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TROOP A IN THE FIELD.

Sketch of an Organization with a Large Yale Membership.

By STOWE PHELPS, Yale '90.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 2d of May, 1898, eighty-four men of Troop A, New York, were hurriedly putting on their uniforms at their various homes to answer the bugle call at the Armory that was to send them "to the front" to fight for their country. How inspiring that thought was to us, as we realized that before us lay all the possibilities that "war" meant—adventure, daring, bravery, fighting, victories, glory—it made the buttons across the chest creak;—sleeping on the ground, soaking rains, hardtack and bacon, and bacon and hardtack,—and the strain on the buttons ceased.

Among those present at the first roll call were: 1st Sergeant A. R. Moën, '89 S.; Sergeant Stowe Phelps, '90; Corporal G. B. Hoppin, '91; Corporal W. R. Wright, '94; Privates L. A. Conner, '87 S.; Dick Manning, '92 S.; Charles R. Hickox, Jr., '93; L. P. Gillespie, '94; F. L. Polk, '94; George O. Redington, '94 L.S.; E. V. Cox, '94 S.; Laurie Lee, '95; S. R. Hall, '95 S.; Sam Quinby, '96 S.; A. F. Brown, '96 S.; Fritz Hoeninghaus, '96; Dunn McKee, '96; Amos Pinchot, '97.

The troops rode down Fifth avenue, where kid-gloved applause in a quantity that was quite *comme il faut* was heard; but when the East side was reached it was there that the cheers and shouts of the crowd made us feel that we would do our best to deserve them or die in the attempt.

Camp Black at Hempstead came in sight about sundown and by taps at nine-thirty that night we were all under canvas. Next morning we awoke to realize that the nearest water for ourselves was nearly a quarter of a mile away and for the horses almost two miles! This condition of affairs was not remedied for nearly three weeks, and had it not been for Harry Whitney (Yale, '94), who sent a watering cart over to us twice a day from his country place, we should have been in a sad plight. When it is said that water was scarce, it is meant, water in an available form; for shortly the rains descended and continued to do so the greater part of the time we were there. Not little showers, were they, but good business-like easterly storms that flooded the ground ankle deep with water, put out all the fires, so that mess could not be cooked, and soaked and chilled one to the marrow. Everything was damp and dripping, and we piled on all the shirts and sweaters we had to try and keep warm. It was on such a day that Jim Terry (a brother of Wyllys Terry, '85) lost his blanket in the guard house. After a vain search he shook his head philosophically and remarked: "Well, I am thankful I have on a good warm pair of suspenders anyhow." To cap the climax, the stable sergeant came along and borrowed his last half bottle of whiskey to give to a horse.

There was something the matter with Camp Black. It was hardly one's idea of what an army camp should be. And it was too near home; too much like playing dolls in the back yard. Admiring throngs cheered the brave boys as they went valiantly to the war, while loving relatives shed a silent tear, and the next day rode out on their bicycles and brought candies and asked you how you liked it.

At last the good news came that we were to be "mustered in" and go to the front—or at least somewhere in that direction. Thursday, the 19th, was a busy day with physical examinations. Friday, the troop, in heavy marching order, with uncovered head and raised hand, took the oath of allegiance to the United States and on Sunday morning we broke camp and started back for New York with Troop C of Brooklyn, with which we formed the First Squadron of N. Y. Vol. Cavalry. This march was one "grand triumph" all the way from Hempstead through Brooklyn and over the Bridge to New York and Jersey City, where we went into camp in the stock yards for the night. It was on the bridge, however, that an Irishman hit the nail on the head when he shouted, "But be sure ye do something, b'ys, before ye come back."

When the horses had been picketed and fed at Jersey City, we were dismissed about 10 P. M. till 4 A. M. next morning, and the men all rushed to New York for a farewell bath and a farewell dinner. There were humorous aspects of the position of men in an organization like Troop A, as when a crowd left the best dinner the Waldorf could afford, and with Invincibles in their mouths and Extra Dry under their arms, proceeded in cabs back to Jersey City, where they took off their coats and went to grooming horses.

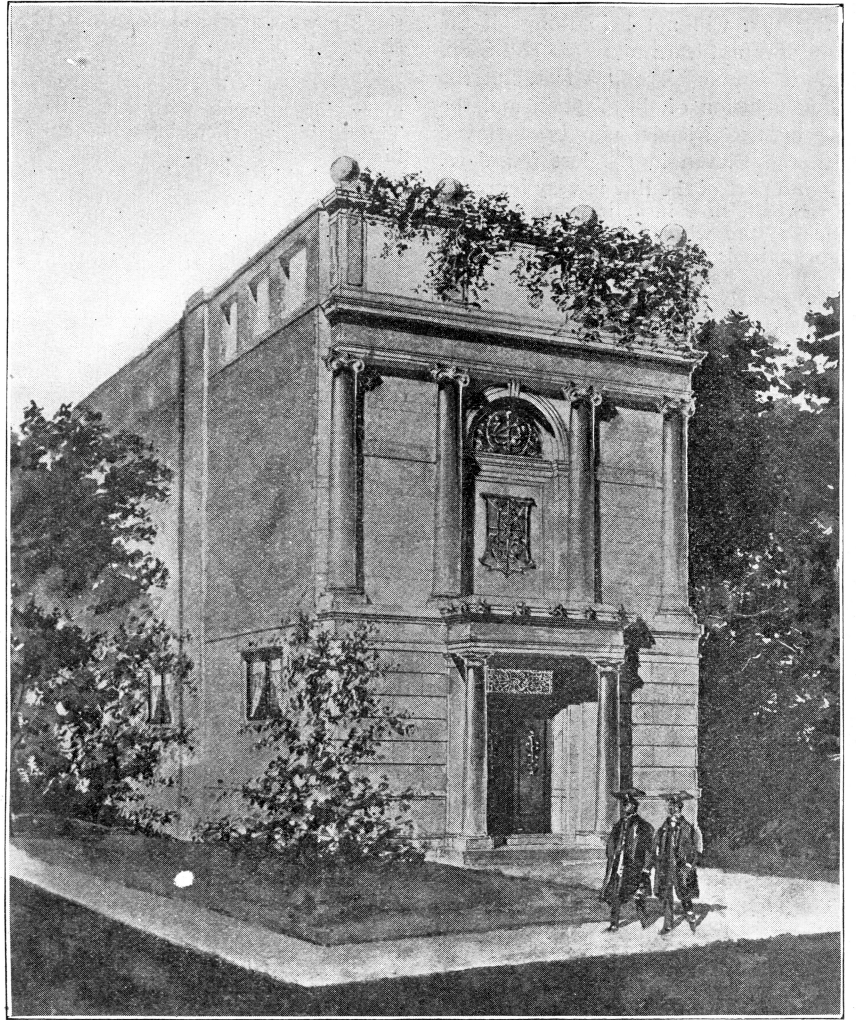
AT CAMP ALGER.

We reached Camp Alger, some 15 miles from Washington, about 11 P. M. Monday night, fell off our horses and slept where we fell. By noon next day our camp was in working order, which caused Gen. Graham to remark: "Those New York swells are under canvas already, while that regiment of Pittsburg miners has been here three weeks and haven't half their tents up yet."

Here again the water for man and beast was as far away as it had been at Camp Black, only there was much less of it. As Laurie Lee remarked, squinting at his pipe: "It seems to be a strategic principle of camp selection to put it as far away from water as possible." Other regiments were still worse off. It was said in one case that the men had to go two miles for water and then it could be obtained only in very small quantities. Baths were necessarily at such a premium that they were never indulged in by the men of the rank and file of the army. This of course did not help other unsanitary conditions. It was not long before typhoid fever appeared. That was the awful part of the business to see man after man carried to the hospitals and to feel that you might be the next. One might seek Spanish bullets with eagerness, but it was too cold-blooded to be taken off by the fever.

At Camp Alger one's ideas of a soldier's life was realized. The day began with reveille at 5.30; then mess, followed by "stables"—watering, feeding and grooming the horses. After this a short respite till morning drill. Mess again at noon, and afternoon drill with mess at 6 o'clock and retreat. Tattoo was at 9 and taps at 9.30 and most of the men were asleep long before. Here too, the stage setting was correct. Here was the rolling country with the camps scattered around in the open fields and clearings in the woods. Here were the picturesque mule wagons winding over the hills and here were the sutlers with all sorts of things to eat and drink, and with their shooting galleries and other side shows.

Many new recruits came with the second call for volunteers when the troop was increased to 103. Among them were Billy Williams, '84; Letch-



THE NEW ZETA PSI HALL.

worth Smith, '94; "Pete" Stillman, '94; "Little George" Adee, '95; Frank Harrison, '95; Billy Heaton, '96; Harry Fisher, '96; Geo. Batcheller, '95; Bob Troescher, '96 S.; R. D. Mills, '97.

It was not till now that the war began to seem a real thing. The first troops would soon land in Cuba and then? Then on the Saturday before the Fourth came the awful news that Shafter's line was too thin and that he must wait for reinforcements; also that incidentally more cavalry was wanted, a point which especially interested us. Every one felt we were going immediately to the front and excitement ran high. From now on till the glad news came that we were to go to Porto Rico, the temperament of the camp rose and fell with a thousand rumors or "pipe dreams" as they were called, like the fluctuations of the stock market. One moment all was joy because an orderly at headquarters had heard one officer say to another that a telegram had just come from Washington and the next gloom settled down, for someone had had a letter from home which said the wife of the General was ill.

However, on the twenty-third of July, about midnight, the orders came "to proceed at once to Porto Rico." With much energy the quartermaster and commissary stores for 40 days were drawn, and at 7 o'clock, the "General" sounded, tents were struck and the two troops wound down the road in the darkness to Dunn Loring to get on the cars for Newport News. Here we were kept only three days and then put on "Transport No. 22, Q. M. D." otherwise the "Massachusetts." The bad management on this boat is notorious and

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The New Zeta Psi Hall.

In this issue is printed the cut of the new hall of the Yale Chapter of the Zeta Psi fraternity, which is now in the course of erection on the site of the old house on York street. The new building will incorporate only the side walls of the former structure. It will be two stories in height and have a width of twenty-five feet and a depth of one hundred and ten feet.

The front elevation will be entirely Indiana limestone, and the walls of the addition in front of the old building will be of Roman brick. The construction account calls for an outlay of \$20,000.

Work was begun early in September and the house will be ready for occupation by February first. Messrs. Buchman and Deisler of New York are the architects. Mr. D. G. Carmichael of New Haven has charge of the construction.

The Yale's Flags.

A final disposition of the flags of the U. S. Cruiser Yale has not yet been made, and they still lie in the Chittenden Library. President Dwight when seen on Tuesday was of the opinion that the flags would be placed somewhere on the walls of the Library, and in his estimation this would be the best location.

The Corporation will probably make a disposition of the relics at its next meeting.