

"Last Survivors"



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

MAJ. CHARLES M. STEDMAN



CHARLES LOCKWOOD

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

RESS 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 quavering echoes of their odd 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 proudly.

"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 Eichfeld 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 83 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 Connersport, 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 Landreuz, 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 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 capitol 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 1909 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.

(By Western Newspaper Union.)

THE CLOVEN HOOF

By FANNIE HURST

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SOMETIMES neither the management nor a large part of the audience which crowded the kind of variety theaters where this attraction appeared, knew what Cloven Hoof meant.

But seldom did they miss its connotation. Even to the ignorant and the unenlightened, the term "cloven hoof" suggested the pagan, the fantastic, the unrestrained, the naughty and forbidden.

The Cloven Hoof act did not disappoint.

It consisted of a series of "Solo Ballets" as the programs put it, performed by none other than the Faun himself, a role that had for years been successfully impersonated on vaudeville circuits by Renold Renolds.

There was a stage name for you, Renold Renolds. It intrigued the fancy. It made girls who had stood on their feet all day in shops and factories thrill with surmise.

Renold Renolds did not fall them. He was as straight and as fleet as a young god; or, indeed, as the naughty faun he portrayed. It might be said that his face was molded in the form of a satyr's. Lean, pointed, with leaping arches to his brows, a dipping, full-flipped mouth, quick eyes and hair that grew naturally into forelock and sideburns. Even his fingers were full of quick, light movements, as if they were about to lift a pipe of Pan. Renolds was an old-timer of success.

It was said that his performance had once included a stirring trapeze act that had yielded him over twice the salary he now enjoyed, but that his bride of two weeks had fallen off the bar and broken her back and that, since then, the Cloven Hoof act had consisted merely of the Solo Ballet.

Be that as it may, the performance still retained sufficient vigor and novelty to insure Renolds steady and long-term bookings.

His scene consisted of a grotto, moss grown, lichen grown, woody, tropical and full of strange under-and-over-growths of fern, mosses, orchids and climbing plants. The effect of a waterfall was achieved by lighting. Birds of strange plumages sat in the trees, a red moon rose slowly out of a clump of jungle. Owls hooted. A nightingale fluted its half-finished notes. The beholder was transported from his consciousness of city streets, hanging cars and day of mull-and-toll, into the curious, half-rank, half-fragrant mysteries of the jungle.

Renolds entered in a loin cloth of leopard skin, vine leaves in his hair, his strange pointed head thrown back and the pipes of Pan playing eerily along his lips.

He was god-like, all right. Tan were his limbs, lean and long, his torso full of flexibilities. His soft-soled sandals, made of finest kid, were fastened with things that wrapped around his legs and across the insteps and lent him silent-footed grace.

It was said that Renolds' "fan letters" amounted to hundreds a week. At any rate, every month he sent a packet of them to the headquarters of his management in New York as evidence of the continuing and barely success of his act.

There were those who said the success of that act was not Renolds himself, but his animals. During all three of his Solo Ballets there appeared upon the stage, birds, dogs, cats, a small trained leopard, a pair of marmosets.

Two love-birds lit on the faun's shoulders and pecked cherries from his lips. A tiny poodle dog ran into the scene on rear legs, carrying a doll-baby in his fragile paws. The tame leopard walked out of a moonlit clump of trees and permitted Renolds to turn double somersaults across his beautiful back. The marmosets staged a chase up and down the long, slim flanks of the solo dancer. Three pale gold angora cats played ring-around-a-rosy. A flaming macaw flew across the scene and alighted on the branch of a tree.

It was quite an act, ending with Renolds surrounded by his menagerie, birds on his arms, leopard at his side, the dog standing on the back of one of the angoras, the marmosets chattering, the macaw waving its tri-colored, widespread wings and the lights causing the waterfall to leap in glory.

This final tableau was posted in lithographs all over the lobby and along the billboards of the town.

It gave people pause. Especially the young girls whose feet could ache so at night liked to gather before the faun's figure in its jungle setting. Pagan beauty. Fleet, clean limbs before the wind. Release from pavement-bound fatigue. All these, and more, were ground into the colored lithographs.

Small wonder that the letters continued to stack up on the table in Renolds' dressing room. Girls flocked to his act. Women, especially the tired, earth-bound ones who stood on their feet behind counters all day, wondered about him.

There was an ecstatic sort of mystery about the man who can be wondered about. What was Renolds' life? Fantasy, indulged in by the meager girls in their meager rooms, ran wild.

Actually his everyday real life was this:

There was truth in the rumor that the two-week-old bride of Renolds had fallen from a flying trapeze. The short, blunt facts were that she had broken her back, cracked her skull and met with tortuous internal injuries. She was a frail beauty of a girl who had danced before a row of footlights most of her life, and, with the sometimes astonishing endurance and vitality of the frail, had weathered the horribleness of the accident and had at least won her life. Precious little more than that. The back healed, but kept her flat on it. The skull healed, but the mind could bend and flicker like a lamp in a gale. Internal displacements sometimes tore at Emadie and made her frantic with pain.

And yet the mystery of it! The eternal mystery of the will to live! Both Renolds and Emadie fought for that life, clung to it, struggled to keep it going.

There is an old Hindoo saying that, "No one but God and I knows what is in my heart." Well, no one but God and Renolds could quite have known the quality of love, endurance and forbearance that Renolds poured into those long years that were aftermath to the night his crushed and broken bride had lain writhing at his feet after the hurt from the trapeze.

Renolds gave himself to the remnant of this life that had been left to him with a zeal, with an intensity that were nothing short of fanatical, and with the sometime tendency of a mind that is tortured, to vent itself against the one most loved, Emadie literally pined for the quality-of-mercy that was Renolds'. She was exacting, she was jealous, she was dictatorial and, in the frenzy of her pain, poor creature, was often abusive beyond the telling.

Even her doctors sometimes forgot forbearance, reminding her that there are limits even to the tyrannies of the afflicted. But no so Renolds. It was as if he bared his neck, bowed his head and said: "Strike, strike, strike."

And strike Emadie did. For fifteen years Renolds had carted the poor little ruin that was his wife from town to town with him. He had invented beds, carrying chairs, spine-rest devices, mattresses, especially designed for berths, cold-water bottles, hot-water bottles, traveling medicine kits, that might, if patented, have made him a rich man. Not a step had Renolds taken in all those years without the litter that bore his wife, at his heels.

It was a matter of transporting the frail body, establishing it in hotel quarters, assembling his menagerie, rushing off to the theater and home again without removing his make-up.

The leisure of Renolds, if it might so be called, and about which the hundreds of watchful-eyed girls wondered, was spent ministering to the broken doll he called wife, and attending the needs of a menagerie that was rapidly growing old. For nine years there had not been a break in those animal rants. The birds, marmosets, dogs, cats, had managed to survive intact. Some said it was the marvelous care that Renolds lavished on them. Some, the few who knew, said it was that same incredible quality of devotion that he lavished on Emadie, which had kept her alive.

Be that as it may, when the faun unthought his sandals that were soft as panther skin, unguided his loins of the skin of a leopard, and hastened into civilian clothes, no matter what the town or what the season, his destination was the same.

Back to the hotel, into the room where lay the querulous invalid, suspicious of his slightest delay. Never a meal would Emadie eat without him there to feed her spoon by spoon. No one could touch her pillow, ease her position, massage her aching head, read her the daily newspapers, or minister to her capricious moods, but Renolds.

Her demands, her commands, were without limit. She loved him with a frenzy that made her insane where he was concerned. She tortured the thing she loved to limits that were incredible.

Between the demands of his menagerie and the demands of Emadie, Renolds' time was crummed to its limit. In a way his animals had come to depend upon him just as surely and just as exactingly as Emadie. The french poodle would only eat from Renolds' hand. The macaw would let no hand but his place him on his perch at night. The marmosets pined and would not eat until Renolds personally administered to them. Countless times he had sat up the night through with one of the orange angora cats who was subject to asthmatic smothering spells.

If ever a man had two worlds entirely dependent upon him, that man was Renolds. The world of his wife, the world of his animals. He was their sustenance, their all. His time was theirs, his life devoted to their creature comforts, and to the exacting task of keeping the rough places of life out of their sight.

His nights and his days were full of them. Eau de cologne for Emadie. A toy to amuse her on the days when her back was particularly bad. Sugar for the poodle. A new asthma medicine for the cat. A bit of a sweet for the leopard. A tiny oil burner for the cage of the marmosets. A new device of an air-pillow for Emadie. Sweets, Sedatives, Service.

And every night, as he bounded on stage into his jungle and the waterfall began to flow silver, and the shy, sweet sounds of the forest began to emerge, the rows of girls with the tired feet sat feasting their eyes and hearts on the beautiful pagan mysteries of the young god with the cloven hoof.



PRETTY

"My name is Pretty," the dog said. "My name is Will Whippet," said another dog. "You see, I am tan in color, thin in size, with a long nose, pointed ears and a funny, skinny tail, which I like to have, between my legs."

"I am a Shetland collie," Pretty said. She had fluffy white hair which was very well combed and beautifully kept.

"I really make quite a lot of money," she said, after a moment. "I don't know that it makes much difference, and I don't want to boast."

"But still, I thought you might be interested."

"I am interested," said Will. "And I am not one to despise money."

"I know it buys liver and meat bones and dog biscuits, etc."

"Yes, and it buys milk and warmth and rugs and cushions. I really like money—that is, I like what it can get."

"I know," said Pretty, "and I am going to tell you something now."

"You know we both can act. We can do all sorts of tricks. My mistress has me perform on the stage."

"A violin will play—it's something which makes music by having some one pull a bow across strings and press down little notes."

"How they really make music out of it I don't know, but they do, and it is something in this way such as I have described."

"It is then that I sing. Of course everyone might not call what I do



"It is Then That I Sing."

sing, but I make a noise and folks like me and clap, and I make money."

"I sit up and wave our nation's flag and the flags of all the other nations, and that always gets a great deal of applause."

"I'm the 'only one of my kind around, and I win many prizes. They always seem to take to my white hair, which my mistress keeps very white by putting blueing in my bath water."

"It's always silky and soft. And people like my brown nose and eyes and ears."

"They seem to think they go well with the white, soft, wavy, fluffy body."

"I have been all over the country and I have been abroad, too. But you have acted a great deal, too, and you do some splendid counting tricks."

"Only now I have some news for you. We're going to perform on New Year's Eve, which is just about to be here—for some very splendid and worthy cause, and the money is to be given to help others."

"Isn't that a splendid way in which to begin the New Year?"

"Marvelous," said Will Whippet. "Well, a happy New Year, and may we earn lots of money!"

"The same to you and many of them," said Pretty, who had traveled so much she was quite familiar with speeches made by people.

And the dogs did a great, great deal to help the special entertainment, so that afterward Pretty said to Will:

"That was a good way of beginning the New Year."

"Couldn't have been better," agreed Will.

Bobby Loved Puppies

Our springer spaniel had twelve puppies. Each day Bobby, a five-year-old neighbor, came to see them. He liked them all, but centered his devotion on one beautiful little black-and-white fellow he called Spot.

However, Spot was the first one of the litter to be sold, and when the day came for him to be shipped, Bobby cried as though his heart would break.

For several days after, Bobby did not come to see the puppies, at all. But finally he again appeared at our door.

"Well, I's 'cided at last to make the best 'bout Spotty," he announced with a sad little smile. "an' I's come to get 'quainted with another one."

Milk by Cowfols

Baby Dorothy visiting in the country took an abnormal liking to milk. When her aunt thought she had enough, she stopped her.

"Well, I don't see why you should be stingy with your milk, you have two whole cowfols out in the barn."

Tongue Twisters

Petty buys baby blue bonnets with big bright blue ribbon bows.

Great green grapes grow grandly, generous gentlemen graciously give grapes.

Peter Padd picking piles of pale pink petals; preparing pretty posies