

Complete



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The Utah Battery

UTAH has justly earned another remarkable distinction in the sisterhood of states in being the very first to furnish her full complement of men for active service at the front. Her state militia—the compact fighting unit that will carry her own banner straight into the conflict as a distinct division of the great American army—has been mustered to full war strength and, better still, every man in the ranks is a volunteer. And so, whatever its fortunes may be in battle, the stain of the draft will never be upon this regiment, and it will ever stand as an enduring monument to the manhood of Utah.

The terse announcement to the nation, on the eye of the Fourth of July, that the men of Utah were ready for marching orders, comprised the very finest conceivable salutation that the state could make to the republic on the occasion of the great anniversary. The voluntary tender of the flower of her manhood was the most gracious of all her generous gifts. Money and mercy has she offered beyond measure, but these pale into utter insignificance beside her incomparable offering—the blood sacrifice that she stands ready to lay upon the altars of the great republic.

And what shall we say to the men who have made all this possible? Need we assure them that they are honored above all other men in this commonwealth? Surely they must know that our hearts and fondest hopes are wrapped up in their fortunes, and that wherever this gallant organization may go, whatever fate it may encounter, it will constantly be the object of our deepest solicitation.

Nor do we doubt that the Utah Field Artillery will further distinguish itself when it finally strips for action on the battle front in Europe. This battery has already seen active active service on foreign soil and the wonderful manner in which it acquitted itself twenty years ago has not been forgotten. It was in the Philippines that this volunteer organization stood up shoulder to shoulder with the seasoned veterans and fought in such daring and decisive fashion that the regular army men were overcome with admiration for its remarkable demonstration of courage and mastery of military tactics. And, undoubtedly, the memory of this had much to do with the recent decision of the war department to convert the Utah contingent into a regiment of light field artillery at the earliest possible moment. The nucleus of the new battery already

existed in that Captain Webb (now Lieutenant-colonel, and we congratulate him) and a number of the veteran gunners still continued in the service; and the guns they have mastered are similar to the famous French "75s" which are giving such splendid service along the west front in Europe. With Captain Webb in personal command of the guns, there is every reason to believe that history will repeat itself when the battery again smells the smoke of battle.

And then all Utah rejoices to know that Richard W. Young is to command the regiment. The new colonel comes from fighting stock and is every inch a soldier. It is a stroke of rare good fortune that the Utah Battery is to be led by a native son who has not only seen active service before, as a volunteer in the Philippines,

crates against the volunteers at the start of a campaign. Happily, Colonel Young will be able, by virtue of his unique position, to correct this impression at the outset and place his command on equal footing with the regulars in short order. And so the signs all point to a glorious career for the Utah Battery in the field.

Toussaint L'Ouverture

IT was on this day—July 7th, 1801—that the great negro liberator, Toussaint L'Ouverture, proclaimed the liberty of Haiti and the establishment of a constitutional government for the unhappy people of that isle. What a wonderful character he was. Though his skin was black, his soul was as white as the driven snow; and the record of his achievements in the cause of his shackled race takes on lustre with the passing years and is a constant source of inspiration to patriotic men of every race.

The life-story of this remarkable man runs like a romance. For fifty years he led the life of a slave and it was not until the sunset of his life that he began to find his marvelous powers. The great opportunity came to him with the uprising of 500,000 negro slaves in Haiti against the French authorities in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The yoke of France had become unbearable and in a single night a revolution of the colored subjects broke out that was not quieted until the rule of the mighty European nation was broken and the supremacy of the negroes established.

At the outset of the revolution, Toussaint was an ignorant and untutored slave. Nor did he participate in the bloody massacres that characterized the early part of that memorable struggle for freedom. But he felt a strange stirring in his soul and soon he began to speculate upon the destinies of his people. The processes of his reasoning and self-culture moved slowly at first and several years elapsed before he entered into the conflict as an active participant. He willingly served as a private in the ranks for a time and thus learned the trade of war. Thence he rose rapidly, meeting and disposing of each emergency encountered, until he became the master military tactician of the revolution and assumed command of his people by virtue of his manifest ability for leadership.

France and Spain both held sovereignty over separate portions of the island and their forces were constantly at war with each other during the negro revolution. Sometimes the revolutionists sided with one and sometimes with the other, but it was not until the star of Toussaint rose high in the firmament that the chief issue of the revolt became clearly defined and was contested to a successful conclusion. The hour had come to strike decisively and the great patriot assumed charge of the destinies of his people as if by

YOUNG SOLDIERS

By Ivan Adair, in London Graphic.

ONLY yesterday were they
Chaffing at unwelcome rule,
Measuring study by their play
In the little world of school.

Only yesterday intent
On the limits of their sphere,
Every waking effort bent
On the "Now" and on the "Here."

Lo! at midnight came the call,
Breaking in upon their sleep,
And their manhood, over all,
Rose to live and run and leap.

Thus, before their day was born,
Many a war-kissed eager lad
Thought of childhood with a scorn
As a thing he never had.

but was once a regular army man himself. Colonel Young was a West Pointer of high rank in the days when Major-General Pershing was an under-classman, and has a wider acquaintance and closer personal relationship with the regular army officers than any other man in Utah. He is universally respected by them as a soldier after their own heart; he heads a first-class fighting organization that has already proved its mettle; and all this should result in his command getting extraordinary consideration at the hands of the army authorities.

The men from Utah are not looking for any special favors except the chance to fight and to hold, if possible, the prejudice that usually op-