The Palimpsest

JUNE 1925

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THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH
Superintendent

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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THE PALIMPSEST

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The Call to Arms

Based upon press accounts of appalling conditions in Cuba, public opinion in the United States was strongly in sympathy with the Cubans in their struggle for independence from Spain. And when the news flashed from the wires that the battleship *Maine* had been sunk in Havana Harbor on the night of February 15, 1898, with the loss of two hundred and fifty-nine of her crew, a wave of belligerent indignation swept over the country. In southwestern Iowa the tragic character of the episode was realized especially when word came that Darwin R. Merritt of Red Oak, a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and an officer on the ill-fated *Maine*, was one of the victims of the disaster.

Throughout the United States there arose a popular clamor for war which steadily grew in volume. On April 19, 1898, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington and of the first bloodshed of the Civil

War, Congress passed a joint resolution demanding "that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuban waters." The Spanish Cortes replied on April 24th by formally recognizing the existence of war with the United States and Congress passed an act on the following day declaring that a state of war had existed between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain since April 21, 1898. The President was "directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States" and "the militia of the several States" to such extent as might be necessary.

The declaration of war occasioned little surprise: it was in fact a reflection of the will of the people. National-guard companies in Iowa as elsewhere had been expecting such an eventuality since the disaster in February, and had increased their drills from one to three or more a week. Many new recruits enrolled in the guard including a considerable number of high school boys of eighteen and over. On April 21st Adjutant General Melvin H. Byers sent General Order No. 15 to company commanders to prepare the Iowa National Guard for mobilization.

On April 23, 1898, President McKinley issued a call for one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers, and pursuant to this call Governors of the States through their adjutant generals ordered the national guard to assemble at the various State

capitals. Following the receipt of the order from Adjutant General Byers, feverish activity marked the preparations of the various companies in Iowa to be ready to depart when the word for mobilization came from Des Moines. Uniforms were donned, knapsacks were packed, frequent drills were held, and an air of excitement pervaded every community that boasted a company of the national guard.

On Monday, April 25th, came the order for the companies to entrain on the following morning. All Iowa was in a furor of excitement. Public meetings were planned for Monday afternoon or night in opera houses, armories, or other public halls, to express the good wishes of the community to the boys so soon to depart. Everywhere people thronged to these meetings. Veterans of the Civil War made speeches glowing with patriotic fervor, local orators kindled enthusiasm with their impassioned eloquence, while doctors warned the young soldiers about the dangers from camp diseases and emphasized the need of keeping in perfect physical condition, particularly in the tropics. At many of these meetings silk battle flags were presented to the companies; while patriotic songs including improvisations such as "Marching through Cuba" were sung. Not since the stirring days of 1861 had an occasion arisen for the people of Iowa communities to make such a demonstration.

Early in the morning, Tuesday, April 26th, in localities where national-guard companies were sta-

tioned, the clear call of the bugle announced to guardsmen and townspeople alike that the time of departure was not far distant. People began to throng the streets and for the time being all business was suspended. Flags were flying from every flagstaff. Members of the G. A. R. and the W. R. C. placed themselves in line to escort the boys to the depot, and school children carrying small flags joined the procession. Led usually by the hometown band playing martial music, the escort and the departing guardsmen marched from the local armory to the station. Along the sidewalks moved hundreds of townspeople, while small boys wonder-eyed straggled alongside the band or the soldiers. (For weeks thereafter "marching off to war" was a favorite "make-believe" of small boys in Iowa towns. Blue overalls with white stripes down the outseams served as uniforms, while old felt hats such as the soldiers wore were prized possessions.) A special train awaited the guardsmen at the depot and, climbing aboard, the soldiers were off for the rendezvous at Des Moines.

The progress of the special trains from the four corners of the State to the capital city was marked by a continuous ovation. Flag-waving and cheering crowds gathered at the depot of each town along the way, and at every stop cigars and fruit were given in generous quantities. At Creston, for instance, when the train arrived over the Burlington bearing the Glenwood, Villisca, Red Oak, Shenandoah, Corn-

ing, and Bedford companies, and the men of Company G of Creston joined their comrades of the Third Regiment, pandemonium broke loose. All the engines in the railroad yards at this division point blew a raucous welcome, fire bells were rung, and thousands of people thronged about the station. Business houses were closed, schools were dismissed, and the entire community joined in welcoming and bidding farewell to the companies from the blue-grass section of Iowa.

All day long on April 26th, troops poured into Des Moines. As soon as a troop train arrived it was shunted to the State Fair Grounds to avoid marching the companies through crowded streets. By nightfall the mobilization of the four regiments of the Iowa National Guard was practically complete, and the following companies of the Third Regiment — destined soon to be renumbered the Fifty-first — were in camp: Company A of Des Moines, B of Villisca, C of Glenwood, D of Knoxville, E of Shenandoah, F of Oskaloosa, G of Creston, H of Des Moines, I of Bedford, K of Corning, L of Council Bluffs, and M of Red Oak. Including field and staff officers the total strength of the regiment was six hundred and seventeen. The mobilization following the call to arms had been accomplished with a speed and ease which was a tribute to the military organization of the State.

Bruce E. Mahan

At Camp McKinley

By evening of April 26, 1898, most of the companies comprising the four regiments of the Iowa National Guard had arrived at the State Fair Grounds in Des Moines, and had been assigned to quarters in the horse and cattle barns. Mess was served for the first time in camp at eight-thirty that night, and afterward the boys gathered in groups to talk over the chances for active service. When tattoo sounded the guardsmen retired to the stalls which had been filled with clean straw for bunks. But there was little sleeping that first night in camp — the excitement of the day, the hard, strange beds, and irrepressible jokers kept the men awake until far into the night.

On the next day the camp was organized under the command of General James Rush Lincoln, and named Camp McKinley. The posted routine of camp duty left no doubt but that hard work and plenty of it was in store. The daily program called for reveille at 6 A. M.; sick call, 6:15; mess, 6:30; guard mount, 8:00; drill, 9:00; mess, 12.00; drill, 2:30 to 4:30; mess, 5:30; dress parade, 6:15; tattoo, 9:00; call to quarters, 9:45; taps, 10:00 o'clock. Battalion drills were to be held in the forenoon, and regimental drills later in the day. The program also "included numerous marches into the surround-

ing country, with advance guard, outpost and skirmish drill in great abundance.'' Many weary tramps and maneuvers over rough, wooded heights and advances toward an imaginary enemy hardened the muscles of the guardsmen, and whetted appetites for the rations of coffee and hardtack, pork and beans.

From the outset there was considerable apprehension among the members of the four regiments of the Iowa National Guard over the fact that the first requisition for troops from the State called for only three regiments of infantry and two light batteries. Talk of merging the four mobilized regiments into three caused much dissatisfaction as no regiment wished to lose its identity. At this point Governor Leslie M. Shaw visited Camp McKinley and spoke to each regiment on this subject ''cautioning forbearance and patience''. When news came from Washington that Iowa would be required to furnish four regiments of infantry instead of three it caused genuine rejoicing among the guardsmen. The four regiments of Iowa volunteers were promptly renumbered the Forty-ninth, the Fiftieth, the Fifty-first, and the Fifty-second — the numbering beginning where it had left off at the close of the Civil War.

A continuous round of drill and discipline throughout the month of May transformed the men into well-trained troops. Each day the guardsmen expected to receive orders to move to the front. Some of the boys, away from home for their first extended

stay, became more or less homesick, and the visits of friends and relatives who came to Des Moines on Sunday excursions were most welcome. The hospitality of the people of Des Moines, too, helped to counteract the severity of camp life. Des Moines had furnished two companies of the Third or Fifty-first Regiment and the heart of the city went out in friendly sympathy for the entire camp. Banquets to different companies were frequently provided by various organizations in the city, while individuals threw open their homes for the entertainment of smaller groups.

On May 21st, the Fiftieth Regiment entrained for Camp Cuba Libre at Jacksonville, Florida. The Fifty-second left Des Moines on May 28th, for the concentration camp at Chickamauga Park, Tennessee. But the Forty-ninth and the Fifty-first still lingered and fear was beginning to be felt that their war record would end with the mimic advances upon a theoretical enemy on the outskirts of Des Moines.

Then came word that the Fifty-first would be mustered into service on May 30th, Decoration Day. By an impressive ceremony on that occasion Captain J. A. Olmsted of the regular army administered the oath to each company in turn. On the same day the regiment participated in memorial exercises under the auspices of the Crocker and Kinsman posts of the G. A. R.

No sooner was the Fifty-first mustered into service than it was rumored that it was not to go south-

ward. Already troops were being mobilized at San Francisco preparatory to departure for the Philippines. It became the hope of every man of the Fifty-first to be sent to this far-distant region, and when, late in the evening of June 2nd, Colonel John C. Loper received word to report without delay to the commanding officer at San Francisco the men were overjoyed. Officers and privates sat far into the night talking over the prospects which this news portended.

Sunday, June 5th, was the day set for departure. Meantime, the bustle of packing and preparation for quitting camp occupied every member of the regiment. It was arranged for the Fifty-first to move westward over three roads — the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy; and the Chicago and North Western.

Sunday morning dawned in a downpour of rain. Breakfast over, the men awaited the signal to depart. With blanket rolls over their shoulders and in full marching equipment, the Second Battalion — Company E of Shenandoah, C of Glenwood, L of Council Bluffs, and M of Red Oak — under the command of Major John T. Hume, left the horse barns first and marched to the Fair Grounds depot where they climbed aboard the Pullman "special" of the C. B. & Q. A large crowd of relatives and friends, unmindful of the rain, stood silently with tear-dimmed eyes that Sunday morning and watched the train depart. "The ringing of the bell on the engine,

and one cheer from the boys on the train told Colonel Loper and his men in the other two battalions still in camp that the Second Battalion had started."

Shortly thereafter the men of the Third Battalion — Company G of Creston, K of Corning, B of Villisca, and I of Bedford — under the command of Major Sterling P. Moore marched out of the Fair Grounds and down Grand Avenue to the North Western train awaiting them on Eighteenth Street. Here another large crowd bade a solemn farewell to the boys.

Before the Third Battalion had reached the camp gate the two Des Moines companies, A and H, followed by D of Knoxville, and F of Oskaloosa, left the barns for the Rock Island "special" standing at the Fair Grounds station. A detail from the G. A. R. acted as an escort while a host of Des Moines people as well as a goodly representation from Knoxville and Oskaloosa followed the marching column. For a few minutes before boarding the Pullmans, Major William J. Duggan halted the men under the shed at the station and permitted friends and relatives to say farewell. In addition to the First Battalion, the Regimental Band and Headquarters Staff of the Fifty-first boarded this train, and at 10:50 o'clock the long trip began which was destined to take the Fifty-first Iowa Volunteer Infantry more than a third of the way around the world.

Bruce E. Mahan

By the Golden Gate

The journey of the Fifty-first Iowa Volunteers from Des Moines to Council Bluffs was a continuous ovation. People in every town through which the three special trains passed turned out en masse to greet the departing soldiers. Wherever the trains stopped the men were showered with cigars, candy, and fruit; while each battalion was entertained at a midday dinner somewhere along the way. The headquarters train, for example, stopped at Stuart, Iowa, where townspeople and countryfolk had united to provide tables heavily laden with chicken, ham, vegetables, fruit, cakes, and coffee for the soldiers.

The Rock Island "special" was the first of the three trains to arrive in Council Bluffs, and fifteen minutes later, at six forty-five, the North Western troop train steamed slowly into the station. Women's organizations of Council Bluffs, the home of Company L, had prepared baskets of sandwiches, fruit, and cake, and an abundance of hot coffee, all arranged for quick distribution. Despite the terrific jam at the station the women succeeded in feeding every one of the visiting soldiers. Meantime the battalion on the Burlington "special" was receiving a similar reception at Red Oak, the home of Company M. By nightfall the three trains were pounding along across the plains of Nebraska.

A wealth of memories cling to that two-thousand-mile trip from Des Moines to San Francisco. The men rather expected that the people of Iowa would be interested in them but the hospitality of people all along the line was a revelation. At Denver, for example, men and women of various patriotic societies had prepared forty-five gallons of coffee, three hundred and fifty sandwiches, and plenty of fruit for the men on the headquarters "special". When the long line of coaches crawled into the station, some two hours late, the women advanced with buckets of coffee and trays of sandwiches. Out of the cars the men tumbled pellmell and lined up alongside the train. When they were told to get tin cups for coffee they broke ranks unceremoniously and rushed back into the Pullmans, some in their haste climbing through the open windows.

While the horses belonging to officers of the regiment were led out of the palace car for exercise, men of the battalion were granted leave to explore the city and some went as far as the capitol. After an enjoyable two-hour stay at Denver the troops again boarded the train and it pulled slowly out of the station headed for Cheyenne through which the other two sections had already passed. The other battalions received as hospitable a reception at Ogden as the men on the headquarters train had experienced at Denver.

The fifth day of travel found the three trains "rolling down from the snowsheds of the Sierras to

COLONEL JOHN C. LOPER

the sunny vales of California''. By Thursday evening, June 9th, the troops had reached Oakland Mole. That night the soldiers slept for the last time in the Pullmans, and noncommissioned officers at first found it a herculean task to prevent groups of men from slipping off to visit the nearby cities.

Early the next morning the Fifty-first detrained in full equipment and marched to the ferry for the six-mile ride across the bay to San Francisco. Great crowds lined the docks to welcome the Hawkeyes to San Francisco, and women of the Red Cross had a hot breakfast ready for the hungry men. As soon as breakfast was finished the regiment was formed and started on its three and a half mile march to Camp Merritt. Crowds lined Market Street and Golden Gate Avenue down which the Iowans proceeded, and the boys from the prairie State were visibly affected by the warmth of their welcome.

Upon his arrival at Camp Merritt, Colonel Loper reported at once to Brigadier General E. S. Otis, then in command. The regiment was assigned quarters in the northwestern part of the camp, and the men fell to work with a will to clear off the ground. Before night the "white tents of the 51st stretched out in regular rows over the shifting sands."

Camp Merritt was located on a bleak waste of land over which raw winds from the Pacific swept unceasingly and clouds of fine sand covered everything — blankets, mess kits, clothing. At night, dismal fogs from the ocean hung low over the camp, and by

morning the canvas tents were dripping wet, while blankets and clothing inside were moist and sodden. Moreover, the site had once been a Chinese burying ground and it was not uncommon for human bones to be revealed. Gales of wind frequently blew up sand storms and threatened to demolish the tents. Californians said that it was the worst weather they had experienced in twenty years.

The men of the Fifty-first hoped to depart for the Philippines at once but in this they were doomed to disappointment. When the regiment left Des Moines a detail of fifteen officers and men remained to secure enlistments to bring the strength of each company up to one hundred and six. In a few days Iowa recruits began to arrive at Camp Merritt, and by the last of June the regiment was filled to the required strength of one thousand three hundred and thirty-eight men, but the necessity of equipping and training these raw troops delayed departure.

On the Fourth of July the Iowans paraded with five thousand other troops over a route about fifteen miles long. The companies were in line from seven o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, and loud were the complaints when the regiment returned to camp and learned that dinner would not be served until half past five. Nor did the memory of cheering thousands along the line of march offset the disappointment of the men when it was learned that no passes would be issued to leave camp that afternoon or evening.

The daily round of company, battalion, and regimental drill continued. The second, third, fourth, and fifth expeditions sailed and still the Iowans remained in camp. The conviction grew that their war experience would be confined "to killing fleas and chasing a jack rabbit of long acquaintance over the hills of the Presidio." Dissatisfaction with the discomforts of Camp Merritt grew, especially as sickness and disease increased among the men of the regiment. The ministrations of various organizations and individuals offset to some extent the hardships of camp life. Then, too, the skill of the Iowans as foragers resulted in the secret acquisition of rugs, carpets, and chairs which helped to make the tents more comfortable habitations.

Agitation for the removal of the troops from fever-infested Camp Merritt continued, however, and the San Francisco newspapers gave aid to the cause. Finally after seven weeks of discomfort, sickness, and deaths the troops were removed to Camp Merriam on the Presidio — the government military reservation overlooking the Golden Gate. The Fifty-first was assigned space on a sloping, grass-covered hillside. Half a mile in front, in plain view of the camp, lay San Francisco Bay, while the hills of Sausalito on one side of the gateway to the Pacific and the frowning fortifications of the coast artillery guarding the harbor entrance, were clearly visible. With the tents floored and mattresses provided for the beds, the health of the Fifty-first began to im-

prove in the new location, but the men still chafed on account of their detention in San Francisco.

On the evening of August 5th, Colonel Loper received a dispatch from Congressman J. A. T. Hull of Iowa, which read, "Your regiment will be sent to Manila without fail". This news caused a noisy demonstration: the band paraded followed by at least two-thirds of the regiment. But the celebration was premature.

On August 11th, the Tennessee, Kansas, and Iowa troops in full marching equipment were reviewed by Major General H. C. Merriam. The review and drill lasted for four hours, and at its conclusion General Merriam announced that the entire brigade would be sent to Manila. Tennessee responded with a rebel yell while both Kansas and Iowa added to the din. The men marched off the field yelling, singing, and carrying their hats aloft on gun barrels. But the enthusiasm was short-lived for the transports in port were filled with other outfits.

After the fall of Manila on August 13th, the Iowans felt that all hope of leaving the United States was gone and dissatisfaction was rife. Then word came from Washington that the Fifty-first would be retained in service and hopes again were raised. During September the burden of drill was rather light and health conditions were good. The men were given as many liberties as were consistent with the general welfare of the camp. Many citizens of San Francisco won an abiding place in the

affections of members of the regiment by entertaining them in their homes. Visits to San Francisco, to the Cliff House, and to the Sutro Baths were favorite excursions.

October was the golden period in the long sojourn of the Fifty-first at San Francisco. Early in the month it was ascertained that the regiment would be sent to the Philippines as soon as transports were available. On the rifle range the team from the Fifty-first defeated the Twenty-third regulars, the Seventh California, and the Kansas and Tennessee regiments of their own brigade. Another victory for the regiment was won by Company M of Red Oak in a competitive drill at Mechanics' Pavilion. The Hawkeyes scored 98 4-5 per cent, and won thereby a silver loving cup for the regiment.

But to every man of the Fifty-first the performance of its football team is a cherished memory. With only ten days of practice the team played a game with the powerful aggregation of Leland Stanford University. Colonel Loper granted the regiment a holiday for the occasion, excusing all but the guard. On October 20th, 1898, eight hundred men of the Fifty-first, accompanied by the band and Colonel Loper and his staff, boarded a special train for Palo Alto. As the train rumbled slowly along through south San Francisco a squad of men kidnapped a brown goat and took it along for a mascot. With the band playing "A Hot Time in the Old Town", "The Girl I Left Behind Me", and other

popular airs, the regiment invaded the Stanford athletic field. To the astonishment of the collegians the soldier boys outplayed them at every stage of the game and when the final whistle blew Iowa had won 6 to 0. That night the soldiers celebrated.

By this time it was definitely learned that the regiment would sail in the near future. Inspections were numerous and frequent examinations were held to eliminate the unfit. On October 29th definite word came assigning the Fifty-first to the transport *Pennsylvania* and designating November 3rd as the date of departure.

On the last day of October the football team of the Fifty-first played the University of California eleven at Berkeley. Again the Iowans demonstrated their superiority in a hard fought battle, and a few minutes before the game ended Captain Richard P. Gaines of the Iowa team scooped up the ball and ran nearly the entire length of the field for a touchdown. But the referee called the play offside and the game ended in a scoreless tie.

The thoughts of all were turned toward preparations for departure. It was a busy time: letters had to be written, baggage had to be packed, and farewells had to be spoken. Now that the time for sailing had arrived there were some regrets at leaving San Francisco, but the appeal of an overseas voyage to the prairie lads was irresistible.

Bruce E. Mahan

To the Philippines

The men of the Fifty-first Iowa Volunteer Infantry were awake early on the morning of November 3, 1898. The last day of their prolonged stay at San Francisco had arrived. At ten o'clock tents were furled, the plank flooring was piled up, and the camp policed. An hour later the companies were lined up in heavy marching equipment for inspection. Then, led by the band, the regiment moved out and marched down Van Ness Avenue toward the pier. All along the line of march people gave the Iowans an ovation that equaled the warmth of their welcome five months earlier. The government pier was reached about twelve-thirty, and there fully ten thousand people had assembled to wish the regiment *bon voyage.* The men went on board immediately, and spent the early part of the afternoon in stowing away their blankets and other equipment.

The transport *Pennsylvania* on which the Iowans were destined to spend the next ninety-four days was an old boat, formerly a trans-Atlantic liner, later an emigrant ship, and finally it had been sent to the Pacific to engage in the Klondike trade just at the outbreak of the war with Spain. On the trip around the Horn the ship had narrowly escaped capture at Montevideo where United States Consul Al Swalm of Oskaloosa — formerly the colonel of the Fifty-first

when it was the old Third Iowa — aided the captain in avoiding the Spanish torpedo boat, *Temerario*.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the *Pennsylvania* weighed anchor and moved slowly out of the Bay toward the Golden Gate. The men of the Fifty-first could see, over in the distant Presidio, the old camp site which had been their home so long. As the vessel passed the fortifications on Alcatraz Island and at Fort Point the artillerymen fired a salute which the ship answered by dipping her colors.

Outside the entrance to San Francisco Bay the ship struck rough water and a mist cut off a view of the Golden Gate from the sea. The *Pennsylvania* was a slow boat, with a speed of about eleven knots an hour, and she rolled badly. Her dipping and diving reminded one Iowan of a bucking broncho and another suggested that the old tub would roll even in a dry dock. By morning seasickness kept most of the regiment in their bunks. One soldier wrote: "During these antics your stomach is responding to every motion until it tires out. The ship rises on a swell; you go down with it but your unfortunate stomach seems to stay where it was."

As the days passed, however, the ocean calmed, and the Iowans gradually acquired their "sea legs" and began to enjoy the voyage. As the transport was taking a route off the course of trading vessels, only one boat, a returning troop-ship probably, was sighted on the trip between San Francisco and Honolulu. The *Pennsylvania* seemed to be alone on

the broad expanse of the Pacific. When the ship reached the warm belt, awnings were stretched by day and at night many of the men made their beds on the upper deck. Although the month was November it seemed like July corn-growing weather to the Iowans. The beauty of the tropical nights — the brilliance of the stars, and the dark velvet blue of the water — made a picture long remembered.

Late in the afternoon of the eleventh of November the distant mountain peaks of Hawaii were sighted on the horizon. As the *Pennsylvania* drew nearer to the island, the rays of the setting sun threw the coast line in bold relief and touched the edge of a cloud-bank in the west with molten gold. As it was too late to make port that night the ship sought safe anchorage in the outer harbor, but grounded suddenly on a reef. Hours of hard work, however, set the vessel free without any damage resulting. In the morning a pilot came out and guided the ship to port.

Honolulu received the Iowans most graciously. Colonel Loper allowed the men shore leave during the day and they used the opportunity to explore many points of interest in and about the city. A football game was arranged between the team of the Fifty-first and the Oahu College eleven which the Iowans won easily 22 to 0; but in baseball the Hawkeyes were no match for the collegians.

Four days were spent in this "Paradise of the Pacific", and most of the men would have been will-

ing to serve the rest of their enlistment there. The arrival of the *Puebla,* however, with the Tennessee regiment on board, and the *Newport* with Brigadier General M. P. Miller and a regiment of regulars made it necessary for the *Pennsylvania* to depart in order to furnish docking space at the government pier. The ship was coaled, then thoroughly scrubbed and fumigated. On the night before departure the entire Fifty-first slept on the dock.

A huge crowd assembled the next morning to bid the soldiers Godspeed. The Honolulu band — a remnant of the famous Royal Hawaiian Band of World's Fair fame — arrived early and played national airs. The band of the Fifty-first alternated with the native musicians and the stirring strains of Sousa's marches shared honors with soft, plaintive Hawaiian tunes. Native girls hung leis of many colors around the hats of the Iowans as a token of friendship. That popular march, "The Blue and Gray Patrol", ended the concert, and the troops marched up the gang-planks into the hold of the ship.

Slowly the *Pennsylvania* swung about and headed for the open sea, passing and exchanging greetings with the United States Gunboat *Bennington* on the way out. By noon the ship was clear of the outer harbor, and plowing westward on the long journey to the Orient.

For five days good weather and quiet seas made the voyage uneventful. On the sixth day out the ship encountered a storm, and the waves ran high.

At times the vessel rolled and pitched so violently that waves washed athwart the deck and lines were stretched to assist the men and crew in moving about. Port holes had to be closed, which made the region below deck so hot and oppressive that sleep was almost impossible. Benches, tables, guns, and knapsacks were hurled about. At night sudden lurchings of the ship threw men out of their bunks, and the meals, too, with the daily appearance of "slum gullion", caused much discontent. Little wonder was it that few civil words were spoken and nearly everyone nursed a grouch.

Thanksgiving Day, though, was enjoyed by some of the men. The roughness of the sea abated, and the opening of sealed tins, which had been presented by San Francisco friends for this occasion, revealed food delicacies most welcome to jaded appetites. During the day, too, the *Puebla* overtook and passed the *Pennsylvania*. The smoke of the approaching vessel was sighted early in the morning and by evening she was within hailing distance. From across the water came the old familiar yell:

Who are we? Who are we?
Ioway and Tennessee.

The *Puebla* pulled away from the slower going *Pennsylvania* and by midnight her lights had disappeared in the distance.

During the next week time hung heavy on the hands of the soldiers: their tasks were light. Two companies were on duty each day — one as a guard

and the other as a fatigue detail to wash down the deck three times daily with hose, brooms, and scrapers, to sweep the quarters, and to scrub the hatchways. The soldiers took great enjoyment in the shower baths on deck where morning and evening they lined up to await their turn under the salt spray. Card playing and reading were favorite diversions, while the evening concerts by the band helped to keep up the morale of the men. Beards were allowed to grow and the regiment, according to one of the boys, resembled a gathering of "weary willies". Due to careful sanitary precautions and the watchfulness of the regimental surgeons, little sickness developed.

On Monday, December 5th, one of the northern islands of the Philippine group was sighted. During the night the ship skirted the northern shore of Luzon, and by the following day was well along its way down the west coast of that island toward Manila. This part of the trip was a continuous panorama, as the vessel sailed through a cobalt sea with a blue sky overhead and a green-clad, mountainous coastline slipping past on the port side of the vessel.

On Wednesday morning the *Pennsylvania* passed Subig Bay, rounded Corregidor Island, and steamed slowly through the narrow entrance into the wide expanse of Manila Bay. The ship nosed its way past an English cruiser and a Chinese junk near the harbor entrance. In the distance the gray hulls and

masts of Dewey's fleet riding at anchor were clearly visible. Between the fleet and the city were the blackened, twisted hulks of two Spanish cruisers projecting from the water, grim reminders of the victory of the first of May. The *Pennsylvania* steamed on past Cavite and came to anchor in front of Manila among several other transports. Not far distant were the *Puebla* and *Newport* which had arrived a day earlier. Apparently the Fifty-first had reached its destination, but two months were to pass before the men disembarked from the *Pennsylvania.*

At this time the situation at Manila was that of an enforced calm. The attitude of the insurgents was ominous, however, and many predicted that the storm would soon break. At Iloilo, the second largest city of the islands, the Spanish forces were hard pressed by the natives and the advisability of sending an American expedition to take over the city was discussed. Weeks passed before the official decision to send a brigade to Iloilo was issued, and meantime the Fifty-first remained quartered on board ship with only occasional shore leave for the men. Christmas day was an enjoyable occasion, however, for the steamship *St. Paul* had arrived four days before with mail and Christmas boxes from home.

At last on the evening of December 26th, an expedition consisting of the Fifty-first Iowa, the Eighteenth Regular Infantry, and Battery G of the Sixth

Artillery — all under the command of Brigadier General Miller — set out in the transports, *Pennsylvania, Arizona,* and *Newport,* on the three-hundred-mile trip to Iloilo. The cruiser *Baltimore,* a small dispatch boat, and a pilot boat also accompanied the expedition. On the way south the flotilla met a coastwise steamer coming from Iloilo which brought the disquieting news that the city had already fallen into the hands of the insurgents and that the Spanish garrison had fled. Would this mean a brush with the natives? The men looked forward to some excitement.

The expedition arrived at the harbor of Iloilo on December 28th. The *Arizona* and *Pennsylvania* lay to in a cove outside the harbor while the *Newport* and the *Baltimore* went up to the dock. General Miller held a conference with the insurgent leaders but they positively refused to give up the city. Thereupon preparations were made to take the place by force. Arms and equipment were inspected and two hundred rounds of ammunition were issued to each man. From the decks of the transports, the insurgents could be seen digging trenches and piling bags of sand in front for breastworks. Another fruitless conference was held with the Filipinos. General Miller sent to Manila for the gunboat *Petrel* which was small enough to proceed up the river adjoining the city and shell the insurgents' flank in case an attack should be undertaken. Meanwhile, the men practiced landing drills, and a detail from

the Fifty-first was ordered to man the *Samar*, a captured Spanish gunboat.

With the arrival of the *Petrel*, word was brought from General Otis not to attack until further notice. Aguinaldo was threatening the American outposts at Manila and it was felt that to take Iloilo would precipitate a general insurrection against the United States. A month passed and the expedition still remained at the harbor of Iloilo. Only unarmed officers were given shore leave and the men grew restless and discontented. The Fifty-first had been on shipboard since November 3rd, and there was a pervading fear that an epidemic might break out at any time.

On January 26th orders were received for the *Pennsylvania* to return to Manila — welcome news for the Fifty-first, for the desire to get ashore was strong. Again the ship steamed into Manila Bay and dropped anchor in the midst of Dewey's fleet. Debarkation began on February 2nd, and by February 5th — ninety-four days after embarking at San Francisco — the last company of the Fifty-first went ashore. Their long sojourn on the *Pennsylvania* led Admiral Dewey to speak of the regiment as the marine corps, while foreign military attachés considered the record marvelous and so reported to their home governments. Only two men of the regiment were in the hospital at the time and they were able to walk.

Bruce E. Mahan

Under Fire

The regiment settled down at Cavite in comfortable barracks which had been built for Spanish troops, and Colonel Loper was placed in command of the post. But before the last troops were ashore the storm broke. Near midnight on February 4, 1899, word ran through the barracks that the insurgents had attacked the American outposts near Manila. From across the Bay the thunder of artillery and the rattle of rifle fire told that the long-expected conflict had begun. From the stone ramparts at Cavite the glare of fires, which were wiping out native dwellings around Manila, could be seen. It was thought that the natives might assail Cavite from San Roque, and so the men slept on their arms that night.

During the next morning the Iowans watched Dewey's fleet move over in front of Manila and begin a bombardment of the enemy's trenches beyond the city. At first a mist hung over the Bay and the ships appeared in dim outline, but as the sun climbed higher a wind cleared away the fog and a magnificent view unfolded. Manila was burning in a dozen places. From the guns of the ships would appear a puff of smoke, followed seconds later by a muffled roar, and then clouds of dust and debris would be thrown into the air where the shells exploded. Be-

tween salvos from the ships, the rumble of field artillery could be heard, and at intervals the rattle of rifle volleys.

Day and night for four days the Iowans expected to be called into action and chafed at the exacting round of guard duty without taking any part in the battle. But on Wednesday evening, February 8th, Admiral Dewey came to Cavite to confer with Colonel Loper in regard to making an attack on San Roque which was connected with Cavite by a narrow causeway about sixty feet wide and between three and four hundred yards long, and which was occupied by a large force of native soldiers.

As a result of the conference notice was served on the insurgents that, unless San Roque was surrendered by nine o'clock the next morning, a bombardment would begin. That night was an anxious time for the Iowa troops. When morning came Cavite was a hive of activity. Orderlies rushed back and forth with messages, ammunition wagons were unloaded at company headquarters, and members of the band were going through a litter drill with the hospital corps.

When nine o'clock came San Roque was in flames: the natives had fled and in leaving had applied the torch. Colonel Loper sent a detachment into the town to save the property. The Third Battalion of the Fifty-first under Major Moore — Company K in the van — crossed the causeway, followed by the California artillery under Major Rice. Then came

the Second Battalion under Major Hume and the Nevada cavalry unmounted. It was too late to save San Roque from the flames, however, so the troops moved rapidly through the burning town. Forming a skirmish line they swept the swampy and vine-entangled peninsula free from lurking insurrectos and advanced three or four miles to a second causeway which connected the San Roque peninsula with Old Cavite on the mainland.

At the San Roque end of this second causeway the Americans established a temporary fortification called Fort Rice. On February 11th the Second Battalion returned to Cavite, leaving the Third Battalion on duty at the new outpost. The returning Iowans brought back many souvenirs from the charred and ruined city of San Roque, and the quarters of the men were adorned with every conceivable article including jewelry, machetes, Spanish uniforms, knives, guns, and bedsteads.

Outpost duty for the Iowans of the Third Battalion tested the mettle of the troops, for Fort Rice was frequently fired upon by the insurgents across the causeway. On February 15th the enemy attempted to storm the Iowa lines but were driven back by artillery fire and volleys from Company I. Thereafter frequent clashes occurred in which the Filipinos failed to regain any ground.

The two battalions of the Fifty-first, doing guard duty at Cavite, regretted the fact that they were engaged in no aggressive action. On February 18th

orders came for a battalion of Iowa troops to move to Manila at once. The First Battalion composed of Companies H, D, F, and A under Major Duggan was assigned to this task.

At nightfall his command embarked on lighters which were towed across the Bay. Landing on the Luneta the battalion hurried by a forced march to Pasay four miles south of Manila and nearly a mile east of the Bay. The outfit encamped for the night near an old monastery. Heavy firing could be heard over to the left, and the troops were frequently aroused from their sleep by the "booming of field batteries, the rolling of machine guns, and the sound of volleys." During the next few days Iowans of the First Battalion became thoroughly familiar with the "song of the Mauser".

Throughout the following weeks the four companies were shifted from place to place and each saw service both in the trenches and on outpost duty. Wherever they were engaged the Iowans displayed a coolness and steadiness under fire that won the commendation of their commanding officers, and on March 20th the four companies of the battalion were reunited and assigned to arduous service in the trenches near Pasay. Headquarters of the battalion were changed from Pasay to the vicinity of Culi Culi Church a mile east. Day and night the Filipino sharpshooters kept up a harassing fire on the American trenches: outpost duty was perilous. It was on a scouting expedition through the bamboo jungles in

front of the trenches that Private Fred Borduwine of Company H was wounded and cut off from the patrol by a hot fire from the insurgents. A relief party failed to recover him and thus the regiment suffered its first casualty in action.

In the meantime smallpox had broken out among the men of the regiment at Cavite and before it was checked three men were dead of this scourge. Otherwise the health of the men was good. Companies M and C were detailed to Manila for guard duty, much to their displeasure for they had hoped to be sent to the firing line. Later, companies E and H were dispatched to Manila for similar service while companies I and G were recalled from Fort Rice to assist in guarding Cavite. On April 11th companies B and K also returned to Cavite from San Roque.

In the campaign around Manila the American forces had steadily pushed the insurgents back from the city. A sweeping drive to the south on March 18th revealed the fact that the enemy was weak in this direction and that most of the Filipino troops had left that section of the country for the north where Malolos, the insurgent capital, was located. Thereupon an advance upon that stronghold was begun on March 24th.

The route followed the Manila and Dagupan Railroad which extended northward through the rice country and the insurgent towns of Caloocan, Malabon, Marilao, Polo, Caballeros, Guinquinto, Malolos,

Calumpit, and San Fernando. Throughout this distance the insurgents were well intrenched, and were prepared to offer stubborn resistance. But the Americans, with their skirmish line extending from the coast to the foothills, pushed forward steadily, notwithstanding the fact that "the days were scorching hot and the nights always rainy."

Both sides used the railroad — the retreating Filipinos to carry back men and supplies; the Americans to bring up ammunition, food, water, and hospital supplies from Manila. Attempts of the natives to tear up the track and to destroy bridges were futile, for American engineers soon repaired whatever damage was done. "Bull trains", consisting of native carts drawn by water buffalo, carried ammunition and provisions from the railroad to the skirmish line on either side. Besides these carts, army ambulances and provision wagons drawn by Missouri mules rumbled along behind the advancing column. When the troops halted for rest thousands of little fires were lighted, and tired men were soon brewing coffee in tin cups. Rations of hardtack and corned beef were sometimes augmented by native pigs and chickens foraged along the way.

Early in the morning buglers would awaken the soldiers for another weary day. The skirmish line would move forward with "support" troops about three hundred yards in the rear, and back of them the reserve. Across the rice paddies and through bamboo groves the Americans advanced. Suddenly

the air would be full of singing bullets from a distant trench or grove, the firing line would take shelter behind a rice ridge, and regular volleys would answer the rattling fire of the natives. Men hugged embankments and pulled in their legs as the Mauser and Remington bullets ripped past or struck the earth in front throwing clods in their faces. But when shells from guns of the American artillery began to burst among the insurgents, and a spray of bullets from a new gun, the Colt automatic, swept their lines they soon began another retreat.

On April 14th the Second Battalion of the Fifty-first was relieved from guard duty in Manila and sent by rail to Malolos already in the hands of the advancing Americans. The Third Battalion and Headquarters Staff followed the next day and, on April 16th, the First Battalion left their post near Culi Culi Church, marched to Manila, and entrained for Malolos. By nightfall the regiment was reunited again under command of Lieutenant Colonel M. Miller, Colonel Loper being ill in the hospital at Corregidor Island. The Iowans, brigaded with the Nebraska and South Dakota regiments under Brigadier General Irving Hale as a part of Major General Arthur MacArthur's division, went into a shelter-tent camp on the right of the firing line.

The fighting line around Malolos extended in the form of a horseshoe, the toe pointing north and resting on the railroad track. The Second and Third Battalions of the Fifty-first Iowa held the position

at the end of the right curve southeast of the former insurgent capital, awaiting orders to advance on Calumpit. Except for the occasional exchange of shots between outposts the scene was peaceful, ominous perhaps of the bitter campaign ahead.

The advance on Calumpit was planned to begin on April 24th but an unexpected clash precipitated the fighting a day earlier. A scouting party of the Fourth Cavalry under Major James F. Bell found themselves almost surrounded and greatly outnumbered by a force of insurgents near Quingua six miles northeast of Malolos. A battalion of the Fifty-first — companies E, L, G, and I — under Major Hume, together with the Nebraska regiment, hurried to the support of the scouts. "The day was intensely hot and in the open rice fields the men suffered greatly". Lieutenant Colonel Miller brought up companies M, K, and B and joined in the fight. Under a heavy fusilade of Mauser bullets the boys routed the insurgents, and by mid-afternoon Quingua was captured. It was in this engagement that Colonel John M. Stotsenberg of the Nebraskans was killed in action, and Lieutenant Colonel Miller won the esteem of his men by his courage and leadership under fire. Seven men of the Fifty-first were wounded. That night the regiment, reunited on the outskirts of Quingua, encamped supperless for the supply wagons had been unable to keep up.

On a breakfast of hardtack and "antique canned beef" the regiment joined in the pursuit of the

enemy. Beyond Quingua the Iowans reached a bluff overlooking the Bagbag River. Below them "a broad clear stream wound in graceful curves until lost in the blue distance, its banks fringed with a fleecy border of bamboos, the foliage of which seemed like green lace. Royal palms grew to the edge of a yellow sandy beach on which were lined the Nebraska and Dakota regiments. The latter had their guidon and the national colors floating in the breeze. Four guns of the Utah battery, drawn by mules, were just leaving the river ford." Some soldiers were crossing the river over a bamboo bridge, while others were enjoying a bath.

After crossing the river, Hale's brigade moved forward parallel with the right bank of the stream toward Calumpit. The firing line, two or three miles in length, with the Iowans on the extreme right, swept the country clean of insurgents as it advanced under a boiling hot sun, fighting its way through mile after mile of rice paddies, jungles, and swamp land. Near the town of Pulilan the Iowans encountered a strong force, but after a brisk engagement the enemy was routed, leaving eighty dead in one trench. Toward evening the First Battalion joined in a charge in which Major Duggan was wounded, though he continued to lead his command. That night the Iowans sank down to rest "too tired and worn from heat and hunger to care for anything". The regiment had suffered six casualties during the day's fighting.

OFFICERS OF THE FIFTY-FIRST IOWA INFANTRY

The wagon train with rations came up early the next morning, and the soldiers grabbed a hasty breakfast before another gruelling day began. Pressing forward over swamp land heavy with a thick growth of wild grasses and bamboo, Hale's brigade approached the formidable defenses of Calumpit to which the insurgents, beaten and outflanked, had withdrawn. Meantime, Brigadier General Lloyd Wheaton's brigade which had approached along the railroad joined in the attack. The artillery of both brigades opened on the enemy's defenses, and the infantry poured volley after volley of rifle fire into their works. The Iowans, from their position at the bend of a river, were able to make an effective enfilading attack. By mid-afternoon the enemy fell back on Calumpit with severe losses and on April 27th abandoned the town. The Fifty-first had three men wounded in this engagement.

After a week of scouting and escort work, the advance on San Fernando began with Wheaton's brigade following the railroad track and Hale's brigade advancing along an adjoining wagon road a mile or more distant. The Third Battalion of the Fifty-first remained to guard the important railway bridge across the Rio Grande de Pampanga, while the First and Second Battalions, deployed as skirmishers, led the advance of Hale's brigade. The Iowans, sweltering in the tropical heat, waded through the swamps skirting the wagon road, ploughed through mud knee deep, splashed across

water holes, and joked about the bullets that splashed mud in their faces. Canteens were drained and ammunition ran low. By nightfall the Americans had driven the enemy in full retreat beyond the town of Santo Tomas. There the troops bivouacked, and at ten-thirty devoured the first food they had had since three-thirty that morning. Strange to relate in that long day of difficult fighting only three men of the regiment were wounded and none killed. When General MacArthur, the division commander, heard of this he remarked, "Why, those men must be bullet-proof!"

Early the next morning the First and Second Battalions without support and with the aid of a single Hotchkiss machine gun advanced on San Fernando. Crossing the Santo Tomas River by wading and making a wide detour so as to approach the erstwhile insurgent capital from the rear, the Iowans took the defenders of the city by surprise and sent them scurrying across the adjoining rice fields. Only one American was wounded in this encounter.

Sickness, though, developed by the hot days and rainy nights, was taking its toll of the regiment. The Third Battalion was brought up and the Fifty-first went into camp at San Fernando for a well-earned rest. Arduous outpost and guard duty, however, occupied much of the time and night attacks were frequent. Weeks passed, and the unvaried life grew monotonous. During skirmishes late in May four men of the Fifty-first were

wounded. The "miasmas of the flooded region about the sweltering town" brought malaria and other disorders in its wake.

The sporadic aggressiveness of the insurgents throughout this period culminated in a general attack on the American forces about San Fernando. Early on the morning of June 16th an insurgent force made an effort to cut off Company D which was on guard duty near an old sugar mill. Sergeant Fred P. Woodruff, who was in command of the outpost, refused to give way, and soon companies from the First and Second Battalions hurried up to help repulse the attack. Colonel Loper, who had rejoined the regiment some days earlier, assumed command during the morning's engagement. The attack failed, but it cost the regiment five more wounded.

Frequently during the latter part of June night attacks were made on the outposts, and often the men were routed from their sleep to take positions in rain-soaked trenches. Near the end of June thirty-six men of the regiment were discharged to reënlist in the United States Veteran Volunteers, and a month later forty more were relieved for the same purpose.

August came and most of the volunteer regiments were relieved from the line but the Fifty-first remained. On the ninth of August an advance northward from San Fernando began. The Fifty-first, a part of General Wheaton's brigade, again ploughed

through muddy cane and rice fields, waded streams, and plunged through water holes. By noon the cane would be dry and crisp and the leaves cut like knives. Six Iowans were wounded in the fighting between San Fernando and Calulut, and by the time the objective was reached sickness and disease had so reduced the regiment that only two hundred and thirty-six men were available for line duty. From August 17th to September 4th the Iowans guarded the railroad between Calulut and the nearby village of Sindalan.

At last the Fifty-first was relieved. Railroad accommodations were so limited, wrote one of the boys, "that we were compelled to stand up in the box cars coming in, but so well satisfied were we with our release that we raised no objections whatever. On reaching San Fernando we clambered out of the cars, officers formed the remnants of their companies and marched them down to quarters. We were rather a tired, worn-out and seedy looking set when we reached the old company barracks, but the boys there received us with open arms". General Wheaton expressed to Colonel Loper his warmest praise for the Fifty-first wherever or whenever it had been put to the test.

The two days at San Fernando were busy ones. Baggage had to be packed and quarters put in order. On the morning of the sixth following an early dinner, assembly sounded, the battalions were formed, and to the martial music of the band, the Iowans

marched down the "calle" and came to a halt in front of the headquarters of General MacArthur. Three rousing cheers were given for the General who was a universal favorite. In reply he said, "God bless the Iowa boys; and may you have a safe voyage home. We will endeavor to complete the work which you have so well begun."

Jammed into smelly box cars, the men forgot their discomforts on the ride to Manila in the joy of being headed for home. The train rumbled along past the Santo Tomas swamp, through Apalit and Calumpit, and across the Bagbag River which the regiment had forded weeks earlier. On either side of the road, natives were cultivating fields and only the deserted trenches were a reminder of the recent campaign. At Malolos the site occupied by the Fifty-first was a miry swamp. Caloocan was reached just as the evening shadows half obscured the softened outlines of bamboo groves and nipa huts. At last the train pulled into Manila, the men clambered out of the cars, details were left to guard the baggage, and the rest of the regiment, headed by the band, marched through the streets to their quarters. The thinned ranks were eloquent testimony of the hard service through which the Fifty-first had passed since it left the city four months before.

Bruce E. Mahan

Home Again

"When do we sail?" was the question uppermost in the mind of every man in the regiment, and preparations for the homeward voyage occupied much of the time after the return from the front to Manila. Guard duty was light, souvenir hunters scoured the city for presents to take home, officers squared their accounts, and considerable attention was paid to getting arms and equipment in first class condition. Gradually the sick began to return from the hospital.

Great was the rejoicing when news came that the Fifty-first would sail September 22nd on the transport *Senator*. Friday, the day of departure, dawned bright and clear. The forenoon was spent in saying farewell to friends in the city and in visiting with the boys who had decided to reënlist in the regular army. Personal baggage which each man wished to keep with him on board was collected, and quarters were swept and policed for the last time. Following an early dinner the regiment formed and marched to the wharf. Ferryboats conveyed the Iowans to the *Senator,* the hospital ship swung alongside with the last of the regiment, and as soon as the convalescents were carefully taken on board the ship weighed anchor and moved slowly down the Bay.

The distant mountain ranges and the spires and domes of Manila faded into the background; Cavite,

Dewey's fleet, and the walls of San Felipe were left behind. Darkness had fallen by the time the ship passed Corregidor and headed northward in a choppy sea toward Japan. That night the soldiers of the Fifty-first waged a more or less successful battle with the bedbugs that inhabited the bunks of the *Senator*.

At the harbor of Nagasaki, the ship dropped anchor for three days while Japanese laborers, men and women, coaled the vessel. Shore leave gave the Iowans an opportunity to visit the shops and temples of the city and the terraced hillsides roundabout.

During the trip from Nagasaki to Yokohama the weather was pleasant, and the passing panorama of innumerable islands in the inland sea made a picture almost fairylike in its beauty. Sailing past a fleet of fishing smacks and sampans, the *Senator* dropped anchor in the outer harbor of Yokohama. Many of the regiment visited Tokio as well as the parks, temples, and other points of interest in Yokohama. The ricksha men found ready customers in the Iowans.

A typhoon raging outside the harbor delayed the departure for a day, but on October 6th the storm abated somewhat and the *Senator* put to sea. A strong head wind and huge waves tossed the ship about so that it was necessary to "lay to" for twelve hours longer — a circumstance which gave rise to a rumor in the United States that the *Senator* was lost at sea. When the storm subsided, however, the

Senator steamed through pleasant seas under clear skies.

Days were spent on deck — reading, playing cards, relating incidents of the late campaign — but for all this the time passed, it seemed, with incredible slowness. On Friday, October 13th, the ship crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, the calendar was set back a day, and for once in their lives Iowans experienced two Fridays, both the thirteenth, in forty-eight hours.

When the morning of the last day of the journey dawned a heavy fog obscured the sea, but as the sun rose higher the fog melted away. The *Senator* ploughed through a sea as smooth as glass. The deck was lined with men eager to catch the first glimpse of land. Soon someone discerned the lighthouse and the white cliffs of the Farallones. Sea gulls circled about the vessel. Opposite the islands a pilot came aboard and the ship approached the Golden Gate. Fort Point and Fort Baker came into view, then Angel Island and Alcatraz. As the ship passed through the famed gateway to the Pacific "cheer after cheer, from hearts too full for any other utterance, swept across the bay and were swallowed up among the distant hills or re-echoed from their heights."

Yonder was the Presidio. Slowly the ship steamed down San Francisco Bay and came to anchor off Angel Island to await quarantine inspection. Whistles and sirens ashore set up a raucous din. Yachts

and other small craft circled about the vessel. Two tug boats were seen to set out from shore and as they drew nearer familiar faces were recognized. Medical inspection was soon over and friends and relatives were allowed to come on deck. It was a joyous meeting, yet tears mingled with smiles for one soldier heard for the first time that his father in Iowa was dead, and a father who had journeyed to San Francisco to greet his boys learned that his younger son lay in a coffin on the upper deck.

As there was no vacant slip the ship could not dock that night, but arrangements were made to transfer the sick to the hospital at once. During the afternoon, mail which had been accumulating in San Francisco for weeks was brought aboard and distributed.

Early the next morning the ship moved alongside the pier, gang planks were lowered, and the debarkation began. Details were set to work getting the heavy baggage and guns out of the hold. Near noon the regiment was formed and, escorted by General W. R. Shafter and staff with a troop of cavalry and a battery of artillery, the Fifty-first once more marched through San Francisco streets. While passing down Van Ness Avenue the troops were thrown into company front and marched in review before General Shafter and Governor Shaw of Iowa.

When the regiment reached the Presidio it was assigned to tents already pitched, and invited by a Washington regiment to share its dinner. The

Fifty-first then settled down into comfortable quarters until mustered out on November 1, 1899. That afternoon found the companies in three special trains rolling eastward toward Iowa and home.

Two of the trains reached Council Bluffs on the morning of November 6th, but the third train, the one with the Council Bluffs company on board, did not arrive until night. All day long Iowa had awaited the return of its overseas soldiers and every town that had contributed to the personnel of the regiment had prepared to welcome its own. Everywhere the boys were overwhelmed with the warmth of their reception. And with the acclaim of all Iowa as a cherished memory, the Fifty-first marched into history.

Bruce E. Mahan

Comment by the Editor

THE LURE OF WAR

There is no logic in fighting. The use of force, like the resort to slanderous epithets, is an indication of unwillingness to accept the verdict of reason. In a truly enlightened age wars can not be justified on any ground — political, economic, biological, religious, or moral. Yet wars occur. Perhaps the ultimate explanation should be sought, not in intellectual relations, but in the realm of human emotions.

Man is by nature a fighting animal possessed by a proclivity to engage in contests of skill and strength. In the quest for an explanation of civil society, Thomas Hobbes found three principal causes of war — competition, diffidence, and glory — which made men invade for gain, for safety, and for reputation. Three centuries of belligerent experience have revealed no other motives. Nations still resort to violence for purposes of conquest or defense, while individuals join in the great adventure and shed their blood for fame. If peace is a product of civilization — the triumph of reason over impulse — war can be interpreted as a wholesale relapse into primitive habits.

Work is an imposition of culture. People tolerate

the steady, dull routine of everyday life; but they crave adventure, heroism, and relaxation. While labor may be dignified and necessary, it is nevertheless an acquired characteristic, an attribute of domesticity. And if the tension of progress and efficiency becomes too severe, a general reversion to more inherent traits may be expected. The boys who flocked into the army in 1898 hailed the Spanish-American War as a glorious chance to get away from home and gain relief from the humdrum of their customary tasks; while, if newspapers are any good as mirrors, the folks who could not go to war found their thrills in the stories of the martial exploits of others. Patriotism rose to the boiling point and the news of every battle sent tingling sensations of pride up and down American spines. It was a period of national diversion.

The tendency to fight accounts in a measure, perhaps, for the vogue of military history. Poets as well as historians have capitalized the universal lure of battle by playing up the dramatic events, the valorous deeds, the decisive results, and all the innate qualities of human nature that wars provide. As men instinctively resort to force, so also they find romance and atavistic pleasure in reading the age-old tales of human conflict.

J. E. B.

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