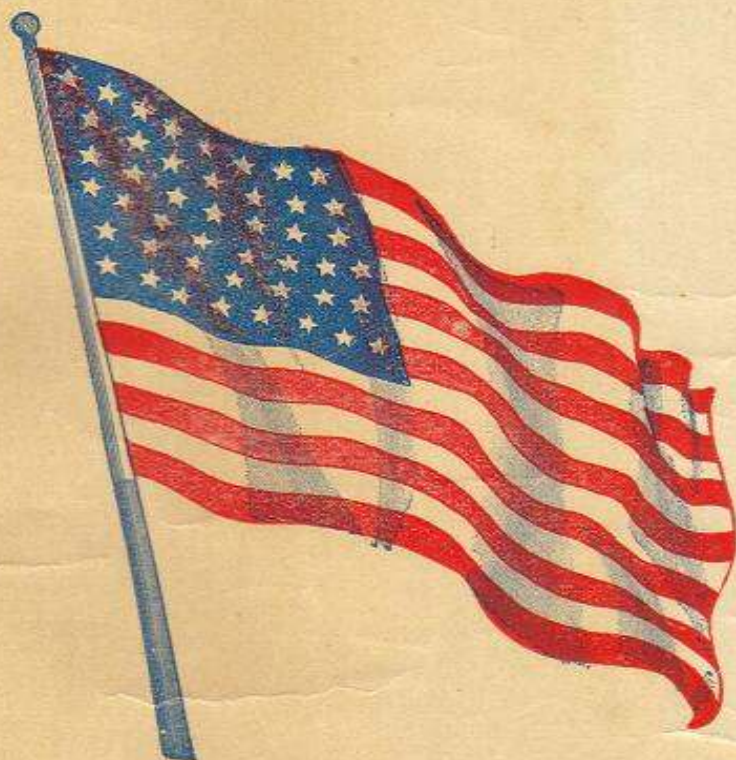


The Anamosa Prison Press.

Vol. 1

No. 44



Published at

*** The Penitentiary at Anamosa, Iowa. ***

WM. A. HUNTER, Warden.

HON. Z. H. GURLEY, Deputy Warden.

G. H. ODELL, Assistant Deputy Warden.

Memorial Day Number.

PRICE: TEN CENTS.

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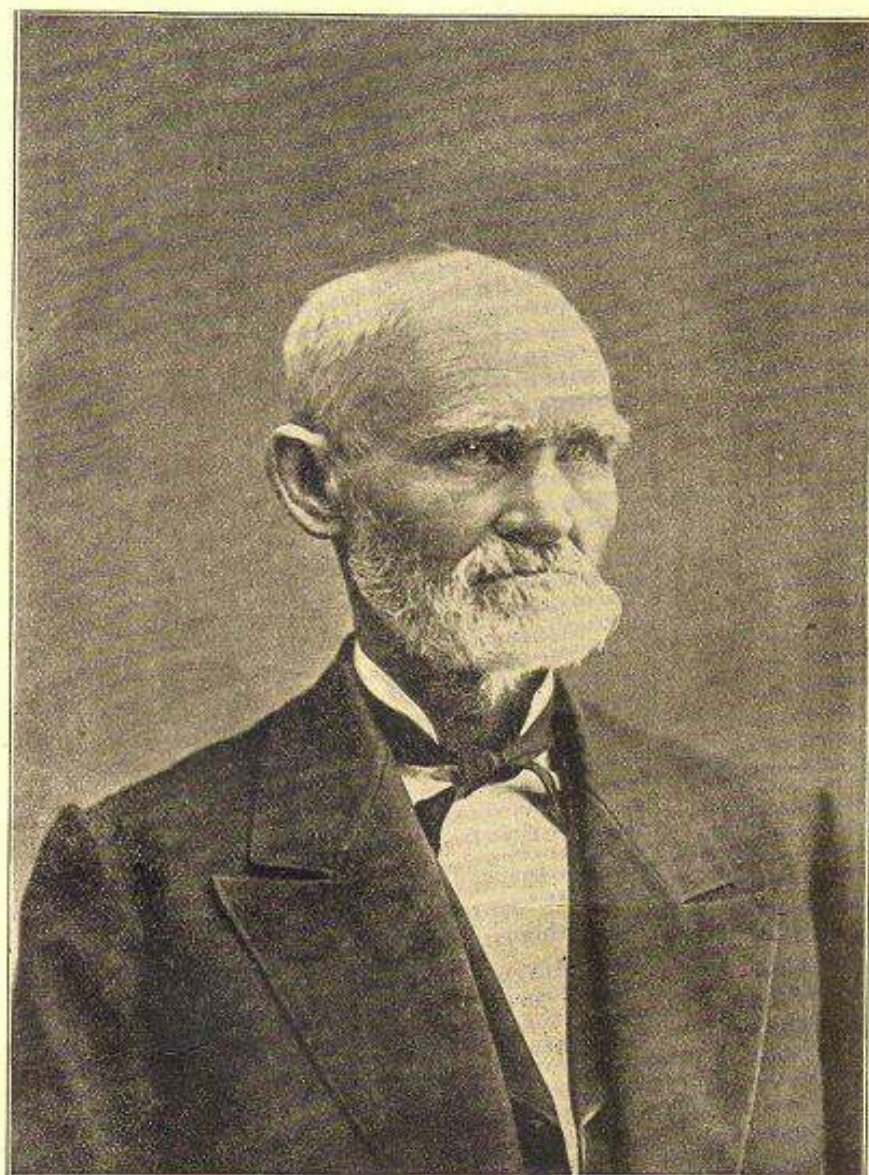
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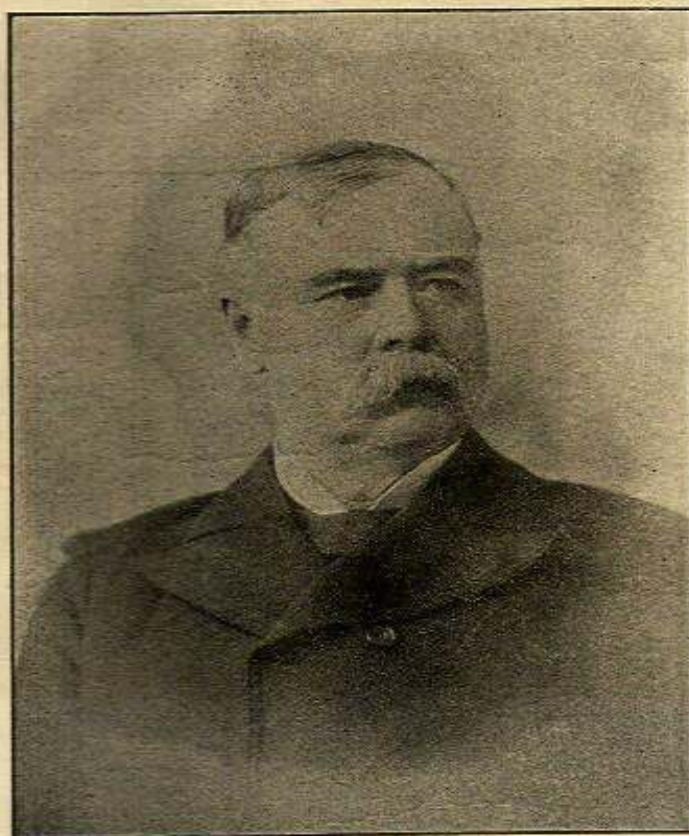
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The Anamosa Prison Press.

Vol. I.

ANAMOSA, IOWA, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

No. 44.



Col. Wm. H. Hunter, Warden.



"Unconditional surrender, or I move on your works."---General U. S. Grant.

"Turn, boys, turn! we are going back!"---General Sheridan.

What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!

Swift.

The Veterans' Roster.

THIS number of THE PRESS is devoted principally to the interests of the Veterans of the War of the Rebellion, but commemorates Memorial Day for all of the fallen heroes of Uncle Sam's grand army, whether of that war or the strife which has been closed with Spain, and the present Filipino troubles. We have been fortunate in securing the portraits of every veteran on the force.

We appreciate the kindness of the officers in allowing us these photos, and hope that they will not be disappointed in the little paper which has endeavored to pay them a tribute at this time. There is one ex-regular on the force, and in the recent war the guard force furnished two of the number who went to Cuba. Will Davis, and Bob Feehan were Volunteers when the war with Spain opened, and they are now Veterans of the Spanish American war.

We append to this article a brief notice of the soldier boys now on the force here:

WARDEN WM. A. HUNTER.

Colonel Wm. A. Hunter, Warden of this Prison, is a Veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted in Co. B, Thirteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, at Newton, at the age of 15 years. He was therefore one of the famous Crocker Brigade, and possesses an exemplary army record. He has also served on the Military Staffs of Governor Frank Jackson, and Governor Francis M. Drake, being honored with the appointment as a Colonel of the Staff. Warden Hunter was Postmaster previously to accepting this position at Belle Plain, where he has resided for a number of years. He assumed the responsible position which he now occupies, April 1, 1898.

ASS'T DEPUTY WARDEN G. H. ODELL.

Assistant Deputy Warden Odell was a soldier in the War of the Rebellion having enlisted in Co. F, Forty-sixth Iowa Volunteers, when but thirteen years of age. He was the youngest of any of the Officers on the force to enter the fight to uphold his country's flag. He is a native of Michigan, but resided in Iowa since he was one year of age. He is a member of A. E. Hopson Post, G. A. R. No 41 of Manchester, and has been elected Sheriff of Delaware county four terms, a period of eight years. The present position he is occupying here was entered upon April 1st, 1898.

T. E. PATTERSON.

Mailing Clerk Patterson, of the Deputy's office, went with his horse to the war, having enlisted in Co. I, First Iowa Cavalry, and ranked as a Corporal. His enlistment is dated October, 1863, and he was mustered out at Davenport March 20, 1866, having enlisted in the same city. He is a member of Fred Steele Post, and has been employed at this Prison during three different administrations in various capacities.

O. W. TREMAN.

Usher Tremen is a Buckeye, and entered the service as a Cavalryman in Co. K, Third Ohio, at Bucyrus, in October, 1861, ranking Second Lieutenant. He served in the Army of the Tennessee, and is a Post Commander of Garrett Post, No. 16, at Newton, where he resided for a number of years previous to accepting his position here.



DR. S. DRUET.

Prison Physician, S. Druet enlisted at Findlay Ohio, in Co. I One-hundred and sixty-first Infantry in April 1861, and remained in the service until the close of the war. He came to Iowa in 1869, and has resided in Marion county until coming here about one year ago. He has represented Marion county in the State Senate and proved a good representative of his constituency.

J. N. HATHAWAY.

Night Sergeant Hathaway of the Cell-house force is a West Virginian, and he went to Graton, his State in the Spring of 1862, and joined Co. I, Fifteenth W. Va. Volunteers, being only past 16 years of age. He was not mustered out until June 1865, and most of his service was in the Second Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps. Officer Hathaway has been a resident of Iowa for a number of years and his family resides at Indianola, from

which place he came here some five years since.

MAJOR E. J. GILL.

Officer Gill enlisted in Chicago, Ill., in 1861, and became a member of the Fifty-eighth Illinois Volunteers in Co. D. He served in the Sixteenth Army Corps under General A. J. Smith, and was commonly known as one of Smith's Guerrillas. He was taken prisoner and knows what life in Andersonville was, and was finally discharged in 1865, as a Sergeant Major. He is an active member of Fred Steele Post, of Anamosa, and a respected Veteran who is ever full of patriotism.

M. O. STANWOOD.

Officer Stanwood is a member of the Shelby Norman Post, G. A. R. of Muscatine, having enlisted in his Country's cause at the first call in April, 1861, at Knoxville, this State. His Co. B, Third Iowa Infantry, was in the Army of the Tennessee, in the Fourth Division and the Seventeenth Army Corps. His service was long and continuous as he was not mustered out until in July, 1865, at Louisville, Ky. His record is one he can easily feel proud of and it is with regret that we are compelled to be so brief.

MATTHEW MCCORD.

Mr. McCord has just severed his connection with the force here, but he is entitled to a recognition nevertheless, and we have found that he enlisted from Franklin county at the early age of a few months past eighteen. He entered the service in May 1864, and was mustered out in September 1865, at Davenport. He was in the Army of the Tennessee, in the Sixteenth Army Corps, and a member of Co. G, Forty-fourth Iowa Volunteers, and is a member of Fred Steele Post, G. A. R. of this city.

A. F. LOOMIS.

Officer Loomis tells us that he was a High Private in the rear rank most of the time, and he is a member of the John Hancock Post, No. 314, of Belle Plaine. He enlisted August 18, 1862, at Stillwater, N. Y., in Co. K, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Infantry, and was mustered out June 5th, 1865, at Troy, N. Y. His service was in the Army of the Potomac, in the Second Division and Third Corps. He was taken prisoner and sojourned in Andersonville and other prisons almost ten months. In a note to the editor he gives the following authentic information: "I am the man who put down the Rebellion, having fought, suffered, bled and died for my country; but am alive and on earth at present, and at the Anamosa Prison." We certainly congratulate the "Colonel."

T. C. GREGG.

Officer Gregg became a soldier at Chicago, Ill. in December 1861, and stayed with the boys until Feb. 28, 1865, when he was mustered out at Huntsville Ala. Most of his service was in the army of the Cumberland, and he is a member of Opdyke Post, No. 322, at Rockwell City, where his family still resides.

CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, and a breath o'erthrows.

—Dope.

The Sergeant of Company F.

THE following sketch was read by Colonel Oran Perry at the reunion of his regiment, the Sixty-ninth Indiana:

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I remember the first time I ever saw him. It was at the mounting of the guard. He was a large-boned, angular man, a little stooped in the shoulders, awkward of mien, and approaching middle age. His hair had not yet been reduced to the regulation standard, and a heavy brown beard fringed his plain face. He was wearing his first suit of blue, and evidently had accepted everything issued to him without protest. His trousers were a little too long, his coat a little too short, and he had yet to learn how unpardonable was the sin of appearing at a parade without it buttoned up to the chin. An undersized infantry cav. clung timidly to his head, while his loose belt was sagged low down in front by the weight of his misplaced bayonet. Awkwardly clasping the trigger guard of the gun in a futile attempt to carry arms and standing at attention in a position entirely his own, he presented a picture painfully bordering on the grotesque. I was just fresh from the Army of the Potomac, where style was everything, and as I looked at the unpromising subject before me, I wondered why they had enlisted him, and what they expected to do with him. I watched him as he marched away with the guard, vainly trying to keep step to the gay music of the band, and I thought I never had seen any one so completely out of tune with all his surroundings. Reflecting upon it afterward, I remembered that when explaining the duties of the guard, he had given me the closest attention; that I never looked in his direction without encountering the wistful gaze of his soft brown eyes, and I recalled a touch of pathos in his homely face that made me curious to know more of its owner.

I wondered what had moved this man of peace, at his age, to take up a line of life so foreign to his nature, so uncongenial to his tastes. Had the world used him ill? Had he nothing to leave behind, or had he some sorrow which he hoped to drown in the din of strife? Else why did he enlist? I could account for myself, for I was young, and my patriotism was supplemented by a love of adventure and the promptings of ambition. But this man

puzzled me. They told me he had quitted his farm; left behind him wife, children, and friends; taken on himself the hardships of an enlisted man's life, for no other reason than a conscientious belief that it was a duty he owed to his country in her time of need. I could hardly realize such a sacrifice as this, and it had to be proven before I could believe it.

Evidently he had good standing among his friends, for he was elected a sergeant at the organization of his company. I noted from time to time his progress in the art of war, his up-hill contests with the tactics; his disheartening struggles with the manual, as well as his earnest endeavors to qualify himself as a non-commissioned officer. Always on the side of discipline, he gave his officers an unquestioned support, while his firm but gentle enforcement of all honors intrusted to him won the abiding respect of those subordinate to him. His even-handed justice in the performance of his duty as commissary of the company is held in affectionate remembrance by all of his comrades to this day. The hardships of the march, the vexations of the camp never seemed to disturb his equanimity, while duties both disagreeable and dangerous were performed with unflinching fidelity.

In spite of my preconceived ideas of what constituted a model soldier I could see that they were gradually being undermined by this man. Day by day he took new hold of the profession of arms. He was advancing by parallels and each week found him a little further to the front. Then came the great battles, the supreme test, when, in a measure, rank is leveled, style is nothing, courage is everything; when "a man's a man for a' that," and from the smoke of conflict he emerged unharmed and stood forth in bold relief, a grand soldier of the Republic, the peer of any man in the splendid regiment that never turned its back upon its foe. No uncertainty about him now; I knew what he was good for, and to the end he had my unwavering confidence and respect. Time wore on, and the term of our service came to be counted by days. His comrades noticed that, Cincinnatus like, his mind had turned toward the farm again, and he talked cheerfully of wife, children, and friends, laying plans for the future and already treating the war as a thing of the past. Conscious of a soldierly record above reproach; happy in the prospect of enjoying a well-earned peace, he went about his daily duties contentedly humming the

quaint old tunes familiar to him in the days of his boyhood.

He had served up to this time without harm, and if he had ever been absent from his regiment I do not know it. His longings for home were appreciated by the men and officers of his company, and his captain, having his safety in view, obtained for him a detail in the ambulance corps.

We were now investing the works at Blakely, busily burrowing in the trenches, exchanging desultory shots with the enemy defending them, and with so little effect that we all became careless of results. It was the 6th of April, only one day before the fall of Mobile; only one day before the surrender of Lee; only one day before the close of the war. I had just returned to my tent from a trip along our lines when some one burst in and said Sergeant Harter was badly wounded. No one seemed to know just how it happened, and I lost no time in useless questioning, but under the shade of a tree, with his pale face turned toward the East, and a far-away look in his eye, I found the man of whom we had been so solicitous, almost breathing his last. It seemed as if his life, from the guard mount to the grave, flashed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning. Kneeling by his side, taking his cold hand in mine, I spoke, as best I could, words of comfort and cheer. Slowly turning his face toward me the light of recognition came in his eyes, and with a smile of rare sweetness spreading over his face, he softly said, "It's all right, Colonel," and gently pressing my hand, once more turned his face away.

With one foot on the threshold of his home, just about to embrace his wife and children, he received a stern command to about face and take service forever in another army. Still the same simple-hearted, obedient, patriotic, uncomplaining soldier, he obeyed the call without a protest. There was nothing I could do for a man like that, and with a heavy heart I left him where he lay, patiently waiting his turn to be ferried over the river to his new command.

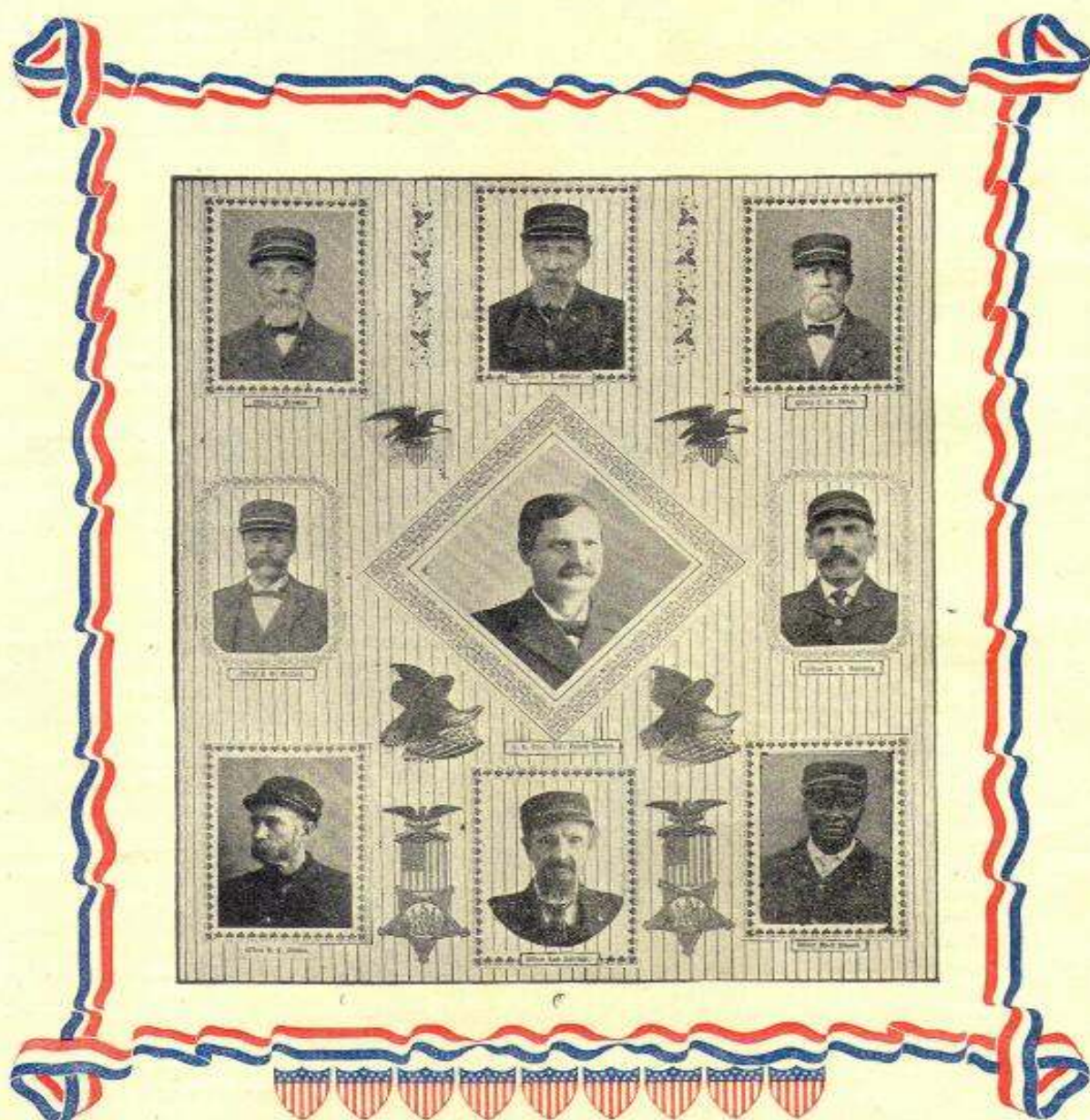
I always think of this sergeant, so rough upon the surface, so gentle at the core, as a typical American volunteer soldier. A law-abiding citizen, striving to do the right, as God gave him light, a lover of peace, understanding and appreciating the institutions of the country, and a sturdy defender of them when attacked.

There are hundreds and thousands of them in this country just like him, and they will rise up when the occasion requires. It is this fact that renders standing armies unnecessary, and makes this great Republic the most peaceful and the most powerful of all the nations of the earth.—Selected.

General Rule No. 15.

"Applications to subscribe for newspapers, will be considered and attended to on the first of each month only."

CHAPLAIN.



C. BOWMAN, GUARD.
J. M. MCCORD, GUARD.
H. P. GILLILAN, GUARD.

T. J. MITCHELL, GUARD.
G. H. ODELL, ASS'T. DEPT. WARDEN.
SAMUEL LARIMER, GUARD.

T. M. WILDS, GUARD.
W. O. ANDERSON, GUARD.
MACK JOHNSON, GUARD.

Group of Veterans who Worked for Uncle Sam.

Three Episodes in History.

WHEN the Spanish flag came down from Havana's Morro Castle on New Year's Day, 1899, one chapter of history was closed. The Spanish Empire in America became an episode that was past. In the space of four hundred and six years, two months and ten days from the morning when Columbus landed on San Salvador until Castellanos turned over his authority to General Brooke in the Palace of Havana, the rule of Spain has been a huge fact in the life of America.

After the treaty of Paris in 1783, by which England surrendered East Florida to the Spaniards, to whom France had ceded Louisiana twenty years before, the Spanish dominions entirely surrounded the Gulf of Mexico, and stretched in one unbroken mass from Cape Horn to the Hudson Bay country. It was then that the Spanish episode in the New World reached its climax. Eighteen years later the retrocession of Louisiana marked the beginning of the decline of Spain's American Empire. After that one province after another fell away until now not a Spanish flag is to be found flying anywhere in the vast region through which, a hundred years ago, the traveler might have journeyed for eight thousand miles without finding anything else.

This passing vision of empire recalls two other parallel episodes, both more extended in time than the sway of Spain in America, but each, like it evanescent. One was in Spain itself, where the Moors maintained a Moslem dominion for seven hundred and eighty-one years. Throughout the Middle Ages Spain was regarded essentially as a part of Africa. Malaga had been a Moslem city for six hundred years when Smyrna, Trebizonde and Constantinople were still Christian strongholds. But as the centuries rolled on the crescent slowly retreated until the last inch of the Moorish empire in Spain disappeared in the very year that saw the beginning of the Spanish empire in America.

The last of three historical episodes is not yet ended, but its close is plainly in sight. A few years ago a great black blot called "Turkey" overspread the eastern and southern lands of the Mediterranean. It covered the greater part of the empire of Justinian and some regions to which the arms of Belisarius and Narses had never reached. There was no longer a Greece, a Macedonia, a Thrace—there was only "Turkey."

But now this incident, too, is passing away. It has become evident that there is no such thing as "Turkey"—they are only Turks, encamped in greater or less numbers in the lands in which they still remain strangers. One by one the ancient names are emerging, and as one familiar region after another comes back into the sunlight the world realizes that the old civilization was not killed but merely covered up.

Egypt, Cyprus, Tripoli and Tunis are again under Christian rule, as in the days before the weary arms of Heraclius dropped before the onset of youthful Islam. There is again a Greece with Athens for its capital. The Romans of Ducia have a king of their own; two fragments of the old Servian-Czardom have become independent States, Bulgaria rules herself; the sentiment of nationality is seething in Macedonia and Thrace; Colchis, of the Golden Fleece, is part of a Christian empire, and in these last months Crete has been redeemed.

The three episodes have been tremendous tragic facts to the people involved in them—they have seemed for the time to blot out the heavens—but the development of history goes on, and in the perspective of future centuries there will be little to show that a Moorish empire in Spain, a Spanish one in America or a Turkish one in the East ever existed.

The Man Who Fights for Pay.

I have often heard with pain and indignation the flippant, ungenerous sneer at the man who fights for pay. It is undoubtedly true that the ranks of the army and marine corps—and to a lesser degree the crews of the navy, for in this service the admirable apprentice system, which it is a pity is not more widely extended, furnishes constantly an excellent element in the make-up of the ships' companies—are mainly recruited from the hosts of the unemployed, who join the colors under stress of poverty; but environment, example, the traditions of the services, soon exert their influence, and a very large proportion of the enlisted men remain, for at least a portion of their lives, soldiers or sailors from choice, just as others in civil life are mechanics, farmers, tradespeople, doctors, lawyers, or even writers and artists. Forming, as they do, in the community a class by themselves apart, yet are they sprung from the people, from all parts of a great nation, with all its virtues, all its faults, but with the attributes of courage, patriotism, and robust physical vigor, qualities which the American people possess to a high degree, fostered and developed by careful training of officers and men in both land and sea services.

All sorts and conditions fill the ranks—from the college graduate to the farmer's boy from the deep-chested, long-legged Yankee fisher to the wharf-rat of a sea-side city; most of them are hard-fisted, hard-headed, rough-hewn men. Some fall by the wayside, a few are unworthy of this or any other honorable calling, but by far the great mass are bright-eyed, vigorous, clean, manly fellows, respecting themselves and others—"first-class fighting men." One of those admirable women, a lady prominent in the good deeds of the Red Cross, who gave her services day after day at one of the supply bureaus of the society, said to me, recently: "We can always pick out a 'regular' among the

soldiers we see here. Not many come to us, but those that do are invariably clean and neat in appearance, respectful and deferential in their demeanor towards the ladies here, with a modest courtesy of brave men that goes straight to our hearts. I can bear that statement ready witness. I have seen them under many circumstances—in war and in peace, in the field and in garrison, on shipboard and in port, on and off duty—and I have yet to meet the regular soldier or sailor who has treated me otherwise than with decency and civility.

All through the recent operations by sea and land the enthusiastic spirit shone; the patient suffering of hardships, the almost reckless disregard of danger whenever a result was sought for, the calm, deliberate courage with which the most perilous tasks were undertaken, proved to be characteristic of officers and men alike. I have spoken of an almost reckless disregard of danger whenever a result was sought for.

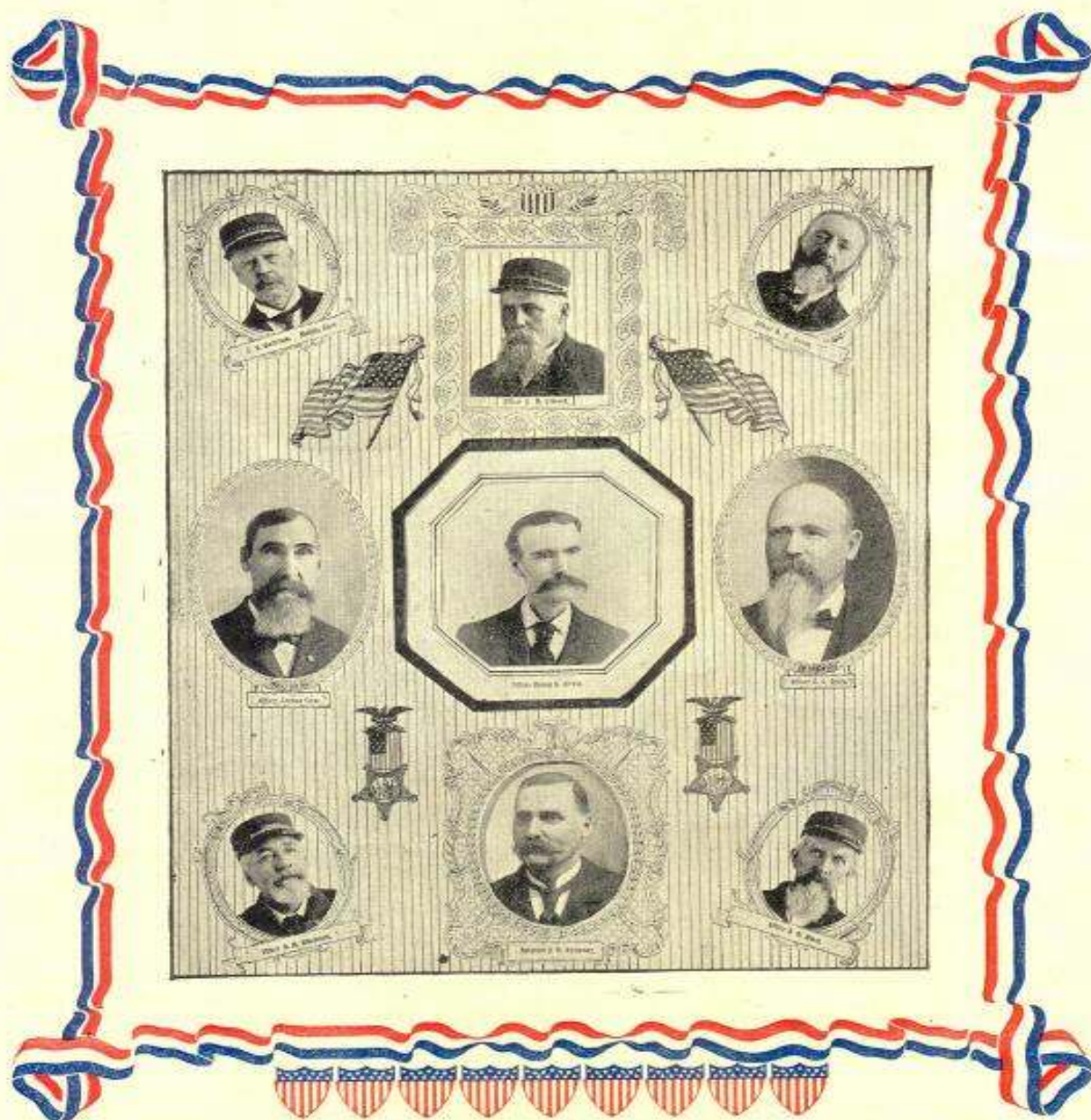
Rarely was such exposure thoughtless. I mean that there was always something to be gained, that such apparent recklessness was governed by intelligence. There was absolutely no pose about it, only the trained instinct that the thing was to be done, regardless of consequences to the individual, as at El Caney, where the two soldiers—I am sorry I have not their names—severed the barbed-wire obstruction in front of their comrades; while at San Juan, some miles away, almost at the same time, under absolutely similar circumstances, an officer, while his men were lying in the grass waiting for the order to advance, crawled forward and snipped and cut away at the wire along the entire line of his company, the Mauser bullets zipping through the air all about him.

The nation is entering into a new field of action. What is before us we do not know, but come what may, let us hope that the errors of the past will not be forgotten, and that the regular army and navy will meet with that loyal and affectionate support they so thoroughly merit from the people they serve so nobly.—*Rufus F. Zogbaum in the April Harper's Magazine.*

There are so many fellows in this world who can not and will not appreciate a favor when it is shown them. They are too indolent or have not energy enough to realize that it is to their own advantage to try to succeed. They are so built that they lack finish, and are not equal to the roughest construction.

The Kansas legislature has passed a law prohibiting tight lacing and there are just 30,000 applicants for members of the board of inspectors. Every editor in the state has sent in his application, and several editors from Iowa are about to move to Kansas, and apply for the position.—*Ex*

That the United States should furnish England with a humane prison system is one of the wonders of this century.



T. E. PATTERSON, MAILING CLERK.
TRUMAN STONE, GUARD.
B. B. BLACKSTONE, GUARD.

L. N. CRISWELL, GUARD.
GEORGE S. ERWIN, GUARD.
J. N. HATHAWAY, SERGEANT.

A. F. LOOMIS, GUARD.
T. C. GREGG, GUARD.
J. H. BLACK, GUARD.

Group of Veterans who Worked for Uncle Sam.

The Veterans' Roster.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.

J. H. STEWART.

Officer Stewart is a native of Pennsylvania, but has resided in this State since 1857, having located in Washington county at that date. He enlisted at the age of 23, in Co. N, Second Iowa Volunteer Infantry, at Washington on the 16th of April, 1861, and continued in the service four years and two months, being mustered out at Davenport, July 27, 1865 as a Second Lieutenant which was his rank during the war. His Company did service in the Army of the Tennessee, in the fourth Division and fifteenth Army Corps. Officer Stuart is a member of the I. G. White Post, G. A. R. at Washington, Iowa, and has been connected with the guard force here for some four years and over, being now on the night force of the cell-house.

BENJ. JENNINGS.

Officer Jennings enlisted in Company C, Twenty-third Iowa Volunteer Infantry in August, 1862, at Des Moines, and remained in the service until mustered out in July 1865, at Harrisburg, Texas. He ranked as Captain of his Company and is a member of Kinsman Post, G. A. R. of Des Moines, where he resided until accepting his present position some six years since. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth but has been a resident of Iowa for many years. His service was principally in the Department of the Gulf.

TRUMAN STONE.

Officer Stone was a member of the renowned Crocker's Brigade, having enlisted in Oct. 1861, at Knoxville in Co. G, Fifteenth Iowa Volunteers. He was through some of the thickest of the struggles and was mustered out in August 1865, after a hard service in the Army of the Tennessee, at such events as Shiloh and a many others. He is a member of Fred Steele Post No. 76, of Anamosa, and no old soldier has a better record than Mr. Stone. He is a brother of Iowa's famous War Governor Stone, and a native of Ohio, but has been a resident of Iowa for many years.

I. N. CRISWELL.

Officer Criswell entered the Union ranks at Canal Dover, Ohio, in Sept. 1861, at the age of twenty. His Regiment was the Fifty-first Ohio, Co. B, and he held the rank of Sergeant, having duty assigned him in the Army of the Tennessee, and was discharged from the Department of the Gulf, being mustered out at Victoria, Texas in Nov. 1865. He came to Iowa shortly after the war and has made the Hawkeye State his home ever since.

J. H. BLACK.

Officer Black is a Pennsylvanian and enlisted in Co. F, First Pennsylvania Reserved Cavalry at Carmichael's, August 14, 1861, at the age of 19 years. His service was mostly in the Army of the Potomac, and he was discharged at Philadelphia, in September 1864, having been a Sergeant in his Company. Officer Black is a member of the George H. Thomas Post, No. 23, Jefferson, where his family resides.

T. M. WILDS.

Officer Wilds is an ex-sheriff of Jones county. He enlisted in Co. C, Second Iowa Cavalry, at Davenport in August 1861, and was mustered out at the same place in October 1864, after a service in several different corps of the Army of the Tennessee as a private. Officer Wilds has been connected with the guard force for the past six years. He is a member of Fred Steele Post, G. A. R. of Anamosa.

G. W. HAMAKER.

Officer Hamaker is a Veteran who has seen some of the most severe hardships, having fallen into the hands of the enemy as a prisoner he was confined for eleven months and four days at Andersonville, Charleston, Florence, and in Libby prison. He enlisted at Terre Haute, Ind., in the Sixth Indiana Cavalry, Company B, July 27, 1862, and was mustered out at Mt. Pulaski, Tenn., with the rank of Sergeant, having served in that capacity during the war. He is a member of General Winfield Scott Post, G. A. R. of Webster City, and has been on the guard force for something over one year.

J. C. GIBSON.

Officer Gibson enlisted in August, 1862, at Chicago, Ill., in Co. I, First Illinois Artillery, and therefore is one of the "big gunners" of the force. He was mustered out July 26, 1865, and put in his service with the Army of the Tennessee as a Private. He is a member of Fred Steele Post, of Anamosa, and has been connected with the Prison force for several years.

B. B. BLACKSTONE.

Officer Blackstone is a "Way down Easter," having been born in Maine, and it was in his native State that he enlisted in 1861, Oct. 21, to fight for the flag of his country. He was but 20 years of age when he joined Co. G, of the Twelfth Maine Volunteer Infantry. He served under General Benj. F. Butler, and was in the service five years, seven months and twenty-one days, having been mustered out at Savannah, Ga., April 6, 1866, almost a year after the close of hostilities. He was also at Port Hudson and some time in the Shenandoah Valley, and served as a Corporal, a position to be envied ever since "Corporal Tanner" became famous. Officer Blackstone is a member of W. T. Sherman Post, G. A. R. of Sac City, and has been on the force here for several years.

JESSE L. BIGLEY.

Officer Bigley is a Buckeye and August 14, 1861, he enlisted in Co. D, Eight Iowa Volunteer Infantry. August 14, 1864, he was promoted to Sergeant, and May 7, 1866, he was mustered out as Brevet Second Lieutenant, and honor of no mean proportions. He has since been connected with the State Militia, and has lived in Iowa since 1856.

GEORGE S. ERWIN.

Officer Erwin is a Hawkeye and enlisted at Wapello, in Co. G, Nineteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry at the age of 17 years, in June, 1862. He was mustered out in August, 1865, and served in the Western Division as a Private. He is a member of Todd Post, G. A. R. of Columbus Junction, and was connected with the Prison at Ft. Madison before assuming a position on the force here.

T. J. MITCHELL.

Officer Mitchell joined the Boys in Blue at Chariton, Oct. 24, 1861, at his majority, and was mustered out of service at Louisville, Ky., July 21, 1865. His rank was Corporal and he was in the Fourth Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and made a record of three years and nine months. He is a member of Llewellyn Post, G. A. R. at Corning.

FRANCIS KIDSON.

Officer Kidson was only 19 years of age when he enlisted as a Private in Co. E, of the Pensy troops at Philadelphia. He served continuously until mustered out at Alexandria, Va., July 27, 1865. His service was mostly in the Army of the Potomac, in the First Division and the Ninth Corps.

C. BOWMAN.

Officer Bowman was in the Department of the Missouri, having enlisted at Dubuque, August 11, 1862, in Co. C, of the Twenty-first Iowa Volunteers. He was mustered out at Clinton, July 25, 1865, and served as a Private during his three years service.

W. O. ANDERSON.

Illinois has many Veterans in Iowa. Officer Anderson enlisted in Co. I, the One Hundred and Fiftieth Volunteer Infantry. He was mustered out at Atlanta, Ga., in June 1865, and was in the Fourteenth Army Corps. He is a member of the General Mead Post No. 50, at Anita.

MACK JOHNSON.

Officer Johnson is not a Veteran of the Sixties, but has been in the Regulars, having enlisted in Boston, Mass., in Troop G, Ninth U. S. Cavalry and for ten years followed the life of a U. S. soldier in various parts of the country, having been discharged in 1886 at Niobrara, Neb. He is the only colored officer on the force at present.

SAMUEL LARIMER.

Officer Larimer is a native of Ohio, and entered the Army at Bremen, Ohio, in Co. B, of the One Hundred and fifty-ninth Infantry as a private, in March 1864, and served with the Army of the Potomac until discharged on August 25, at Zanesville, Ohio. He is a member of Fred Steele Post, G. A. R. of this city. He has been connected with the guard force here for several years being appointed from Sac county.

A SOLDIER WHEN DYING.

How a United States Regular Saluted His Officer—His Last Act Before Death.

"Ever since the war," said an officer, "my memory has been developing details that were crowded for the time to the rear by my interest in the greater drama. Many of them, although small in themselves, illustrate the personal courage and devotion of the troops."

"There is one episode that in particular typifies the American soldier. I like to think so, at any rate. He was a private of regulars. When I first saw him he was already a dead man, if ever I saw one. He was on his feet, shambling along with that galvanic kind of energy that comes to men of great vitality when they are wounded beyond repair."

"Just as he fell—even, as it seemed, in the very act of falling—he looked up and saw me. A very faint sign of recognition came into his eyes, and then he straightened with a jerk and saluted me as stolidly as though he was on parade."

"There was nothing in the act of conscious dramatic effort. This well-drilled, well-disciplined, well-balanced private soldier of the United States army was merely saluting me, his superior officer, and the thing that stood for his flag."

"I never knew his name, or his record, or his regiment, and I didn't want to know. I knew that he was a soldier, and it has been the means of constant inspiration to know that we have that kind to work with."—Selected.

Self-conceit is folly. Don't hold yourself in such high regard that you think no other is so good as you.—Ex.












The American Flag.



When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings from the morning light!
Then from her mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.



Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strides the warrior of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war.



Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet—
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn.
Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven.



Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave,
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the blended sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back;
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

J. R. Drake, 1795-1820.


















The Poets and War.



Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may sieze,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
—Milton.



I see them in their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory:
And waving arms and banners bright
Are glancing in the mellow light.

—Bishop Heber.



Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer's sport;
When evening comes, the glory of the morn—
The youthful soldier is a clod of clay.

—Douglas.



Sometimes she drives o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep.

—Shakespeare.



One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art,— and gives immortal fame.

—Young.



I since have labour'd
To bind the bruises of a civil war
And stop the issues of their wasting.

—Dryden.



**"Our Country! May she always be in the right;
But our country, right or wrong...Decatur.**

The Group of Officers.

IN addition to the three groups and cuts of Veterans, we present the portraits of several of the officers of the institution, and whom we introduce in the following brief introductory sketches. We had hoped to have several more, but were unable to get their photos in time for the engraver to prepare them.

DEPUTY WARDEN Z. H. GURLEY, was born in Hancock county Illinois, Feb. 24, 1842. Received his education in the common schools of Illinois and Wisconsin, after which he taught village school for two winters in the latter State. Mr. Gurley is a natural student and may well be termed a self-made man. He came to Decatur county, Iowa in the autumn of 1870. Here he married Miss Grace Robinson, and has made his home in that county since that time.

He was engaged in Washington D. C., during the winters of 1880, '81 and '82, in securing certain legislation, and thus received his first lesson of diplomatic work from Congressmen Kasson, of Iowa, and Burrows of Michigan. Mr. Gurley has held minor offices in Decatur county, and was finally elected to the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth General Assemblies. In the House he occupied a place on the most important committees, and was Chairman of the committee on claims. He possesses good executive ability and is a great campaigner, always a Republican, loving even-handed justice.

OFFICER FRANK KEFFELER.

Mr. Keffeler is a native of Iowa, having been raised in Allamakee county, and Lansing is his home. He was employed in commercial work previous to accepting this position some two years since. Officer Keffeler is an efficient guard, and a gentleman wherever you meet him, and is greatly respected by all who are acquainted with him. At this time he has charge of the plastering crew employed in the Administration building which is being rapidly pushed to completion.

OFFICER ROBERT EWING.

Bob, as he is familiarly known says he desires us to write him a big "obituary," and one that will be taking. Everybody knows his pa is a preacher. You all know the proverbial saying about preacher's sons making the best of lawyers, for they are taught to out-plead the devil. Officer Ewing has been here under three administrations commencing under Warden

Martin, and continuing through Warden Barr's, Madden's and into the present management. He is not an old man either, as his picture will witness for us. Fourteen years ago last February he first came on the force. He has held every position except that of Warden, Clerk, Physician and Matron, although he is said to have been an applicant for the latter position—but we think this is the story of some of the genial Robert's friends. Bob don't swear. The rules forbid such things. Then he is a parson's son and could never learn how to swear. Officer Ewing has a family of wife, daughter and son. The daughter Miss Bessie, is a talented young lady and a teacher in one of the departments of the High-school of Anamosa. We could say a great many things in this "obituary" about Officer Ewing, but we are afraid some fellow would come along and ask us: "Were you acquainted with this corpse when he was alive?" As he always swears by THE PRESS and is so good natured we are certain he will take our remarks good naturedly, for a more efficient officer can not be found on the force, and his popularity is a well known fact with the management as well as the inmates. We are not surprised, knowing him as we do, that he should remain so long. He is now holding the responsible position of turnkey at the entrance to the new Female Building in which the executive offices are located, it being filled with two or three score of workmen who are completing the interior.

OFFICER THOMAS PERRYMAN.

Mr. Perryman came here from Cedar Rapids about three years ago, and is in charge of Ward No. 1, of the Insane hospital, being day guard each alternate month. His work is of a trying character and it is the patience he possesses which makes him an excellent man for the position.

FOREMAN J. C. YOUNG.

Officer Young is a native of Wisbech, England, and emigrated to this country in 1881, coming to Anamosa in 1882. He was engaged in the clothing and tailoring business, and subsequently in the latter line only. He has been connected with the Prison in his present capacity about one year. He has a family of a wife, three daughters and two sons and, is held in high repute as an officer and gentleman. Since his coming here all the "turn-out" clothing for discharged men is made here, which gives the men better clothing for really less money than they formerly se-

cured; while the fits are excellent and the cut stylish.

PATROLMAN THEO. WALL.

Our Patrolman, Theodore Wall has resided in Marshalltown for 32 years. He swears by that town and would jerk his dress suit and fight for the Capital of Marshall county in a minute. He came here last April a year ago, when the new management assumed charge of the institution. He is not an "old soldier," but as he has never had an opportunity to "arrest" us we thought it would be perfectly proper to display his facial expression to our multitude of readers. We always took him for a Dutchman until one day we discovered he was "one Swede man," having been born across the fish-pond in a land where honesty is a birthright. He is an efficient officer and appreciated by the officers and inmates alike.

OFFICER M. M. WATSON.

Turnkey Watson at the main entrance of the Prison is a native of Jo Davies county, Illinois, but has resided in Iowa ever since he was a child. He came here from Clay county about six years since, and has proven a valuable employee in whatever position he was placed. He is a man of family and a gentleman whom it is always a pleasure to meet.

OFFICER HARRY P. SMITH.

Officer Smith is a native of Minnesota, but has resided in Iowa for several years. He has been employed here something over four years, and is one of the reliable and efficient officers on the force. Officer Smith is a married man and a genial gentleman whose disposition makes him always agreeable.

SERGEANT CHARLES H. BUCKNER.

Sergeant Buckner, of the quarry force has been on the force for a long time having done his first work under Warden Martin's administration when this institution was in its infancy. He has held various positions of responsibility, and on one occasion about two years since captured a run-away inmate after a lively chase. Always expecting obedience, but of a kindly disposition he is a useful employee. Officer Buckner is married and his home is made pleasant by two pretty little ladies and an accomplished wife.

OFFICER W. H. SEELY.

The above named gentleman is the assistant of Landlord Gill who conducts a burglar proof lodging house of 320 rooms. Mr. Seely is from Guthrie county, having come here about one year since. He has occupied various positions since here, but has been in the Cell-house as Assistant Custodian for some few months past. He is a gentleman whom it is always a pleasure to meet, but we would prefer to associate with him on the outside, even if he is a good fellow and a pleasant officer in performing his duties.

OFFICER H. C. BYERS.

The subject of this sketch is in charge of the painters. We call them artists. It sounds more refined in an "educational institution" like this. He is a native of Wisconsin, and a brother of Ex-Speaker Byers who is well known to all Iowans. Officer Byers has done good work since here and understands his business. He has a crew of five to ten "knights of the brush" in his employ and is constantly employed in keeping the wood-work in proper condition. He has a family of wife and three bright little boys who are on the road to be artists. The reader can easily see that much responsibility is involved in this position as Master Painter of an establishment of this character and significance.

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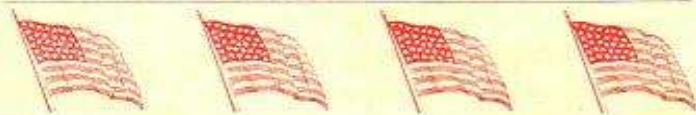
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"And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave."

Memorial Day.

IN ancient times the heroes of victory were crowned with wreaths by fair women who worshipped man as the most beautiful handiwork of God. The wreaths were immortal honor. They live in history, and are carried down in art as the emblems of the most touching love and respect a country can show in esteeming its heroes who have fought in battles where the enemy has been vanquished.

Memorial Day! What could be more appropriate. True 'tis years since the brave boys fell while defending the stars and stripes—yes, defending them against their brothers who were fighting under a new flag—a flag which could not be other than a usurper, for it was the emblem of a government which was founded upon dissatisfaction and against the very principles which had made this "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The guns of Sumpter had been turned on their owners; Brothers were enlisting to fight brothers; Brothers were divided and a civil strife was at hand and in the most remarkable haste two vast armies had already gone into the field to try their powers in a dash at arms.

The war is on; it seems impossible to continue; but it goes on from day to day; then into months—then years. The battles were fierce; hundreds and thousands of brave men were killed while as many more received wounds which either killed or made them cripples for life.

The veterans of the Potomac, Appomattox, Shiloh and a half-hundred other noted engagements are ending their earthly careers and are being hastened home to a better land and more pleasures than could come to the most happy on earth.

The wicked war is over. That grand, good, and to ever be remembered man, Abraham Lincoln, had set free four million souls from earthly bondage. The war had waged sore to many. Fond fathers and moth-

ers wept for sons, but they died for their flag; they died for a united country under that flag; a glory which can only be surpassed by the very angels in heaven.

Memorial Day! How appropriate! How patriotic! With what reverence we should look upon it. It is a day to remember heroes; a day when lessons of hardships of war are brought before us by the portrayal of the deeds of valor which caused the death of many men. We are prisoners, but in our hearts we can show our gratitude to our fellow prisoners who wore the blue and if necessary assist to make their days end well: though they fought with honor for their country's flag, but the sin of their fellow-man has conquered them and they are now looked down upon instead of having sought a higher and nobler life after such brilliant victories.

The Grand Army Veteran, is passing rapidly away, but their son's sons continue to portray their stories of gallantry and bravery with victory that future generations may know that the love of their country and native land is enough to bring happiness and contentment forever.



Making Bad Men Good.

CENTURIES since there came to earth One whom it had been planned should make the world and the inhabitants thereof better by redeeming them from their sins. The goodness which He announced the world did not seem prepared to receive, and those from whom the most was expected were the greatest to oppose Him. It hardly seems possible that those who professed all that was good should have been the worst of their opposition to the Saviour of men. Such however are the facts as related in both sacred and profane history; for even the latter where good is not expected acknowledges that such a being as the Christ did exist. Since that time for over eighteen hundred years this strife to uplift fallen humanity has continued to exist. It has gradually grown as Christ's teachings have become better understood, and to-day, in this age of philanthropy and mission work when we as a Nation and a People send the Gospel unto the uttermost parts of the earth—it has reached a phase of existence where the harvest is imminent and ready for the gatherers. Christ's word is taught in all of the prisons of the world where civilization prevails. The word has entered where the dark ages once held sway and light can now be seen in those once dark places.

The American Prison System has awakened the economic and political studies of the world. Sociology and criminology have caused the attention of the enlightened powers of Europe to our methods of penal confinement. It is surely gratifying to the good people of this great land to know that their good work which has been slowly inculcated into our penal institutions is being copied in England, France, Austria, and even Russia is reaching out to grasp some of the good things for her enlightenment. The Parole; Indeterminate; Graded, and State manufacture systems are all foremost in the country, although the "Ticket of Leave" system has been in use in the English Penal Colonies

for years past, but the Parole is a more modified plan and is safe as the law itself, when it carries conditions of such a nature as will make a man respect himself, for the public look upon a man paroled as being something, else the State would not show the necessary confidence to discharge him from prison. When a man can not respect himself he must not expect others to show any regard for his personal feelings. The States where the Parole law has been tested are satisfied and in Illinois the recent legislature amended the law so that men can be discharged on merit, whether they have secured employment before leaving prison or not. Formerly they were permitted to receive a parole only when employment was guaranteed them. In New York in the Elmira Reformatory, no man without a trade or profession is permitted a Parole or conditional discharge until he has learned the same sufficiently thorough, that he may make his living by following his chosen avocation, learned within prison walls.

These may appear as advanced ideas to those who have not taken the time to study the questions of crime and its cure. They are practical ideas advanced by men who have studied the criminal life from every phase presented. Men who have had charge of the institutions for the confinement of the criminals of our land are the very men who advocate these measures. The ideas do not come from criminals, because the public receives but few thoughts from the man behind bars who is censored when he does express himself. The Christian people are taking these things to heart, for they find that even the least of these are looked upon by the All Wise Creator.

The world is getting better. We are satisfied that the making of bad men good and good men better can come only through the teaching of the Gospel. When we sow the seeds of kindness and set examples of Christ's work before men, instead of seeking vengeance and becoming vindictive, it is then, and not until then that we begin to measure ourselves by the standard of righteousness. We owe much as a Nation and a State to men who are seeking to live a better life. When a man reaches that position in his path through the pilgrimage of life he becomes worth something to others as well as to himself.



The Old Soldier.

THE old soldiers can sympathize with the men in prison more than any other class of people, for many of them know what it is to live in prison themselves, and to live under a restricted discipline. That several of our guard force tasted of the bitterness of Andersonville, Libby, and other Southern prisons is of itself sufficient to make them officers full of kindness, though their training has made them realize that there must always be discipline where many are held in check. We are inclined to be partial to the old soldier. To be humane is the highest standard a man can reach on this earth, for without humanity we can not love our neighbor as ourself or follow the golden rule which is the standard of perfection that all mankind should strive to attain.

Though we have never fought battles for the flag of our country, we are full of born patriotism as a descendant of those who fought for Freedom under the

Father of his country; a family whose blood was spilled in the War of 1812, and whose sons were left at Monterey in the War with Mexico—and again when the War of the Rebellion became a reality our family felt the sting at Antietam and the Wilderness. With this record ever before us in the family history, kind reader we can not be otherwise than true to the old soldier boys, if we love our country and flag. These words are not to boast of what others have done that we may reap the benefits of being a descendant from those who have valiantly stood by the country's cause in all its troubles, for we have fallen short of being worthy of so great an honor, but with a determination to assist our fallen brothers and seek to make them better we feel that we may redeem our misfortunes, and with the assistance of Christian people be able to overcome many of our weaknesses and live a future life of usefulness, for others, and thus desert selfishness and seek that higher plane for which all should strive.



The Nation's Volunteer.

EVER since this government was founded the Volunteer soldiery has been the main stay in time of war. The Regulars are and have been insufficient for troublesome times, and the Nation has had raw recruits who have always answered their country's call. The idea however prevails that the Volunteer is of small consequence in war-fare, but it is worthy of notice that when it comes to fighting, it is their troops who have borne the blunt of the fight.

There is a great jealousy in the army in regards to the Volunteer. It has been apparent in the war with Spain. It was the same in the civil war. It occurred in the Mexican war, and at the battle of Lundy's Lane in the 1812, the troops composed almost entirely of regulars were driven back by the British. We are sure the Regulars do their duty, but they do not seem to possess the dash and fighting qualities that those do who enlist from patriotic motives, instead of following the manual of arms as a profession. It requires patriotism sublime to enlist for your country's cause; for there is suffering untold, as the Volunteers as a rule go illly prepared for war outside of their supply of ammunition. They are untrained and many of them but little experienced with hardships, but they are not cowards and are ready to die for their country if it need be.

We have brave men in both divisions, who leave homes, and loved ones to defend their country's flag wherever it may float. We heartily wish that there was no such a thing as war, for it is cruel—bitterly cruel; and it is the result of this cruelty that Memorial Day has been established and become a dear day in the heart of every patriotic citizen. But we are full of sorrow to have to mourn the loss of many of the brave soldier boys since last Memorial Day was observed. There are the heroes of the Spanish-American war which has passed into history. The victims of the Filipino struggle have not yet been numbered, but there will be many homes this Memorial Day where there will be vacant places about the family hearth which can never be filled again, for these heroes are in silent graves in a foreign land.

“There's always a cheer for the volunteer,
There's ever a welcoming host.
The wide land stretches a greeting hand—
Glad hail from the hill to the coast!
There's none but will vaunt the deeds he's done—
Let us praise them and pledge them high!”
And the soldier man who fights for pay,
We'll honor too, as he passes by.



Admiral
George Dewey.



The Hero
of Manila.