at its intelligence and admiration of its ability.

Thursday, the 22nd of the present month, is the annual celebration in the village of Sawtelle. They have advertised a barbecue and general fete day. All through this Southland, each town that makes any pretension of being on the map at all, has its annual holiday, and makes a spread, and invites its neighbors to attend and share in its jollification. This appears to me to be a wise plan. It creates a friendly feeling and helps you keep acquainted with your neighbors. When large enterprises are in sight, all are interested and pull together for the accomplishment of mutual interests. As a tangible evidence of what united effort will accomplish, no one need seek further than what is presented to the eye of the unprejudiced beholder in all parts of this Southland
C.J. TODD

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TRACES OF THE PADRES NEAR OLD SOLDIERS' HOME
C.J. Todd Recalls Some of the Stories of California in the Days of Ramona
(Santa Cruz Sentinel November 11, 1910)

Ed. "Sentinel": - Since Helen Jackson has electrified the world by giving it *Ramona*, which has gained the enviable distinction of being the only true American novel, it seems almost useless to attempt adding anything to the history or romance of this wonder land, or its rapidly passing people and their unique life and history. And yet, I mean there are many unsung heroes and heroines whose deeds and sacrifices will remain forever unchronicled. If such tender passion touched the hearts of Ramona and Alessandro, and enabled them to endure such suffering and

persecution and accomplish deeds of seeming impossibility for love of and devotion to each other, they being merely fair types of the people who shall say it did not exist among them as a people, and touch other hearts, and sanctify other lives as well. Of their dons, and nobles much has been written for the admiration of the world, but what hand has attempted to chronicle the life history of the common people, or lift the veil that obscures their sufferings, passions, loves, hates, successes, failures, revenges and recompenses. Who has sung their simple joys and homely hilarities, or turned the light upon their private cares and concerns more than to briefly mention that they were peons, owned soul and body by the padres, were slaves, and performed all manner of manual labor, played the guitar, sang, danced, loved, fought drank and died. Being owned by the padres, and held in perpetual servitude, they were not supposed to have any liberty of choice or conscience, or exercise any privileges other than obedience to the will and dictates of their masters, who esteemed them of no worth whatever above their value as chattels, to be used and abused, according to the dictates of their scheming avaricious owners. Scarcely a foot of this Southland where has not been a tragic deed, or a league where has not occurred some dark crime, a hill or dale about which there hangs not some romance of love, passion or crime, connected with the life of the passing generations, who, decades ago, lived here and labored, and today are not. Only the broken fragments of a past civilization-- if such it was-- speaks mutely from the dust, of the ages forever fled. In the fading memory of the remaining few, still lingers some stray fragments, retained from the wreck of sweeping time, to enable us to link the fleeting days of yore with the present, and gather a faint afterglow of the times of the dons, and the teeming haciendas.

This country has been owned and inhabited for long periods of years by the Spanish people, who received grants from the Mexican government. The remains of their old haciendas are yet visible in many parts of the country. There are many historic landmarks near the Soldiers' Home grounds. From early timers I have gleaned information that explains some of the visible evidences of early settlement. Upon the side of the mountains I observe an open space the size of a small garden spot. Its frequent occurrence, always in the same form and size, and ranging in the same direction attracted my attention. Being high up on the dry barren mountains, I failed to see how anything could be made to grow there, if such was really its intent. I called the attention of a native to it, and asked what it was, and how it came there in such regular succession through the country where mountains occur? He replied that it is an Indian landmark and indicated the north, and is used as a guide when traveling through the country. It was made by the aborigines by digging away the surface of the mountains, leaving the clay formation exposed. Nothing would grow there any more, and the spot remained vacant for all time. These places were numbered and used as assembly points. The numbers started near the sea and ran northward. The number of smokes on the mountain tops by day, and the number of fires at night, indicated at which place the assemblage was to be held. Water and provender existed near each place, but its whereabouts was known only to the chiefs, so their enemies could not profit by their discovery. It is claimed these signs were known and made use of by the early explorers on their northward journeys. On the Home grounds stands an immense oak tree, apparently centuries old, called Series oak. It is claimed that the famous old priest, with his wayward cavalcade, rested beneath its umbrageous branches when on his journey to the north. A circular rustic seat has been built around it, and now it's a favorite lounging place for the old blue boys. Coursing its tortuous way down from the mountains, is a crooked stream channeled out of the solid slate rock almost as even as if some slate rock almost as even as it worked out by experienced artisans. In nearly every angle of its sinuous serpentine course, stands large sycamore trees whose twisted, knotty roots form the most complicated network of tangled masses of roots I have ever seen. Each tree, or group seems

possessed of a special history of its own. Not one, if report be true, but is many times a hangman's tree, or has been witness to some more heinous tragedy. Near the town of Sawtelle, in times past, was a large hacienda, and about it the usual complement of adobe kraals, and peon shanties, and cholo shacks. In the midst of a level plat in the ravine stands the strangest and most gigantic specimen of the sycamore variety I have ever encountered. Apart from its ponderous dimension, its weird spectacular formations are truly remarkable, and wildly fantastic, and its true history if written, would be sufficiently gruesome to frighten even the grim specters that stalk abroad at midnight so ghastly are the stores related of the wanton cruelties and heartless atrocities enacted beneath its sylvan mantle. When standing in the midst of the space enclosed by the spreading branches of this strangely shaped tree, one has the felling of being on board of a mammoth ship. The numerous branches as large as cross trees and yard arms, hung upon great masts, cross the space overhead in many directions, dropping runners to the ground where they become rooted, and form upright bodies resembling stanchion posts, upon which the extending limbs large as ship's masts rest and take rise for another flight to repeat themselves in new formations and weird combinations in bewildering succession. At the final extremity of the umbrageous appendages, runners drop and touch the ground as posts supporting a huge sylvan dome, and form an inclosing wall circumscribing its expansive limits. At the base of the parent stem- which is some ten feet in diastem- which is some ten feet in diameter- is a root formation resembling a speaker's stand, and shooting out from the body about twenty feet overhead, is an immense branch extending in a horizontal line across the enclosed space, touching a bank by means of dropping a runner, about a hundred feet from the body of the tree. This great limb stretches across the enclosure like a huge yardarm, and lies in an almost level line, and is entirely free from branches, and as smooth and regular as if hewn by the ship carpenter's axe and adz. Beneath the shelter of this mighty, mysterious tree, the alcaldes held their court. The dais at the base of the tree was the seat of judgment, and the long smooth arm was the hangman's gallows. The poor peons and cholos were arrested for any trivial offense or violation of the padres' regulations, and condemned without let or hindrance, and promptly executed at the command of bigoted alcalde. Often, according to my information, three or four at a time were seen hanging from the riata's end, at a single sitting of the court. On special occasions a half dozen were usually dispatched before breakfast. Those not peons were given work on the hacienda at small wages, and Saturday night was payday. All the money paid out was expected to be paid in again for mescal at the company's store before Monday morning, and if it was not, no more work or grub was allowed until the last dollar materialized. If one ran away from one hacienda and applied for work at another, he could not be employed until he told where he came from, then he was promptly arrested and returned to his former place of abode, and there he was treated to the riata cure, after which he was always a good cholo. If he stole for his master well and good, he was bueno vaquero, but if for his own benefit, up the yardarm some morning before breakfast. Under such a nefarious system of injustice it is not much to be wondered at that desperate characters like Joaquin Murietta, Red Neck, Charveth, Vasquez and others, came into existence. Under the goad and lash of such cruel and unjust persecution what better could be reasonably expected? Life was only a ceaseless grind, devoid of even the smallest ray of hope and robbed of every vestige of pleasure and enjoyment. There was but one single ending, and that as unerring as fate. The quicker reached the sooner over with, and at an end, as end it must.

C.J. TODD

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HOLIDAY TIME AT SOLDIERS' HOME
C.J. Todd Pictures a Scene of Sunshine with Thorns Instead of Roses
(Santa Cruz Sentinel December 29, 1910)

Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles Co., Cal.,

Ed. "Sentinel": - I am not quite sure whether Thanksgiving or Christmas is the best day here at the Soldiers' Home, both smack loudly of turkey and other good things to tickle the palate of the old vets, but of one thing I am fully convinced, pension days knocks them all out in the first round. It's both good eating and ample liquid hilarity. This year all three events came close in a bunch, and their united stimulus gave the sluggish home impulse quite a boost. So far the peace and order of the Home has not been severely infringed with, as most furlough men are not quite caught up with their last plunge yet. It's at the end when the glaring affects of old John Barleycorn's nefarious work crops out most hideously. Feeling rich at first, the pensioner compliments himself with something barely passable; as the plunks evaporate stuff more vile answers the purpose. Latterly anything in the shape of molten hell is not only welcome but eagerly sought, then cling, cling, the hospital phone, "This is Santa Monica, Redondo, or some other seaport rum hole John Doe, No., -, an old soldier, is dead here from alcoholism". Up on the hill at soldiers' Home goes another elegant piece of beautiful workmanship, ground out and polished to a finish by the saloonkeeper, but no saloonkeeper attends the funeral, proud of his finished products, but slinks away and hides ashamed of the results of his infamous handicraft. The citizen says, "Oh, well, the saloon is licensed to do business and the money helps to carry on public improvements". The Christian says: "God do unto me as I do to others"-- and if God was not patient, and long suffering, and exceedingly merciful he would, and the result would be a surprise to the, as well as a just retribution for helping to license those miniature hells-- the devil's mantraps.

Fifteen hundred pounds of turkey on Thanksgiving; and a like amount on Christmas, trussed with cranberry sauce, and flanked by a full complement of other toothsome condiments, is no matter to be scorned by even a famished tramp- much less by ye old Blue Boys. To watch these good things disappear before these old men might be suggestive of the flight of Sir Johnnies of bad memory, if not more so. Whatever may be said detrimental of these old war dogs, concerning their usefulness or beauty, their appetites and their willingness to use them is above reproach.

The living so far holds up to a very good grade, and shows no lack. The clothing is better than which I became a member. During the last summer much of the old bedding and blankets have been changed, and new and better furnished in its stead, wider bedsteads and thicker mattresses than ever before used in many of the quarters. Scarcity of water in the fall months retarded the growth of the lawns and flowers, but early rains brought them forward, so that now the lawns and hedges are in full beauty. As there has been no storms or frost the poinsettias are larger and more abundant this year than any time for several years, and yet they sell at \$1.50 per dozen at the florists.

Recently a car of oil was sent to the Home and was found to be on fire. The oil was drawn off from the bottom of the tank. Then empty, the gas exploded with a terrific report. A black column of smoke arose to a great height. The Home was much excited, fearing the newly installed dry cleaner had blown up. The manhole cap in descending, cut a large hole in the roof of the powerhouse, but luckily no one was injured.

C.J. Todd

December 26, 1910

PRANKS AMONG OLD SOLDIERS
C.J. Todd Describes the Antics of Some of Uncle Sam's Pensioners
(Santa Cruz Sentinel December 30, 1910)

Ed. "Sentinel"- One of the Filipino soldiers at the old Soldiers' Home, came in drunk a few nights ago, and went to bed with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and tried to pull the mattress over his head for cover; set the bedding on fire and burned his own clothing. His loss will cost him a quarter's pension, and it came near costing the Home a great fire and most likely a frightful holocaust as there are between three and four hundred people housed there, many of whom are helpless. This same man about a month ago caused a fire in one of the wards, which came near getting beyond control. But then he's a Filipino, and drunk, two things which here seem to be eternally wed. The rest of us must risk our hides and keep mum because- well, if the house don't burn down its all right. You know men- or things that resemble men- must get drunk, no difference who, or what property is exposed. It seems these brave booze fighters are good for nothing else, and they must have something to do. Some time ago ex Governor John B. S. John of Kansas was here visiting Judge Dawson, a former Kansas law partner. The Judge is a member of the Home, but was able to attend a dinner given by the ex governor at Santa Monica.

Government jobs are a good thing to have in the family as demonstrated by our chaplain, who has just purchased a new auto for \$2,200. He took his wife out for an airing and it went "punk" and she got out and walked home, leaving the fat man on the flat of his back in the middle of the road. Late in the evening he came in with the assistance of one of the men, pushing the dead "critter" in front of them, his face no less red than usual, to say nothing of his temperature.

Ed Hudson, our tenor in the chapel services is a carpenter. The nail he was trying to drive glanced and struck him in the eye, cutting the ball badly. The surgeons had a delicate and difficult job stitching it, but it was saved, and he is again singing and sawing. Mrs. Maud Dickens took part in an early morning wreck on the Pacific Electric, and is asking \$25,000 as remuneration for her share in the impromptu performance.

Among the late deaths is Jose Bube, former Home tinsmith member of L Co. He ran short on plunks, for a couple of days was out of dope. Nein," he growled, "life vas no more goot. I quits mit it all," covered up his head and went out by the razor route, the shortest cut he knew. Thomas B. Rosecrans, of K. Co., cousin to our old General Rosy, as the boys called him, was sitting on the pier at Santa Monica and then he was seen floating in the surf. Now he's up on the hill at the Home Cemetery- cause booze. Amos B. Adams, Socialist, retired business failure- even as others- was on the path leading down to the pepper drive from the big dining hall. He was picked up at the foot of the hill covered with dirt and gore. Autopsy revealed a broken neck, weight 240 pounds. Benjamin F. Wilson, Mexican War veteran, former senator from Tehama Co., at one time quite wealthy, was buried a short time ago. Some of his former ranch hands- members here- were on hand to escort him up on the hill. Capt. Lionel Craig, close lineal descendant of Dan Boone, of history, was buried some months ago. Fred Waggoner, a big burly German, a Home policeman, while in Los Angeles on leave of absence, tried to make a mash on a woman on the street. Her escort who had been getting a smoke came out of the tobacco shop and ordered him away. Words ensued and Waggoner was knocked down, and in his fall his skull was broken. He was a Filipino, and a drunk, which seem to go in pairs here.

I watched the recent auto races here; the course skirts one side of the Home grounds. It was doubtless great sport for the drivers. I have always had an idea that our former experience or

exchanging gun compliments across the field with the grey-coated Johnnies was fairly dangerous amusement. Some people, it seems, require even stronger doses than that to brace their strenuous nerves.

The weather is dry and nothing but fair weather in sight, according to the latest reports.

C.J. TODD

C.J. TODD LONGS FOR DEAR OLD SANTA CRUZ
Describes the Beauties of Southern California, But There Is No Comparison With Santa
Cruz
(Santa Cruz Sentinel February 1, 1911)

Soldiers Home, Jan 27, 1911.

Ed. "Sentinel": - But yesterday the slogan rent the skies, water, water, give us water or we die, and the country will go to the eternal bow-wows, and blow away in dust. Recently Jupiter Pluvius succeeded, and at once began to rain, and a glad shout went up and a merry laugh was heard in the land. Ye granger, made glad by the showers, began industriously tickling the soil with plow and harrow, scattering seed while singing: "Rain, on rain, good Pluvius, send it down, and then, as if in answer to the glad Psalm, Mr. Pluvius cut loose a few more aqueous waves, and then up went all hands: "Stop it, hold up your sprinkling pot and give us a chance to plow and sow. Verily, man borne of woman is of few days and full of selfishness.

Miss Southern California, though smug, was fast becoming a dusty maid and seedy to behold, but now she claps her hands and skips for very joy in anticipation of her new spring suit of shiny green she sees daily being prepared for her early coming out in flowers and fruit.

When fully arrayed she's a heady high stepper to be sure. With her orange groves and walnut fields, she's gay and catchy, stepping in the middle of winter, trigged out in greenery and flowers, with sunshine on her hat. She surely looks and smells good to the snow bound wanderlust's, dropping down from the ice-clad, frost nipped, blizzard-ripped lands back yonder. From the saw toothed crest of the adjacent ranges this looks like Eden, and holds its size and carries its shapes as they approach and bears acquaintance well.

Yet amid all this, to me there's somewhat amiss; "It's na me ain hame". Those dense wooded heights, purple against the fair opalian skies, the laughing streams that glint the sunlight in their meandering course to the sea, the wanting in this picture. The cozy homesteads snuggled away in pleasant nooks, where dwells an air of peace and contentment, like surrounds dear old Santa Cruz, are the sights most dear to my home loving heart, but are the sights I see least of here.

To say the very most that is possible, this, to me, is an inhospitable land, wearing the strange, uninviting air unfinished newness; a creation of yesterday, done by cheap contract and finished in a deuce of a hurry, as though the contractor was anxious to have the job accepted, get his money before the sleazy fabric collapsed and tumbled to pieces.

It seems impossible for me to acquire the habit of feeling at home down here. Things seem so mechanical, built to sell, or to remain in but for a day and a night. Denuded mountains presenting only bald, bold severe contours, void of inspiration. Dry shale bedded streams, built less of tree or shrub to relieve the endless monotony. Art has done much, but the softening, subduing tints that make for quiet home life and contentment are providential endowments, and only gained by time, culture and association.

That peculiar not-at-home-today feeling possesses me whichever way I turn. Unless you possess

the golden key of entry, the open sesame yields to none, though the robbers may be safely ensconced within.

It's hard to forget the deep wooded vales, forest crowned hills, fertile fields, cool sweet streams that forever flow, and sing while coursing their way down to the sea. The leopard cannot shed his skin, neither the tiger his brassy rings, so, cleaves memory, lingering fondly about the seat of long established affections. Yes the sunshine of memory lights the hills of recollection brighter than those within the horizon. So the ungrateful Jews looked back and sighed for slavery, and the leeks and onions and the fleshpots of Egypt. We are very comfortable here and have as near the ideal Utopian life as will ever be met with this side the golden gates, but so migratory are life's instincts. I am persuaded the whole human race must have emerged from protected periods of nomadic wanderings and temporary sojourning.

C.J. TODD

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STATUS AT OLD SOLDIER'S HOME
C.J. Todd Writes Another Interesting Letter from Sawtelle
(Santa Cruz Sentinel February 2, 1911)

Ed. "Sentinel": No holidays have struck us recently. There has been nothing out of the eternal ordinary to ruffle the placid waters of content or cause a ripple on the surface of slow drifting time. Health conditions are usually good, not even the usual visitation of la grippe, which once in a while sets us all barking like a huge canine kennel faying the moon. The death rate for January has been much below normal. From last year's report it appears this home stands second in attendance and third in the department of all the eleven national Homes in the United States. The annual report of Inspector Brewer says the management here is found to be very satisfactory and highly complimentary to our officers. In the other branches the death rate per thousand for Homes of less number than this run as high as 131, while here it is less than 93 per cent.

Under the title of order and discipline, Pacific branch stands highest of all. At the Leavenworth Home there were 644 arrests, 246 of which for drunkenness, an average of 23 per cent. Hampton Home had 1,269 of which 715 were for drunkenness, an average of 29 per cent, Danville, Ill., Joe Cannon's own country, had 1,455 arrests of which 919 were for drunkenness, and average of 22 per cent. Pacific Branch (this Home) had 263 arrests of which 104 were for drunkenness, an average of less than 12 per cent. This is surely a fitting answer to the charges of graft and mismanagement so often heralded forth against our officers.

In gain and loss figures we are like Banquo's ghost, which always bobbed up and would not down. Leavenworth lost 100, Hampton lost 183, Danville lost 198, while Pacific Branch gained 30. Our actual attendance is now nearly 2500, and the actual belonging is over 3700. Since July 1, 1910, there has been but four in the guardhouse, and not one night call for police assistance during that time according to the report of the lieutenant of the guard.

Before the closing of the canteen 30 to 35 arrests of a night was not considered bad business, and yet statistics show that drunkenness in the army has increased 70 per cent and desertions 150 per cent, since the canteen was closed. That there has been no juggling with the figures, I cannot, and would not be qualified to say. Of the 2,500 resident members here, not more than 60 or 65 names are known as misdemeanors in the governor's court. Competent judges affirm that if 100 men, whose names are well known to the management, were selected and banished from the Home, all need for a Home guard and police service would disappear.

Recently many members have been discharged ("given the gate" we call it) on account of drunkenness, and being absent without leave, of which class of offense there were 38 cases last year. Judging from scraps of history gathered of the past, the morals of this Home are vastly improved to what they were formerly. There was one company so drunken and incorrigible, that their officers refused to remain with them. In the space of three months they had five different captains, one of whom remained but twenty-four hours when he resigned, declaring he would take the gate rather than remain in the Home.

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CHARACTERS AT SOLDIER'S HOME
C.J. Todd Describes Some Interesting Personalities
Men From All Walks of Life Live at Government Shelter
(Santa Cruz Sentinel February 3, 1911)

Ed. "Sentinel": - We have some noted characters on the home list, men of nearly all walks and professions in life, and almost all ranks in the army. Charles H. Dial, who served in I Company, Second Texas United States Cavalry, in the Mexican war claims to be the youngest Mexican war man now living, and so far his claim has not been successfully challenged. He was born in 1830, and served all through the war and was discharged at the City of Old Mexico, at the close of hostilities. Recently died John Boyson, a Hanoverian, who fought in the wars for independence for his own country, and when he saw it would be overpowered and made subject he resolved he would never bow allegiance to his enemies, emigrated to America and soon drifted into the service of his newly adopted home, and served out five enlistments, was discharged at 50 years of age by reason of the age limit, and wept because he could no longer soldier. His chosen profession was the artillery service to which he was wedded, soul and body.

Balthazer Schlenker, a Bohemian, served in the Forty-fourth Iowa Infantry. He was a large man of fine physical development, a miner by profession, a scholar of great ability, master of four languages, and a historian of no mean acquirements. About his neck was found a bag of gold and a fine diamond ring.

Why, you ask, do men of such caliber and mental ability come to the Soldiers' Home to die? For two reasons, the loss of health and family, having failed to provide for the proverbial rainy day, and the other great, all pervading reason.

Calvin Lambert (Blind Charley), as he is known here, is a remarkable character. His eyes were destroyed by a blast while working in New Mexico over thirty years ago. He has been a member of this Home for many years and has memorized the bearings so well that at one time he was employed as guide, and he never was found at fault in any of his positions or explanations. Almost any day he can be seen going about the grounds leading other blind men whom he takes down town, or to the chapel, or wherever they wish to go. His wife lives in town, and he goes to his home with the certainty and precision of a man with good eyesight, in fact better than many who have better eyes but worse morals.

The latest joke was sprung on an inquisitive old lady visitor by a fatherly looking old gent wearing a fine patriarchal beard as he sat beneath the shade of a palm tree answering the hundreds of questions propounded by the visitors. The men were gathering for the noon meal and the officer of the day, wearing his fine red sash, appeared on duty. Pointing him out the lady asked, "Who is he, and what position does he hold?"

"When they get too bad they make them wear that red rag as a punishment," was the reply.

When the old blues heard the joke they sent up a roar that made people sit up and take notice. The officer inquired what was up, and when he got the story and horselaugh that accompanied it, he looked almost anything but pleased and happy.

The latest whisper runs, that the sly little winged god with the curved and keen arrows has surreptitiously stolen into the Home among us, and got busy with his practiced archery, and already two hearts have fallen victim to his unerring aim, and soon wedding bells are to ring in another pair, to walk the matrimonial path; whether by flowery vales and green fields, or ever stony roads beset with thorns, God knows now, and they'll find out later on. As for wedding bells, there's the chaplain, auto honk, the fire siren on the powerhouse, besides the tin teakettle in the chapel tower, and possibly the bandmaster will lend the bass drum for this special occasion. And when this is all over I am sure there will soon be more of the same doing, for if rings count for anything, there are others hard hit, and almost ready to fall.

C.J. TODD

Sawtelle, Cal.

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LATEST DOINGS AT SOLDIERS' HOME

C.J. Todd Touches Up Interesting Points in Lives of Old Soldiers.

(Santa Cruz Sentinel March 16, 1911)

Ed. "Sentinel": - Conditions at the old Soldiers' Home during the winter have been very pleasant and agreeable. Considering the amount of rain now nearly 14 inches, that has fallen, no kind of suffering or inconvenience has ensued. So gentle has been the precipitation, and well time, that no damage to roads or public property has occurred. The porous character of the soil enables it to absorb the moisture like a sponge; hence a very small amount runs to waste. Between the storms have occurred intervals of settled weather, sufficient to prepare the ground for the reception of the next rain. It is affirmed crop prospects never looked more promising in the Southland. The usual visitation of la grippe has been noticeably absent during the fall and winter months. No form of disability has prevailed, and contrary to all expectations and calculations, the death rate has been remarkable light.

Police reports indicate the general morale among the men has been maintained at a high standard. Remarkably few cases of any kind have come before the governor's court during the winter months, when it is supposable here will be the greater amount of misdemeanor, by reason of the crowded condition of the Home and general restraint due to weather conditions.

A close canvass of the different barracks shows the Home is filled almost to its capacity. In the hospital room has been at par all the time, the S.R.O. sign might have been appropriately displayed almost any old day. By shifting convalescents to the upper floors, and transferring the more well ones to company, room for the emergency cases has been found, although search for beds is no uncommon occurrence. Many come in from the outside who have deferred till almost the last day of life, some even till the very last day, before coming in. Some few cases have died before the nurses had gotten them disrobed and placed in bed. The men now coming in are morally a much better type of members than heretofore, largely Christian men of culture and refinement, which accounts for the pronounced moral improvement in the Home. There are still some of the old hands who, after being good just as long as they can, break out in the same old way, and have it out with Old John Barleycorn, and inevitably get knocked out, and have to be cooped up till he gets his hooks loosened up, and his fingers untangled from their hair, but the

cases are growing noticeably fewer all the time.

March pension is always looked upon as a crucial test, as it comes at the breaking up of winter, and often the relaxation from restraint is too sudden and violent, and the rebound so far over the center, as to destroy the equilibrium, as the colored doctor remarked by ways of explanation. As usual the annual pension bugaboo has afforded ample food for heated as well as learned discussion, and brilliant plans for future enjoyment when the raise came. When the gaudy bubble was punctured (as it was inevitably destined to be) and went down, many were the elaborate air castles that collapsed with it. But hope perennial springs eternal in the hearts of the gullible, and the gilded dreams of the old are quite as vivid as those of childhood and youth. No sooner had the old bauble disappeared than they began rehabilitating its bewhiskered ghost with new filaments of life that it might bob up serenely in next Congress. Thus will it ever be a "dead sea apple" that falls to bitter dust when brought to the lips.

Some changes have recently occurred in the medical corps. Dr. Andras Peterson, assistant surgeon, resigned, to accept assistant surgeon to the Los Angeles County Hospital, and Dr. E.M. Clinton, graduate of the college of physicians and surgeons of the University of California, was appointed in his place. Miss Ora Whitman, graduate of the M.E. Hospital Training School of Brooks, N.Y. was appointed ward nurse, vice Mrs. Travios of St. Louis, Mo., resigned on account of heart trouble.

The beach towns, Santa Monica, Ocean Park and Venice have decided against the sale of intoxicants to old soldiers in uniform, and the bartenders have signed a compact, refusing their trade altogether. These restrictions will, most likely, only stimulate the blind pigs in and around Sawtelle, and if possible make the matter worse. Colonel J.D. Hunt, of Columbus, commander of the Union Veteran Legion, was recently given a reception here by his order, and duly dined and feted by the old vets and their ladies.

A few days ago we buried John Spencer, a Mexican war veteran. He was the last survivor of Commodore Sloat's men, who assisted in raising the stars and stripes at Monterey, in 1846. He with a number of others were in attendance from here at the unveiling of the Sloat monument some years ago. Fred T. Loux, United States navy, weighing 320 pounds, was buried recently. He was the largest man in the Home, but not the tallest. That honor is held by a Filipino who is near seven feet in height, and known as the "wooden horse". When he sits down his knees are almost level with his face. Enoch Napier, A Company, Twenty-second Kentucky, an old time printer, and until recently a proof reader on the Los Angeles Herald, and member of the Typographical Union of Los Angeles, was buried February 3d. Captain Samuel B. McCall, a Mexican war veteran, and first captain of G Company, N.H.D.V.S., was buried March 8th. He was No. 125 of this Home and had been here about twenty years. Peter Mangels, "Old Pete," as he was familiarly known here, was buried March 8th. He was an old German and a very well known figure about the Home, having been here for many years. He claimed to have served in the army for over twenty-three years, having fought through the Crimean war before coming to America. He was a shoemaker by trade, and often talked to me about Frank de Cray, of Horsnyder's drug store, whom he declared he used to hold on his knee when Frank was a "wee bit of a baby".

Lying upon his white draped hospital cot, up in ward six, is our "Old Indian," Daniel Turner, who it is positively asserted, is now 105 years old. He is still able to converse slowly but intelligently. He really does not look his great age, but his record is faithfully vouched for and supported by legal documents held to be unimpeachable.

Just outside of the Home grounds, is one of the G.A.R. cottages, lies the long wasted bony form

of "Huntington," the man who drove the first stagecoach across the mountains for Ben Holladay, when the great overland was established. He is near the borne from whence no travelers return, speaks with difficulty, and is very nervous and irritable. In the hands of friends he receives all the care needed, and day-by-day waits the final release that one-day is sure to come.

C.J. TODD

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ODD EXPERIENCES AT THE OLD SOLDIERS' HOME
C.J. Todd Writes Interesting Letter of Old Veterans' Pranks at Sawtelle
(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 6, 1911)

Soldiers' Home, May 1, 1911

Ed. "Sentinel": - The sibilant voices whispering among the aromatic pines, the trill of bird and hum of bee upon the resinous wood-scented, flower perfumed air all indicate the advent of spring. From my aerie 'neath the sanitary campanile, my aesthetic eyes sweep the verdant fields, coulee, hill and dale, that unroll their gentle undulations like a verdant ermine robe where

League upon league, lies the glinting Southland,

Smiling while dreaming of greatness to be.

A misty grey veil hangs on its dim bound,

Where fretful surges the moon-mad sea.

Eastward, San Fernando's sharp jagged edge,

The dim translucence cleaves above.

Southward, afar, Catalina lies dreaming

The waters amid, like a vision of love.

Like the jeweled queen of the harem comes tripping

In the merry May, with the breath of flowers,

Gaily dancing o'er the land

Mr. Jupiter Pluvius having suspended operations with a gentle aqueous libation on All-Fool's day, and a final sprinkle on the morning of the 26th, we are now fairly launched upon the fresh tide of emerald glory that robes the land like a verdant sea.

Under the persuasive touch of rain and sun the famished lawns, flower borders and hedges have burst forth in new life and beauty.

Our annual inspection was conducted under the auspices of the full board of managers who remained with us for several days, looking closely and inquiringly into all matters pertaining to the management of the Home. They gave an open house for one day, during which time all kickers had their inning to make complaints and offer suggestions. Complaints would fill a matchbox, while suggestions could be carried away in a dump card. Our own H.H. Markham, the best friend this Home ever had, has been promoted to first vice president, and as usual he walked in among the old grey beards with the familiar air of being one of us. We were all pleased to have his faithful services recognized and honored. At the general inspection held in Windward Av. there were 1500 men able to be in line, and were highly complimented by the officers. The combined age of the men aggregated 10,500 years.

The social life among us continues to be very pleasant. The religious life seems on the improve. Most of the new members are Christians, and the attendance at the church as very noticeable increased recently. The spirit of contentment and restfulness among the men is very agreeable.

Cheerful faces and pleasant converse is met with wherever one goes about the grounds. Among the small crowd of the ultra discontented only, is a discordant voice ever heard. In this company the viciously inebriate and the hopelessly infidel- two classes always closely associated- are to be found all the kickers.

The little blind god with the curved bow broke in among us and did a very bad job recently, which proves that love is surely blind. George Eagan, a Philippine field nurse, who was employed here as head janitor, wooed and won Miss Weir, one of the ward nurses. They were wed and went to San Francisco on their honeymoon tour. Too liberal acquaintance with John Barleycorn had the usual effect. He leaped from a fifth story window of their hotel, struck upon his head. Five days married and one big booze. As she new the man's habits and was aware he had previously attempted self-destruction, it is evident love is blind, or a fool- take your choice.

Under the head of finished products comes Loubet Kelly, assistant cook. Met old John too often in a dark corner, cleared the kitchen with a cleaver in one hand and butcher knife in the other, pulled his gun on the steward, who went up to settle the row. He then adjourned to Los Angeles where he resumed operations on a larger scale, but was soon persuaded by the police to enter the cold storage business. The board of health awarded him a berth in Patten for an indefinite period, the usual resort of all finished products of this class of business.

By the way, I remember you have some scores of these persons doing business in beautiful Santa Cruz, the gem of the Pacific. Why don't you let them quit? They are an excellent crowd to be everlastingly rid of. Its decidedly low, and out of good taste to allow such characters about, especially where you are inviting nice people to come to spend the their leisure and their money with you.

Miss O'Brien, direct from New York was appointed ward nurse vice Miss Weir resigned.

A commendable piece of improvement is now under course of construction. It consists of six new cottages built upon the open-air plan, to be used as a septic settlement for the tuberculosis patients. They will have kitchens and dining room and be entirely separate, and away from all others persons, and occupy a special part of the grounds to themselves. That portion of the wards now occupied by this class of patients is to be cleansed and devoted to the reception of the present overflow of the hospital. Mess Emma O. Baker, nurse in the wards, was recently injured by being carried past her station by the Los Angeles Pacific railway. She was made to leave the car a mile or more from the station late at night. Failing to flag the passing cars she attempted to walk back to her station, fell into a cattle guard and sustained quite sever injuries. A suit for damages was brought in Judge Houser's court in Los Angeles, and she was awarded \$1,225.

Some time ago Mrs. Maude Dickens the soprano in the Home choir was injured in an early morning accident but failed to secure damages in her suit against the company.

Our nearby town of Sawtelle is quite an energetic burg, and busies itself to keep on the map. The ladies conceived a plan of adding to the improvement society's exchequer, and in their efforts scored a grand success under the caption, "Made in Sawtelle". The hall was filled with all manner of works of art, each guaranteed genuine home product. Nothing was permitted in the exhibition without proof that it was made in Sawtelle. Not even their babies. How's that for enterprise? Strikes me that's one on Fred Swanton.

Car services have been greatly improved this spring. By taking the yellow flag car you go directly into the city. A way car follows from the suburbs taking up all city traffic. These fellows down here are sure alive to all that's in their job, and don't wait to be pushed into reforms, but take the initiative and push them up against the people. All you have to do is whack up the price and enjoy your ride.

C.J. TODD

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MORE VETERAN PRANKS AT OLD SOLDIERS' HOME

C.J. Todd Pens Amusing and Pathetic Pictures of Life at Sawtelle

(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 11, 1911)

Ed "Sentinel"- Appomattox day was duly observed here at the Old Soldiers' Home, as it always is. John T. McBean was the orator. Among other things he said: "I am not looking for a Civil war, but I am looking for a repetition by different States of the Union of what was done by our Legislature that has just adjourned. In that Legislature there was more done to bring the common people into their own than by any previous Legislature in this State or by any other State of this Union".

Our Easter services were very fine. Special music and extra oratory. It's not well to conclude that because we are only old soldiers living in a Government Home that we are a sad sorry, lot, eking out a slow, miserable existence. It would be an eye opener for you to look in upon us once, and take a few notes. The best bands you can hire we have every day, the finest orchestra in Southern California belongs to the Soldiers Home. Our amusement hall cost \$3500 and stages the best shows traveling. We own our own moving picture machine and stand second to no house in the State. Our base ball nine engage the best teams, and brings home "da bacon" oftener than it goes away.

The death rate for the last two months has been very light, only twelve in the Home for March. William Stein, K Co., Fifty-first Missouri, a celebrated fresco painter who helped decorate the Czar's palace in St. Petersburg, was buried recently. He had been blind for several years. Thomas, the old engineer who hauled the train bearing Abraham Lincoln to Washington, died a few months ago and Will Aykroyd, who drove the engine that brought his body back to Springfield, after his assassination, died a few days since. Both men often talked over their experiences.

Major Wadsworth of the regular army is now in the Home, making the annual inspection for the Government. We have been getting polished up and drawing new clothes to make a swell stand for Uncle Sam. He says we are or have been better men than the Nation will ever be able to get again.

Its funny isn't it. When we want things instead of buying we go and hand in the worn things, and the storekeeper hands out new ones and takes in the old in exchange. No use for money here. I feel like I had forgotten how to do business, or use money. The strenuous rush and hustle of the world seems like a dark uncanny dream, a dismal nightmare through which I had been passing at some remote period, but half remembered.

The latest case of getting stung as we see it has a humorous phase to the man on the other side of the street. Our chaplain, who is short and stout, and rubicund of countenance, is something of an apiarist and not wishing to lose a refractory swarm that had betaken itself to the limb of a slim eucalyptus beyond the keepers reach, resolved to capture it and bring it down. Ascending the tree by means of a long ladder he sawed off the limb, but the bees rose and settled on another. This was cut down also, but the stingers rose again. For the third time the parson applied his saw when the angry swarm settled upon his head and face and got busy with their business end, helping him make time down the latter. He came down with the limb, and an assorted collection of stings planted promiscuously about the physical anatomy. Dr. Clinton, who hastened to his relief, thinks

his pulse must have been less than one hundred and fifty and temperature not quite two hundred when he arrived on the scene with the ammonia bottle. The chaplain is a man of spunk and good staying qualities in a close fight and he stoutly maintains there were bees on the limb when he hit the ground. Tom Brown, the beekeeper, says the same-- there were just two on the limb, the rest were hanging in patches on his face and neck. All the same, the chaplain doesn't take any bluffs. He cites the fact that the latest scientific experiments has demonstrated that bee stings are a sovereign remedy for rheumatism. If, as is claimed, twenty stings will cure the worst case, he will be immune for some time to come.

The brightest hour for us in this glad May day was the visit of the kid joy riders. This was an excursion from Los Angeles inaugurated by the Volunteers of America, and conducted by Miss Mary Foy, as grand marshal of the day, assisted by J. Alexander Sloan of the Times staff. They invited the people to place their autos at the disposal of the committee in order to give the inmates of the Children's Hospital and the children of the poor a May day outing to the beach by way of the Soldiers' Home. Miss Laura, a poor little "shut-n" who was burned by a kettle of scalding water last August, was chosen queen. Colonel J.W. Edwards of the Union Veteran Legion at the Home, asked them the privilege of crowning the little cripple queen might be reserved to the veterans, when the happy kid band reached the Home. To see her "wee" white face light up with smiles of joy when Captain Reed, with patriarchal beard and hair white as the driven snow, placed the rich chaplet on her delicate head caused these old pas and grandpas to grow young for the moment. It was the meeting of the North and the South, the zenith and nadir, the beginning and the end. It was June and December. Little Queen Laura aged 3, Captain nearly 102. Ah' yes and those two thousand other kiddies in two hundred autos- hear them shout in honor of their little fairy queen. Such sights remind us we are all fathers and have had happy bairns of our own. God bless the kids, they'll soon be the men and women of the land. Ah! yes, all too soon for their own happiness and peace of mind.

C.J. TODD

ISAAC GOTCHY PASSES ON *(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 23, 1911)*

Soldiers Home, May 21; 1911

Ed. "Sentinel"- On May 3, 1911, Isaac Gotchy of No. 458 Ocean St. Santa Cruz, was received at the Home Hospital and placed in Ward 1 under the charge of Dr. E.C. Day. Comrade Gotchy belonged to Co. K, the First Wisconsin Infantry. He was a very sick man when he arrived here. For a day or two he seemed to rally under the treatment of doctor and nurses. On the morning of the 11th of May at the breakfast hour he stopped in the midst of his meal, and in a few moments he breathed his last, silently, bravely, like the soldier that he was. He was buried in the Home Cemetery at 2 o'clock, May 13th, with full military honors. Some members of his old regiment were present at the funeral ceremonies.

C.J. TODD

EDITORS NOTE: - Very little else is known about Isaac Gotchy. He probably was from the Fond Du Lac region of Wisconsin and served in the First Wisconsin Infantry from September 1861-August of 1865. During those four years his unit participated in the battles of Perrysville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Sherman's March through Georgia and the Carolinas. He

was not a registered voter in Santa Cruz and possibly only lived in the community for a short period of time before entering Sawtelle.

HOW OLD SOLDIERS AMUSE THEMSELVES AT SAWTELLE

One of the Old Soldiers Gives His Observations in a Droll Interesting Manner

(Santa Cruz Sentinel July 14, 1911)

Soldiers Home, July 12, 1911

Ed. "Sentinel": - Judging by the somber index of shorn fields, and the amber texture of dun, treeless hills, it is the summer time, when sonorous bees gather honey, and the wise, busy ant bores his narrow hole and lays in ample store. The spring with birds and flowers, seems to have gone glimmering in fog and damp sea winds- all unperceived until a few days ago the vagrant, sun southward bound, tripped, and stumbled over the line, and began creeping backward.

Likewise, since last pension payment the dissolute son of man in azure robes, stumbles in across his uncle's home line and feeling upward for the ground mysteriously gropes his way to his empty cochon (that is, if the guard doesn't steer his star-gazing perambulations to a lonesome pallet on the ground floor of the guard house to have it out with old John). Uncle's babies, it seems, will insist- pension plunks spell plenty of drunks, and hike to the bubbling fountains replete with ye howling booze. If only the plunks and nose paint ran together in unending parallel lines, and happily met and kissed at the end of each quarter, leaving no cheerless, dry places between, none would care to die, or seek other heaven to know. It's those dismal shortages in rocks that periodically occur some three weeks after uncle's generous handouts that so jar and annoy their otherwise hilarious existence. But they maintain its lots of glory while it lasts.

The sun god having returned with his caloric wealth, all the accustomed open air hangouts welcome again their wonted habitu  of other days save such as the aged gent with the glass and scythe have invited to a parade up the "Loma de Hasse," and their name is legion. Paradise point, southwest corner of the hospital plot, is where religious cranks, political sharps and woolly howlers meet to chew the rag, split hairs and spit cotton.

Socialist row, on the north side, gathers there the solons of political economy. Any day there one may gather more chunks of pure concentrated wisdom. It's a drug on the market- all offerers and no takers. Doctors have ever refused to take their own medicines.

Just to the rear, 'near the classic shades of a tree of Cathay, sits in soldierly dignity the rotund form of General Thorp, the oracle and all-round animated cyclopedia of universal information, in ceaseless ebullition. He doesn't deliver information; it just simply bubbles up and oozes out of him. It simply has to do it because he knows so much more than he can contain that there must be a vent or the consequences would be disastrous and most annoying. To hear him shed huge slabs of high sounding Socratean erudition and broadsides of Solonic philosophy by the cord or square yard, is to say the least a rare privilege equaling a liberal education, and like bad whisky, the less you take the better you feel.

Up and down and all around the flame-swept hedges and flower-scented winding ways, on the rustic seats in the palm thatched kiosks, are gathered select groups, cussing and discussing everything from Dan to Beersheba, consigning to limbo all things between hell and Connegaut, thoroughly enjoying themselves, for it is their boast they fought for liberty and free speech, and you'd imagine they were using, as well as abusing, the fruits of victory.

Over at Snieder- the tin soldier fountain- men meet, drink and cuss; either that the water is too plentiful, clean and free, or that it ain't strong enough. Some say it burns one not used to that drink, others aver it is bitter with sin since the people were drowned in the flood. If only it was a sin to drink it, what glorious stuff it would be.

Across at police corner you get volumes in moments of detective work (mostly the speaker's own experience), criticisms by the cartload on the mistakes and failures of Burns and his men, as well as haystacks of information how to run this Government.

Meanwhile the band plays on, and the summer wind carries the music away on its wings, the old men sit by their bunks and furiously fight the tiger in games of solitaire, endeavoring to pile up today what they did yesterday. The jobs an endless chain, quits at night where it began at daylight. But this endless uncertainty seems its captivating fascination- better luck tomorrow. At the amusement hall anxious crowds await the opening hour, spit on their hands, seize a cue, and the battle royal is on afresh.

Upstairs troop the small game fighters and sit glum and silent as King Penguins guarding the rookery, hovering over checker boards and bewildering chess games, seemingly taking their amusement much as a dyspeptic his hateful blue pill. It seems to make some men awfully glum and sour looking to enjoy themselves.

Others with pipe and trusty staff hit the solitary byways, gliding like azure-clad ghosts with noiseless tread, thinking, thinking, or think they're thinking, about what- only God knows, or will ever know. As they never speak, man cannot find out.

The library reading room is flooded by the first morning flush that sweeps in, and is swept out by the janitor at night.

Meanwhile, beneath the acres of sanitarium roof moves on the ceaseless round of white clad nurses, ward orderlies in jackets, doctors in uniform, hype, chloride, dope, oxides, bandages and cotton. Then trundles in the undertaker's truck, and trundles out to the morgue what's left of the grand old army, of the best men the nation could get and better than can ever be had again. The sun shines on, birds sing, the trees are evergreen. We are happy, if for no other reason than that we have lived our day, and are no longer annoyed by the desire for pleasure and amusement. We're as the gold and scarlet leaves of autumn- ripe, ready to take our upward flight on the sweet heavenly breeze when God calls. Our work is over. We have left our acts with our responsibilities as a heritage to the world. Only eternity will reveal how they have been used, or to what purpose we toiled and suffered

C.J. TODD

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SOLDIERS' HOME CENSURE SAID TO BE FALSE
C.J. Todd Paints a Pleasing Picture of Life With the Old Veterans
(Santa Cruz Sentinel September 24, 1911)

Ed. "Sentinel": - We of the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home are now somebody, and may be said to live somewhere, since the aviator astride his big bird has paid us a special visit, and got dumped in our barley field. Huh, of course we're somebody, and can put on airs. Some weeks ago Gen. Otis of the Los Angeles Times arranged with Frank Champion, a local aviator, to make a flight to Soldiers' Home, and give an exhibition for the benefit of the hundreds of old men who had never seen a man bird in flight. That attempt proved a failure, as a huge fog bank rolled in from Venice just after the flyer started, obscuring the land so he could not see where he was going. He sheered

off toward Englewood and dropped in a farmer's corn patch, breaking the machine and had to be hauled back to the city for repairs.

He was advertised to make the flight on Sunday, the 17th, and arrived some hours late, misjudged his bearings, and in attempting to light struck an windrow of mustard which fouled the propeller, throwing the big bird onto its head, twisting the wheel out of line and wrenching out one of the propeller blade, necessitating an auto trip to Los Angeles for repairs. Late in the evening he succeeded in getting the thing turned up and gave us a very creditable exhibition, circling the Home and the town of Sawtelle two or three times before flying away home to roost, all the same as other birds.

PENSION DAY

On the 14th was pension day, and Uncle Same came around and scattered a hundred and thirty thousand of his big plunks among the old boys, and we've all been happy ever since. Just now Lieutenant Colonel C.W. Wadsworth, Government inspector, is with us, looking over for the annual report to the national managers at New York. We hear much of changes to be made, but give little credence to what we hear. The people here have not much else to do than tell and hear stories, and most of them are in the manufacturing business. If they haven't a story ready made its no effort to draw on the imagination. The Home is very quiet and running along as smoothly as if oiled for the occasion.

Recently our yearly calamity howl, started as usual by the drunken Filipino consumptives, went the round of the papers and magazines, whose chief mouthpiece is the West Coast Magazine of Los Angeles. It seems subsidized by the kickers, or was borne of a grouch and in the objective case. In ward nine of the hospital are about thirty Filipino and Spanish War men who employ their time in creating dissension, and starting evil reports. A letter sent from them to President Taft caused and investigation lately, which brought to light their contemptible fulminations. There are several characters who make themselves so annoying with their willful misrepresentations, that they have been expelled from the Home. They hang about and watch every chance to register a kick. When a reporter appears they fill his ears with their calamity howl about the management, but studiously avoid saying a word of what caused them to be driven out of the Home. The fact is they are too mean to live among the men, and use such abusive language about the officers that they are convicted in the Governor's court, and dismissed from the Home. These are the men who furnish the thunder for the West Coast, and others that seek to bring censure upon the homes. These reports are wholly untrue and grossly misleading. I speak of this as I see some of them repeated in the home papers, and I want to warn all old soldiers not to believe a single word of them. The Home is all right, better than nine-tenths of the inmates ever knew.

Already the quarters are filling up for the winter, new men coming in all the time. After a few weeks among us they declare it would require an act of congress to remove them. Social conditions are improving all the time, and the rough element is growing beautifully scarce. Frequently no court is held by the governor, no cases to try among over two thousand men, not a single offense reported.

On the 20th, Miss Jean Moore, youngest daughter of our treasurer and Dr. William E. Cade, assistant surgeon in the army were married. Mrs. Cade is the baby of the Home, born and raised here.

Governor Hiram Johnson is to speak here in Memorial Hall on the 27th, in support of the amendments.

October 14th will occur the annual automobile road race on the Santa Monica track, which skirts the Home grounds. Road marking and repairing has been on in earnest, both in the Home grounds

and on the county roads, for some time. The roads here are something to speak about. Where thousands of autos are constantly pounding day and night, it requires the best that the art of road building can produce.

Just now the bean harvest holds the middle of the stage, and all hands are eagerly chasing the big shiny Lima, and the crop is reported to be simply immense. The cool foggy mornings all the spring and summer was just what the bean crop wanted, and it has lined up in great shape, and is delivering the goods. Walnuts also are promising an unusual heavy yield, and if the Los Angeles papers are to be believed, the tourist crop bids fair to ellipse them all.

These Southland men stick together like brothers and work like beavers, and they land the big concerns all right. They keep out a decoy for everything that walks or flies, and it seems they bring home "dat bacon".

Health conditions in the Home are, and have been, very good, seven deaths to date this month. Today we buried Albert Saurun, 101 years old. He was a Frenchman by birth.

C.J. TODD

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C.J. TODD'S NEWS LETTER FROM OLD SOLDIER'S HOME
Various Phases of Life in Southern California Depicted.
(Santa Cruz Sentinel October 24, 1911)

Soldiers' Home, Oct. 18, 1911

Ed. "Sentinel": About the first of this, or near the close of last month Jupiter Pluvius slipped one over on the weather man, and before he could get his signals arranged the country was in the grip of the Insurgent water wagon, and had to take a through wetting down, lima beans and all. The "old settler" (as evasive as undefined historical facts) looked up from his habitual siesta with an eye full of alarm, uttered a Rhino snort of withering disgust. "Who'd a thunk it", "Taint accordin to rule." "Never happened so afore." It has not occurred to this ancient stand-patter ilk that old things are passing away and all things are becoming new.

Which reminds me that from the lucidity of his explanations, which befuddle more than they enlighten, the American people will awaken some day and hire them a new boss, possessed of less smile and corporosity and more of the milk of human kindness, and the ability to see downward revision when the millions are crying for bread, and food prices still soaring as winter, cold, gaunt, and remorseless, takes the people in its relentless grasp.

Apropos of which William cut us dead out this time, (because) when he was here the last time he told us we lived too long for our own good, and then waited for the "rah, rah" from the old vets, but he'd put on the Maxim Deafner, and the yell was conspicuous for its grave like silence. Observing this, and seeing his smile wouldn't "fotch 'em", William concluded his remark be declaring he could "prove it by the Los Angeles real estate men". This soothed like a dash of vitriol on raw flesh, and then he spoke about going and stood not on the order, but "goed". This time he "goed" around and no come to see his "auld darlings".

Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th, Admiral Thomas and his four ships were the guests of Santa Monica, and the seaside city gave him a hip, la, "hiu skookem" time, and held out the glad hand to the Jack Tars and Blue Marines. On Sunday was extended to the members of the Home a free excursion and visit to the battleships. There was a liberal response, but the water was rough and the service inadequate. Thanks for the courtesy just the same. We recall that when the fleet visited here we stood in line and Admiral Thomas sat on the side of this auto, brown as an old sea

dog, and talked fatherly to us as he passed along. "No cheers" was the order, but when "Dad" Thomas began telling us we were a good looking crowd of old huskies, and never looked better, and we supposed he was from Missouri and had to be shown. He could see our stomachs were all right and wanted to prove we had not lost our voices, and so we "gin im" the old '65 whoop that cleared the southern woods and rifle pits. Being wise to big guns he had his cap pulled over his ears. On the 10th we lined up to do another kind of battle for which we've been waiting since '61. I guess you've heard from us already.

It was refreshing to see these old men bear their snowy crowns to heaven, thankful for having been allowed to live to see this day, and be permitted to help enfranchise the old wrinkled, faded wives who watched the homes, and bore the brunt of war at the north, while the husbands held the enemy at bay on the battle line in the South. It's done; her right is fully vindicated, but its tardy recognition. Most of us might easily say with good old Simeon, "Now, Lord let thou, thy servant depart in peace"- "For mine eyes have seen thy salvation". As a fitting jubilation to the glorious vindications of the sex we all declare:

Woman Shall Vote

Let free men shout, hip hip, hurrah.
The men of this fair golden coast,
(Who make freedom their proudest boast)
Have risen like a conquering host
proclaiming loud with voice and votes
That to the woman shall be given
Full franchise neither her flag that floats,
In glory 'gainst the azure heaven.
The right to her so long denied
By man, to stand with hands untied,
And vote in freedom by his side,
Help make the laws that shall her bind,
Deal equal justice to mankind,
To her, vote is given today.

The slavish bond of sex is broke,
That heathen leash about her hands
(Cursed relict of some barbarous bands)
Shall find no place in Christian lands.
Woman is now no chattel slave,
In barter given at man's behest,
And will not longer be oppressed.
As mother of the human race.
In honor now she takes her place
With pride and modesty of grace
Beside the alter fires, to forge
Just laws that shall all evil scourge,
Because free men today have spoke.

And in the glorious onward trend,

Of human life and liberty,
Her voice and vote shall ever be
Against oppression, for the free.
For purity of home and life,
Driving white slavery from the land.
Promoting peace, suppressing strife,
For just and right she takes her stand.
Safeguarding home and fireside,
Giving to children help denied
By greed, that has God's law defied.
The marriage bond she purify,
The land reclaim, rum's rule defy,
Be man's helpmeet and truest friend.

And this, as capstone to the world's climax, comes the great International auto road race, which for going some is in a class all by itself. The weather is and has been ideal, and the track as in the very pink of good condition; the drivers say the finest in the world. The speeding was something terrific, many; of the drivers urging their cars to a speed of over a hundred miles an hour on some parts of the track where there are straight stretches. The free for all race was the most reckless, dare devil piece of work I have ever seen. The winning car, a big heavy weight, won, at a speed of 74.93 miles per hour. A Los Angeles boy drowned several crack Eastern drivers, and leaped into front rank as a national racer at a single bound. California for brain, and brawn forever.

C.J. TODD

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ANOTHER NEWSY LETTER FROM OLD SOLDIERS' HOME

C.J. Todd Describes Some Very Interesting Incidents.

(Santa Cruz Sentinel November 23, 1911)

Soldiers' Home; Nov. 15, 1911

Ed. "Sentinel": - Recently old Mr. Boreas, a distinguished visitor from Klondike, accompanied by a slight offspring of Mrs. Jupiter Pluvius, paid us a visit, and they made themselves felt as well as heard. Perhaps their conduct was a sequel to the usual Halloween pranks just preceding their arrival. Anyway they got busy among our clustering trees and did some rough pruning in a very unscientific manner, in several places dropping trees across the iron fence that surround the home grounds, besides scattering limbs promiscuously about the grounds, some say, to the amount of a thousand dollars of damage to the Home. The wind came up nearest to being a gale of anything in that line that has visited us during my sojourn here. The temperature sank rapidly, causing the quartermaster to open up his storehouse and hand out the summer's accumulation of blue overcoats. We old boys can't face the cold winds and laugh in defiance as we could in the sixties.

For a few weeks we had been enjoying real summer weather, about the nicest we have had this year; this made the cold snap pinch all the harder. Just now we are in the midst of unsettled conditions, between hay and grass as it were.

At the first of the present month our old steward, B.W. Bartlett, resigned to enter business, and B.I. Preston of Los Angeles took us in hand, and has been giving good satisfaction. He is an old

hotel steward and therefore, as is their custom, looks closely after the grub end of the job, which under his supervision shows healthy improvement, and no one but the commissioner of substance is kicking about it, and we all are seeing him nagged with that kind of pain.

Our chief surgeon, Major O.C. McNary, whose wife has fallen heir to a couple or three thousand dollars in the East, is packing his household goods, and goes hence the 15th of the present month. The Major's familiar phiz has been so long among us, and we have learned to trust, and rely on him for so many days that the Home will be strange, and look lonesome when he's gone, and the loss of his wife's tall, commanding presence will render us orphaned indeed.

The Home has been quite gay this fall, entertained many visitors, a month the latest being a large picnic party from Santa Ana, who held a meeting, and gave a dinner in the Pepper Tree Drive, which was attended by the officers of the Home and the Home band. They all ate and drank of the good things, then the band boys blew out their brains for their delectation- what more could have been expected? The visitors were delighted with the Home and loud in their praise of its beauty and the generous reception accorded them.

"In every land and clime you see two of a trade can not agree".

Our neighbor on the east is the town of Sawtelle, much of which is composed of old soldiers and their families. Here are gathered all the disgruntled men who are too meddlesome and contrary to live in the Home. These employ their time in mischief making, starting falsehoods and creating disturbances. I have mentioned them in previous letters. They are wholly irresponsible, and from that source arises nearly all the adverse reports in circulation against the official management of the Home. As the Home grounds and the town adjoin, dissatisfactions have arisen concerning sewerage, and now the town is seeking expert advice as to whether a town can lodge complaints against a Government institution. If so it wants to declare the Home's septic system a howling nuisance, as well as make several other and various charges. It's something like a terrier's annoying bark at the feet of the elephant upon which it depends for sustenance. It is said that since the 22d amendment, exempting soldiers and sailors' property and taxation has become law, the town will be forced to relinquish its incorporation, yet some think it may possibly squeeze through.

The town has now on foot (since the women became voters) a plan to change the name in order to be rid of certain early day associations and family feuds, They contend the name of Sawtelle is too easily corrupted into Squawtell, which savors too much of the conditions of its archaic period. The women have the selection of a new name under advisement, and report affirms such new and romantic head lines as Chicago, Boston and New York are being furiously debated in their oft assemblages. It's my opinion such names are rather more exalted than it can hope to attain, taking its rise from the racherias.

The arrogant squeal of the blind pigs became so brazen and blatant, that recently the Home officers hunted them out, and sent one James Matherly, a junk dealer, aged 66 years to the county jail for a term of six months, with a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. Six months in hock proved too much for him. While working as a trusty in the kitchen of the jail he seized the potato knife and cut his throat, dying before medical assistance could reach him.

A merchant out on the west side of the Home had a better proposition. By a process all his own he manufactured the booze, the men say of good quality and was coining plunks on the trade when the hand of the law nabbed him. His two trials have resulted in a divided jury and so far the jail, though yawning for him has failed, but it's only a matter of time; they wont be deterred by the fear of punishment.

Dearer than liberty, or even life itself is poteen, and they'd go even to the devil's stronghold to get it. That string of eleven's seems to have received an added impetuous here in the Home by the

death of Charles M. Burk, who died on only on the 11th day of the 11th month of 1911; but at the 11th hour of the day, which seems to complete the series. William Reed, nearly 102 years old, was buried a few days ago. He was a Mexican war soldier. At his funeral was Dr. Parker also of the same war and Charles Dail, who was in two battles with him, Monterey and Buena Vista. Reed would have been 102 March 15th. Edwin Baily, the oldest Elk in the world will be 102 March 7th next, 8 days older than Reed. Indian Louie, who will be 102 next May, was also present at Reed's funeral. Our old man is Daniel Turner, who lives in Santa Monica but is a member of the Home. He claims to be past 105 and is well and lively. Capt. McLaughlin, the very last one of the Sloat expedition who raised the flag over Monterey in 1846 is still about on his crutches, and is often seen leading some old blind man about the grounds. These old fellows are as cheerful as crickets and happy as clams at high tide, and in no hurry to die.

C.J. TODD

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REPORTS DROUGHT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
C.J. Todd Writes One of His Meaty Letters From Old Soldiers' Home
(Santa Cruz Sentinel February 15, 1912)

E. "Sentinel:"- It seems we might reasonably join the doleful refrain of the grasshopper bitten Kansas farmer:

We sit and look across the plain, and wonder why it doesn't rain.

It seems either to have forgotten or never knew how to rain in this blessed Southland of eternal sameness. There have been a few light sprinkles, but so long ago that their memory has become ancient history. The ultra optimistic look wise and solemnly aver "plenty of time yet". I should like to add; when time fails they are so cunning in the art of doing things they might make a sight draft on eternity, and manage to get in honored.

The Home's irrigating tanks are running very low and the lawns and flowers are showing the effect of drought very much. It is still within the range of possibilities for it to rain, but from all appearances the most unlikely thing imaginable. Report has it that the pumping plants are able to supply sufficient water to insure the orange crop, but what can grow for the sustenance of man and beast does not appear, even on the most distant horizon. The stoic self-possession of the people, and the press, is most commendable, bordering on stoicism. Not a line is seen in print, or the soul of a petulant plaint from any source. Truly this seems the long sought Utopia of the one lunger who has so devoutly wished for that distant sunny realm where it never rains.

The Home improvements, that have been in progress for some time, are all coming to a close, and as a consequence marked change in appearance are noticeable. An elaborate hot air system has been installed and is a great improvement on the former system now almost decayed by time and usage. Since the completion of the system of artesian wells much new supply pipe has been laid and the latest sections of lawn and garden brought under irrigation service. Two new dwelling houses, one for Captain McLaughlin, commissioner of substance, the other for Capt Startzman, the adjutant, have been completed recently, and occupied by the families of these two officers much to their comfort and satisfaction. Formerly both lived in rented quarters.

The septic settlement so long in course of preparation is now nearing completion, much to the evident satisfaction of all, as it will relieve the congested condition of the general hospital, which

has been crowded to its utmost capacity, the morning report often showing not an empty bed in any ward, except the consumptive, which can not be filled by any but tubercular patients. These quarters are arranged in semi-circular form, facing the southward, and top ventilated and lined with wood ceiling, covered with septic germicide paint. They will be far the most sanitary, as well as comfortable barracks in the whole Home, and yet I do not think one would voluntarily welcome the luxury of a fatal malady for the privilege of residing in them.

The Home has been the most crowded this winter in all its history; at times it became necessary to send men to the guard house to find beds, not a single empty bunk in any of the eleven barrack buildings, with the hospital swarming, and hundred sleeping outside in rented cabins. There has usually been between 1500 and 1800 men on furlough, but now that number has dwindled down to about 1000. There are above three hundred more being cared for now than ever at any one time before. Those competent to judge in the matter contend the number will increase, as the men are all growing old, and rapidly nearing the end. There is scarcely a day but there are from three to seven or eight waiting admission, sometimes thirty or more temporary at post, waiting room for admission.

After March pension some will take furlough, but soon return, generally carried into the hospital ward to die in a few days, some even the same day. There is no prevailing complaint in the Home all deaths, generally speaking, are from old age, and long standing chronic complaints. January is said to have been the banner month for deaths, 33 in the Home and 6 on the outside.

Also in the way of notables it reaped its harvest. There was Major Heistand of the First Louisiana Tigers, a man of letters and official distinction and a lawyer by profession as well as a soldier. Capt. Daniel McLaughlin, the very last of the Mohicans, so to speak, was gathered to his comrades. He was the very last of the Commodore Sloat expedition who raised the flag at Monterey in 1846, the year my birth, an able seaman when I was in swaddling clothes. After posing the old man's limbs in their final repose, I stood by his side in thoughtful contemplation of his checkered, eventful past, musing upon the history he had helped make. His dying request was to be buried on Dead man's island in the harbor at San Pedro, where his old captain had been resting, but it was ascertained that his portion of the island had been devoured by the sea many years ago. He left some very interesting relics to the University of Southern California. At last after the long drawn out period of 103 years lacking a few days, the father of the home, Capt. Edwin Baily, the silky haired patriarch, quietly fell to sleep. With out affliction he passed out, the most natural death from old age reported on the records. He was a wonderful old man, hard to approach but congenial when won over. He was my friend almost from the start and visited me almost every day as long as he could walk. He refused to use a cane, and wore glasses only under severe protest. English by birth, he was deeply read and retained his memory almost to the end. Edward Kerr, A Spanish War man, the tenth son of one poor old mother, was also of the January harvest. So far this month we have averaged one per day.

In Southland sun, beneath the trees
Where fronded palms wave their broad fans
Like war plumes flaunting in the breeze
We've paused to dream with folded hands.
At out tent doors waiting we stand
Ready to don the star-gemmed crown,
When God shall take us by the hand
Saying, come home, life's sun's gone down

C.J. TODD

RAIN AT OLD SOLDIERS' HOME
C.J. Todd Tells of St. Patrick's Day in Southern California
(Santa Cruz Sentinel March 21, 1912)

Soldiers Home March 18, 1912

Ed. "Sentinel"- Dear Sir- With the advent of March, also came the welcome showers. When awaking on the first morning of the new month the cheerful sound of falling raindrops awoke a Psalm of rejoicing in all hearts. The long anxious drought was broken to the merry music of the "patter of the rain drops on the roof" The copious downpour has been bounteous, at times bordering on the storm limit. Toward the close came the rain from the north, accompanied by a liberal share of pyrotechnic glitter, and real old fashioned Missouri thunder, that made the Old Vets sit up and think they were receiving a message from home, "way back yonder," so long has it been since they heard the old water wagon lumbering over the corduroy roads through the timber.

Miss Southland, being a head, high stepper, hurried up and ordered her new spring gown done up in all the bright shades of emerald, and as yesterday was the 17th of "Ould Ireland," she was on parade, tricked out from heel to heads in her new spring attire of verdant hue, shimmering and bright. Even the music at the bandstand consisted of the green shades, being composed of the New Tipperary, Irish ballads and emerald waltzes. The whole scene on that occasion fairly gleamed and scintillated with shamrock and green swards.

On the 14th came old Uncle with his big red wagon, and handed out the little brown envelopes to the old boys, and never halted till he had passed out about 150,000 plunks to the more than 3000 men that draw their pension from his post. As quickly and deftly as it was handed out it disappeared, where, how and for what, who shall tell? The post offices, express office and banks were thronged at once, the gentle impulse of the long anticipated help from papa and grandpa was felt in thousands of humble homes somewhere, and hearts were made happy by the needed assistance.

Hope ran high when the Salway bill was passed by the House. Many were sure the long looked for dollar a day was at hand. It was discussed everywhere, even around the bird cages, so much was said that the parrots caught the refrain, and the men declare when a crowd comes before the cages the parrots will begin shouting, "Dollar a day, boys, dollar day, sure."

Recently Col. Miller, chief surgeon and inspector with Major Wadsworth of the board of national managers, was here on official business. As this was Col. Miller's first visit to this Home, he had very much to say and recommend. Being an Eastern Yankee, he was strictly on the cheap John order, and began slashing expenses in all directions at once, and ordering changes galore. After indulging his skinflint tactics for a while he was suddenly brought to the realization that this is out West, and built on different lines from New England, that people are not falling over each other to get a chance to work for nothing, with no glory thrown in. He retired wiser than he came, which is by no means an uncommon experience for down easters. Just now the management is preparing a list of needs and wants for Congressman Stephens, to be placed before the Congressional Committee at Washington on the 25th of this month. What the result will be no one can guess, but should it be anything great, all will be surprised.

C.J. TODD

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SOLDIERS' HOME NEWS ITEMS

C.J. Todd relates some interesting incidents

(Santa Cruz Sentinel March 22, 1912)

Ed. "Sentinel": - The row over the road passing through the home grounds from Los Angeles to Santa Monica seems in a fair way to be settled at last, the county having finally assumed the ownership and responsibility of the road in exchange for certain other rights and concessions granted the Home.

In view of the fact that the great annual auto road race on the Santa Monica track takes place May 4th this year, the county is already at work preparing the tracks for that famous event, which is expected to outstrip all former meets that have taken place here. An incident of historic importance, which will add greatly to this year's meet, is the recently discovered fact that the birthday of the naming of the city falls upon the same day. In 1769 two soldiers discovered a spring on the hillside from which flowed pure clear water. What shall we call it, asked one of the other? Santa Monica was the reply, because the water is precious and sweet, like the tears Santa Monica shed over her erring son. It will be the 143d anniversary of its naming.

Recently Captain John Howell took a tumble from the west steps of the main building hall while waiting for the noon meal. He struck on his head and his scalp was lacerated severely, one gash being about five inches long and requiring several stitches. While under the surgeons' hands he suddenly opened his eyes and remarked, "Hello, boys, where am I, am I dead?"

As evidence that age don't cool the veteran blood, Mortimer Whitehead, aged 70 years has just completed a cottage at Belle Vernon Avenue, and furnished it for a bride. Yesterday he procured the marriage license. The woman is his old sweetheart of fifty years ago, and is 68 years of age. They were betrothed before the war, during which they became separated. Now the threads of their old love romance have been united, and they will wed and finish their days, as they loved in youth.

Many changes in the hospital force as well as the official corps, have taken place recently. Two of the ward nurses resigned to go down to the canal. As a becoming outfit one of them, a Miss Russell, purchased a new hat for 69 dollars. One of the officers being in the matrimonial market, began figuring what the whole suit at the proportion would amount to, but retired from the market before he had finished the calculation.

There were 33 deaths in the Home and 6 on the outside in January. This is a banner month of this Home's history. There were twenty deaths in February, and eleven to date this month. The Home is more crowded this winter than ever before in its history. Often men are sent over to the guardhouse to find beds for the night. New men are coming all the time, as fast as one is out two are ready to take his place.

C.J. TODD

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CELEBRITIES AT SOLDIERS' HOME

C.J. Todd tells of the Men There Who Have Had Notable Careers

(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 28, 1912)

Soldiers' Home May 25, 1912

Ed. "Sentinel": - From time to time we have been slowly gathering in notables from the stirring days of yore who still linger, like stars of larger magnitude among the satellites of dimmer glow. Among the others appears the names of two former California senators, Wilson and Cole, also the names of many well-known pioneers in nearly every calling and occupation in life. Captain Lionel Craig, a close lineal descendant of Daniel Boone of Kentucky, Dundington, the man who drove the first stage across the mountains for Ben Holliday; as well as adventurers of the sea; John Spencer and Captain Daniel McLaughlin, who were the very last of the Commodore Sloat expedition who raised the stars and stripes in Monterey, California thereby saving the sunny, golden coast from British rule; McLaughlin the really last survivor, having but recently passed on; Thomas and Aykroyd, the famous engineers, one of whom ran the engine hauling the train into Washington that bore Abraham Lincoln as president to the capital, the other driving the engine bringing the martyred remains back to Springfield, Ill; the last survivor but one of the crew of the little Monitor that fought the Merrimac in Charleston harbor and many others too numerous to mention are all gathered in here.

My old friend, Captain Edwin Baily, the oldest Elk of the world, and the old man of the Veterans' Home who passed at the age of 103 also graces our long line of notables. As a fitting climax to this array of remarkable men whose youth reaches back into the archaic period of America's economic prosperity and greatness comes the St. Paul of the Republican party, Oliver P. Wharton, Sr. The editor, life long friend, associate and co-worker with the great emancipator Abraham Lincoln. Wharton was born in Meigs Township, Muskingum Co., Ohio, in 1830, and was the son of a pioneer Methodist circuit rider of the Mississippi Valley. Learning the printers trade, he established the *Noble Co., Investigator* at Olive Ohio, in 1850. Migrating to Illinois, he started the *Daily Advertiser* at Rock Island, and in 1856 established the *Rock Island Advertiser* in Davenport, Iowa, editing both papers at the same time. In 1856 he was made secretary of the convention at Decatur, Ill, and wrote the resolutions and articles that formed the Republican Party, under Abraham Lincoln, as chairman. From this convention was sent to the national convention delegates that nominated John C. Fremont as the party's first candidate. Wharton remained with the *Rock Island Advertiser* until the breaking out of the Civil war, when he serviced with F Co. of the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry, serving in the capacity of hospital steward. On his return from the war he moved back to Pennsylvania, and in company with the late Senator Matt S. Quay started the *Beaver Radical*, which was sold to James Reutan in 1870. Unaided he started the *Youngstown Vindicator* in 1884. His last venture was at Sandusky, Ohio which paper he edited up to six years ago when, on account of failing health, he came to California, bringing \$40,000 with him, which was soon lost in several ill-advised speculations, leaving him stripped of the last dollar. Wharton claims it was at Olive, Ohio, in the office of the Noble County Investigator, and under his training that General Otis of the Los Angeles Times gained his knowledge of the newspaper business. Mr. Wharton may be said to be the St. Paul of the Republican Party, which has been the means of leading the country along the road of its unparalleled advancement and unequalled prosperity. Wharton was a giant in strength and nature, as well as in intellect. He claims his greatest feat of memory was spelling the unabridged dictionary through and giving two definitions to each word. This he did at New Castle PA., while the editor of the *Lawrence Co. Journal*, owned by David Sankey, father of the well-known singing evangelist, Ira D. Sankey. Sankey had offered a wager of \$5000 that Wharton could accomplish the feat, but found no takers. Wharton volunteered to

make the effort and succeeded in the presence of large audiences, which witness the great effort.

In the fourth coming volume of personal reminiscence of Abraham Lincoln, will appear several chapters prepared by Mr. Wharton in his last days, at the earnest solicitation of the authors of the book. These autumn leaves of his closing life are full of the power of his virile pen, descriptive of those stirring days of the archaic period of the grand old party and its ever-living exponent, the great emancipator.

C.J. TODD

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WITH OLD VETS DOWN SOUTH
C.J. Todd Paints Present Picture of Los Angeles Country
What's Happening at the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle?
(Santa Cruz Sentinel July 12, 1912)

Old Soldiers Home

Ed. "Sentinel": - According to the almanac it is the summer time in this "land of little rain," but judging by what the weather man is dishing up for me it's almost anything from January in December. The weather is a highly variegated mosaic of different patterns composed of spots and splashes from all seasons. No warm weather of any consequence yet to speak of, morning fogs that last the greater part of the day, swift winds from the sea most of the time, falling temperature at evening requiring the steam heaters to be turned on almost every night. The bean weather as this is familiarly known here, got a late start in the spring and holds its grip to make up for lost time.

On account of late rains and retarded sowing, the hay crop is both low and thin, and consequently light, as the grain failed to fill on the Home grounds as well as throughout the country the harvest is progressing quite rapidly. The cultivated crops, beans, and peppers, are forging ahead satisfactorily, promising good yields. So far there's no complaint from lemon and orange prospects. The general appearance of the Home grounds holds up well with the persuasive influence of the late fogs. On account of the lateness and scarcity of rain the Home water supply became exhausted early in the season, and the flowers and lawns were restricted to the scant summer allowance before the season had begun.

Nearly the whole water supply for the Home and the grounds is being pumped from wells sunk in the flat lying on the eastern side of the Home grounds. The well borers are now sinking number one of a new series of wells that is expected to augment the present supply to an ample sufficiency for all purposes.

Health conditions here may be said to be above par- no complaint is heard from any source, the number attending doctors call each morning is unusually small. Last quarterly pension was paid on the 14th, when above \$150,000 were dispensed among the recipients.

Next quarter is calculated, including the late raise, will aggregate \$175,000. It is most too soon yet to correctly estimate the effect of good eating and drinking- mostly the latter- on the old soldiers constitution. Later, no doubt the effect of too free contact with old John Barleycorn will crop out in all its loathsome, native deformity.

It is fast becoming a serious matter to provide sufficient reliable help to maintain the hospital. With increased pension, and growing age, with its consequent infirmity, the old men are dropping out, and the Philippine and Spanish war boys, what few of them are not tubercular patients, are

thriftless and unreliable. The citizens who come into the Home's employ are even worse, and more worthless than old soldiers. The very first payday usually finds them gone on a big booze fight. They are inveterate beats, always borrowing and running away in debt.

One of them left us in the evening; next morning was in Los Angeles jail, charged with stealing \$300 and a diamond ring from a Pasadena woman. He sent out word he was innocent, but forgot to hide the property when searched in the jail.

Lewis R. Jenkins of the celebrated 4th Iowa Cavalry, one of the best regiments in the field, passed away recently at the Home. He was an old time Santa Cruz carpenter with whom I labored many a long weary day, wrestling boards and nails. His home was out on River St. toward the tannery. His son George, from San Diego and wife and daughter from Sacramento, were in attendance at his funeral.

William R. Cushing of East Santa Cruz, succumbed to the ravages of tuberculosis recently in little Manila, as we call the new consumptive ward, recently completed and brought into use as a part of the Home, but a separate institution complete its self having, cook, nurse, dining room and waiters of its own. Cushing was a long enduring patient sufferer and passed in peace surrounded by home friends.

It is now like the home of Miss Dolly Varden, cleaning day from Monday morning to Saturday night. Under the persuasive stimulus of an appropriation of \$76,000, \$35,000 of which is to be devoted to hospital renovation, we are having a general overhauling, the end of which the mind of man seeth not. Large numbers are going out since the last pension payment, many declaring for good and all, which is no doubt true as long as it lasts, but in most such cases it lasts like the Indian's pork when he invited his neighbors to a feast- awful quick.

C.J. TODD

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OLD SOLDIERS FEELING FIT
Interesting Letter from S.C. Resident There
(Santa Cruz Sentinel September 15, 1912)

Ed. "Sentinel:"- Tuesday the 10th, was Grand Army day at Soldiers' Home and they were here by the thousands, in fact some thousands more than were expected. When Capt. McLaughlin, Commissioner of Substance, took a hasty survey of the crowd he fled for the dining hall and set the sandwich mills buzzing in haste, and the bread cutters chopping like a den of beavers, and still the crowds kept coming. They declare everybody and his wife got something to eat. They didn't eat all they got. When the dump men came to clean up the lawns there were large quantities of bread, meat and fruit raked up in the rubbish. The day was ideal and the crowd was good-natured. At three in the afternoon they went to the beach at Santa Monica, and sometime back to the city.

Wednesday was the great parade in the city. Many of the home members attended. Being too lame to walk about much, I remained and relieved one who could enjoy it better than I could have done.

The G.A.R. men are holding up well in age and appearance, many of them look young, all apparently younger than the men in the Home.

The women of Sawtelle won the prize in the marching column in the city on Wednesday. Our men who saw them declare they were the best looking company in the line.

Our corps women attend funerals at the Home so much that they are in good marching order. I saw only a few Santa Cruzans on the ground, but suppose there were several here. P. P. Perry and

a few others were all I met. Kept looking for Judge Smith and Captain Goldsby, but they failed to come in to range of my spectrum.

We are now in tense preparation for the annual inspection, which is promised for the next week.

Just completed a system of fuel gas, which is to be used in all open fires in the Home. Our new wells brought in during the spring has proved ample for all demands. Grounds look better now than at any similar season since I have been here. No summer yet, only fair spring, with a tinge of autumn. Slight rain, but plenty of damp fog.

Whole membership of the Home 3,392. On furlough 1159. Present in quarters 2233. Temporary at post waiting admission, 9. Net gain for the quarter 3.

The new investigating committee recently appointed in Washington to examine into the affairs of the Pacific branch, consists of Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, Senator Carton, New Mexico, and Senator Jones of Washington State. It has not been announced when they will be here.

Progressives are strong in the Home. Sawtelle is said to be the strongest Progressive town in the county.

Monthly expense was paid on the third of this month and amounted to a little over ten thousand dollars. General pensions for this quarter will be paid about the 18th and will run much over the usual \$150. Not above one hundred and fifty names have been received out of the more than 3000 applicants for increase pension.

Next quarter is expected to reach nearly all; the Pension Bureau has been allowed 300 extra clerks to help out. Health here is good, eight deaths so far this month. Yours-
C.J. TODD

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SOLDIERS' HOME AT SAWTELLE
Entertaining Items From Our Correspondent There
(Santa Cruz Sentinel October 6, 1912)

The first slight shower of the fall season came along with the first of the present month, but it was so light as to be of little importance. Wednesday night rain began falling again and has continued to the present, and is still dark and threatening. We have had practically no summer to speak of. Only one hot spell a short time since, of four or five days duration. The last few days of September were warm, but nothing approaching hot weather. The season all through has been remarkable for its unusual coolness. The lawns have not suffered from drought nearly so much as would have been the case had the weather been hot as usual. Early in the spring the Home management saw themselves confronted with a water shortage, and began sinking wells. The second one of a series of three proved such a success that we have had no shortage at all. There is an underground river flowing from the mountain regions to the northward of the Home and it has been the belief that it passed through the Home grounds. This season has proved the correctness of the opinion: the chief engineer believes he has struck the centre channel, and these last wells seem to sustain his contention. The town of Sawtelle, just below the Home, has a large pumping station fed by this same underground source, also one or two pumping stations toward Santa Monica are located on the same underground source. Over east of the Home is a large farming section in which pumping is resorted to for irrigation, and the supply seems inexhaustible.

Recently the yearly inspector has been with us overlooking all things very carefully, condemning much worn out property, ordering chloroforming of superannuated stock, and recommending

changes for better convenience.

After the fall elections we are to have the senatorial investigation ordered by Congress at the behest of Senator Works. If it proves as beneficial as all the other investigations being conducted under Congressional authority we shall never live long enough to learn the results, should there be any.

Recently Colonel Cochrane, our brave old Governor was stricken with a severe attack of indigestion, from which confinement an acute attack of pneumonia resulted, which double attack came near exterminating his tenure of office. The Home surgeons, under the leadership of Major B.F. Hayden, our new head, made a masterly coup and broke the pneumonia, saving the governor's life. We had several anxious days and the old grey men hung about the board watching for bulletins of his condition till it was announced he was out of danger.

Recently we have been having quite a series of accidents. The second cook at L Co.' dining hall fell and thrust her right arm into a kettle of boiling water above the elbow, receiving a very severe burn which came near costing her life: slowly she is recovering.

Being invited to stand and deliver while on a trip to the city, an old vet refused the order, and in warding off the blow had his arm broke.

The painter's gang at work repainting the steel ceiling of the big dining hall had a severe fall by crowding too many men onto an untested plank in their staging. One man is lying in the hospital with what is thought to be a fractured spine and severe internal injuries besides. Small hope of his recovery is entertained. Another one had a badly bruised head, but it not wholly incapacitated for labor. Someone may ask, what do you do when civilians in the Home's employ are hurt or become sick? They are placed in as comfortable quarters as can be secured and treated as carefully as can be done. In case of death, they are buried at the Home's expense, but not in the same place with the members, but in a beautiful plot set aside for emergencies of this kind. There is nothing parsimonious about our good Uncle Sam: he gives a square deal and asks the same. This morning one of the oldest workers in the laundry was caught and his arm crushed in the mangle. He has been employed in this place and work about fifteen years, and thought to be secure against accident. Amputation of the injured member was necessary.

There has been quite a change in the personnel of the Home force within the last few weeks. Dr. Derhage and Dr. Moore coming into the medical force from northern and eastern Homes, and Druggist Clark from Michigan State home, also some new lady nurses from the East and northern homes. A few days since Dr. Reedy, second on the staff, was summarily dropped from the rolls and dismissed the government services for unprofessional practice and ungentlemanly conduct toward the female help. Health conditions normal, additions to the membership constant and rapid, several days running as high as twelve or fourteen. We are expecting the most crowded condition this coming winter the Home as ever seen. The membership now reaches a little less than four thousand, and the capacity of the Home is nominally twenty two hundred. We are now above the number in barracks and the winter rush has not yet set in. From indications it looks as if we shall be swamped, but Uncle is a good entertainer.

C.J. TODD

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LOCAL PEOPLE AT SOLDIERS' HOME
C.J. Todd Tells of Santa Cruz People Among the Old Veterans

(Santa Cruz Sentinel October 27, 1912)

Ed "Sentinel:"- Though somewhat belated the hot weather arrived with the second week in the present month, and held on till the 17th, when it moderated, and cooling winds came up from the ocean. On Sunday, the 6th, many of the men went down to the beach hoping to find cool and refreshing air, but found the sand covered with thousands from the city, gasping like fish out of water, the ocean like a duck pond, and the atmosphere simply sweltering. It was much cooler at the Home where there was a little air stirring. When this climate does buckle down to do the caloric act it is simply a hummer, leaving one wilted like a cabbage leaf. This is the only real summer we have had this season, and all the men are wishing its return may make haste but slowly, and fail to get here. The climate here, generally speaking, is very fine, nights cool, clear and delightful slightly dryer than at Santa Cruz. The paramount want here is more rain. It is truly the land of little rain, this year nearly none.

Last week there arrived here the son of Major Purdy of the 59th New York. He being the chief draftsman of one of the principal railroads running into Chicago, traveled in his private car. Finding his father very sick, had him conveyed to his car on a stretcher and departed for his Eastern home.

Friday, the 18th, Maj. Gordon of the U.S. Army came among us on his annual inspecting tour, and since then has been appearing in all kinds of places, at any old time, day or night. He is here to see how and when things are done, and he gets there just about the time he is not expected, and stays to see it done. Formerly, it is said, the inspecting board was not allowed to get past the Governor's well stocked larder and side board, but this inquisitive, brown eyed young man seems to have the faculty of dodging all pre-arranged plans, and like old Banquo's ghost bobs up serenely in a promiscuous way that completely befuddles the whole push. He is to remain with us until Friday or Saturday. Remembering his last visit, some heads will naturally lie very uneasy until his report is read.

Political discussion continues to be the prevailing amusement in the Home. When news of the shooting of the Bull Moose arrived men rose up with clenched fists swearing it would elect him sure if he lived.

The Home is filling up very rapidly with new men, many of whom have never before been in any soldiers' home, also many furloughed members are returning. Some days twelve to fifteen cases are admitted to the hospital. To make room it is necessary to discharge many who are not well enough to live in the companies, but room must be had for the sick.

Roger Conant was sent out to a company some time ago; have seen him but twice since. His mind seemed rapidly failing, and his friends conducted him to the dining hall and back to quarters.

The last time I saw James Harris, the old tannery foreman, he was very fleshy, seemed threatened with apoplexy, and had occasional vertigo. He has been living outside the Home, but promised me he would soon come in for treatment.

Most every day I see French Pete, Grover Company's old muleskinner holding down a bench under a shady tree. He is very fat and frequently falls from dizziness. He chews tobacco, drinks a little, and attends the Mission and tells his experience most every night. Old soldiers must have some amusement, and while they are doing these things they're not doing worse.

C.J. TODD

THANKSGIVING AT SOLDIERS' HOME

There's Really Nothing That the Old Soldiers Are Not Qualified To Do
(Santa Cruz Sentinel December 3, 1912)

Soldiers' Home, November 30, 1912

Ed. "Sentinel": - The annual Thanksgiving Day was here as elsewhere, and we were feasting, some giving thanks, while others were whetting their knives. It's strange to note how different the subject for which men are thankful. What is joy for me is gloom and sorrow for my neighbor. My food is his poison. We have just recovered from the effort of having helped the other old vets destroy 2500 pounds of turkey. Our dinner was good enough for the king, and as well prepared as if mother had cooked it herself.

The tables were draped with flowers and evergreens, and the dinner was served by girls dressed in snowy garments. After all had finished there was plenty left on the tables for many more. When people tell you we are starving at the Soldiers' Home, just smile out real loud, and ask them if they have been here to see. I haven't forgotten the day when I was a householder, and I recall the dinners that I sat to at my own table as well as at others, and I recall nothing better than this, or any company more congenial.

My associates here are men of broad intelligence, deep reading and much travel. There's not a subject from the roping of a calf to the building of the Panama Canal, but is as familiar as a child's primer. We have men who could give J.P. Morgan cards and spades and then beat him at his own game of high finance. The fact that they failed to hold onto any of the money they made cuts not figure. All men are liable to losses some time, and theirs came a little too late to recuperate. But they know how it's done just the same and can tell you all about it. Don't let yourselves be beaten with the notion that we're a sad lot of disgruntled has beens, far from it. We're voluminous readers, ready debaters, born scrapper and never known as quitters. Drop in some day and tackle some of these old grey beards and see how much whole skin you get out of the scrap with.

Just as we arose from dinner the fire bells gave the alarm, and in the city of Sawtelle, just outside the Home gates, we saw the High School building wrapped in flames. It burned fiercely and was a total loss of about \$20,000. Have not learned if it was insured. Recently the city completed a new wing at a large cost. Auto fire fighters came screaming through the Home from Santa Monica, and as the wind was quiet they managed to confine the blaze to the schoolhouse square.

C.J. TODD

PENSION MONEY AT SOLDIERS' HOME

Old John Barleycorn Comes in For the Soldiers' Money
(Santa Cruz Sentinel January 9, 1913)

Soldiers' Home, January 8th

Ed. "Sentinel": - Within the very recent past several notable events have transpired all in a bunch, as it were; the shortest day and the longest night in December last of blessed memory. On the 28th of said month, long looked for and devoutly wished, came the much delayed pension for the last quarter of twelve. Christmas with a plentiful supply of tender fat pig, which proved to be the best turkey of the season.

Then came the New Year finding most of us asleep and others heaping anathemas upon the heads

of the merrymakers. The joy rider found a new means of torment by trimming his auto in bells and automatic horns and galloping through the Home grounds, shattering the solemn hush and quietude of this staid classic retreat, dissipating the gay dreams of ye slumberous war dogs.

By reason of the lateness of the pension the annual Bacchanal was somewhat delayed, but broke out afresh when the little brown sacks had been distributed, as provided by our generous old Uncle, who knoweth our various wants and contributes thereto. So far there has been few fatalities from too severe contact with old John Barleycorn, but many sudden falls and hard knocks, but none severe enough to knock any wisdom into the heads of the unfortunate. One thing men cannot and will never learn that drink never has nor will make a good man better. Here men openly justify the habit and argue in its favor, considering any interference with their habit as unwarrantable restraint. One man declares he has been drunk for fifty years and will be for fifty more if he lives.

On New Year's morning a big Irish Filipino started in to clean out his company and had about licked everything between decks when his Captain took a hand and was promptly knock out, as were the police who came in to settle the racket. Finally they cast a hawser onto him and towed his hulk away to the guardhouse. Soon after we had a fine assortment of moss agate eyes and barked noses to patch up. When he dined out he was tried in Governor's court and dismissed from the Home.

Our hospital steward, though often before having bit the dirt under the corn juice stimulant, could not resist the temptation to enter the ring once more against old John, and as usual came off worse than second best, minus epaulets and chevrons, and a new man was administering the affairs of his office. One of the captains got so far to sea in the dirty slouch of rackety booze that he gave the wrong roster for a dead man in his company and mused up the records to the extent of causing us to nearly bury the wrong man or wrong name, we have hardly found out which.

C.J. TODD

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LETTER FROM SOLDIERS' HOME *(Santa Cruz Sentinel August 23, 1913)*

Soldiers' Home Los Angeles Co

Ed. "Sentinel":- As the new exclusion law has gone into effect, and the Japs' fleet failed to materialize and blow us off the land, and the Mexican insurrection has bred no contagion, the great automobile races have swept around and vanished, I might be excused for merely hinting that we are still on the earth, if not of it. So quietly do we exist that, as the critic remarked to Carlyle in his silent brick tower, we might live and work on to eternity, and the world, or any one, be the better or wiser. So small a ripple do we create on the waters that should we cease to be, would even God take notice? Life here proceeds much on the plan of Tennyson's Loxley Hall: the same old wheel goes round year by year, in the same old rut, which grows deeper and deeper 'neath its constant tread. Like any other gregarians, while we are fed and sheltered we remain docile. Even oysters- according to Mark Twain- lie quiet if soft music be played to them.

We having found the line of least resistance, and are sticking to it as close as a bee to a tar barrel. We are operating on the principle that Uncle Sam expects every man to do his duty; so when the gong sounds, "Charge the bean brigade," it's counted rank heresy and neglect of duty in face of an

enemy to not respond. Cowardice in front of the foe is the highest crime known to warfare. Three meals a day- we don't live on brick either- with plenty of sleep wedged in between, is considered the reasonable duty for good old vets, and like Lo, the poor Indian, all the good vets are not yet gone to the happy hunting ground, although John Barleycorn is doing double stunts and working overtime to keep up with his job.

Recently the boys sent East for a new recipe for concocting hand made nose paint. Sampling the first batch acted like a boomerang. The undertaker got one case, and several others are promised on hasty orders.

Captain Murray, our new commissary captain, has succeeded in silencing the heroic growl about bad food; now the men are at sea for a new *causus belli*. A large portion of the pension increases have arrived, we have money to burn, but most of the burning is down the throat and stomach.

The cause we have for general congratulation, the chaplain of eight years residence has been shaken loose from the crib, and goes out to browse elsewhere. From being the party *non gracia*, he has developed into the most cordially hated person in the post. We are to have an old soldier chaplain from one of the churches in Los Angeles. Will Knighton, an Iowa man, be his successor? Will the men like him? I think so- nit- If he is a Christian gentleman, surely not. Most of them, if they were rushed into heaven, would rare up and kick the door off the hinges; and get out where they could find booze.

While the theatre was undergoing repairs, we had the picture shows and the band concert out doors; mounted the picture machine in the bandstand and fired the shades up against a canvas. It became immensely popular. Autos parked along the road and the town of Sawtelle turned out en mass. The whole world seemed but grown up children, crazy for pictures.

This year, for the first time in the history of the home, there has occurred no water shortage. Lawns and flowers are fresh and growing and water to spare. Crops generally are good. Beans, the "nickel mint" of the South, are immense. All other prospects are favorable. Weather cool and pleasant- superb for loafing

C.J. TODD

SOLDIERS' HOME FLOOD LETTER
C.J. Todd Writes of Flood Results in Southern California
(Santa Cruz Sentinel February 28, 1914)

Ed "Sentinel": - Between the predictions of Father Ricard and that San Jose Chinaman's educated toad, the aqueous element has finally got next to us in great shape. This is said to be the land of little rain, and during my sojourn here the title has seemed to fit the country like a duck's foot in the mud; but by way of diversion, this season has buckled down to business and smashed the record and wiped the dry appellation off the map and then some.

Tuesday night, the 17th, the beautiful began pattering on our shingles and continued increasing with scarcely a pause until the 20th, when it let go all holds and simply fell. We had been congratulating ourselves on escaping with little injury and receiving all the good, but our time came at the end of three days and four nights.

Just as the storm was abating the alarm whistle on the power works was wildly sounded and we tumbled out of bed just in time to see a wall of water coming down the canyon, rolling over the flat at the base of the home grounds, plowing up the gardens and orchards and flooding the

property yards, quartermaster's building, store houses, and rolling in a tide of mud and water on top of the machinery, flooding the boiler furnaces and putting the whole power plant completely out of business. Four hundred sacks of potatoes, as well as tons of other foodstuffs were submerged in the cold storage cellars of the commissary department, leaving a large quantity of fresh meats to spoil for want of ice.

The Jones walnut orchard below the home, looked as if they had started cutting a series of Panama canals across it, trees uprooted and piled in heaps. Bridges on the road to the cemetery were washed away; so all funerals were called off, leaving the morgue with quite a stock on hand.

Then the tide swept on down through the town of Sawtelle, making it look like a swamp dotted with beaver dams. The flood formed a lake along the seashore almost to Redondo, resembling a mud sea. Mounted scouts reported the cause to be the bursting of the Santa Monica Water Co.'s dam, located about five miles up the canyon, north of the home. I hear the home authorities will bring suit for damages. I fear much sickness for want of heat in the home.

C.J. TODD

LIVELY TIME AT SAWTELLE
C.J. Todd Tells of the Big Fire That Followed the Flood
A Public Spirit Manifest That is Hard to Down
(Santa Cruz Sentinel March 14, 1914)

Soldiers' Home, March 11, 1914

Ed. "Sentinel": - For a normally dead town, Sawtelle of late has become rather a lively corpse. Only recently submerged by the great dam burst, it has been busily engaged digging itself out of the salt deposits. A few mornings since we were aroused by the clang of the police fire bell down in the burg, and looked out to see the flames lighting up the southeastern portion of the residence district, where a residence was going up in flames.

Later on the same morning we were electrified with the intelligence that a woman, in attempting to Pankhurst a civil citizen with a six shooter, by some means got hold of the wrong end of the gun, and when she pulled trigger the fool thing exploded in the direction of her body and she let go and stopped her argument long enough to go dead. The man is still cowering, expecting her to rise up and resume the argument.

A hot fire, attempting murder and suicide all in the space of a few minutes is not so slow; but this morning about four o'clock the fire bell again routed us out before our morning beauty sleep had been finished. When we sauntered down to see what the racket meant we were surprised to be confronted with the loss of an entire block, melted from the corner of Fourth and Oregon Ave. Commencing at the corner of Fourth and Indiana Ave., going east to Oregon, every building had vanished. Only a few brick walls were left standing to mark where yesterday was a fine prosperous business community, this morning a bed of smoking ruins.

The buildings at the corner of Indiana were owned by a Mr. Alton, and were uninsured. The principal part of the remainder, including the Bank of Santa Monica, were owned by the Pacific Land and Water Co. A clothing store and the National Drug Company's store were the heaviest losers.

The bank building was gutted, the walls left standing. Within two hours they had rented a room on the opposite side of the street and hung out a card saying they would open for business at the

usual hour this morning. It takes more than a fire to down these fellows. Like Banquo's ghost they bob up serenely and are on the job with no loss of time. On Oregon Avenue the merchants, save one or two places, saved their stock and will resume business at once. Vacant rooms on the opposite side of the streets were taken at once and preparations for a new start were being made before the bank's burglars alarm had ceased its clamor. Sawtelle, what is left is sure on the map.

C.J. TODD

LETTER FROM THE SOLDIERS' HOME

(Santa Cruz Sentinel May 21, 1914)

Ed. "Sentinel": - For days the sun has been obscured by the high fog till it seems like a huge kettle with a blue lining had been flopped over us. The distant mountains, bathed in ultramarine, seem drifting away o'er a violet field.

Suffused in deep azure, they dreamily stand,

A delicate etching on an amethyst shield.

The weatherman says rain, and the granger says, dare you, and keeps on mowing down fields of hay. Still, it's a question who'll win out, but if it fails to rain threatening is no good. It would seem good to sit again 'neath the sanitary Campanile and view the young moon pillowing her chin on the edge of a little cloud while sinking to sleep in the west.

Meanwhile changes go on and the Mexicans keep practicing their favorite pastime- murder and pillage. Capt. Murray, our efficient commissioner of substance, is busy organizing a company to be ready if called for service. The captain is a retired regular, and with our very efficient bandmaster, William Osterman, has received letters of warning that their services may soon be called for.

A new pool table has just arrived for the south attic parlor that is being fitted up for the use of the hospital employees, principally the doctors. A fine new victrola, under the management of Major Winship, makes musical entertainment for the sick men in the wards. Appropriations for two new \$50,000 barracks, after the pattern of the old men's quarters, have just been placed; all of which shows this home is to be made the great concentration point for the future. Several of the national homes are running so low that discontinuance is in the near future. Many of the old men will be shipped out here. Surgeon General Miller declares men will live from 10 to 15 years longer here than at any other place in the country. President Taft told the men when he was here that they lived too long for their own good, as he could prove by the real estate men of Los Angeles

C.J. TODD

Soldiers' Home.

LETTER FROM THE SOLDIERS' HOME

(Santa Cruz Sentinel February 3, 1918)

Ed. "Sentinel": - The holidays found us in our usual fine condition, blessed with health and amply provided with all the necessaries of life. True, we have Hooverized to some extent, but still our bounty is liberal and fully ample for all our needs.

Our meatless days are proving a real blessing. Health conditions show that we are better from a slightly restricted flesh diet. It has long been my opinion that we ate more than was good for us.

Thanksgiving dinner was after the usual government regulation- turkey with its accompanying condiments minus a few non-essentials, such as nuts and candy. Christmas and New Year falling upon Mr. Hoover's tabooed meatless days, that thick-set redoubtable economist stood to his guns, declaring turkey shouldn't gobble in our faces on those special days.

But our commissary, Capt. Miller is an old one- he's been there. The birds he found turned out to be just good fat chickens, and the band plays right on, and the old Blues smilingly sampled the birds while keeping time to the music with the remaining foot.

Health conditions in the home have been of the very best; no epidemic having paid us a visit for a long time. Age and superannuation continue doing business at their usual rate.

Pension payment occurred on Dec. 26. This is the first time since my brief sojourn here that the payment failed to reach us before Christmas. Also, it is the first time payment has been made in paper currency. This caught the treasurer's office in a sudden bite, it being short of currency experts to handle the bills. The pile of \$200,000 produced an attack of "buck ague" that caused them to be three hours late in beginning payments. The discovery of some wrong counts halted them while the envelopes of several companies were recounted.

Various shootings and cuttings have already been reported from the effect of entanglements with old John, but it is yet too early to predict what will be the harvest from the various sources of bug juice.

If Father Ricard is really running the rain business he must have reneged in his deal. The Southland has failed to get a hand in the rain game. Where's that Chinaman with his warty toad that was giving the old weather wise such a keen chase, a while back?

The air here is as warm as midsummer, the sky without a cloud fleck and the country dry enough to strike fire from the flash of a lightning bug. Farmers have plowed their ground and are waiting the coming of rain, which seems to have no intention of appearing. Must old Jupiter Pluvius gone out of business down her, do you think?

Los Angeles and Santa Monica have voted to go dry, but it seems to have been useless labor. Bootlegging was bad enough before.

C.J. TODD

THE END

THE COMPILER



Robert L Nelson

Robert Nelson was born in Spokane, Washington in 1937 and attended nearby Eastern Washington University. Following his graduation in 1959 he was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the US Army and served in Germany as a platoon leader with the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment. Following military service Robert Nelson began a career in procurement with IBM Corporation in San Jose, California. An interest in theology led to his completing an MA degree at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California in 1982. Upon retiring from IBM in 1987 “nels”, as he is also known, worked with volunteer groups as an educational consultant. While researching Santa Cruz, California military history he developed an interest in the county’s veterans and their organizations. His first book, “*Old Soldier*” published in 2004, recounted the story of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Civil War veterans living in Santa Cruz, California. “*Remembering Our Own*”, published in 2010 was written to honor the 460 men and two women from that county who died while serving on active duty during a period of war. Robert Nelson is married and remains active in Santa Cruz veteran affairs.