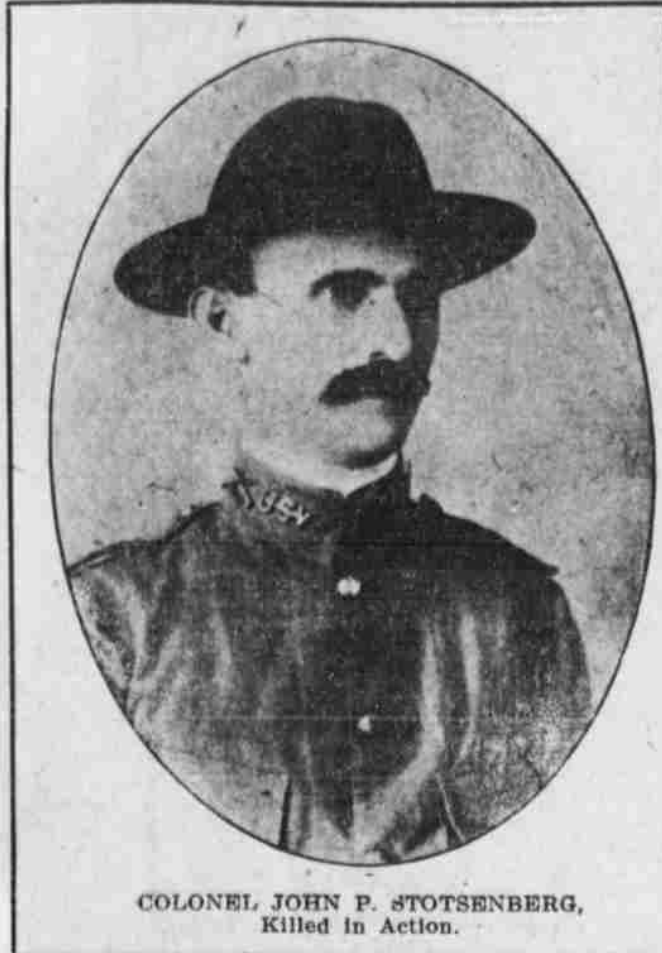


## OMAHA'S SOLDIERS IN "THE FIGHTING FIRST" NEBRASKA

Anniversary of the Day the Boys Marched Away to War Recalls Some of the Stirring Incidents in Camp and Field Where Many Laid Down Their Lives for Old Glory



COLONEL JOHN P. STOTSENBERG,  
Killed in Action.



CAPTAIN LEE FORBY,  
Killed in Action.



CAPTAIN WALLACE C. TAYLOR,  
Now Colonel Philippine Scouts.



CAPTAIN W. E. STOCKHAM.



W. O. BELDEN,  
Killed in Action.

**M**ONDAY, April 26, eleventh anniversary of day that President McKinley called out troops for Spanish war, is reunion day, with headquarters at Millard hotel, Omaha.

So reads the notice sent out by Colonel A. D. Fetterman, secretary to the survivors of the Nebraska troops that served in the Spanish-American war. The Department of Nebraska, United Spanish War Veterans, now has four flourishing camps in the state, viz.: Camp Lee Forby No. 1, in Omaha; Camp William Lewis No. 2, Lincoln; Camp Guy Dodge No. 3, Fairbury; Camp Columbus No. 4, Columbus. Major L. H. Phelps of Lincoln is provisioned commander, by appointment, but at the reunion on Monday permanent organization will be perfected.

In contrast to the first gathering of these men, this meeting will be very largely given over to visiting and to pleasure, with just the minimum of business. Sunday and Monday all veterans who come will be properly received, at the same time that the delegates from the camps are holding a meeting. During Monday afternoon a big smoker, without a hint of formality, will be held, and regimental meetings will be enjoyed. Monday evening will be given over to a banquet, just to renew memories of the kind of grub the veterans didn't get when they were in the field.

President McKinley's call was dated April 23, but it was on April 26 that orders were received from Secretary of War Alger for the mobilization of Nebraska's quota, two regiments of infantry. A cavalry troop at Millard and an artillery company at Wymore were not called for. In the two regiments were included the two Omaha companies, L of the First and G of the Second. Headquarters of the First was at Bennett, the home of Colonel John P. Bratt, with band in Omaha. Headquarters of the Second was at Nebraska City, home of Colonel William Bischof, Jr., with band at Hastings.

The officers of the Omaha companies were: L—Captain, Wallace C. Taylor; first lieutenant, Lee Forby; second lieutenant, William E. Stockham. G—Captain, Harry B. Mulford; first lieutenant, Charles H. Wilson; second lieutenant, Albert T. Cone.

Colonel Bischof failed to pass the physical examination and Charles J. Bills, who had been brigadier of the Nebraska guard, became colonel of the Second.

Camp Alvin Saunders, at Lincoln, where the mustering was in progress, was not without exciting incidents. Many of the guard officers were rejected, and some asserted that this was done to make vacancies in which Governor Hoyer could place some of his favorites. M company, from Grand Island, in the Second, refused to be mustered when the men found both of their lieutenants were on the rejected list. This culminated in the resignation of Captain George Roeder and the discharge of the company as then constituted. Major Decker was given the command and proceeded to recruit a new company.

It was on Wednesday afternoon, April 27, 1898, that the Thurston Rifles (L company of the First) and the Omaha Guards (G company of the Second) left Omaha for Lincoln. The Bee of April 28 said of the scene when they left:

There was never another scene in Omaha like that which attended the departure of the two local companies for Camp Alvin Saunders yesterday afternoon. The old spirit that has slumbered for over thirty years woke under the impulse of the hour and spoke in a burst of patriotic enthusiasm that obscured all other considerations.

Through several columns The Bee went on to tell of the parade, how blessings were showered on the Guards and Rifles by the older people and cheers were thundered in their ears by the younger ones. At several points panic was narrowly averted, and the troops found it very difficult to maintain their lines, because of the tremendous multitude in the streets.

"Next to the extreme pleasure we felt in getting away for the front, I can say for myself that the pleasure of getting home was about the best thing in my spell of soldiering. But let me say also that never in my life have I seen anything like the crowds and the enthusiasm that filled Omaha eleven years ago when we left to be mustered in at Lincoln. There was more exuberant, earnest, heart-throbbing patriotism on tap that day than I ever saw before, or ever expect to see again."

The speaker was Major William E. Baehr of the money order department at the postoffice, and he was speaking of that day when the Omaha companies left for Lincoln to be mustered in for the Philippine campaign.

Like most other members of the First who went to the islands and lived to come back, Major Baehr dwells very lightly on the actual service end of his military career. He tells with most gusto how they pulled off a great swimming stunt at Wake Island, between Honolulu and Guam.

"We had stopped long enough to allow General Greene to go ashore from the Colon to raise an American flag and plant in a tin box a claim to the island," said Baehr. "It was a warm day, and while we were basking in the sun on a glassy sea the idea came to some of us that a swim would be just what we needed. So we opened a porthole on the Senator about thirteen feet and three inches above the water. Then we threw out a rope and a few of us went in. Soon a whole battalion was doing the porpoise act, and soon, too, Colonel Bratt, that was, began to get excited by the splashing. He ordered us to come on board, but some mischievous person had pulled in the rope; so how could we come aboard? We weren't flying fish, even if we were swimming like fish that have dodged a net. And besides, we couldn't hear the orders from the deck so far above our heads, because of the noise like runaway sea horses that some fellows were making. Colonel Bratt got real fretty over that bathing battalion, and finally went to the length of ordering a gangway



C. O. BALLENGER,  
Killed in Action.



R. W. KELLS,  
Killed in Action.



J. H. WHITMORE,  
Killed in Action.

lowered. Even then it took some time to make everybody hear, but we did finally all get aboard. However, we were not exactly in the good graces of the colonel for several minutes, possibly several days."

Then, in reply to a question, the smiling young veteran went serious. "The day Stotsenberg was killed? I was not with the company, having been detailed with Bell's Scouts some time before. The present chief of staff of the army, General Franklin Bell, was the commander of the scouts, and as we had been covering the advance for several days, we knew the ground thoroughly. Hence on the morning of April 23, 1898, we had a detachment out to take General Wheaton to a certain point on the railroad not far from Malolos, for a survey of the situation. After Wheaton left I took a detachment over to a point not far from where Colonel Stotsenberg was killed, for a reconnaissance. It was our bunch that started the fight, as I

recollect it, in a place some distance away from where the First Nebraska was stationed."

Now let Corporal Guy D. Solomon take up the tale for a spell. "Colonel Stotsenberg was always out in front, up on a stump if the ground wasn't high enough. In that advance, with a point not far from Manila as the pivot, where were some regulars, the First Nebraska was on the extreme right, and F and L companies formed what we called the whipcord of the line at that end, being farthest out. As I recall it, a troop of regular cavalry had got into difficulty out on the front and called for reinforcements. We were swung up for the purpose of supporting, and it was while engaged in that work of rescue that Colonel Stotsenberg was killed. Lieutenant Sisson, a Nebraska officer, was also killed, as were several men in the line." And that's about as far as Solomon will go with serious talk of the

hot jungle work in the far-away land where the Nebraska battle cry has echoed with some meaning.

He will talk, however, as will Baehr, and D. O. Barnell, and P. J. White, and the whole bunch, about matters of relaxation that happened on board ship. There was a fruit episode, that has been talked of more or less. The boys all agree that, having enjoyed a feast of fruit at Honolulu, after being told that fruit was not at all good for them, they bought large quantities, and took the same aboard ship. There were four ships in that fleet, the Senator, the Colon, the China and the Zealandia, but the one particular little boat on which the forbidden fruit appeared was the United States transport steamer Senator. Colonel Bratt, and some of the other officers had likewise thought out a scheme to have fruit on board, to be sold to the enlisted men as might be considered good for their health. So it came about that what the men had stowed away was caught out—and tossed overboard. Then the hunch of the serpent listened in the ears of some dare-devils, and they organized a raid on the official fruit stand, which the same existed no more, shortly.

"Below decks for you!" was the order issued against L company, and they stayed down a day or two, until the doctor or the ship's captain said it would not be a healthful stunt to keep them cooped up any more. They were levied on to pay for the vanished bananas, coconuts, mangoes and such; and then some more justice-seeking volunteers acquired a longing for jellies, crackers and similar dainties, to vary the ship's menu served to common soldiers. This notion brought about an assault on what the lads knew among themselves as "the glory hole," where was kept such delicacies as have been mentioned. One advance scout tried them and brought word they were good. They were, in fact, so good that the aboard food, or cache, was soon emptier than democratic promises to Nebraska liquor men.

And behold, again was a large bunch of his command distinctly persona non grata with Colonel Bratt; so much so that on arrival in Manila the non-commissioned officers of Company L were assessed 12 cents each and the privates 10 cents each—which was held out on pay day. "Stotsenberg was paymaster," says the chorus of reminiscence veterans, "and we tried his temper to exhaustion by saying, individually as we counted our coin, that we paid under protest. 'Yes, yes, I know what you want to say,' Stotsenberg finally saluted each man as he drove up, 'but move along now, and be quick about it.' We never did get that money back."

But after the command arrived at Manila bay on Sunday morning, July 17, little things like dimes and a fruit and jelly diet didn't count. The Nebraska company landed at a small village between Manila and Cavite, and did not go into Manila until August 13, 1898. In the meantime they had been told about events that had made history in Cuba, and had served in the trenches while stationed at Camp Dewey with other regiments. From the time, August 13, when they took part in the assault, or demonstration, which resulted in the capture of Manila, the First Nebraska volunteers were quite busy. Listen to their record of visits with the Filipino insurgents which had momentous consequences:

Mixed it up at Santa Mesa February 4 and 5, 1899; captured the water works next day. They were working with guns and things on the Marquina road February 17, also on March 5 and 6. Then, on Washington's birthday, they fought along the San Mateo river road, having also made sure of the deposito, or water reservoir, that day. They captured the pumping station, about ten miles from Manila, two days later, and were quartered there for the time being. More skirmishing on February 25-27, at Marquina, and regular service and sorties until March 25 (the day Captain Lee Forby got the mortal hurt that resulted in his death on March 28), when they fought like good fellows at San Francisco Del Monte, a small hamlet. Again into the fighting line at Meycauyan and Novallches river on March 26, and along the Marilao river next day. March 29-30 saw them performing strenuous duty about Santa Maria and Guilinto, and on the 31st they were in strong at the capture of the insurgent capital, Malolos, the objective point of the widespread movement begun the day Forby got his death wound. At Quingua, on April 22, they had an engagement, and the following day were participants in the fight at the Bagbag river. April 25 the First Nebraska stormed and captured Calumpit. Then the ordinary busy life of an army in an enemy's country until May 4, 1899, when they saw the last of their fighting days, at San Tomas San Fernando.

"I was not with the regiment when Colonel Stotsenberg was killed," said D. O. Barnell. "I was in the hospital." He was shot severely enough to leave a crease in his left leg just above the knee deep enough to put two fingers in. Barnell was shot, as were several others, while moving up with thirty or forty of the company through an open space fronting an insurgent outpost on the Marquina road early in March. Instead of going into details about the hurt he got, Barnell switched to a story:

"Sergeant Clapp and Corporal Knapp and myself had agreed that we saw fine opportunities for three hustling Americans in Manila and had practically agreed to remain in the islands after discharge. It was only a few days later that a shot cut away the muscles of my leg, and but a few hours later, maybe, Clapp had a wound in about the same place on the same leg, that broke the bone. Then Knapp also was shot in the left leg at almost the same spot, and the bone was broken. So we all came home on the Hancock, getting out of the hospital just a few days before it sailed." The regiment left Manila for San Francisco July 1, 1899.

In their dress parade days, when war was far away, the boys of L company, as the Thurston Rifles, had "cleaned up" all the crack

## James H. Canfield--A Many-Sided Man

Address of Victor Rosewater, Editor Omaha Bee, at Memorial Exercises at Lincoln, April 23, 1909.

**W**E CANNOT fully realize the height of a mountain when standing at its base, but must view it at a distance to appreciate its towering proportions. In the same way we usually get a true perspective of a man who towers among his fellows only after he is taken away from us and we can measure the real value of his work only after it is completed.

Our lamented friend and former chancellor of this university had in him the making of a leader of men, and he would have led in whatever field he might have chosen for his life work. Dr. Canfield was the son of a clergyman, and had he followed in the footsteps of his father he would have been a powerful man in the pulpit and an uplifting factor in religious work. When he graduated from college he engaged first in railroad construction, and had the transportation industry claimed him he would have died a great railway president. He studied law and was admitted to practice at the bar and had he proceeded to perfect himself as an advocate he would surely have occupied a front rank in the legal profession. But he was destined to be neither a clergyman nor a railway president, nor a lawyer, but to devote himself to the responsible task of directing the education of the constant succession of the rising generation and, as a consequence, he became a great teacher, a great educator, a great librarian, a great inspirer to a small army of young people, who will in turn deeper his imprint and pass it on in an ever widening circle.

It is natural and inevitable that in paying tribute to the memory of one who has passed away personal relations are recalled and assume an interest perhaps in disproportion to their real significance. I have known Dr. Canfield for nearly twenty years. At first, as a mere casual acquaintance made at a meeting of the American Economic Association, or American Historical Association, I am not quite sure which, when he was still teaching history, English literature and political economy in the University of Kan-

sas. After I had, myself, finished my university course I was invited by him to deliver a brief series of lectures at this university, and he did me the honor to listen to the opening lecture. That illustrates one of his most lovable characteristics—his readiness at all times to encourage beginners at no matter what cost to himself of time and patience.

When two years later I was called to fill temporarily a place on your Board of Regents he had already taken his departure to a new field of action, but I remember that we kept closely in touch with him for helpful advice toward solving problems that had their inception in his administration. When, not many years after, he became head of the great library at Columbia university, I felt that he had again come closer to me because Columbia was my Alma Mater, and on my periodical visits to the metropolis it was always an added pleasure to find him at his desk in the beautiful treasure house of books and to talk over with him the many subjects of uppermost interest to keen observers of current events in government, science, education and particularly the art preservative of arts, with all of which he kept constantly abreast.

A librarian is a care-taker of books, but Dr. Canfield was also, in a small way, a writer of books, and his little "Book of Advice to the College Student" is, in my judgment, a remarkable production. It is filled with practical suggestions dedicated to "The Children of My Educational Sons and Daughters," drawn from his own personal experience, and yet from cover to cover of nearly 200 pages in his innate modesty the closest he comes to a personal narrative is this:

I once thought that there could never be a period in my own life in which there would come more restlessness, more anxiety, more uncertainty, a keener sense of general ignorance and inadequacy, than were experienced during the last half of my senior year in college. What I was prepared to do, what I really desired to do, how I should go about it, what was to be the first step, where I

should begin life, how I could earn my first dollar, under what circumstances I could be sure of earning it at all; these questions tormented me, by night and by day. To pass by a single step, almost in a single day, from dependence to self-support, from a comfortable and assured allowance to absolute uncertainty as to how the necessary expenses of the first week should be met (without turning again to the generosity which had marked all the past); to feel that one simply must decide, must do something, and still not to know what, all this, and more than need be written here, made life a burden indeed. All this has been kept very fresh in memory by living it all over again, year after year, with seniors who have come to me with their difficulties and perplexities, hoping and begging for some word of advice or some bit of experience which would bring them light; not infrequently even seeking to relieve themselves of all responsibility by saying, "I will do whatever you say."

But, fortunately rather than unfortunately, this may never be finally decided by anyone but yourself, without grave danger of grave error.

In this same suggestive volume Dr. Canfield enumerates five elemental and fundamental characteristics, which he urges students to cultivate, and they are worth repeating here because they reflect ideas and ideals which he unquestionably kept before himself as a guide for his own conduct. Here are his five fundamentals:

1. Society of thought.
2. Simplicity of life.
3. Absolute integrity.
4. Courage.
5. Strength.

Dr. Canfield was a charitable man. His charity was not that which contended itself with old preachments, but gave the benefit of the doubt to the supplicant even to the point of being occasionally imposed upon.

I can illustrate this with extracts from a letter, written by Dr. Canfield to me in April, 1899, asking for information about a certain person whom he has accommodated with a loan. He writes as follows:

On the date named, about noon, a well-dressed gentleman came to my office, in some perturbation, and stated that he was

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(Continued on Page Two.)