

every day," Mr. Hinman's eyes dim a little, but he is an erect looking his 87

years reliving his Civil War days, until now the present has merged into the fading pictures

Silhouettes

By Josephine Hardwicke

Edna

Decoration Day is a day of memories and flower bouquets. One by one the Old Guard are marching across the boundary line where friend meets friends and enemy hatred holds no place. But the Old Guard are marching with heads up and eyes unafraid; they are ready for the new adventures.

In Randolph, James Kelley, 92 years old is the last member of Company H, 141st Regiment from Steuben County, New York. Born in Belfast, Ireland, he came to America when he was not quite 17 years old and enlisted for war when he was 21 years of age.

His first battle was at Gettysburg which he remembers well. The gallant old soldier with silver hair and eyes tragic with memory says, "War is a perfect hell, for them's that in, and them's that's out of it. We marched with Sherman clear through to the sea. Our first big battle was at Atlantic, though there were two big battles not so big before that. Then we had one at Lookout Mountain; then just skirmishes 'till we reached the sea. We had heavy loads to carry—our haversacks, our knapsacks, our cartridges and equipment. We had to carry three days rations."

"You know Atlanta had a great manufacturing place, an ammunition plant. There were thirteen trains on different tracks loaded with ammunition and we closed in on them, and set fire to them. You can imagine what the noise was like. Our food? Why, we foraged for it. Beef, hogs, hams they used to have smoke houses as big as this room," Mr. Kelley waves his hand to the good sized sitting room where he is sitting.

"Captain S. V. Pool was in Libby Prison during Sherman's march to the Sea, and he came back to the regiment while we were at Columbia, South Carolina, just before it burned. He was very poor. We started to Atlanta to release the prisoners in Libby Prison, but when we got to Richmond they had taken the prisoners to Atlanta."

"Comrade" Hinman re-enlisted after his discharge and was assigned to the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division of the 20th army corps of the army at Cumberland. At Atlanta where he rejoined his regiment he was given the job of driving 1100 cattle from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

"We had to ford every river, the bridges had been burned. The cattle were divided into small squads, and as I couldn't swim, I hung on to the tail of one of the steers and went through the river. I didn't dare to let go—I couldn't swim," Mr. Hinman laughs at the memory. "The worst time was going over a railroad bridge. Just logs laid far apart. I had to crawl over it on my hands and knees and you see I had about 60 pounds of extra weight to carry. I was twelve days under fire."

Mr. Hinman was born and brought up in East Otto. One of thirteen children, of whom only he and a sister are left. Though a bank closing has hit him hard, he proudly says, "I've always worked hard for every dollar I ever earned, and when I hadn't money, I could go out and earn some." Another brave man to be saluted—one who will walk across the border with his flag bravely flying.

In Ellicottville lives William H. Hall who served with the 13th

Courtesy of Jean Rae Erskine, South Dayton, N.Y.

Then we had sweet potatoes, peas, nuts and plenty of chickens. But in Savannah we had no salt for three weeks. Beef, mutton and sweet potatoes—but no salt or flour. I paid one dollar a pound for some rice. The south was a very rich country before the war."

"I had a funny experience in Savannah. I was out on a pass walking towards the edge of the swamp, when some one tapped at the window pane of a house to me and beckoned me to come in. He was an Irish tailor who had lived there for a number of years. I went in and we had a fine visit, and he gave me five pounds of salt. At first he was a little shy, and I kept my hand near my Colt revolver in my belt, but I soon saw he was all right. I remember they had turf dried the same as we did in Ireland; peat, it makes a wonderful fire."

"I served under General Hooker, General Sherman and General Johnson on the march from Gettysburg. They were all fine men."

Mr. Kelly was never wounded although his knapsack was shot from his back and his hat fell riddled to the ground behind him.

A brave soldier and a delightful old man, who though his memories are sad yet cheerfully brings them forth for the benefit of future generations.

In East Randolph lives True-man H. Hinman, another gallant old soldier of Company B, 54th New York Regiment. Mr. Hinman enlisted on the 9th of September, 1864 from Cattaraugus county, and was mustered into service at Dunkirk, N. Y., when he gave his age as 18 in order to enlist. His first battle with the enemy was at Atlanta, Ga., on November 9, 1864. He was also in the siege of Savannah, Ga., and its subsequent occupation by the northern troops. On April 26, 1865, he became ill and was sent to a hospital at Richmond and honorably discharged June 26, 1865.

They were right at the front

Heavy Artillery, Company C. Mr. Hall enlisted at 21 years of age, but saw no service under fire, as he was stationed at Fort Hazlitt and Fort O'Roupe for police and patrol duty. For four months he was stationed in Norfolk, Va. and again we hear of the sweet potatoes and chickens used for rations. Mr. Hall remembers a raid they once made through North Carolina. "We brought back two negroes. Yes, the negroes were glad to be free, but most of them were so ignorant, they didn't know what it all meant. Colonel Howard was my officer. He was a large, very nice man. I was fourteen months in the war. I was glad to get back home. I was very homesick."

Mr. Hall is very modest about his part in the war, he feels with the other veterans that war is a terrible thing. He is a very active man for his 90 years of age. He has been married 67 years. In his day he was a prominent base ball player, only his reticence forbids telling you of the things he has done. A courageous soldier.

In Cattaraugus is Mr. Nichols Whitmeyer, a member of the 61st Volunteers, Company C. of Otto, N. Y. In 1861 he enlisted for three years. He was in the battles of Seven Oaks and the Seven Days fights. After a sun stroke he was sent to a hospital and later discharged. He rejoined his regiment in 1863 and fought in the Battle of Gettysburg, and several later battles. Wounded in the army by a bayonet thrust, he was taken prisoner while he was in a hospital. He escaped and was discovered hiding in a river, but he again escaped capture. Later he was in the siege of Petersburg and saw General Lee surrender. He was mustered out in July 1865.

Mr. Whitmeyer's daughter remembers hearing her father tell of their long marches—sometimes 40 miles a day. Mr. Whitmeyer has the flag which his company carried all through the war. Unlike many other veterans who wished to forget their war days, Mr. Whitmeyer has been for many

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was mustered in at Jamestown. Mr. Matthews was so young when he enlisted that he found it necessary to tell them he was older than he actually was, but he must have looked very youthful, for Mr. Matthews tells how they made him run a distance with his knapsack filled with bricks to see if he could stand it. They told him he might stay, but that he wouldn't last long—he'd soon be back home. They were mistaken however, for Mr. Matthews was two years in the army until the war ended in 1865. He served under General Grant in the Army of the Potomac.

In contrast to the plentiful supply of food available to the other soldiers, Mr. Matthehws says, "We lived on hard tack for days. Mutton was shipped in to us on flat cars, but it wasn't fit to be eaten by the time it arrived. We did have some beef and sweet potatoes, and one night some of us boys got a goose from a flock that lived under a porch. We took it back to camp."

Mr. Matthews was born at Gerry, N. Y. almost 85 years ago. He is very active, but the war pictures are taking their place with fading memories of things which happened 69 years ago. Under the quiet manner, lies a deep sense of humor which appreciates many day events.

Each village has its quota of one or more honorable names serving in the Civil War before long we hope to open another small book of memories from which to learn of the deeds of the youths of another generation who so gallantly gave their precious gifts of health and life to their country.