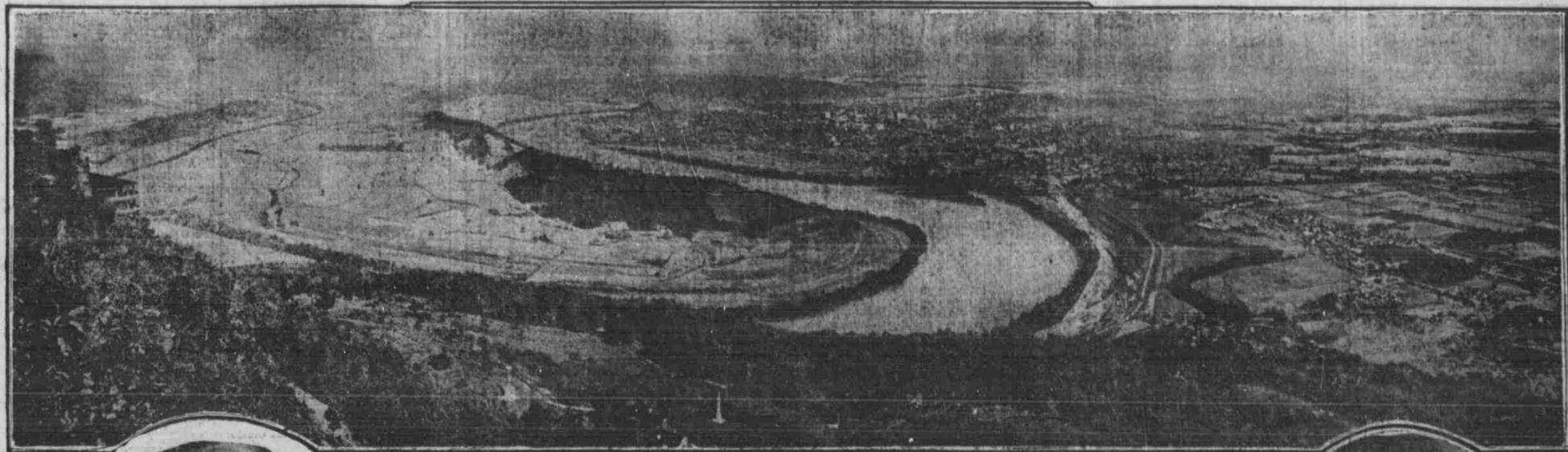


## Armies of North and South to Meet in Peace at Lookout



Moccasin Bend and Chafanooga, Tenn. from Point Park, Lookout Mountain



Jeff W. Bedford



Dr. S. K. Spaulding



Dexter L. Thomas



Judge Lee Estelle



John A. Dempster



R. S. Wilcox



C. E. Adams



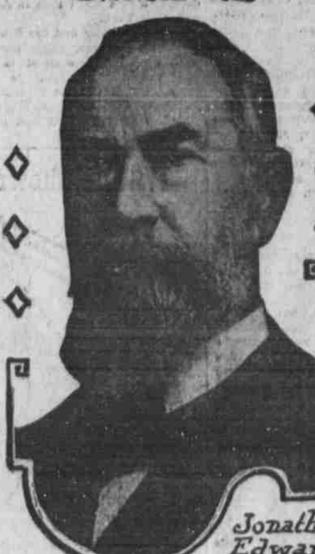
A. S. Traynor



D. M. Haverly



Capt. Joseph Mallison  
Capt. Co. D. 94th Regt. N.Y. Vols.



Jonathan Edwards

**F**OR the first time in the history of the organization, the Grand Army of the Republic will meet in the south, to celebrate an anniversary. The forty-seventh anniversary of this organization will be held in Chattanooga, Tenn., from September 15 to 20. It is expected that about 300 survivors of the war from Nebraska in general and thirty from Omaha in particular will attend. The Nebraska veterans will be under command of John A. Dempster, department commander of Nebraska, Grand Army of the Republic.

It so happens that the forty-seventh encampment occurs on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga. It is planned for a general attendance of Union and Confederate men at the celebration of the anniversary of that desperate conflict. While Mr. Dempster was not engaged in the battle of Chickamauga, he has fought in twenty-four battles, beginning just below St. Louis and following the Mississippi river, the Tennessee river, and marching through Georgia. His hottest battle was at Shiloh, Tenn. It was there that he said he killed the only man in the whole war that he knows of.

"He was a tall, dark Mississippian," Mr. Dempster said, in recalling the incident. "He was about the coolest man I ever saw, I was behind a log, and he was behind a tree about 200 feet in front of me. It was after the first flurry of the battle had passed, and a certain recklessness possessed me that I noticed him. Every once in a while the smoke would raise, and then I could see him calmly standing there with his long, old squirrel rifle."

"He was an artist at handling that rifle. He would step behind the tree and slowly and deliberately load. The barrel was extremely long, even for one of those old-fashioned squirrel rifles. He would stand at one side of the tree, draw the gun over his left shoulder and slowly and deliberately bring it down to a level with his hips. He had already sighted the man he 'wanted,' and when the gun was just right, it blazed away with no seeming attempt of the part of the shooter to aim. And I noticed that every time he did that, one of our boys bit the dust."

"Think's I, 'Now young fellow, that's got to stop. I've watched you do that way six times now, and that's enough.' So I waited, and the next time he brought the gun into position so coolly, so deliberately, I let him have one. His rifle never went off. I went back the next day, and found him lying just as he had fallen, with one arm thrown across his face, and the other hand still holding to the gun. Maybe I didn't kill him after all; it might have been somebody else. But he is the only man in the whole war that I took aim at," he smiled. "I shot high, generally. I had no aim to kill anybody. And there were a lot of the boys who did the same thing."

"But war is a business; you are there to do all the damage you can, and the enemy also has that ambition. Although, as I say, I never tried to

kill anybody, I suppose I did. It was what I was there for. I met a man years after, who had been a Confederate in the battle of Shiloh, and he told me that our first volley killed 270 men. Think of that—270 humans right in one brief second. But that was what we were there for.

"They formed one solid line, a perfect wall, in front of us, and it seemed to me there was 1,000,000 'Johnnies' there. They were on higher ground. Our volley took effect, and their's went away over our heads. By and by they swung around, and I heard what is absolutely the most uncanny and altogether hair-raising sound I ever heard in my life. Even above the roar of the cannon, the cracking of the artillery, and the buzz and hum of bullets that fierce, penetrating sound came to me. It was the rebel yell."

"Think's I, when I heard it, 'John, you're a goner now.' The bullets were thick as hail over and on all sides; but I made up my mind to either go on with the gang, wherever it might have started for, or just drop right there. So I went."

"Well, he said after a while, 'It is all over now, and it is about time we get together and forget those troubles of half a century ago. I think war is foolish, and wouldn't go if I was a young man again.'"

Dr. S. K. Spaulding, a member of the national council of administration representing the district of Nebraska, who also will attend the reunion, was a member of the Second Iowa Cavalry. From the reunion, he has planned a trip for him and his wife to Panama.

When asked to relate some of the incidents of the war, Dr. Spaulding thought a moment and said there was so much—well, anyhow, he was going down the Tennessee river on a transport, with gunboat No. 5 as escort and—suppose we let the Doctor tell it?

"One day we were snaling along down the river, lazy and contented and thinking that after all, war isn't such a hardship. We had food and lodging and nothing in particular to do, but fight,

I was just a kid—about 15 years—and such a life appealed to me. I was standing on deck, and the boat was near the shore when I saw a man ride up a ridge on the bank. He wore a blue coat, like our boys, and, at first, I thought maybe he was one of us."

"But by and by I noticed he acted strangely. Instead of just standing still, like a union soldier might have done, he kept riding up to the top of the ridge and then disappearing. Finally I said to somebody that the next time he came to the top, I intended to take a shot at him. I did. Just as I fired, some one from the gunboat fired. The man disappeared."

"Some time afterward, I was on detail duty up in the mountains, and our squad captured a band of guerrillas headed by Bert Hays. There were four in the party captured. That night we and the prisoners got to talking quite friendly, considering what might happen to them—but then, we were in the same boat ourselves, being soldiers."

"The incident of the transport was brought up. Bert Hays showed me a hole in his coat sleeve, and said that is where he was shot. I told him it was me, maybe, that had shot him; and I certainly was gratified to know he wasn't dead. A man never wants to know he killed anybody."

"Well, sir, after the war, I went to Monmouth college to try and learn something and I met the son of the dead, Bob Wallace, and we became most friendly. I told him I was in the war, and he said he was, too, and we discussed this and that campaign. I told him I was on a transport, and it developed that he, too, had come down the Tennessee river."

"Do you remember seeing a man with a blue coat riding along the bank?" says I.

"I should say so," says he; "I shot at him."

"You don't say so. Do you recall hearing a shot from the transport?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was mine, I captured the fellow

later, and I took his sword. I still have it in my house."

"I haven't seen Bob for years. I don't know for sure where he is."

"And this guerrilla—Bert Hays—what became of him?" was asked.

"The last I saw of him," the doctor said gravely, "he was going up a mountain trail through the timber. He was escorted by a dozen men, who carried a long rope."

Captain Dexter L. Thomas, an attorney, also a

member of the party, who will leave Omaha for the encampment, served in Company H of the Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry. His activities began at Louisville and extended through Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas. He was in the battle of Chickamauga, among other important engagements.

"Am I going? You bet I am!" Captain Thomas asserted. "I wouldn't miss attending that reunion for anything in the world. I want to stand up there on Lookout mountain and picture that battle all over. I want to try and find the spot where my company was advised to retreat. I know the very tree right where I stood when the bullets were coming like a swarm of bees. I wonder if it has been chopped down? I want to go back there

(Continued on Page Three.)