

How the Omaha High School Boys Work and Play at Being Soldiers

CADETS of the high school regiment, which has just finished its most successful year with the recent campaign, complete the drill and military graduation of officers, probably do not realize that some of their places will be filled within a few years by the sons of the soldier boys who comprised the first companies of the old Omaha High school cadet battalion. Yet a backward glance over the history of the battalion, which has recently grown into a regiment, will divulge the fact that the organization of the first company of the corps was effected in 1886, twenty-three years ago, and that more than a few of the boys who first wore the insignia of the school's military organization are now married men entering the prime of life.

Such a state of affairs is observed, and with it come the memories to those who are old enough of the struggles and advances, and the occasional failures, too, that have marked the rise of the early band of bluish-gray coated youths into a strongly organized, well disciplined and highly meritorious regiment of boys who will soon be men and of whom many a proud parent speaks with pleasure.

It was not an easy path, nor a quick one, which had to be followed through the last decade and a half before the present degree of efficiency and excellence was reached. Only by continued and determined work toward a high standard did the earlier cadets, from the commanding officers down the line to the freshest privates, round their companies into a progressive march that has only recently led to near-perfection. As would be expected in a military organization, "Forward" has been the watchword.

Early Struggles of Cadets.

Uniformed only in a cap and belt, using rickety old rifles loaned by the Grand Army and drilled by enthusiastic but ignorant and inexperienced cadet officers, the single company of boys who flourished as the corps for two years following the fall of 1886 were the pioneers and forerunners of the present magnificent organization. After two seasons of drill they gave up the project on account of lack of interest, there being nothing to hold their efforts to the work.

Five years went by without another attempt at military work on the old capitol hill, when in 1893 the cadet corps was reorganized on a more permanent basis. A commander, to be known as the commandant—and later, among the cadets, when he was not around, the "Com"—was secured. Lieutenant Julius A. Penn, on duty at Fort Omaha, was detailed by General Brooks, at the instance of the secretary of war, to take charge of the battalion, which consisted at that time of four companies, only partially uniformed and equipped.

Lieutenant Penn's designation as commandant was primarily due to the "wire pulling" done for the benefit of the battalion by Superintendent of Schools Fitzpatrick and Congressman Mercer, according to early records, and, if so, they deserve the thanks of every high school boy and every cadet who has been graduated for placing the battalion under such an able leader at its birth.

In 1895 the first competitive drill was held among the companies and individuals, Company A winning a handsome silk flag provided as the trophy and Sergeant Brown of Company C being declared the best individual driller. This innovation of competitive drill at the close of each year helped to arouse renewed interest in the "war department" of the school and made it an active branch of the work for some time. Since then the company winners each year have been as follows:

Company B.....1895	Company E.....1903
Company D.....1896	Company F.....1904
Company A.....1897	Company G.....1905
Company C.....1898	Company H.....1906
Company B.....1899	Company I.....1907
Company D.....1900	Company J.....1908
Company A.....1901	Company K.....1909

During the years in which the individual drill was held in connection with the contests by companies, the winners were:

1895-Sergeant Brown.....Company C
1896-Sergeant Moore.....Company A
1897-Sergeant Scribner.....Company C
1898-Sergeant W. H. Oury.....Company A
1899-Sergeant Palmer.....Company B
1900-Sergeant Hayward.....Company B
1901-Sergeant Ryan.....Company A
1902-Sergeant Peters.....Company E
1903-Sergeant Carter.....Company D
1904-Sergeant Robert.....Company D

Medals for individual drill have been presented from time to time, a gold one being donated by the Thurston rifles in 1897 and another handsome one by Mahanin & Ryan, jewelers, in 1903. A silver medal is also contested for.

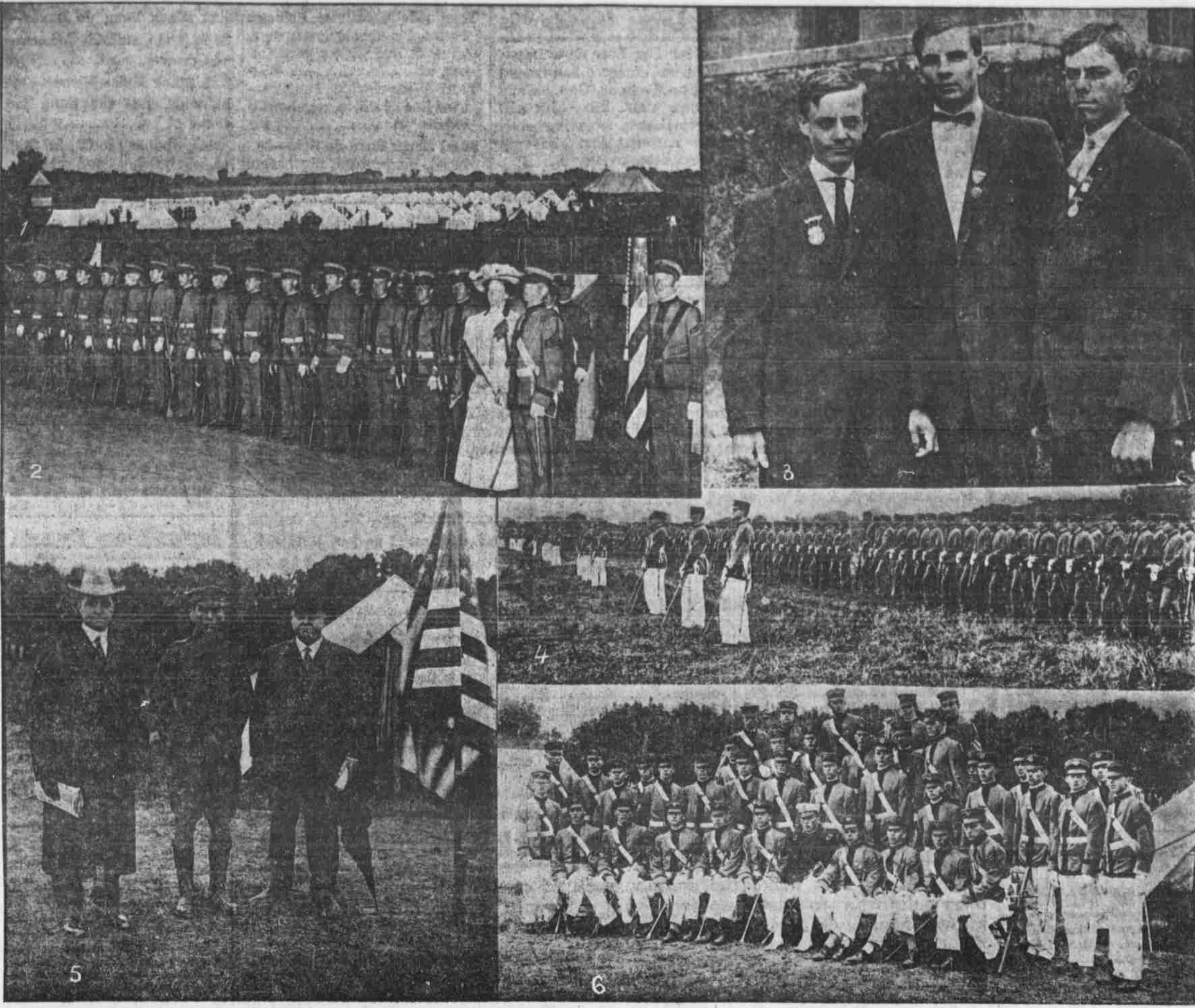
Growth of the Regiment.

The mention of Companies E and F would indicate that the battalion grew in size as it did in years. Which is just what happened. In 1898 only four companies were uniformed completely, but a fifth, Company E, had been organized for boys who could not afford uniforms. Later it became one of the best drilled in the battalion, winning the flag two years in succession, in 1904-05.

Early in the school year 1900-01, there were seven companies, but at the end of the year the number had dropped down to five again, and then ran up to six within a year, at which point the organization was kept until the year just closed, when eight companies, making two battalions, were formed on regimental lines. This did not include the signal corps, begun in the fall of 1901; the hospital corps, which also originated about that time, and the high school band, from which the first music poured forth in 1900.

Company Z, a girls' club modeled on the plan of a cadet company, with captain, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals and the main body of members known as privates, occupied a prominent place in high school affairs for some years, until it was broken up by Principal Waterhouse and the faculty as being too "exclusive." During the

Omaha High School Cadets in Camp and in Competition



No. 1-General View of Camp Davidson at Ashland. No. 2-Company A, Captain Herbert Ryan, Winner of the Competitive Drill. No. 3-Individual Drill winners; from left to right: Robert McCague, Company D, first; Warren Howard, Company B, second; Leland Wyckoff, Company D, third. No. 4-Dress Parade at Camp Davidson. No. 5-Principal Graff, Lieutenant Haskell and Prof. Woolery at Camp Davidson. No. 6-Cadet Officers at Camp Davidson.

SOME VIEWS OF THE BOYS WHEN AT WORK.

closing weeks of each school year the "Z" girls adopted different companies to support with their cheers, pennants, fudges and other feminine enthusiasm, and with their interest and attendance the competitive drill was made a success each year.

Another feature of the military organization was the C. O. C., as every cadet knows it. The Cadet Officers' club, organized in 1894, was a union of the commissioned cadet officers to boost the battalion, and it handled such affairs as the arrangement of camps, competitive drills and other business of an important nature.

Some Have Seen Service.

Not only in the mild pursuit of slight military knowledge, but also in actual warfare, the Omaha High school cadets have proved themselves brilliant. On the pages of history are written the deeds of Omaha's boys in the bloodiest and fighting following the destruction of the Maine in 1898.

With the call for volunteers issued by President McKinley in 1898 many a small, under-aged lad yearned to join a company for Cuba, or later the Philippines, while not a few of the older cadets did leave their senior studies, their homes and sweethearts and cast their lot with Old Glory, to help bring it through the fray.

One young soldier, a former cadet in the Omaha battalion, who not only won honors and medals for himself in the war, after giving up the completion of a university course, but whose distinction in the army was such that he has successfully followed the profession ever since, has risen to the rank of captain in a highly technical branch of the service and has for the last two years been commandant of the cadets of the school which he once attended himself, is Captain W. H. Oury.

As year by year passed, with only an ordinarily successful competitive drill at the close of the school season to act as a beacon light to best effort, the interest of the boy soldiers waned and those in authority cast about for some new feature to improve and encourage the drillers. They found it in the first annual encampment in 1902, which consisted of some real camp life for the battalion at the close of the year's work. From that time till the present, the camp having been held every year, interest has not lagged, nor does it promise to do so unless the encampment feature is discontinued.

Extracts from Two Camp Diaries.

I-BY A FRESHMAN PRIVATE.

First Day—Got to camping ground after walking about fourteen miles, more or less, carrying gun that increased in weight with each step. The tents almost grew out of the ground, they went up so fast, and I soon got lost among them in trying to steal a march on the cook and "mooch" some crackers from the grub tent.

Second Day—Didn't sleep a wink last night. Wish I had, as our captain says we have to drill four hours a day and get up before 5 a. m. Some guy stole my white belt and I had to carry my bayonet scabbard on a piece of suspenders.

Third Day—Tried to run the guard last night, so as to buy some mosquito dope in town. Got nabbed and had to peel up all day. Made it nice—for the cooks.

Fourth Day—Visitors' day. Mamma brought me some real food, which soon disappeared, either into me and the others, or else our camp boxes for future reference—and stomach ache.

Fifth Day—The cold gray dawn of the morning after. All the folks from home went back on the special train and we

grubs had to keep up appearances by disposing of the rest of the eatings they brought. But they didn't taste so good after the folks left, and the effect today is still worse. Then, to make things worse yet, a bunch of sophs, the wise fools, grabbed me and tossed me in a blanket. I felt when I got into the air as if I might get separated from all the junk I had eaten.

Last Day—Geel but it's fierce to think that stuff's off till next year's camp. We broke camp early and got home in time for a late dinner, which tasted like a lost brother feels when you shake hands with him after he comes back home.

II-BY A CAPTAIN.

First day: Things look good for the best camp of my four years of drill. The men are in fine shape for getting down to work for that flag, and the weather looks as if it might not rain more than once a day.

Last Day—Geel but it's fierce to think that stuff's off till next year's camp. We broke camp early and got home in time for a late dinner, which tasted like a lost brother feels when you shake hands with him after he comes back home.

Year Was Successful.

One of the most successful years of drill, with decidedly the most successful encampment and competitive drill, ever held by the Omaha High school cadets is just over, so that more than ever can the mothers and fathers of the soldier lads think with pride of their sons, just as Miss Anna T. Adams, one of the high school teachers, thought of the boys when Admiral Schley was in Omaha after his famous campaign off Santiago.

The cadet battalion acted as part of Admiral Schley's escort on the occasion of his first public appearance here. Miss Adams was an interested spectator during the parade of the troops and carriages past the reviewing stand where she sat. It happened that the high school cadets marched in the procession next to the section of the parade in which the admiral was.

"Why, where is Admiral Schley?" queried Miss Adams, after the carriages and cadets had passed. "I didn't see him."

The truth of the matter was that in her absorbed interest in the high school lads she had entirely overlooked the honor guest and central figure of the procession. Just so it is with the high school cadets, in the estimation of the fond relatives and friends whose interests are theirs. The boys may not be the best in the world and their drill may easily be surpassed in every respect by the regulars who barrack in the nation's forts, but the cadets are Our Boys. That makes the difference.

The Com. has some great ideas for running the outfit and is liable to take all the kinks out of the rookies (green privates) with a few days' drill. Wrote her (meaning the company sponsor) to come down to camp on visitor's day.

Second day: Had the deuce of a time putting the freshmen to bed last night. They insisted on singing lullabies and telling stories of what they were going to do to the sophs, until I had to soak a bunch of them with cool detail work. Then the rest went to sleep and dreamed of the death of Caesar and the burial of examinations.

Third day: Got a letter from her. She's coming alright, with a big basket, a lot of fudge, some cheer for the company—and I almost forgot, her folks and mine. I was officer of the day today, and some sport, too, with the right to wear a fancy leather sword belt, boss the camp and watch others work.

Fourth day: They—the visitors—arrived late and my white ducks almost lost their creases from anxiety. She looks swell, with a dress made in the company colors. Had no drills except guard mounting and dress parade. After she and the others left, we officers had a banquet in my tent, with coin for tables, palls for chairs, bayonets for candlesticks, pieces of wooden plates for eating tools—and the visitor's leavings for grub. Kept on eating in the dark after taps and the Com. didn't get next at all. When nothing more was left to eat we decided to turn in.

Fifth day: Wish the visitors hadn't brought so much to eat. They made us all see Cleero and Virgil, also Chaucer and other ghosts last night. The doctor's tent did a land office business this a. m. Had chickens on the half shell for dinner today. The cook called them boiled eggs, but he was just acting fresh to illustrate a prehistoric condition of the "eggs."

Sixth day: Fun—and work—closed today and we packed up for "home, sweet home." Some great camp, all right, and the company is all ready to win the flag. Think I shall sleep all day tomorrow to make up for lost time.

Rooster of the Regiment.

On Friday evening of the last week, with the graduation of the class of 1909 from the school forty-two (42) commissioned officers of the regiment were given their diplomas for satisfactory completion of four years cadet drill. They comprised the personnel of the regimental, battalion and company staffs, which is as follows:

REGIMENTAL STAFF.

Captain and adjutant, Claude Neaves.
Captain and quartermaster, Will Haynes.
Captain and ordnance officer, Frederic McConnell.
Captain and commissary, Lawrence Fricke.

FIRST BATTALION.

Major, Sam Carrier.
First lieutenant and adjutant, Jack Bowen.
Second lieutenant and quartermaster, Bert Hene.
Company D—Officer in command, Major Sam Carrier; lieutenants, Lehmer, Parish and Hyon.
Company C—Captain, Sigurd Larmon; lieutenants, Buffington, Nelson and Blackburn.
Company G—Captain, Harry Drucker; lieutenants, Sears and Estrilkin.
Company I—Captain, George Noone; lieutenants, Frederickson, Young and Brodsky.

SECOND BATTALION.

Major, Max Plathow.
First lieutenant and adjutant, Stanton Salisbury.
Second lieutenant and quartermaster, Fred Meyer.
Company E—Officer in command, Major Max Plathow; lieutenants, Buchanan, Carlson and Egan.
Company B—Captain, Don Wood; lieutenants, Rabbitt, Frenlist and Larmon.
Company A—Captain, Herbert Ryan; lieutenants, Robert, Carpenter and Averley.
Company F—Captain, Howard Roe; lieutenants, Roberts, Rogers and Kellner.

Emp Yung League Organized to Drive the Japanese Out of Korea

(Continued from Page One.)

Khaki is the color worn by the Japanese soldiers when in the field. As a result, he was taken for a Japanese, and narrowly escaped with his life. The rebels who captured him insisted he was lying when he told them he was a missionary and an American. It was only his fair hair and blue eyes that enabled him to hold them back, until some more intelligent Koreans arrived and convinced his captors that he was speaking the truth. Another missionary who was traveling in black clothes was also attacked and had a narrow escape.

Rebels and Our Consul General.

Some of these Emp Yungs operate in the mountains, not far from the capital, and pleasure parties from Seoul are often in danger. A few months ago Mr. Thomas Sammons, the American consul general, took a picnic trip with his wife and son into the mountains near here. They went in chairs and jinkishas, and his son, who is now a student in Harvard university, led the procession. He was dressed in khaki, and a band of five rebels caught sight of him. The leveled their guns and

ordered the party to stop. Mrs. Sammons had a bunch of flowers in her hands and she waved these at them, supporting them friendly Koreans. In the meantime the consul general came up, and it was only with difficulty that he was able to show the men that they were Americans and to keep them from firing. Had these Emp Yungs done as many of their fellows frequently do, that is, shoot on sight, the boy would have been killed.

Koreans and United States.

This attack upon the consul general had nothing whatever to do with the feeling which many patriotic Koreans now hold in regard to our country. Until the present they have always looked upon us as their best friends among the nations. It was our government which made the first treaty that opened their land to the world. This was in 1882, when Commodore Shufeldt came here with a fleet and had a conference with the king. In this treaty it was stated that if other powers dealt unjustly or oppressively with Korea that the United States would interfere and try to bring about an amicable arrangement. The

Koreans construed this as meaning that we would support them against any other nation in preserving their independence. Before the emperor was deposed he sent commissioners to America, asking our aid against the Japanese, and the commissioners were not received. Many of the people look upon this as a breach of international faith and feel that we have sold them out to Japan.

It was this that largely caused the assassination of Stevens. He was an American in the employ of the Japanese, and was then on his way to Washington, as they thought, to put another nail in Korea's coffin. They were woefully mistaken, for Stevens, like his master, Prince Ito, was one of the best friends that the Korean people have ever had, and he was laboring to give them independence under the protection of Japan.

I understand that the recent visit of our fleet to Japan was another thorn in the flesh of Korea, as in that act we seemed to have allied ourselves with their enemy. The first report of the fleet which was distributed over Korea was that it was coming to recapture this country and put the retired emperor back on his throne as well as to conquer Japan.

Another story published last fall was that 1,000 Americans were coming to Korea to spy out the land and prepare the way for a big force, which should punish Japan. This, when sifted down, proved to be the small company of men and women who have since arrived from England to organize a Salvation Army movement in Korea.

Koreans Must Stay at Home.

Notwithstanding this feeling, many Koreans would now like to go to America, and they bitterly resent the provisions of the Japanese which prevent their leaving the country. They are not allowed to sail for the United States from any of the Korean ports, and if they should go to China they would be kept from sailing to America via Shanghai. Some of the people want to go just because they cannot.

One of the big problems of the Japanese government in Korea is the control of their scum of the overcrowded western part of the Japanese empire, whose civilization is far below that of the eastern coasts. It comprises all such characters as go to our mining camps on the nose of a big gold discovery. There are gamblers and row-

dies, drunkards and loafers and men who have left their country for their country's good; and there are business men of shady reputation who are glad to make money in any questionable way.

It would not be fair to say that the whole immigration is of this nature; but a goodly part of it is so, and as usual the bad men and women push their way to the front. The faces of many of the Japanese one meets are not friendly. They stare at you as though they thought you had no right in Korea, and make no bones of brushing against the foreigner or crowding him to the side of the road. If there is resentment there is sure to be trouble, and if one is off by himself and away from the police, he may have to fight for his rights with the odds all against him. I know of foreign men and women who have been struck by drunken Japanese, and there are numerous instances where the Korean servants of foreigners have been ill-treated by Japanese coolies.

Money Sharks and Land Grabbers.

It is from this element that the so-called outrages of the Japanese upon the Koreans come, and at present the situation is such that it is difficult to hold it in check. The Koreans are simple, and a check the Koreans are simple, and a Japanese will loan money to them on their houses and lands on condition that he is to have the property if the debt is not paid. These loans are at high rates of interest, such as have always been common in Korea. I hear of mortgages at 10 per cent a month, and about the lowest rate charged by any one outside the banks is 25 per cent yearly. Such interest rates run eat up the property, and it goes into the hands of the Japanese. In the past the Koreans have been loaning money to their fellows on condition that the property should be given up without sale in case the loans were not paid. By the new laws of the Japanese this is forbidden, and sales must be made, the surplus over the debt going back to the debtor and the creditor getting only the amount of his loan and the interest accrued. Most of the Koreans do not know of this new law, and an unscrupulous creditor can often take a \$10.00 property for a loan of \$5.00 or less if the man cannot raise the money in cash at the time it is due.

I understand that Korea is overrun with money lenders just now, and that much of

the town property has already been mortgaged. It is estimated that at least 50 per cent of the houses of Seoul and other Korean cities are so incumbered. One of the Korean papers estimates the mortgages of Seoul at 50 per cent and states that the Japanese go about and offer to make loans to any of the property owners who are willing to take them. This proposition is most attractive to the simple Korean. He borrows without thinking how he shall meet his debt when due. The interest accumulates and he loses his property. Indeed, the prospect is that the best Korean lands and houses will find their way into the hands of Japanese through methods like these.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

The Emp Yung League is organized to drive the Japanese out of Korea. It is a patriotic organization of Koreans who are determined to free their country from foreign domination. The league has been active in recruiting members and raising funds for its cause. It has also been successful in organizing protests and demonstrations against Japanese policies in Korea. The league's goal is to achieve complete independence for Korea and to restore the Korean people to their rightful place as the masters of their own land.

Officials Who Have Lost Their Jobs.

Several high-ranking officials of the Japanese government in Korea have been removed from their positions due to their involvement in the Emp Yung League's activities. These officials were accused of providing support and resources to the league, which was seen as a direct challenge to Japanese authority. The removal of these officials is a significant blow to the Japanese administration in Korea, as it demonstrates the league's ability to infiltrate and undermine the official government structure.

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