

# "Last Survivors"



W.A. MCKAY AND HARLEY DRIPS, TWO "BUCKTAILS" International Photo



CHARLES LOCKWOOD

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON  
PRESS dispatches from Chicago recently carried a story about a famous Civil war regiment of which there are now only three survivors out of an original total of 1,184. The story reads as follows:

"Three are all that's left to form a company—that's what they called them in the old days even in the cavalry—but you can't have much of a reunion of the Eight Illinois cavalry with only three to answer roll call even in Memorial hall at Randolph street and Michigan avenue. Since Comrade George Perry, ninety years old, died last summer at his home in Sycamore, there isn't going to be any sixty-fifth annual reunion.

"Not that the glorious old Eighth is actually disbanded, but the gaping rows of vacant chairs and the too generous spaces of the hall that now toss back at them the quivering echoes of their old voices lifted in the songs that once roared lustily up to the rafters waken too many memories. Too many gentle ghosts walk there.

"So the faded old flags have been furled for the last time. The records will remain closed. Finis is being written to the gallant regiment that on October 18 back in 1861 rode up Pennsylvania avenue in Washington past the White House, where the troops halted to give three rousing cheers for Abraham Lincoln. The regiment that the President watching them dubbed in his own quaint phraseology, 'Farnsworth's Big Abolition Regiment.'

"They were eleven hundred and eighty-four strong that day, mounted but without carbines or sabers. John F. Farnsworth, who recruited them, largely from Chicago and Evanston, at Camp Kane, St. Charles, Ill., was elected first colonel of the regiment. He had reason to look upon them pridefully.

"Those who remain of the regiment that was mustered out of service at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, in June of 1865 and returned to Chicago for final payment and discharge are J. R. Duff of Dundee, Henry Elchfield of Milwaukee and C. W. Blatherwick of Chicago. Comrade Duff was captain of the vanished post."

Such a story could be written about almost every regiment which marched away to war 70 years ago, for of more than three millions who wore the Blue or the Gray in 1861 to 1865, only a handful remain. Last summer in Stillwater, Minn., there took place a dramatic scene which symbolized strikingly the passing of "the rear guard of the Civil war." It was the last meeting of the now-famous "Last Man's Club"—a meeting attended by only one man. He was Charles Lockwood, eighty-seven years old, now a resident of Chamberlain, S. D., but once a member of a group of young men who responded to President Lincoln's first call for volunteers.

It was on Sunday morning, April 21, 1861, that a company of gay young men marched from Stillwater after a night of dancing at the Sawyer house. They went to Fort Snelling, where they were formed into Company B, First Minnesota Volunteer Infantry. Then came Bull Run, battle of Fair Oaks, Antietam and Fredericksburg. They built the Grapevine bridge, salvation of Keyes corps at Seven Pines in '62. After Pickett's charge at Gettysburg only a few of the gallant Company B remained fit for duty.

In 1885 several of the veterans decided to form an organization of their comrades. They met on September 17, 1885. The ranks of the company had declined from 89 to 34. Louis Hospes, father of Al Hospes, known as the "baby" of the company, gave the organization a bottle of Burgundy wine, and it was decided to form a "Last Man's Club," and the last man was to open the wine and drink a final toast to his departed comrades. Each took a pledge to do this. The purpose of the organization was to keep "alive the memory of the fallen comrades."

"I think the boys got the idea of the Last Man's club from reading

some story of French soldiers," says Lockwood. "They used to have those wine suppers every year." It was decided to hold the annual reunions on July 21, the anniversary of the Battle of Bull Run. Each year on that day the veterans would assemble at the Sawyer house after a group of them had gone to the first National bank and taken from its vault the old bottle of wine which was kept in a case along with a poem written by the late H. E. Hayden in 1887. The poem was entitled "The Last Survivor to His Dead Comrades."

"The camp fire smolders—ashes fall,  
The clouds are black against the sky;  
No taps of drums, no bugle call;  
My comrades, all goodbye."

By 1929 there were only three of the 34 left—Lockwood, John S. Goff of St. Paul and Peter Hall of Atwater, Minn. Within the next year both Goff and Hall had died, so when July 21, 1930, came around it fell to the lot of Lockwood to hold the last meeting of the "Last Man's Club." So he stood alone among the 33 empty chairs, black-draped, set about a table in the Lowell inn, which stands on the site of the old Sawyer house—"a tired old man, prideless winner of a race against death," press dispatches of the time described him—raised his glass in salute "to my comrades!" took a sip of what had once been sparkling Burgundy wine but which had by this time turned to vinegar, and repeated the words of "The Last Survivor to His Dead Comrades." Then with his promise fulfilled he turned away—and the "Last Man's Club" had reached its destiny of dissolution.

When the Grand Army of the Republic went to Portland, Maine, for its annual grand encampment in 1929, two veterans attracted much attention by the insignia which they wore on their hats. The ornament was the tail of a deer, for these two men, William A. McKay of Utica, Pa., and Harley Drips of Derby, Pa., both of the Samuel P. Town post of the G. A. R. in Philadelphia, are among the few survivors of the famous "Bucktail" regiments of Pennsylvania. There were two regiments of "Bucktails" in Civil war days—the First Pennsylvania Rifles and later the One Hundred Fiftieth Pennsylvania Rifles.

So far as is known the last survivor of the original "Bucktail" regiment, the First Pennsylvania Rifles, died in 1927. An issue of the Potter County Journal at Coudersport, Pa., during that year contained this news story:

The recent death of Charles W. Dickenson, aged eighty-eight, marked the passing of the last member of the original Bucktail regiment, famous for its record during the Civil war. The regiment, organized in 1861, through the influence of Gen. Thomas L. Kane, founder of the city of Kane, was made up largely of hardy mountaineers of this section of the country. On April 18, 1861, representatives from McKean, Elk and Cameron counties met at the Smethport courthouse in answer to summons sent out by General Kane. Three companies, the McKean County Rifles, the Elk County Rifles and the Cameron County Wild Cats, were organized and formed the nucleus of what later became the Bucktail regiment.

It was at Smethport that the insignia by which the regiment

came to be known was adopted. The day the recruits assembled at Smethport, April 25, 1861, James Landregan, member of the McKean County Rifles, while passing a meat market where a deer's carcass was on display, cut off the animal's tail, stuck it in his hat and proceeded to headquarters. Thomas L. Kane, who later became a general, observed the buck's tail and seizing upon the idea, announced that the force he was recruiting should be known as the Bucktails. Within a short time the deer's carcass was divested of its hide which was cut into strips to resemble buck tails and attached to their caps.

After marching over the mountains the McKean and Elk county troops joined those of Cameron county at Emporium and continued their march to Driftwood on the Sinnemahoning, a branch of the Susquehanna river.

Rafts had been constructed of lumber for their journey down the Susquehanna to Lock Haven. And on April 27, 1861, the forces numbering 315 men embarked and at Lock Haven boarded a train for Harrisburg where they were mustered into service.

Visitors to the state capital at Harrisburg, Pa., can see in the cases which hold the tattered ensigns of the Keystone state regiments, that of the One Hundred Fiftieth Pennsylvania Rifles, a flag which has an interesting history. During the battle of Gettysburg the "Bucktails" were forced to abandon their position on Seminary Ridge and fall back into the town. During this retreat the wounded color-bearer became separated from his comrades and the flag fell into the hands of the Confederates. Later it was presented to President Jefferson Davis, and was found among his effects when he was captured in 1865, and in 1869 it was restored to the state of Pennsylvania.

In the city of Alexandria, Va., lives the sole survivor now of the 600 or 700 Alexandrians who fought with the Confederates. He is Edgar Warfield, a member of Company H, Seventeenth Virginia regiment, known as the Old Dominion Rifles.

Last year also saw the passing of an even more famous "last survivor" of the "Lost Cause." For when Maj. Charles M. Stedman died on September 23, 1930, the Congress of the United States lost its sole survivor of the Civil war serving our national legislature. Up until recent years there were a number of Civil war veterans, both those who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray, in both houses of congress. But the last decade saw the number cut down steadily until 1925 when there were only three left. In that year Gen. Isaac Sherwood of Ohio retired to private life at the age of ninety and his departure marked the passing of the last Union veteran from the house of representatives. In 1929 Senator Francis Warren of Wyoming died and the last Union veteran was gone from the senate. And last year the death of Major Stedman of North Carolina removed not only the last Confederate veteran but also the last Civil war veteran on either side from both houses.

Major Stedman was born January 29, 1841, in Pittsboro, N. C., and entered the University of North Carolina at the age of sixteen. He was graduated from the university in 1861 and received his diploma, but before the commencement exercises could be held he had responded to a call for volunteers and enlisted as a private in the Fayetteville Light Infantry company which was a part of the First North Carolina (or Bethel) regiment. Upon the disbanding of this regiment he joined a company from Chatham county, rose to the rank of lieutenant, then captain and finally major. He served in the army of Gen. Robert E. Lee throughout the war and was present at the historic surrender at Appomattox. Major Stedman was wounded three times during the war but survived his wounds to become a lawyer and to be elected from the Greensboro district of North Carolina to the Sixty-second congress 20 years ago.

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## WORLD WAR YARNS

by Lieut. Frank E. Hagan

### One Chance in a Million

Maybe you think you're pretty brave when you "play a long shot" in sport or in business when all you stand to lose is money. But what about a venture in which your chances are, say, one in a million and the thing you're wagering is your life? The history of the A. E. F. is filled with such instances. Here are two that are typical:

The outfit in which little Charley Cameron—little in size, perhaps, but big in courage—served was attacking a strongly defended German trench. There wasn't much doubt but that they'd capture it but to do it they would have to pay a fearful price. So little Charley ran around the trench and took a position which was swept by the fire of his own outfit. Shouting as loud as he could he opened fire on the Germans. Believing that they were completely surrounded, the enemy made haste to hoist their hands and yell "Kamerad!"

A similar stunt was that of Herman Korth, born on the banks of the Rhine but as good an American and a soldier as any who claimed the United States as his birthplace. Herman was a machine gunner and in one attack the advance was held up because it was impossible for our gunners to locate the German artillery on the other side of a hill. So Herman ran up the slope of the hill to the top and drove stakes for our gunners to get the range. Considering the fact that he was in plain view of the enemy all the while and that hundreds of them were shooting at him, his chances, like those of Charley Cameron's, were about one in a million. But he knowingly took that chance. And he won.

### Camouflage

Langres is that picturesque French town where infantry officers were manufactured wholesale at the Army Candidates school.

The greatest hazard Americans faced at dear old A. C. S. was the food. Carrots for breakfast, carrots for dinner, and carrots for supper.

A new type of officer came to Langres one day. He was a mess sergeant turned gentleman by act of congress. His duties were to lecture troops on the excellent qualities of the American ration.

More than two thousand soldiers, most of whom would gladly have swapped their chances of commissions for a hot meat loaf, heard foodstuffs described in enthusiastic terms. It didn't help their peace of mind either, that the lecturer's thin neck twitched; that his adam's apple did flutters; his anemic body drooped and his weak eyes moistened as he spoke feelingly of coloric values, savory steaks, fragrant, crisp beans—all a part of the generous, but absent, American ration.

The candidates were famished when he ended. Sadly they washed faces and hands, slowly repaired to the mess shack. Yes. Carrots again!

"A h—l of a note," grumbled Candidate No. 1. "But here's something new! Pie! By all that's holy, Yum-yum. Great! Pumpkin! Or sweet potato, maybe?"

"Ask the mess sergeant," suggested Candidate No. 2. "Geel but this pie is swell."

"The pie?" repeated the mess sergeant. "Oh, yeah! The officer who lectured to yonse guys showed me how to make it. Pumpkin? H—l naw! It's made out of carrots."

### Duke

Duke was the name signed by his third enlistment papers, so that was what the other soldiers called him.

In America, Duke was company barber, mandolin musician, habitue of the guardhouse. Every now and then he soldiered, and did it well. But most of the time he entertained with his clowning.

Duke was queerer than ever in France. He became an imitator of animals, barking like a dog at unexpected moments, and getting his share of "belly" laughs from his mates.

The "fool" made good when his company was stopped October 15, in the Meuse-Argonne scrap. Help from the artillery was needed to go ahead. Needed bad. Communications were destroyed. The only means of sending back word was by running. This meant almost certain death, for in rear the Heiries had the road covered.

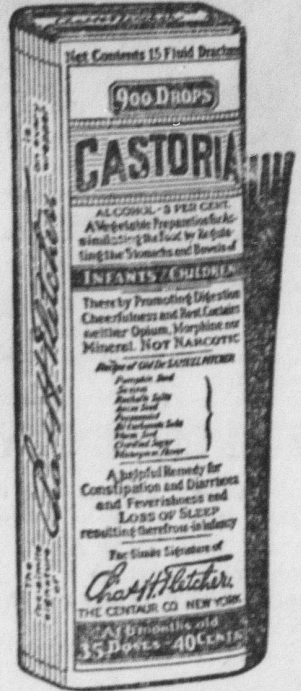
Duke volunteered. He was excited when the captain let him go. Barking loudly, he looked round to collect a farewell laugh, then plunged across a sunken road as the red-hot machine gun bullets smoked into him.

He was still barking—and shaking his head waggishly, his comrades learned later, when he lurched up the opposite side of the road and pressed his captain's message into eager hands—hands that took back the plea for help to where the big guns waited.

### Japan Land of Story

Japan's many attractions draw travelers from all parts of the world, and a hearty welcome awaits visitors. Japan's people, their dress, customs and habits of life differ from those of every other nation. Traditions and legends for the last 2,000 years today are as fresh as ever.

Can't PLAY  
Can't REST  
—child needs Castoria



WHEN a child is fretful and irritable, seems distressed and uncomfortable, can't play, can't sleep, it is a pretty sure sign that something is wrong. Right here is where Castoria fits into a child's scheme—the very purpose for which it was formulated years ago! A few drops and the condition which caused the trouble is righted; comfort quickly brings restful sleep.

Nothing can take the place of Castoria for children; it's perfectly harmless, yet always effective. For the protection of your wee one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old reliable preparation always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies; let it be an every-day aid. Its gentle action will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. In more liberal doses it will

effectively help to regulate sluggish bowels in an older child. All druggists have Castoria; it's genuine if you see Chas. H. Fletcher's signature and this name-plate:



**Specious Justification**  
King Lardner was talking about a show girl who had married an aged millionaire.

"Some of her friends," he said, "criticized her for this marriage. They thought it was too mercenary. Crabbed age and youth, you know. But the girl always had some specious kind of justification ready.

"To one of her critics, for instance, her answer was: "Say now, look here, if somebody offered you a check for a million dollars, would you bother to examine the date?"

**Girl Bootblacks**  
Feminine bootblacks only recently appeared in Los Angeles. There the "Red Devil" shine stand has opened for business and the "devils" are young women wearing red overalls. "It really isn't any harder than beating up eggs," one of them said, "and you seldom get a tip for beating eggs."

**Sportsmanship**  
The Girl—The wind has blown my hat away and you are not trying to get it.  
The Sprinter—Yes, I just want to give it 100 yards' start.—Lustige Kolner Zeitung (Cologne).

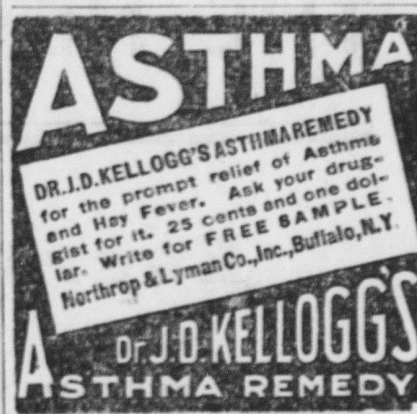
Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping. 25c a box. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

**Plenty of It Now**  
Jinks—Morkins never seems to have any troubles.  
Blinks—I guess you haven't seen him since he bought my old, second-hand car.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Fip-Pip**  
Servant (announcing new arrival at the party)—Mr. Tootle.  
Guest—And Mrs. Tootle.  
Servant—And Mrs. Tootle, too.—Bury Post.

## Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy  
For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system more prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.



**The Prossie**  
The man with too much common sense misses a lot of fun.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Some of the middle-aged who "used to dance," but dance no more, never danced very well at any time.

## HEAD HURT?

WORK won't wait for a headache to wear off. Don't look for sympathy at such times, but get some Bayer Aspirin. It never fails.

Don't be a chronic sufferer from headaches, or any other pain. See a doctor and get at the cause. Meantime, don't play martyr. There's always quick comfort in Bayer Aspirin. It never does any harm. Isn't it foolish to suffer any needless pain? It may be only a simple headache, or it may be neuralgia or neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago. Bayer Aspirin is still the sensible thing to take. There is hardly any ache or pain these tablets can't relieve; they are a great comfort to women who suffer periodically;



they are always to be relied on for breaking up colds.

Buy the box that says Bayer, and has Genuine printed in red. Genuine Bayer Aspirin doesn't depress the heart. All druggists.

## BAYER ASPIRIN

**Cuticura Preparations**  
The household remedies that meet every requirement for the daily use of every member of the family. The Soap for regular toilet use, the Ointment to heal pimples and irritations and the Talcum to refresh and cool the skin.