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ADAMS COUNTY HISTORY



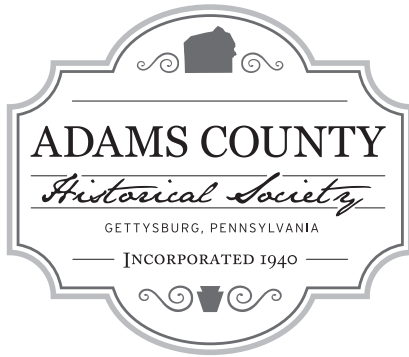
SPECIAL ISSUE:
WAR AND MEMORY IN ADAMS COUNTY

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Cover Illustration: *Gettysburg's electric trolley, "General Lee,"
along Taneytown Road at the National Cemetery stop.
Adams County Historical Society.*



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Editor's Note

War and memory are resonant themes in 2014, as we conclude the Civil War sesquicentennial commemoration and embark on the centennial of the First World War. It is timely, then, that the contributors to this issue of *Adams County History* probe how war and memory touched Adams County. The first article presents a previously unpublished account of the battle of Gettysburg. Kate Bushman dutifully entered her reminiscences of the battle and its grisly aftermath into a postwar scrapbook – an artifact that has been acquired by ACHS. In the second article, local historian John Rudy traces the origins of the modern battlefield preservation movement. He recalls the raw outrage Union veterans felt when the Gettysburg Electric Railway “desecrated” the Gettysburg battlefield in the 1890s. Led by the colorful Major General Daniel Edgar Sickles, these men demanded to know what obligation the nation had to remember their sacrifices. The final piece, authored by Gettysburg College senior S. Marianne Johnson, explores the life of World War I veteran and Gettysburg College alum Fritz Draper Hurd. While most Americans think about the men who fought the Great War as a “Lost Generation,” Johnson issues a powerful reminder that some soldiers were able to find redemption in the trenches. She follows Hurd from the halls of Pennsylvania College to the trenches of the Western Front, analyzing how he constructed a useable past in his postwar memoirs.

Each of these articles, rooted in local sources and grounded in original research, suggest the range of stories and colorful personalities that await researchers in the stacks of the Adams County Historical Society. Along with Executive Director Benjamin Neely and Collections Assistant Lauren Roedner, I invite you to explore those treasures safely tucked away in our county's attic. You never know what you might find.

Brian Matthew Jordan, Ph.D.

Editor, *Adams County History*

“Remembrance will cling to us through life”: Kate Bushman’s Memoir of the Battle of Gettysburg

BRIAN MATTHEW JORDAN

Kate Bushman never expected that the Civil War would visit her tiny town. Nor could she have predicted the life altering impact of Gettysburg’s grisly scenes, indelibly etched into the folds of her memory. The best evidence of that transformation is the remarkable memoir of the battle and its aftermath that she obediently entered into her leather-bound scrapbook sometime in the early 1870s. Leaving no room for pretense, she recognized that the events she witnessed were significant, and that hers was important historical testimony. No longer just another devoted wife, mother, and Unionist, she was “an eye witness.”

“Incidents of the Battle of Gettysburg” appears here for the first time in print. Kate Bushman’s descendants recently donated the original manuscript to the Adams County Historical Society, and there it has been made available to researchers. I have made precious few editorial changes to the original manuscript, despite Bushman’s legendary run-on sentences and neglect of most all grammar conventions. Those who spend time with this account—either in person or in these pages—will be rewarded by its unflinching honesty. These reminiscences not only enhance our understanding of the unsuspecting civilians ensnared in the battle’s maelstrom, but are peppered with poignant asides that will be invaluable to scholars. We glean telling insights into the way rumor became the currency of Civil War armies, and overhear some fascinating exchanges between soldiers and civilians.

Historians will be particularly interested in Bushman's perceptions of the rebel enemy, which track between outright disgust and pleasant surprise. She tantalizes us too with her description of Confederate sharpshooters engaged in the act of killing. Despite a flood of recent scholarship about death in the Civil War, we know surprisingly little about the relationship individual soldiers had with war's fundamental work—and even less about how they coped with the guilt that undoubtedly ensued. “Many a Laugh we heard from their lips when they would see one of our Poor fellows fall,” Bushman writes, offering one potential clue. She likewise relates the fascinating tale of a Confederate soldier who killed a Yankee drummer boy on the streets of Gettysburg. The anxious rebel not only “related his coldblooded Tragedy” to Bushman, but insisted upon showing her the exact site where the young boy died.

Bushman vents her frustration that imperious federal troops continued to occupy Gettysburg even after the main armies left town, another subject that deserves more scholarly attention. And by describing the hordes of anguished widows, devoted nurses, heroic surgeons, and brazen souvenir hunters who converged upon Gettysburg during that summer of 1863, she reminds us that the aftermath of battle is frenzied—not forlorn. The aftermath was not epilogue for this memoirist. She knew that whatever the Army of the Potomac's victory at Gettysburg had accomplished, the real work was yet ahead. Having experienced battle firsthand, she was unlike most northern civilians—unwilling to forget. She had felt the bullets whistle by; heard the piteous sobs of the wounded; smelled the dead as they decomposed in the July heat. “Their Remembrance will cling to us through life,” she averred. So too will Kate Bushman's.

Incidents of the Battle of Gettysburg July 1, 2, 3, 1863 by an eye witness.¹

On the last Friday in June the Rebel Cavalry made a raid into Gettysburg for the purpose it was said of getting Horses and provisions but some thought more for the purpose of Reconnoitering.² There had been [so] many rumours previous to that of the Rebels coming that the citizens of Gettysburg and the Neighbouring Town had partly prepared themselves for them by running off their Horses and Cattle and also shipping of[f] other valuables. Nevertheless it found us somewhat alarmed when we saw a horde of drunken disorderly and dirty looking fellows for I cannot say Soldiers riding through our streets. We our selves did not feel verry cheerfull when we heard a great noise and in looking out discovered the Rebels tearing down a Grogery that stood a short distance from our home. Well I can assure you there was not much Dinner Eat that day, and what was our feelings you can Imagine when I turned around to see three of them standing in my dineing room however I tried to look as fearless as possible and bid them the Time when they asked me for some Dinner which I gave them. They were very Polite and Gentlemanly Especially one of them. One was a little more boisterous asking for different articles which the

1 Bushman's memoir is presented here as originally written, spelling intact. Minor editorial changes have been made to improve the readability and flow of the document.

2 On June 26, 1863, several hundred Virginia cavalrymen under the command of Lt. Col. Elijah V. White and Col. William French effortlessly brushed aside Capt. Robert Bell's Adams County cavalry troop and the verdant men of the 26th Pennsylvania Emergency Militia Regiment in skirmishes west and north of Gettysburg.

one reproved him for however he said if I would give him a small bottle of Molasses a very good kind for his Captain he would be under Obligations which we gave him willingly.³

The one commenced talking to my Husband about the War and trying to justify themselves but he being a bitter enemy of the South gave them no Sympathy he told them he had no good feelings for them that he was a Union Man they then said they Respected him the more for that and that they had no respect for Copperheads. They then commenced talking of our Generals and said General Mc[C]lellan was our best General. I told them I had no faith in him, and asked them why they thought so much of him when they said because he is our Friend as well as yours.⁴ I then said that is the reason I hate him we do not want a half Rebel General, do you want your Generals to be the Friends of the North? They said of course

3 Some historians have supposed that Lee's General Orders No. 72, which admonished the Army of Northern Virginia to respect civilian property, successfully restrained Confederates from looting during the invasion of Pennsylvania. Recent scholarship, however, has offered a much-needed corrective. See especially Steven Woodworth, *Beneath a Northern Sky: A Short History of the Gettysburg Campaign* (Wilmington, Delaware: Scholarly Resources, 2003), chapter 2, and Jason Mann Frawley, "Marching Through Pennsylvania: The Story of Soldiers and Civilians During the Gettysburg Campaign" (Ph.D. diss., Texas Christian University, 2008).

4 Recent historians have taken more seriously those Civil War Americans who suspected Major General George Brinton McClellan of treasonous ends. See especially Richard Slotkin, *The Long Road to Antietam: How the Civil War Became a Revolution* (New York: Liveright/W.W. Norton, 2012). On political feuds within the federal armies, see also Allen Guelzo, *Gettysburg: The Last Invasion* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2013), and Jonathan W. White, *Emancipation, The Union Army, and the Reelection of Abraham Lincoln* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2014).

not. I said well neither do we. I would shoot such a General. He got pretty firey and said I am not in a proper Condition to talk to you as he was somewhat under the Influence of Liquor and I had regained my courage and gave them answers that they did not relish. They gave the Little ones some Rebel Money as a remembrance thanked us and went away perhaps to meet a Bloody Death God alone knows those that Left their Homes had cause to regret it for they Ransacked them.

In the Course of a few days the Report came that the whole Army was coming that is the Rebel Army which of course spread consternation over the town having seen the mischief a few could do we could Imagine what an Army would do, and we tried to prepare ourselves accordingly by Packing away small valuables and hiding both for our selves and Neighbors we ourselves had two Large Stone Boxes of goods in our House one of Valuable silks up in a Chamber and another very large one which I made the Men just put in a careless place in my kitchen behind my stove, putting an old oil cloth on used it to cut meat and every careless way I could as if it was an old Kitchen table and while they the Rebs were in the House they sat on but had no Idea what was in and our Little ones were as cautious as ourselves and two days before the Battle as I was sweeping my Pavement happening to look up I saw some Union Cavalry Riding up our street Breckenridge Street as the one came opposite myself I looked up and he bade me the time and asked me some questions concerning the raid I soon discovered he was a Gentleman and a Union Officer. I answered to the best of my ability what I knew and then I told him of the Report about the army coming and that the camp fires could be seen along the South Mountain I then asked him if our Army was prepared for them and he said do not be alarmed Madam in Twenty four hours we can have fifty Thousand Men here yes seventy five Thousand men but keep quiet which I

did only telling my Family, which News quite reassured us the day before the Battle I told my Husband I would bake the next day quite Early he said I better not on Monday I had washed as usual and contrary to my Husbands wishes I prepared to bake I told him I wanted one bakeing of Cherry Pies which was also the Last for that summer so I got up very early sat my bread [out] got breakfast and commenced Ironing but gave that up hung my wash around on chairs in a spare room and before nine o'clock had my Pies baked and the bread nearly so. When the report came that our Army was comeing along Washington Street and were tired and overheated when my Brother in law proposed carrying buckets of Water up to the head of our street for the Soldiers to drink as they marched along. I then told my Husband who was quite Indisposed at the time to stay in with the Children and when to take out the bread I would hold the Water and cups so my Brother in law and myself held the buckets from the first Man to the Last of the passed some other Neighbours carrying the Water to us. Besides I had ordered nearly all my hot bread brought up and distributed some tearing off the whole top of the Loaf and the Officers Horses dashed so close past me as to raise my skirts.

One old Gentleman Officers rode up to me and reached his hand as I thought for a drink which I handed him he said no Madam I want to shake your hand God bless you for what you are doing. I then wished him God speed as he rode off some poor fellows would say Lady pleas give me a drink may be it is the last one I will ever get others would say Lady please give me a Little in my can teen maybe some poor Wounded Soldier will want a drink thinking of others perhaps going to their own Death oh how my heart Ached for them. I saw the first shell that was thrown and saw our poor fellows commanded to fall in Line and go Double quick and the shells flew over our heads and the officers bade me go in or I might get killed one shell

explodeing just about one hundred yards from where I stood we were pretty well exhausted the Weather being extremely hot and we had put on good clotheing and more of them not knowing how soon we would have to Leave our hard Earned Homes besides I had Large Packets in all my skirts Loaded with mementoes of the past and consequently was doubly burthened we then went in and Sister insisted we should all come there as there Celler was the best if we would have to go in it which we did I comeing up ocasionally to go home which was adjoining Lots besides I was afraid if my Husband or boys would go out they might be captured by the Rebs.

However before we entered the cellar the word came that the Town was to be shelled we must all Leave which we prepared though reluctantly to do and it started with the Family my Husband saying he would follow we went as far as Cemetry Hill when I looked back saw my Husband Looking out of an upper Window when I faltered and told the Children I would go back if Father was safe we were all safe and if he got killed I wanted to die with him they tried to urge me on and our Daughter and a small boy went on at my entreaty myself and others returning I then went up to an Officer and asked his advice he said Madam go Home stay in your House if you have one and when we got to the House where Jenny Wade was Killed they came out and plead with me to stay there but I went Home and just as I turned to go I noticed one Officer ride up to another and tell him something he raised his hands and said my God not General Reynolds Killed⁵ so it went from officers to officer and seemed to spread consternation over the whole army well I came back home and we then went into the Cellar

5 Maj. Gen. John Fulton Reynolds, a Pennsylvanian, commanded the First Corps, Army of the Potomac. He was killed while posting Brig. Gen. Solomon Meredith's Iron Brigade in Herbst's Woods on the morning of July 1.



Death of Gen. John Reynolds in Herbst Woods. Library of Congress.

after we had been in some time there was word came that our Army was Retreating and the Rebs were taking possession of the Town which caused great excitement.

The Citizens [were] fleeing in every Direction but I was Determined to stay until we were compelled to Leave so I came up to look about and as I got to my Kitchen door I found two of our Soldiers sitting there I said men do you know that the Rebels are coming they said yes where can we hide told them to go to the cellar it was none of the best but was better than to be a Rebel Prisoner they said they were so hungry I cut two slices of bread around the Loaf and buttered and told them to hurry down and I would bring them more when I could I then went to the door and saw there guns I qwick them and handed them saying if the Rebs sees your guns they will know you are here and I walked back in the kitchen there lay their Haversacks. I stood in the door and with my foot pushed them behind the door carelessly threw an old bag over them just as several Rebels walked in I tried to Look the bravery I did not feel and bid them the time one came in Looked all around but did not ask any questions. They then began to gather in pretty

thick and I staid home awhile the two Union Soldiers said that our men only shamd retreating that they were Looking out a good Position and that they had staid back to cut down the fence for General Shimelfellings⁶ Horse to get through and that it was killed under the old General as it was going through and that they did not know when he had got to. We afterwards ascertained that he had got under a pile of rails in a Neighbours Lot⁷ we were then back and forwards from the Celler to the House and while in the celler there was some quite Laughable Incidents. There was a Neighbour's Family Father, Mother, Son, and three Daughters the Son when he heard the Rebels were comeing run away to hide and when we found him he was sprawled on the floor with his head under a bed and his Limbs sticking out and the old Man had crept back and got in a keg of soft soap holding up his arm and seeing our faces he remarked if I git off mit dat its goot and at one time when the bullets were flying thick and fast the Old Lady ran up the celler steps and said to the Rebels oh Mans Mans quit shooting we are all so skeert down here which caused a roar of Laughter at another time the old Man wanted to go Home and carry his celler full of water, so that if they threw shells in the House they would not explode. That caused our visibilities to burst forth again after the firing commenced in Earnest we concluded to stay Home as the House was full of Rebs. They treated us Respectfully and what we had that they asked for we gave them but could give them no sympathy as we were staunch Unionists the balls

6 A veteran of the Prussian army, Brig. Gen. Alexander Schimmelpfennig commanded a brigade in Maj. Gen. Carl Schurz's Division of the Eleventh Corps, Army of the Potomac. When Schurz was promoted to corps command, Schimmelpfennig took charge of the division. His regiments were thrashed during the fighting north of town on the afternoon of July 1.

7 Gen. Schimmelpfennig rather infamously slinked into hiding behind the Garlach house on Baltimore Street.

came in our House thick from our Men for we were right in the Rebels Line of sharp shooters and a many a Laugh we heard from their lips when they would see one of our Poor fellows fall at one time as our son was creeping over to the next Lot for a Pail of Water a Ball came and went in one side of the bucket grased the other side and went out at the top he dropped the Pail crawled home and the Rebels brought us the Water after that. And at another time I was Leaning against a Partition and a bullet came through two walls Lodged in the one close to my head splintering the Partition and twice the Guns on Cemetry Hill were turned on to the Street with the Intention of shelling that part of Gettysburg thinking that the citizens had all Left. And some Officers rode up and ordered them to desist. There was two shells thrown a few steps from our Home into a Log House that was occupied only by Rebels and Killed two men and Left the arm of another at one time when the Balls were comeing in the house so fast they said we had better go to the Celler. We started to go just as I put my hand on the Celler door a bullet came through the shutter passed over our heads and went through a near Window and at another time my Husband just stooped and a bullet whired over him that would have Killed him if he had not have been stooping. At another time one flew right aside of him and one entered the side of a box that one of our sons a Lad was lying in we had a little son six years old was standing looking at the Rebels fireing at our men he was shaking his head at them every time a ball came crashing in. I suspected he was going to say something for he was a brave little fellow he stood it as long as he could at Last he said if you buggers would quit shooting at our men they would not shoot in our House naughty as the word was I Laughed and thought Amen there was one bragadocia among them that declared every Large Gun he would hear he would say that is our Gun I told him it was not so it was ours when the Battle was at its worst on Thursday he said that is nothing

to what you will here tomorrow I said Tomorrow, you will be gone. I do not know why I said it but I had a presentiment that they would be gone he wanted me to get him something to eat but I told him I would not if he was my Grandfather. I disliked him so much that I taunted him whenever I could the firing was terrible on Thursday P.M. we scarcely spoke to each other we were terribly calm during them [three] days fight when Night came they told us we could go to bed and get up early and he would come again and they would show us something that they were going to Batten down several Buildings that they pointed out to us I said a sham[e] you will be gone you are whipped my Husband looked at me so queer and I stuck to my word that they would be gone they all went out and we prepared to retire and when we went to get in bed we found that a bullet had went into the bestead pinning the quilt and sheet in the rail in the morning when we got up my Husband look out and said Wife

I believe you were right I believe they are gone but there was a few Loitering

about though the main Army had fled we then started out to see whether the two Union soldiers could come out with safety my Niece and I went down to Baltimore Street as we were passing a Alley we looked up and saw our Braggart of the day before we called to a Neighbour to come and arrest him which he did picking up an empty gun he ran up to him saying surrender which he did willingly

enough for he was a coward we then went out Baltimore Street towards the Cemetery



*Mary Virginia Wade, who died
July 1, 1863 during the battle.
Adams County Historical Society.*

and we heard Jenny Wade was shot we went out to see her she was our next door Neighbour and we had known her from Infancy she was killed at her Sisters and when they saw us they screamed afresh we went in to see her poor Jenny she looked so Natural just as she did when she went out to her sisters for safety.

I must here relate an Incident of the first day's fight. Our son a Lad was Clerk in the Merchants Establishment whose goods we had in the House. He had come home in the Morning to see us intending to return but could not with safety and we wished him to remain in the evening. The Town was pretty quiet he thought he would go and see if all was well with them and I proposed going myself to ask one of the Rebels that was Patrolling that part of our street so I went and asked him he said if it was really necessary for our son to go that he would send an Escort with him but his advice would be for our son not to go as he might be taken Prisoner. My son then came to where I was and the patrol was quite talkative and told how he had shot a little Drummer boy just at the head of our street. He said he had halted him and the Little fellow would not halt when he the Reb fired the Drummer Boy taking two or three steps fell Dead. You may imagine our feelings as he related his coldblooded Tragedy. He then said come along I will show where it was. We walked up and there Lay his Haversack and a Linen Tent cover and two Flannel shirts he said to me take the home Madam you can make use of them. I hesitated but at Last a thought struck me maybe I would find his Name and send his Parents word. I took them home and being a little cautious put them in a tub of Water I had in the yard. I happened to look inside of the Field discovered his Drum and Thoughtlessly said here is his Drum repeating it a second time when the Reb said I will take that to our bous if I would have only been a Little more thoughtfull I could have thrown the

tent over it and taken it Home well the nex day as our son was Looking out of the Window a bullet from a Sharp shooter struck that Rebel crashed through his head strikeing another one in the shoulder Killing the one and Fatally wounding the other. You may rest assured we did not waste any sympathy there – it was said that there was one of the Rebel sharp shooters shooting at our men, and that he had fired through a hole in a window light eleven times we had one in our house they called Terry I do believe he shot one of our Men every time he fired and yet he was to conscientious to take a pair of shoes off[f] a Dead Man's feet preferring to go barefooted and I told him myself he should take the shoes he said no Madam I cannot rob the Dead and he was s kind as it was possible for [him] to be. There was several that did not fire of[f] a bullet they gave us their word they had to sham fire and one poor fellow was so Ignorant and Cowardly that he did really not know his own name he had his gun loaded to the muzzle but never fired a load of[f] he cut one of his buttons of[f] of his coat put it on a string and hung it around our babes neck and appeared to Love the little one they were very carefull with our Property and was as Gentlemanly as could be not using a bit of profanity in their Language we have in our possession a Pillow Case that was hanging on a towel rack that has five bullet holes in it we had thirty four bullet holes in four of our rooms. After the three days fight when we emerged from our cellars and ventured on the streets the sights that met our eyes and the groans of the Wounded and Dieing will never be forgotten though the traces of the Devastation are well nigh obliterated their Remembrance will cling to us through life some poor fellows their bloated and blackened corpses could scarcely be taken atall for white men other Lay as calm and placid as if their Last breath was breathed among the loved ones others so mangled as not to be Recognizeable others with some token of the Loved one in

their hands or near their breast.⁸ All Laid as decently as circumstances would permit in graves or trenches prepared for them one circumstance I shall here relate a Lady had come from Massachusetts to look for her Husband and not hearing any thing of him returned Home and received a Letter from a Companion in Arms that her Husband was Killed on the third days Fight in Mr. Sherfy's Peach Orchard and was buried in the Centre of three graves she returned and found the spot and wanted his body but orders had been received not to send any more Dead bodies away she was refused she then plead for them just to open the grave that she would know him by the shirt a striped Flannel they done so and it was her Husband she cut a piece of[f] of his shirt and placed it next [to] her heart marked his grave and returned with her baby boy to their desolate Home intending to return in the Fall for the Body but was never heard from more here I must say a few words about the Rebels. The[y] seemed entirely hardened as regards their Dead and Wounded having to be compelled to bury them and refuseing to come for the Wounded and I heard from eye Witnesses along their Retreat that many of their wounded were dragged by the feet from the Ambulances and put in Fields and fence corners and stones piled on their lower limbs to keep them from moveing and in that condition Left to die others put in shallow graves with their Limbs sticking out their faces barely covered I myself covered some as well as I could offering a prayer for their souls. Every Public building and Church was

8 In the mid-nineteenth century, a “good death” was one that occurred at home, surrounded by family and domestic comforts. Drew Gilpin Faust has demonstrated that soldiers who died on strange and remote battlefields frequently sought to align their last moments with these cultural expectations about death. Clutching family photographs or some physical reminder of home was common. See Faust, *This Republic of Suffering: Death and the American Civil War* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2008).

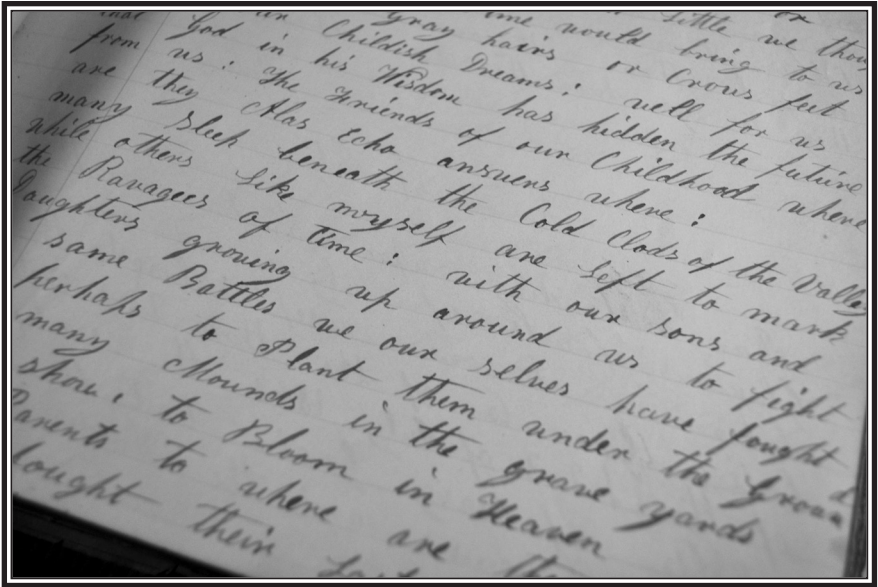
a Hospital and many private dwelling the Citizens taking active parts in caring for the Wounded and preparing comforts for them⁹ they were also assisted by several of the Sisters of Charity from St. Josephs Emmitsburg¹⁰ our own sons assisted the Surgeon to Amputate Limbs and dress wounds and were so good at it that young, as they were were taken for Medical Students. They soon had Hospital Grounds Laid out about two Miles from Gettysburg¹¹ and tents erected with all the other Arrangements for a Splendid Hospital shady Woods a good spring of Water nice bake House all in good trim the Christian Commission overseeing all the arrangements and where all was cared for alike Union and Rebel and where they were fed and petted actually petted by some and not starved to Death like our poor fellows were in their filthy Prisons¹² oh my heart almost turns to Steele yet at the Recollection of their Sad fates

9 On the treatment of the wounded and hospitals, see Gregory A. Coco, *A Vast Sea of Misery: A History and Guide to the Union and Confederate Field Hospitals at Gettysburg, July 1-November 20, 1863* (Gettysburg: Thomas Publications, 1996); Gregory A. Coco, *A Strange and Blighted Land: Gettysburg, the Aftermath of a Battle* (Gettysburg: Thomas Publications, 1995); Michael Dreese, *The Hospital on Seminary Ridge at the Battle of Gettysburg* (Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2005); and Roland R. Maust's massive *Grappling With Death: The Union Second Corps Hospital at Gettysburg* (Dayton: Morningside Books, 2001).

10 On the efforts of Catholic nurses during the Civil War, see Sr. Mary Denis Maher, *To Bind Up the Wounds* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1989).

11 The sprawling Camp Letterman, located on the York Pike.

12 In the war's final year, the treatment of Union prisoners of war in Confederate stockades provoked outrage among northern civilians. Though these sentiments cooled considerably after the execution of Captain Henry Wirz, the commandant of the notorious Andersonville prison in Georgia, the disturbing memories of southern prisons endured.



Memoir of Kate Bushman. Adams County Historical Society.

and the citizens were all busy trying to make these Homes look a little Natural we were kept pretty busy bakeing and preparing other things for the Soldiers ourselves amongst them many times they would come in and wait untill our bread was baked for fear another party would come and take it and also putting their own price on it some time a goodeal more than we wanted to take but they would Lay the money down declaring it was worth more and they were glad to get it at that sometimes another party would come in and beg for it when the first party would sell it at a still higher price always insisting upon us takeing it which we could handly do having never sold any thing to eat it seemed wicked but they Laughed at us and would then tell us of the enormous prices they had paid for provisions¹³ we were pretty well worn out with work and the excitement

13 Less than a week after the battle, the *New York Times* published an editorial that savaged Gettysburg civilians as profit-minded sharps. Bushman is no doubt responding to the affront with this oddly self-conscious passage.

and horrible sight seeing and the rush of visitors some times every bed and room occupied by Strangers that came to see the Devastation, of three Days terrible Slaughter Houses Riddled with bullets and shells fences destroyed the beautiful Fields of Golden Grain just ready for the Reaper Laid waste not a wheat head left to show what the Field contained every Land mark Destroyed Cattle running at Large not knowing where to find a shelter oh God from such sights Deliver our Loved ones the Grounds strewn with shells bullets blankets tents and Clothing and all the equipments of an Army which the poor people commenced gathering up to wash and use in the place of those stolen from them and there was no orders to the Contrary until they were all washed when one of our Official Tyrants named Capt Smith¹⁴ with a horse of wolves like himself went round and robbed them of the things and even taking private Property and even went so far as to curse the Women and Children for even picking up what the ground was strewn with and actually rode in to a Cabinet Shop after a Little six year old son of ours curseing and cutting at the child for picking up a ram rod and they Lay on the ground by the Thousands. Whether the Government ever got the proceeds of his Marauding we do not know but this we do know that if ever curses followed a Man they followed Capt Smith.

Visitors coming now to view the Beautiful Cemetery with its silent Sleepers and the Beautiful green breastworks can not realize the Dessolation and Acheing Hearts that three Days fight Left but the unknown graves are the Saddest Memorial of the War to me.

The Hospital was full of sad sights enough to soften the hardest hearts. One case is particular or rather two that is

14 Captain W. Willard Smith, who served as aide-de-camp to Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck.

worthy of Note there was a soldier that had both Arms both Legs shot off and both eyes shot out and Lived he pleas for some one to kill him and the other case was only a finger shot off and he Died some were cheerfull under great afflictions¹⁵ while others were completely sorrow stricken under slight Wounds one poor fellow I shall never forget I was out talking to him on Sunday evening he had Lost his right Arm and was doing well and was as merry as could be I said are not you [sorry] that you fought against the North he said Laughingly no indeed if I get well and they fight again I will fight with the one [arm]. I talked to him a while trying to convince him he was wrong but failed and he was such a good Natured fellow I could not get vexed and we parted he expressing his gratitude to us all for the Kindness shown them and about one hour after we left he went to cross over to the other side tents and fell and started his shoulder to bleeding and before Morning was a Corpse.

And here I must say in Justice to the South that During the three Days that they were in our House that I did not hear as much corseing and swearing as I did in one hour after our Men got back in the town and I told our Men so for we could not walk three steps without having our ears Polluted with the most horrid oaths besides the Southern men were more Courteous and Gentle to Females and ours were rude and profane...

15 The use of the word “cheerfull” is important here. Historian Frances M. Clarke argues that the war neither shattered the antebellum sensibilities of northerners nor generated any widespread disillusionment. She insists that Union soldiers’ pronouncements of cheerfulness in the face of adversity should not be discarded as nostalgia; rather, such statements betray the process by which nineteenth century Americans grappled with loss and suffering. Culturally conditioned to ascribe purpose in the absence of meaning, northerners quite literally soldiered on. See Clarke, *War Stories: Suffering and Sacrifice in the Civil War North* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2011).

Dan Sickles, William H. Tipton, and the Birth of Battlefield Preservation

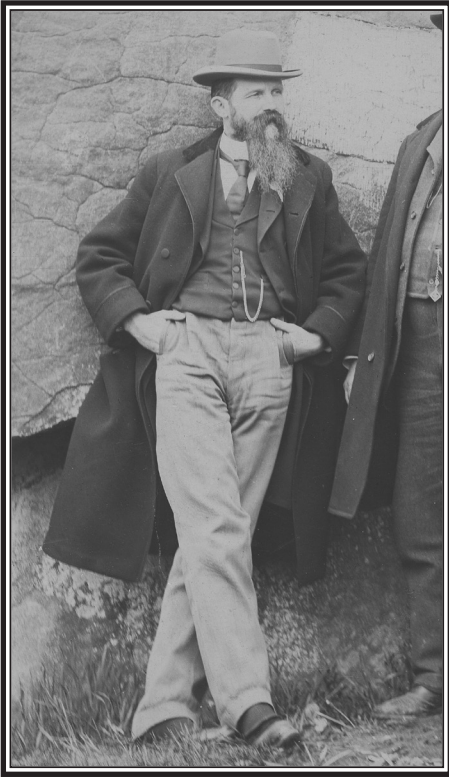
JOHN M. RUDY

Thirty years after the battle of Gettysburg, the small Pennsylvania town was once again besieged—only this time, the invaders were not rebels, but entrepreneurs with an unquenchable thirst for profit. The most visible sign of their voracious commercialism was an electric trolley line (“from which the shouts and songs of revelry may arise to drown the screams of the suffering”) belting the battlefield. The Gettysburg Electric Railway Company’s venture raised a host of new questions regarding the importance of battlefield preservation. Most significantly, it prompted Americans to ask if they had any obligation to set aside for posterity the land where it was saved.¹⁶

The ambitious trolley construction project earned the ire of many in Gettysburg. While other communities across the state had established trolley lines for the express benefit of their citizens and the towns’ coffers, it was apparent to many Gettysburgians that the venture’s true aim was to benefit the tourist trade. Making matters worse, locals perceived the deal between the borough council and Edward Hoffer’s Gettysburg Electric Railway Company as hopelessly corrupt. When a competing railway company struggled to secure rights for a trolley line in nearby Middletown, Gettysburg’s *Star and Sentinel* suggested sardonically that the company’s representatives “invite the Council of Middletown to go to Allentown on a free ride, and then set up a free lunch.” “If they

16 “A Contrast With a Moral,” *Gettysburg Star and Sentinel*, 20 June 1893, p. 2.

can resist such blandishments,” the paper continued, “they will prove themselves to be of sterner stuff than the Council of Gettysburg.”¹⁷



*William H. Tipton at Devil's Den.
Adams County Historical Society.*

The Gettysburg Electric Railway deal also seemed particularly suspect because William H. Tipton, who sat on the Gettysburg borough council, stood to benefit greatly from cooperating with the venture. A celebrated photographer, Tipton operated a studio and entertainment complex known as “Tipton Park” in the vicinity of Devil’s Den; he had lobbied hard for a rail line extension to the southern end of the battlefield, anticipating the hordes of tourists the trolley might deposit on his doorstep.¹⁸

17 Garry E. Adelman and Timothy H. Smith, *Devil's Den: a History and Guide* (Gettysburg, PA: Thomas Publications, 1997), 84-85; “The fight at Middletown is still on...” *Gettysburg Star and Sentinel*, 20 June 1893, p. 2.

18 Adelman and Smith, *Ibid*, 84-85; for deeper background on William H. Tipton, see Timothy H. Smith, ed., *Gettysburg's Battlefield Photographer – William H. Tipton* (Gettysburg, PA: Thomas Publications, 2005).

Not surprisingly, Tipton emerged as one of the Electric Railway's staunchest advocates. At one point, Hoffer failed to obtain a right of way for his line along the stone fence at the Angle. While the company had purchased what it thought was a clear path along the wall and toward the southern end of the field, their "right of way" was in fact impeded by land owned by the Seventy-Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Thirty years before, the Seventy-Second had repulsed one attack along this wall; now, they intended to repel the assault of the trolley company. Discovering that workers preparing to lay trolley track had disturbed their land, the Philadelphia-based veterans sent word to Gettysburg that, "a suit for damages and arrest for trespass would result if they continued."¹⁹

Hoffer dispatched Tipton to Philadelphia to negotiate with the stubborn old veterans. While "interviewing the Seventy-second people in behalf of the electric railway," Tipton expressed his overly optimistic view "that all right thinking people here heartily desire the road to be built." Furthermore, Tipton assailed the reports of battlefield damage as "maliciously exaggerated." He even went so far as to assert that photos had been retouched. The men of the Seventy-Second resolved to investigate the situation for themselves.²⁰

Tipton's apparent victory was short lived, however. After visiting Gettysburg and concluding that the trolley stood to desecrate the entire Second Corps' battle line, the veterans announced to Hoffer that, "the Seventy-second regiment would not entertain any offer from the trolley road." Instead, the men "placed a sign on the lot forbidding any trespassing, raised the

19 "Their Way Was Blocked," *Gettysburg Star and Sentinel*, 06 June 1893, p. 3.

20 "Trolley Notes," *Gettysburg Star and Sentinel*, 06 June 1893, p. 3

Stars and Stripes, had the lot surveyed and put down stakes to mark the boundaries.” In the eyes of the veterans, Hoffer had spoken to them in a disgustingly, “taunting and determined manner... of his intentions in the way of desecrating the battleground.” Hoffer allegedly claimed “that he would build the station by the Seventy-second’s lot, right in the Bloody Angle.” According to Captain Ker of the Seventy-second, “every reasonable person will realize what this means. The place would look like a barracks.”²¹

As the construction of the trolley line progressed throughout the spring of 1893, northern newspapers began to protest the construction in shrill tones. “Even an excuse of necessity could scarcely justify the desecration of the famous battlefield at Gettysburg,” the *Philadelphia North American* quipped, “and yet...we are notified that the damage has already been done by excavations and gradings.” The *North American*, and many of its readers, plainly understood that the trolley was solely perpetrated by a “corporation [that] contemplates a glittering monetary return.” Across the nation, “patriotic hearts” began to “swell with righteous indignation at the abuse of a landmark substantially consecrated – in the mind of every man, woman and child intelligent enough to read and comprehend.”²² The *New York Times* pointed out that the trolley line resulted in “considerable changes” to the landscape around Devil’s Den. “A huge cut has been made by blasting out the rocks,” the paper noted, “which were a distinctive feature of

21 “The Seventy-Second’s Committee,” *Gettysburg Star and Sentinel*, 20 June 1893, p. 3; “The Field of Gettysburg,” *Rochester Democrat Chronicle*, 03 July 1893.

22 “Pengraph Picked Up,” *Philadelphia North American*, 27 May 1893.

that part of the field.”²³ In the *Milwaukee Journal*, the railroad was decried as unneeded: “there should be no rapid transit over that famous field but the people who visit it should be content to walk and study the ground.” “Mere curiosity seekers may have use for a railroad at such a place,” the editor admonished, “but the patriotic people of this country will look upon it as desecrating a sacred spot.”²⁴

One especially colorful character paid particular attention to the disturbing reports from Gettysburg: Daniel Edgar Sickles, the irascible old Tammany Hall Democrat best known for murdering his wife’s lover in 1859. Sickles had successfully defended himself with a temporary insanity plea before marching off to war. The New Yorker rose through the ranks and led the Third Army Corps at both Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. On the second day of the battle at Gettysburg, without first securing the permission of army commander George Gordon Meade, Sickles directed his men to a point far in advance of their designated position. In the inquiries that ensued, Sickles worked to rehabilitate his name, suggesting to Congress that George Meade had been derelict in his duty during the Gettysburg campaign.²⁵

23 “Vandalism at Gettysburg,” *New York Times*, 26 May 1893.

24 “The electric railroad has desecrated the battlefield of Gettysburg...” *Milwaukee Journal*, 19 May 1893, p. 4.

25 For more on the Meade-Sickles Controversy, first see Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion, Series 1, 53 vols. (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1894-1917), Volume 27, part 1, beginning page 127 for letters penned by General George Gordon Meade and by the pseudonymous “Historicus,” either Sickles himself or a political ally. Then seek out Richard A. Sauers, *Gettysburg: The Meade-Sickles Controversy* (Chicago: Potomac Books, 2005), for a detailed sketch of the entire case of slander by Dan Sickles against



*General Daniel Sickles at the
Gettysburg battlefield, 1901.
Adams County Historical Society.*

Sickles served as a member of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association (the organization that held the deeds to the land upon which veterans placed their monuments), and as Chairman of the New York Monuments Commission for the Battlefields of Gettysburg and Chattanooga. He was thus poised at the forefront of the movement to memorialize the new battlefield parks set aside by the federal government in the 1890s, and doled out hundreds of thousands in state appropriated funds to New York veterans' groups and regimental survivors' organizations.²⁶

In that capacity, he invited New York's aging veterans to return to Gettysburg that very summer. Over the course of the battle's thirtieth anniversary, the New York Monuments Commission planned to dedicate a number of individual regimental monuments and markers, as well as a state

his commander George Gordon Meade.

26 New York Monuments Commission for the Battlefields of Gettysburg and Chattanooga, Final Report on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, 3 vols. (Albany, NY.: J.B. Lyon Company, Printers, 1902), Volume 1: 1-6, 195-206.

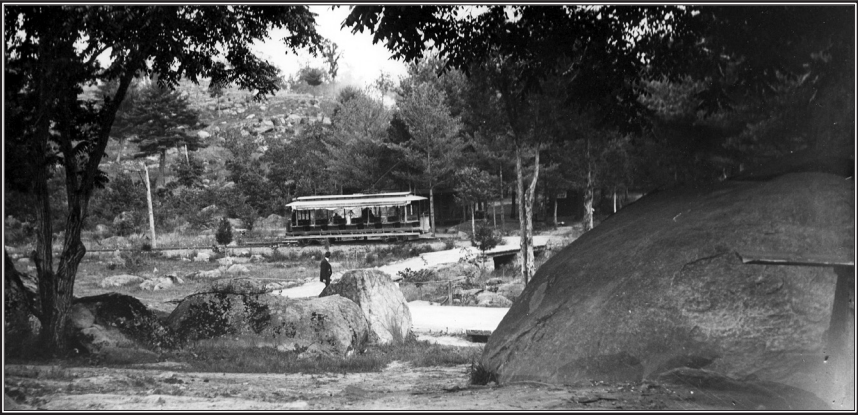
monument. In a circular mailed to each regimental association and veterans' organization in the state, Sickles generously offered to make the "necessary railway arrangements" for any New York veteran who wished to attend the ceremonials. Regimental organizations were instructed to "furnish without delay names and addresses of those entitled to free transportation and who wish to avail themselves of the same."²⁷

As the Empire State men prepared to descend upon the battlefield, they reviewed a blizzard of reports testifying to the damage resulting from the construction of the trolley line. The official government historian of the battle, an impressively whiskered New Hampshire artist named John Badger Bachelder, prepared one such report. "Workmen," he informed, "were engaged in blasting out a group of bowlders [sic] covering a space of 75 by 25 feet which formed a portion of the defenses in front of the left of the Third army corps during the day's battle." To make matters worse, "the variation of a dozen feet in the line, which there was ample chance to make, would have cleared those bowlders." But the purpose of their blasting was not simply to clear the right of way. "It was evident," Bachelder concluded, "that they were being blasted for material from which to make filling for the road, which is swampy at that point."²⁸

Reading such words enraged the veterans. Sickles' announced that his blood "boil[ed] with indignation." The *Syracuse Daily Courier* reported that the members of the local Grand Army of the Republic post were "intensely indignant because of the desecration of the Gettysburg battlefield by the

27 "In Memory of Valiant Sons," *New York Times*, 21 May 1893; "New York Day," *Oswego Daily Times*, 21 April 1893.

28 "Wanton Destruction," *Rome Semi-Weekly Citizen*, 17 June 1893.



The new electric trolley line splitting the land between Devil's Den and Little Round Top. Adams County Historical Society.

running across it of a trolley road.” The veterans threatened to “tear up the road.” Both the Auburn *Bulletin* and the Oswego *Daily Palladium* warned that the Gettysburg-bound veterans might turn violent. “There will be a multitude of old soldiers and their friends at Gettysburg on that day,” the Auburn paper recounted, “and the owners of the trolley line expect to reap a harvest. Their gangs of men are at work night and day laying the tracks and placing the poles which are to support the trolley wire.” But “instead of reaping a harvest . . . it may be that on that day they will witness the destruction of their line.” The paper alleged that a plot to destroy the trolley lines had been “very largely talked over among the veterans of this State.” “It is known that the occasion on which it is intended by some to make an effort to tear up the road is ‘New York day,’ when the old soldiers will be there in large numbers.”²⁹

29 “General Sickles; Indignation,” Gettysburg Star and Sentinel, 30 May 1893; “The Grand Army men are reported intensely...” Syracuse Daily Courier, 30 June 1893; “Veterans Indignant,” Oswego Daily Palladium, 26 June 1893; “New York Day at Gettysburg May Witness the Destruction of the Trolley Road,” Auburn Bulletin, 26 June 1893.

Rumors of violence quickly proliferated, prompting one Grand Army commander, Augustus Gordon Weissert, to reassure the press that “there is absolutely no truth in the statement that the G. A. R. will stoop to violence.” This promise aside, the New York Monuments Commission still felt that it needed to act swiftly, so as to avoid any premature, extralegal challenge to the railroad. General Sickles, on behalf of the board, “issued a circular calling upon the veterans to preserve law and order when they visit the battlefield.”³⁰

For his part, Sickles attempted to persuade those attending the New York Day festivities that peaceful protest might be the best option. He advised veterans to boycott the railroad, and at the same time urged them to be mindful of “decorum.” “In making this appeal,” Sickles assured in a circular distributed to Grand Army posts, “the Commissioners are by no means insensible to the outrage committed by the vandals.” The document went on to characterize Hoffer and Tipton as “obnoxious” men who, “for the mere sake of gain, are desecrating and destroying the characteristic features of a battlefield which Lincoln said was consecrated ground.”³¹

Despite the rumors of violence and the threat of a boycott, the Gettysburg Electric Railway Company worked feverishly on its line the week before the New York celebration. “In its anxiety to have its railway ready for operation by Saturday next around the Cemeteries,” the Gettysburg *Star and Sentinel*

30 “Farnham Post is Dead,” Rome Semi-Weekly Citizen, 28 June 1893.

31 Daniel Sickles, “Circular No. 12 (24 June 1893),” in New York Monuments Commission for the Battlefields of Gettysburg and Chattanooga, *Final Report on the Battlefield of Gettysburg*, 3 vols. (Albany, NY: J.B. Lyon Company, Printers, 1902), Volume 1: 204.

wrote, “the Electric railway company kept a dozen of hands busy all of last Sunday, setting the boilers in the Power House, and making other preparations for the masons on Monday morning.” “Done behind screens,” the work was, nonetheless, “watched all day by a crowd of young men and boys who had never before had the opportunity of seeing building operations going on in Gettysburg on a Sabbath day.”³²

The following week, thousands of veterans—many with their wives, sons, and daughters in tow—flooded the flag festooned streets of Gettysburg. “A dozen special trains have arrived with veterans,” the *New York Times* reported from Gettysburg on July 1. One of those special trains transported Dan Sickles who, with his staff, enjoyed the luxury of “two Pullman sleepers and a dining car.” “Every hotel, boarding house, and private residence is already filled with people, and thousands of the veterans will find no better accommodations than their blankets afford.” Indeed, the hoary New York ex-soldiers pitched more than seven hundred tents on East Cemetery Hill. In their makeshift camps, they swapped tales of the war, “dwell[ing] upon those stirring episodes which are daily growing dimmer in the mist of a glorious past.”³³

Along the borough sidewalks, vendors took advantage of the crowds—selling everything from lemonade and peanuts to souvenir badges, medals, and even “bullets said to have been dug up in the battlefield.” Throughout the day, stages and carriages “carried crowds of sightseers to Round Top and Culp’s Hill.” “Row after row of bronze-faced, gray-haired men in the dark hue of the Grand Army” opted to walk across the battlefields “where they marched and fought in the sanguinary

32 “Trolley Notes,” *Gettysburg Star and Sentinel*, 27 June 1893, p. 3.

33 “Veterans Go To Gettysburg,” *New York Times*, 01 July 1893; “Great Concourse of Veterans,” *New York Times*, 02 July 1893.

conflict.”³⁴ Both the *Watertown Times* and the *Albany Evening Journal* reported that the sight of these tottering veterans was, “one of the greatest at Gettysburg since its wheat fields ran red with the blood of confederate and Union dead.”³⁵

On the afternoon of July 2, Sickles dedicated the New York State Monument in the National Cemetery. In recounting the gallant deeds of the veterans gathered in the audience, Sickles’ speech echoed many others delivered on the battlefield that weekend. But he went further. “This famous battlefield has been chosen to signalize [sic] the patriotism, fortitude and valor of the defenders of the Union, in the great Civil War,” he argued, citing the three-hundred and forty monuments and memorials that had already been placed on the field. “The time has come,” he continued, “when this battlefield should belong to the government of the United States It should be made a national park, and placed in charge of the War Department.” These words were greeted with a thunderous applause. Dan Sickles was rallying his troops once more.³⁶

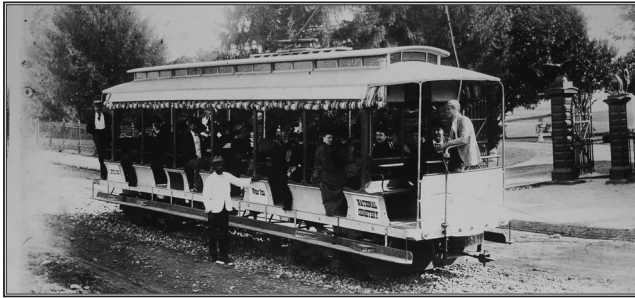
Before this moment, most veterans were principally concerned with the maintenance of their individual memories. The threat posed by the Gettysburg Electric Railway Company, however, alerted ex-soldiers that more was at stake. Nothing

34 “Great Concourse of Veterans,” *New York Times*, 02 July 1893.

35 “A Great Day for Veterans ,” *Watertown Times*, 03 July 1893; “It Stands on Sacred Ground,” *Albany Evening Journal*, 03 July 1893; “The Field of Gettysburg,” *Rochester Democrat Chronicle*, 03 July 1893; “To Unknown Dead,” *Oswego Daily Palladium*, 03 July 1893.

36 Daniel Sickles, “Address By Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, U.S.A. (2 July 1893),” in New York Monuments Commission for the Battlefields of Gettysburg and Chattanooga, *Final Report on the Battlefield of Gettysburg*, 3 vols. (Albany, NY.: J.B. Lyon Company, Printers, 1902), Volume 1: 238.

short of a collective, national movement was necessary to ensure that “the monuments [already] erected” would always be “guarded and preserved.” Insisting that “topographical features” on the battlefield “not yet destroyed by the vandals . . . must hereafter remain unimpaired,” Sickles announced that he would make it his “personal duty” to advocate for the preservation of the Gettysburg battlefield.³⁷



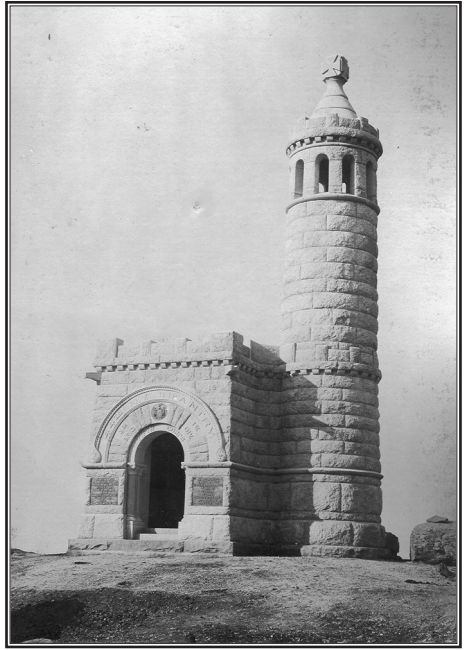
*Gettysburg's electric trolley, "General Lee," along Taneytown Road at the National Cemetery stop.
Adams County Historical Society.*

Sickles had one more ruckus to stir while in Gettysburg. The next day saw the dedication of several monuments, among them the monument to the 44th New York Volunteer Infantry on the rock strewn southwestern face of Little Round Top. The imposing memorial, shaped like a medieval castle with a tall granite spire and arched portals, sat on the slope of the hill just a few dozen yards from William H. Tipton's amusement complex and photographic studio. General Daniel Butterfield opened the dedication ceremony. New York Governor Roswell Pettibone Flower spoke, followed by the ninety-three year old General George Sears Greene, whose remarks were understandably brief. Sickles addressed the crowd, too, reprising his arguments against long-deceased George Gordon Meade.³⁸

37 Ibid.

38 "Dedication of Monument - 12th Battalion Infantry, July 3, 1893,"

Photographers had lined up to capture images of the veterans and dignitaries gathered around the monument's walls. Ready with a camera from his studio at the base of the hill was William H. Tipton. Butterfield and Sickles both noticed Tipton, the stalwart supporter of the trolley they so vehemently hated, focusing his lens. "General Butterfield," the *New York Tribune* reported in describing what happened next, "pulled his hat down over his eyes and General Sickles turned around



*44th New York Monument on
Little Round Top. Adams County
Historical Society.*

sideways, so his face could not be seen." A perplexed Tipton asked the men what they meant by their movements. "It means that you cannot photograph this group," Butterfield snarled.³⁹

"By whose orders?" Tipton demanded, as Colonel Freeman Connor and a handful of men from the 44th New York moved toward the photographer. Butterfield quickly retorted that he and General Sickles were issuing the order. The crowd of veterans became noticeably agitated. "Take your machine out of the way," one among the crowd bellowed. Another ex-

in New York Monuments Commission for the Battlefields of Gettysburg and Chattanooga, *Final Report on the Battlefield of Gettysburg*, 3 vols. (Albany, NY.: J.B. Lyon Company, Printers, 1902), Volume 1: 340-344.

39 "Sued by a Snapshot Man," *New York Times*, 04 July 1893; "A Fighting Photographer," *New York Tribune*, 04 July 1893.

soldier threatened that if Tipton refused to move his camera, “we will tumble it and you with it down the hill.” Before he could muster a response, however, the veterans made good on their promise. Two or three New Yorkers rushed down the hill and toppled Tipton’s camera, rendering it “broken and unfit for use.” After collecting his broken equipment, Tipton avowed that they had not heard the last of him. With a mock bow, Tipton, referencing Sickles’ panning of Meade earlier in the ceremonies, challenged the group: “Gentlemen, you may fight dead generals, but you now have got a live photographer to fight.”⁴⁰

Somewhat anticlimactically, the veterans returned to the borough, and General Sickles retired to his Pullman coach. While Sickles slumbered, however, the Gettysburg sheriff served him with a writ. Tipton had filed a law suit against the general, seeking damages of \$10,000. Sickles dismissed the suit with a sense of levity, boasting to a *New York Times* reporter, “behold me in chains You see me in the meshes of the Pennsylvania law.”⁴¹

Indeed, Tipton’s actions hardly discouraged Sickles from fighting the trolley line; if anything, they steeled his resolve. The following day, at a meeting of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, he took drastic action. Sickles announced his intentions to “bring about the adoption of a law which would make the Gettysburg battlefield a national park.” With Sickles’ personality behind the bill, and “the Grand Army posts throughout the country [urging] their Congressmen to vote in [its] favor,” the goal of preserving the whole battlefield, and not just select portions, seemed within reach.⁴²

40 “A Fighting Photographer,” *Ibid.*

41 “Sued by a Snapshot Man,” *New York Times*, 04 July 1893.

42 “Fight The Vandals,” *Syracuse Daily Journal*, 05 July 1893.

The bill that Sickles shepherded through Congress, based upon previous legislation that had languished in committee, was House Resolution 185, introduced on the first day of June 1894. President Grover Cleveland signed the measure into law on June 7, 1894, granting the Secretary of War the express power to condemn historic land for seizure by the federal government. The very next year, Congress officially created the Gettysburg National Military Park. And before the decade was out, thanks to Sickles' legislation, the federal government had preserved battlefield land at Antietam, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, and Chattanooga.⁴³

Tipton's actions in promoting the trolley line—and his attempt to photograph the New Yorkers on July 3, 1893—ultimately led to his business' demise. The magic of Tipton Park inexorably faded, its sheen tarnished. For its part, the Gettysburg Electric Railway Company suffered a slow, protracted death. The advent of the automobile ultimately snuffed out its operations. Sickles was pleased. Two decades after the spat on the slope of Little Round Top, the aging commander mused to a friend that if the state of New York wished to erect a memorial to him, it should be poised atop the high ground he commanded at the Peach Orchard. Still, a grand statue was not really necessary. In the general's own estimation, "The whole damned battlefield is my memorial!"⁴⁴

43 Gary E. Adelman and Timothy H. Smith, *Devil's Den: a History and Guide* (Gettysburg, PA: Thomas Publications, 1997), 86-91; Rufus Wheeler Peckham, "Decision in U S v. GETTYSBURG ELECTRIC R. CO., 160 U.S. 668 (1896)," *FindLaw* [on-line]; available from <http://caselaw.lp.findlaw.com/cgi-bin/getcase.pl?court=us&vol=160&invol=668>; Internet; accessed 23 April 2009.

44 As quoted in Thomas A. Desjardin, *These Honored Dead: How The Story Of Gettysburg Shaped American Memory*, (Cambridge, Mass: Da Capo Press, 2003), 194.

Growing up in the Trenches: Fritz Draper Hurd and the Great War

S. MARIANNE JOHNSON

On February 18, 1919, Second Lieutenant Fritz Draper Hurd supervised recreational activities for the men of the 103rd Field Artillery. The men breathed easy; they tossed a football and even engaged in a little gallows humor with a “gas mask race,” at last finding a use for the once fearsome yet no longer needed device. The Great War was over, and the men of the 103rd Field Artillery were content to lob footballs instead of shells as they awaited their discharge papers.

In 2012, Hurd’s alma mater, Gettysburg College, acquired the veteran’s diary, a scrapbook documenting his wartime achievements, and the transcript of a memoir an aging Hurd dictated in 1976. Supporting these three items are remarkable pieces of Western Front ephemera: an unopened first aid kit; the musette bag he used as an officer; a trench knife complete with brass knuckles on the hilt; letters; pamphlets; photographs; and a beautifully knitted pair of socks.⁴⁵ Taken together, the collection offers a glimpse into a coming of age story typical of an average American college student during the First World War.

45 Similar memory studies include David Glassberg, and J. Michael Moore, “Patriotism in Orange: The Memory of World War I In a Massachusetts Town,” in *Bonds of Affection: Americans Define Their Patriotism*. ed. John Bodnar (Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1996); Andrew Fletcher, “Patriotism, Identity, and Commemoration: New Light on the Great War from the Papers of Major Reggie Chenevix Trench,” *Journal of the Association of History* 90, no. 300 (October 2005) 532-549 and Marshall, R. Jackson. *Memories of World War I: North Carolina Doughboys on the Western Front* (Raleigh: Division of Archives and History, North Carolina Department of Cultural Resources, 1998).

The conventional wisdom about First World War soldiers is that they were victims: members of a “Lost Generation” who were sacrificed to the whims of politicians, ineffective generals, and a militaristic war culture indifferent to their suffering.⁴⁶ Trudging to the front in search of adventure, historians argue that these men found only mud and horrific death. Furthermore, scholars allege that when these men returned home, they encountered a civilian population who could never understand. They returned broken and unable to assimilate back into everyday life; seemingly caught in transition, they were powerless to forget the past.⁴⁷

Recent research, however, has begun to resist this framework of futility. Dan Todman demonstrated that negative myths of the Great War prevailed because they were useful to anti-war protesters during the Cold War and Vietnam War.⁴⁸ Likewise, Hew Strachan and Alan Kramer argued that the war to its generation was in no way one without purpose or meaning.⁴⁹ Finally, research into soldier morale and experience

46 Joe Lunn, “Male Identity and Martial Codes of Honor: A Comparison of the War Memoirs of Robert Graves, Ernst Jünger, and Kande Kamara,” *The Journal of Military History* 69, no. 3 (July 2005), 721.

47 Paul Fussell, *The Great War and Modern Memory* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1975), 8; Jay Winter, *Remembering War: The Great War between Memory and History in the 20th Century* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2006); Jay Winter and Antoine Prost, *The Great War in History: Debates and Controversies, 1914 to the Present* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2005), 187-189; Eric Leed, *No Man’s Land: Combat & Identity in World War I* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1979), 210-213.

48 Dan Todman, *The Great War: Myth and Memory* (New York: Hambleton Continuum, 2005), 204.

49 Strachan has argued vehemently against the futility myth.

by Alexander Watson suggests that endurance was more common than collapse, and that a majority of soldiers were able to cope with their experiences.⁵⁰

The story of Fritz Draper Hurd resonates with the work of these scholars; the Great War transformed this troublesome college boy into a man in an officer's uniform. Serving for twenty-seven months on the Western Front, first as a medical nurse and later as a Second Lieutenant in the 103rd Field Artillery, 26th Division, Hurd returned from the battlefields of France with a greater degree of patriotism. He learned how to cope with his experiences, remembered them fondly, and moved beyond the Western Front to a successful career as a physician. For Hurd, the Great War was decidedly a story of redemption.

Both Kramer and Strachan have argued that the German and Austro-Hungarian High Commands were permeated by a Social Darwinist fatalism, which held that a nation must prove itself in war, and that some nations were ethnically inferior to others. These views translated into brutal "civilizing" policies and even genocide on the Balkan front. Hew Strachan, *The First World War* (New York: Penguin Books, 2003), 42. Alan Kramer, *Dynamic of Destruction* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2007), 47, 81, 83, 93, 150.

50 Alexander Watson, *Enduring the Great War: Combat, Morale and Collapse in the German and British Armies, 1914-1918* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2008), 6-7. Other frameworks for viewing the Great War include: Stéphane Audoin-Rouzeau and Annette Becker, *14-18: Understanding the Great War*. (New York: Hill and Wang, 2002); Jessica Meyer, *Men of War: Masculinity and the First World War in Britain* (Palgrave MacMillan, 2009), 129-130, 137; Leed, *No Man's Land*, 45, 156-158, 160-161.

From Fraternity to Front Lines

Fritz Draper Hurd was born in Clear Springs, Maryland, on August 6, 1894, to parents who operated two local drugstores.⁵¹ He engaged in the pranks and practical jokes typical of boyhood, recalling that he was “seldom a ringleader but an excellent follower.”⁵² In 1912, Hurd enrolled at Pennsylvania College (now Gettysburg College), where he joined the Sigma Chi fraternity. Hurd adored the school and felt at home in the historic town. During the summer of 1913, he watched the tottering “old soldiers” return to the fields they had fought over fifty years before.⁵³ Hurd maintained an active schedule. In addition to playing tennis, football, and baseball, he organized dances and social events for his fraternity.⁵⁴

In 1914, as Europe descended into war, the students and citizens in Adams County took little notice.⁵⁵ Hurd and his friends, Keller Rockey and Lloyd Schaeffer, contented themselves by skipping class and playing pranks in the Lutheran Chapel, not knowing that they and almost three hundred of their fellow Gettysburgians would soon be fighting men in France.⁵⁶ On the eve of his graduation, Hurd, who had

51 Hurd, Memoir, 1.

52 Hurd, Memoir, 10.

53 Fritz Draper Hurd, 1913 Diary, June 29-July 4, 1913.

54 Hurd, 1913 Diary. Hurd, 1914 Diary.

55 Although *The Gettysburg Times* did note in passing the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife Sophie, news coverage was almost nonexistent in a serious way until after the first battle of Ypres in October, two months after the war started. *Gettysburg Times*, accessed via GoogleNews Archive.

56 “Roll of Honor,” Gettysburg College 1920 *Spectrum*, Special Collections. Keller Rockey was falsely reported dead at the

earned something of a reputation for delinquency, was caught in a beastly state of intoxication smashing furniture; he was immediately expelled.⁵⁷

After his expulsion, Hurd returned home. His father refused to speak to him and demanded that he find a job—lest anyone discover what had happened. With twenty dollars in his pocket, Hurd went to Philadelphia looking for work; he found it at the Eddystone Remington Arms Company, where he helped to manufacture Enfield rifles for the British Army.⁵⁸ In the spring of 1917, he tracked the progress of the U.S. Senate debate over intervention in his diary, finally exclaiming in April: “War declared on Germany!!”⁵⁹ Almost immediately after the United States entered the war, Hurd and one of his Gettysburg classmates, Paul Crider, enlisted in a hospital unit forming in Philadelphia. Reflecting on his enlistment motivation, he made a vague reference to patriotism, but also reported that enlisting was “the thing to do.”⁶⁰

front, but would survive and return to his beloved Gettysburg. Lloyd Schaeffer became an aviator; he was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French after his plane was riddled with machine gun fire. “Captain Rockey Found Alive,” *Gettysburg Times*, July 16, 1918; “Back With Many Holes in Plane,” *Gettysburg Times*, August 28, 1918; “Croix de Guerre for College Man,” *Gettysburg Times* September 26, 1918.

57 Hurd, Memoir, c-12-a. Hurd would later petition the college and receive his diploma on Dec. 23, 1916; The College faculty ruled that Hurd’s diploma would be suspended until December 1, 1916, and then awarded. September 20, 1916 Faculty Minutes, Special Collections.

58 Hurd, Memoir, w1.

59 Hurd, Diary Entry April 6, 1917.

60 Hurd, Memoir, w3.



Fritz Draper Hurd, Gettysburg College Class of 1916, and a 2nd Lieutenant in the US Army Expeditionary Forces during World War I. Courtesy of Special Collections & College Archives, Musselman Library, Gettysburg College.

On May 15, 1917, Hurd received sailing orders and was given twenty-four hours to say goodbye to his family. Three days later, Hurd and his hospital company (which consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty doctors, nurses, and enlisted men) embarked from Hoboken, New Jersey. While boarding the ship, Hurd noticed a sign announcing the implementation of a draft. He recollected that he and Crider were “proud of the fact that they were being patriotic” and had volunteered

instead of being conscripted.⁶¹ Upon arriving in Liverpool, Hurd's unit received a week of training, mostly in stretcher drill, before leaving for France.⁶² The passage to France and the introduction to army life were especially difficult. His first army meal included chicken too hard to bite and a potato concealing a cockroach. Nonetheless, he recalled with pride the fact that he was one of the first five hundred Americans to step foot in France, and purported to be the first in his unit to see the French coast.⁶³ In his diary on June 10, 1917, he wrote: "Landed in France as representative of my government in this world wide struggle."⁶⁴

Recording, Remembering, and Defining War Experience: Medical Memories

The differences between Hurd's diary and what he remembered as he dictated his memoir in the 1970s shed light on how the meaning of the war shifted for Hurd as he aged. The memoir is extremely sanitized; his recollections of action, for instance, are reduced to a series of humorous anecdotes. The memoir reads in a very conversational way; it is likewise littered with inaccuracies. Later in life, Hurd was less worried about writing a factual account of his war service and more concerned with constructing a useable legacy.⁶⁵

61 Hurd, Memoir, w3-4.

62 Hurd, Diary Entry, June 6, 1917, Hurd Collection.

63 Hurd, Memoir, w4. Hurd was on deck in the early morning hours because he could not stand sleeping below decks with the stench of the army mules travelling with them.

64 Hurd, Memoranda, Diary, Hurd Collection.

65 Alexander Watson has argued in *Enduring the Great War* that on the whole, soldiers of the Great War were able to cope with

Arriving in France before the AEF combat divisions, Hurd was assigned to the hospital in Rouen to care for wounded British soldiers in the “penetrating chest ward.” Hurd did not enjoy his time in the unit (“everybody in there was running pus,” he recalled).⁶⁶ His many duties included scrubbing floors, cleaning bedpans, and assisting nurses with patients who were injured in places “where nurses ordinarily aren’t supposed to be treating them.”⁶⁷

Hurd was next transferred to the amputation ward. He preferred this assignment because he did not “get so much pus coughed in my face and eyes and it just was cleaner and better work.”⁶⁸ Rather than recount gruesome details or heaps of dismembered limbs, Hurd safely remembered the experience in his memoir by using humor. He recalled, for instance, a Scottish soldier carried into the amputation ward with an injured leg. The soldier, Alan Morrison, donned a makeshift splint fashioned from an old box, neatly lettered with the word ‘BACON.’⁶⁹ By focusing on the bacon box, Hurd distracted readers from the sobering reality of Morrison’s mangled leg.

The discussion of the penetrating chest ward is the most graphic portion of Hurd’s memoir, but even its language is more clinical than emotional. Dictating his memoir as an eighty-four year old man at the close of a long and successful medical

and endure the Western Front. These coping mechanisms include, but were not limited to, the use of gallows humor, fatalism, repression, superstition, etc. See chapter three in Watson, *Enduring the Great War*.

66 Hurd, Memoir, w6.

67 Hurd, Memoir, w6.

68 Hurd, Memoir, w8.

69 Hurd, Memoir, w8.

career, the impersonal medical terms he used to describe the penetrating chest wound are perhaps not surprising. Rather than horrifying, overwritten descriptions of terrible wounds, Hurd matter-of-factly stated, “I had very valuable experience here, at least, in seeing very sick accident cases.”⁷⁰ By time of Hurd dictated the memoir, he had been in the medical field for nearly forty years. Twenty-two year old Hurd, on the other hand, reacted much differently to Base Hospital #10. “We newcomers are certainly filled with horror when confronted with these cases of legs and arms off, men paralyzed, blind, etc., by shrapnel. Every one of the wounded are good brave men and stand the almost impossible pain with the greatest of gameness.”⁷¹

By March 1918, Hurd began to display signs of fatigue and discomfort. On March 8, he wrote, “Getting fed up with my work.”⁷² A few weeks later, Hurd’s March 21 entry reads only, “Germans start offensive on 50 mile front.”⁷³ This extreme understatement refers to the German Spring 1918 *Kaiserschlacht*, a massive offensive that overran the British lines and captured ninety eight and a half square miles of territory, breaking the static lines in an impressive advance. The entire operation cost the Allies approximately 212,000 casualties.⁷⁴ Hurd “worked his head off” with almost no rest for several days as convoy after convoy of wounded British men flooded into

70 Hurd, Memoir, w7.

71 Scrapbook, Hurd Collection.

72 Hurd, Diary Entry March 8, 1918.

73 Hurd, Diary Entry March 21, 1918.

74 Watson, *Enduring the Great War*, 174-175.

the hospital.⁷⁵ On March 23, they had to move their hospital tents back because the Germans were bombarding them and had come within seventy-five miles of Paris.⁷⁶

In the memoir, Hurd vaguely cited the pangs of guilt he felt upon seeing wounded British soldiers (“some little five-foot fellows”) coming in from the front. “It made us great big healthy, strapping Americans almost feel ashamed of ourselves that these people were up at the Front Line actually protecting us,” he explained.⁷⁷ Such feelings ultimately persuaded Hurd to seek a combat commission. Even as convoys of wounded were still arriving from the *Kaiserchlact* offensive, Hurd left for artillery officer’s training school. The letter he wrote home to his mother explaining his decision was published in the local newspaper. The letter began: “Other mother’s sons are dying by the thousands just now, and I know that I must go out and take my turn with the rest.”⁷⁸ Hurd felt that he had a moral obligation to contribute to the cause in a more active way.⁷⁹

Why did Hurd feel that he had to enlist in a frontline capacity? Hurd’s conception of masculinity is an important facet. He expressed guilt over being a nurse, treating men he regarded as physiologically inferior while he remained behind the lines in relative safety. An interesting insight from the scrapbook adds weight to this argument. The scrapbook is arranged

75 Hurd, Diary Entry March 22-23, 1918.

76 Hurd, Diary Entry March 22-23, 1918.

77 Hurd, Memoir, w9. Hurd was not alone in his characterization of Americans as larger and healthier. Vera Brittain and Eric Remarque drew on the same stereotype in their respective works, *Testament of Youth* and *The Road Back*.

78 Scrapbook, Hurd Collection.

79 Hynes, *A Soldier’s Tale*, 50-51; Rouzeau, 14-18, 100-102.

chronologically; it shifts from documenting wild college days to chronicling the feats of a war hero with the flip of a page. Yet news clippings regarding his time in the medial service are pasted a few pages later—seemingly as an afterthought. At the time Hurd was pasting together his scrapbook, his success as an artillery officer and his Lieutenant’s rank meant far more to him than his time as a nurse.

Insights from his diary and letters give the impression that Hurd was perhaps a better nurse than he gave himself credit for. He attempted to alleviate the boredom and gloom of his ward, understanding that his patients needed a distraction from their suffering. He organized theatrical productions for the entertainment of the men—even starring in leading roles on “stage.” He did what he could to help the men pass the time. On Christmas Eve 1917, he and “Dutch” Crider, the schoolmate who enlisted with him, walked four miles to find the Christmas decorations they used to embellish their ward. He seems to have taken it as a personal charge to not only treat wounds, but cheer his patients. Sister Robelen, who tended to the spiritual needs of the wounded, took it upon herself to write Hurd’s mother to tell her of her “splendidly brave” son.⁸⁰ Robelen wrote that Hurd had been “a wonderful help to me with his cheerful disposition and sunny smile. He seems to radiate cheerfulness and to pass it on to others. Your son has done excellent work over here and I feel that you should know it.”⁸¹

80 Letter from Miss Robelen to Anna Hurd, Fritz Draper Hurd Collection, Special Collections, Gettysburg College.

81 Diary and Scrapbook, Fritz Draper Hurd Collection, Special Collections, Gettysburg College. Letter from Miss Robelen to Anna Hurd, Fritz Draper Hurd Collection, Special Collections, Gettysburg College.

Recording, Remembering, and Defining War Experience: Martial Memories

After receiving his transfer, Hurd was sent to the Samur Artillery School of Instruction, where he spent time “riding a horse bareback...tearing around the place learning to be an officer.”⁸² While in training, the Germans began their assault on the Aisne from May 27 to June 5. Hurd received his commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Field Artillery on the tenth of July and arrived on the front just in time for the German offensive on Champagne-Marne, from July 15 to July 18. He described his introduction to the Western Front this way: “Of course, being at night, the very lights were going up and lots of activities—shells were going off—and I was out as an officer learning.”⁸³ In his diary, he described going to Division headquarters and, afterwards, out to his battalion, where he was “Bombed by the Boche+ just a little disturbed.”⁸⁴

In the memoir, Hurd summarized his artillery service with a few spry anecdotes and precious little detail. The first night he reported for duty to his new artillery unit, he noticed one man with a Sigma Chi fraternity shield. This man was a fellow officer who had graduated from Purdue University; the two became “fast friends.”⁸⁵ For a young man just being

82 Hurd, *Memoir*, w10.

83 Hurd, *Memoir*, w10.

84 Diary Entry July 19, 1918. Fritz Draper Hurd Collection, Special Collections, Gettysburg College.

85 Hurd, *Memoir*, w10.

introduced to the Western Front in the middle of a German assault, the familiar sight of his fraternity shield provided comfort and served as a symbol of comradeship and familiarity in the midst of chaos.⁸⁶

Hurd's job as a liaison officer involved making contact with the infantry his unit supported. It was a "dirty and dangerous" job.⁸⁷ He often went for days without seeing anyone in his unit, "bumming" food from civilians along the way.⁸⁸ Hurd first saw action during the drive on the St. Mihiel salient in early September 1918. St. Mihiel was a two hundred square mile salient just south of Verdun. Its base was hilly and wooded, but culminated in a 1,000 foot cliff called the Heights of the Meuse. Germans had held the ground since 1914, but were pulling out by the time of the Allied advance.⁸⁹

On September 12, a half million Americans and one hundred and ten thousand French troops set out to capture the salient. Other soldiers from the campaign related grisly tales of cat-sized rats wriggling amidst skulls and rotting corpses that littered the battlefields. Describing the bombardment, one soldier said, "heads and limbs and torsos were seen scattered all over the ground where company L had been."⁹⁰ Gas attacks

86 Watson, *Enduring the Great War*, 66.

87 Hurd, Memoir, w12.

88 Hurd, Memoir, w13.

89 Hurd, Memoir, w11; Michael Shay, *The Yankee Division in the First World War: In the Highest Tradition* (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 2008), 148. *eBook Collection (EBSCOhost)*, EBSCOhost (accessed April 1, 2013).

90 Edward C. Lukens, *A Blue Ridge Memoir* (Baltimore: Sun Print, 1922), 59 as quoted in Edward Lengel, *To Conquer Hell: The Meuse-Argonne, 1918* (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 2008),

were particularly dreadful; mustard gas caused painful blisters, burning and swelling of the eyes, and bleeding and blistering of the lungs. Phosgene gas could literally dissolve lungs after being inhaled.⁹¹

Hurd mentioned none of these horrors in his memoir. One partial explanation for this glaring omission is that an artilleryman's battle experience was fundamentally different than that of an infantryman's. Although manning the guns and engaging in counter-battery fire was harrowing, artillerymen were not going over the top and charging across shell pocked terrain.⁹² On the other hand, as a liaison officer, Hurd's situation was a bit different. He remained constantly in support of the front lines and found himself under fire from machine guns on more than one occasion. Once again, Hurd defused the horror of such incidents with humor. He recalled that while out on a wire-laying mission, he stored a few cookies inside his gas mask. A few days later, Hurd opened the mask to find that his cookies had been crushed:

...in a couple of days I opened my gas mask and here were my cookies all powdered! I had fallen so many times because when we heard machine guns start going, we would hit the ground. We didn't want to be a target for them. As a matter of fact, I was a target for a machine gunner for any number of rounds before I knew what was going on. I heard this peculiar sound like somebody was hitting a wire with a stick—"ding, ding, ding." Well, there were not wires around there! There wasn't anything around there hardly higher than three feet off the ground and here it was machine gun bullets going by me and I didn't know it. When I

91 Lengel, *To Conquer Hell*, 76.

92 Trout, *On the Battlefields of Memory*, 25.

*found that out I started learning to “hit the ground” and as I said, one time when I looked or opened by gas mask, here was a lot of chocolate candy crushed up with some almost powdered cookies. Apparently, I had fallen and hit the ground several times and crushed the cookies. It was a “hell of a thing” to do! That wasn’t any way to treat a gas mask.*⁹³

This scene hinges as the central point of the war experiences portion of the memoir. Fumbling with his gas mask and the cookies is the only time one gets a strong picture of Hurd in action and under fire. In a conversational and humorous manner, Hurd related the scene vividly. The bemused reader is left not to ponder the machine gun rounds hissing overhead, but rather to picture the disappointment of this twenty-four year old young man lamenting the loss of his cookies.

The trench diary and newspaper clippings help to fill in the gaps of what Hurd was specifically doing during the St. Mihiel push. In a letter to his father that was reprinted in a local newspaper, Hurd wrote that he was in a forward observation post. During the nine hour barrage, he attempted to read some mail, but did not finish before the infantry began its advance. At eight o’clock on the morning of September 12, 1918, he watched the infantry climb out of the trenches to begin the attack. He tracked closely behind. There was no opposition until the infantry hit the second line of defenses; Hurd stopped to telephone his battery what he saw. For three nights, he slept in “no man’s land” with the infantry and weathered “many close calls from machine guns.”⁹⁴

One other combat scene stands out in the memoir. As a

93 Hurd, Memoir, w13. A similar recollection by another soldier can be found in Freidel, *Over There*, 148-149.

94 Hurd, Diary Entry September 12, 1918, and Scrapbook.

liaison officer, Hurd used hydrogen-gas observation balloons to reconnoiter the German lines and to track the success of his unit.⁹⁵ Three days after going up in one such inflatable during the Meuse Argonne offensive, Hurd watched from the ground as a German plane downed the very balloon he had been in. Unable to remember if there were any safety features for the personnel inside the balloon to escape safely, his thoughts turned to the French pilot operating the balloon, with whom he had an awkward yet humorous exchange three days earlier. “I[‘d] rather [believe] that this fellow, although I didn’t see him come down (I just have a hunch) ... had a method of ... getting away, if possible, before the blasé [sic] took away too much of the gas.”⁹⁶ This kind of rationalization has been termed “reinterpreting trauma positively.”⁹⁷ As psychiatrist W.H.R. Rivers discovered, men who had collapsed from mental exhaustion during the war found it easier to focus on positive or humorous aspects rather than dwell on the negative.⁹⁸

When Hurd and his comrades heard the war was going to end, they were skeptical. Still, his artillery unit gathered and set off a shell with a ten second fuse just before 11:00am on November 11th, 1918—and then claimed, like many men, to have fired off the last shell of the war.⁹⁹ Hurd’s personal armistice experience was terrible. Fumbling around in a trench, he came across some gas shells and, not knowing what they were, managed to gas himself. He wrote in his diary that he

95 Hurd, *Memoir*, w14-15.

96 Hurd, *Memoir*, w15.

97 Watson, *Enduring the Great War*, 90.

98 Watson, *Enduring the Great War*, 90.

99 Almost every other battery seems to have made the same claim. Freidel, *Over There*, 246-247.

thought his heart was stopping. Hurd spent several days in a French hospital at Loxerville and briefly collected a pension of eight dollars a month “on account of disability resulting from injury incurred in the line of duty while employed on active service.”¹⁰⁰ No mention was made of the accidental, self-inflicted nature of the wound, or that it happened after the armistice. Hurd saw little or no irony in the episode, and treated it as just one more war experience.

Post War Life: Dissection and Dancing

After the armistice, Hurd was given the option of going home, or to a French or English University. He chose to return to England (where “they live a good free life”) and study for three months.¹⁰¹ Hurd enjoyed immensely his time there, especially a program in which British families would invite American officers into their homes for weekend excursions. On such occasions, Hurd played tennis and attended dinner parties; he even found himself at a dinner party playing tennis at Lady Nancy Astor’s country home, Clivedon. Hurd went into more detail about English dinner protocol, descriptions of table settings, and tennis courts than any of his time on the Western Front.¹⁰²

Without the war, of course, Hurd may have never had the opportunity for these experiences. Although a war is not generally viewed in terms of opportunity, it did enable the transformation of a young man expelled from college to a capable officer mingling with upper-class British society.

100 United States Treasury Department, Pension Receipt, Hurd Collection, Special Collections, Gettysburg College.

101 Hurd, Memoir, w20.

102 Hurd, Memoir, w21-24.

Photographs depict Hurd in a three piece-suit with a walking stick and a “Blackjack” Pershing moustache strolling down the streets of London.¹⁰³ This should not be taken as an overly positive endorsement of war as opportunity; to be sure, Hurd endured his share of hardship and harbored painful memories that kept him up at night—even a half a century after the event. However, incidents such as this help to confirm that some Great War memoirists were able to use their experiences to “construct an understanding of martial masculinity which acknowledges loss even as the war is presented as a life-changing event.”¹⁰⁴

Once he returned home in 1919, Hurd experienced a period of uncertainty about what to do next.¹⁰⁵ His story bears some similarity to that of Harold Krebs, the protagonist in Ernest Hemingway’s *Soldier’s Home*, a popular short story about a veteran who returns home unable to leave his past behind him.¹⁰⁶ Unlike Krebs, however, Hurd was neither despairing nor disillusioned about his return to civilian life; he was merely dislocated. On the first anniversary of the Armistice, he joined the American Legion, a signal of how dearly he cherished the brotherly bonds he forged overseas.¹⁰⁷

In 1920, Hurd enrolled in Harvard Medical School; his time there coincided with the opening of the 26th Yankee Division Hall. The diary entries in 1920 vary between cadaver dissection and dancing at the YD Hall. Hurd, though not a

103 Scrapbook, Hurd Collection.

104 Meyer, *Men of War*, 130.

105 Hurd, *Memoir*, w25.

106 Ernest Hemingway, “Soldier’s Home,” from *The Collected Stories*, ed. James Fenton (New York: Everyman’s Library, 1995).

107 Hurd, *Diary Entry* November 11, 1919.

native New Englander, fully adopted the Yankee Division identity; he continued to show pride in his war service, even as commemorations took a more somber turn.¹⁰⁸ In postwar France, as in Great Britain and in the United States, attempts to glorify the army and patriotism were increasingly viewed as affronts to the dead. Vigils, Unknown Soldier tombs, and marble tablets filled with the names of the deceased became the most common sites of remembrance.¹⁰⁹ Hurd, however, continued to frequent the YD Hall and remembered his war in a celebratory way.¹¹⁰ One of the last photographs pasted in the scrapbook is a photograph of Hurd shortly after returning home resting on a cliff face overlooking Monument Valley in Utah. Pondering and peaceful, one leg whimsically swings over the edge of the cliff, while the other knee is drawn up to his chest. No other person appears in the photograph. So ends the scrapbook on a note of optimism and wonder about the future.

For unknown reasons, Hurd transferred to the University of Minnesota and graduated with his medical degree in 1924. He married in 1927, had seven children, and went on to practice medicine in various capacities for over fifty years. He was actively involved the USO during World War II and continued to advocate service to country to the rest of his life, even during

108 One item in the Hurd collection is a pamphlet recording the operational history of the Yankee Division in which Hurd annotated the margins with phrases like “I was there” or “I fought here.” One somewhat humorous annotation deals with an incident where forward observers called in the wrong coordinates and Hurd empathically annotated “I was not here.”

109 Rouzeau, 186-190, 195; Winter, *Remembering War*, 25-26, 50; Trout, *On the Battlefields of Memory*, 38.

110 Trout, *On the Battlefields of Memory*, 45.

the Vietnam War.¹¹¹ Unlike so many of the often studied and yet not representative veterans of the Great War—Robert Graves, Siegfried Sassoon, and Ernest Hemingway—Hurd was able to use his military service for both personal and professional development, becoming a confident, contributing, professional citizen. Hurd serves as a lens into potentially hundreds, if not thousands, of similar American doughboys. Rather than being lost, Fritz Draper Hurd was found in the trenches.

111 Dr. Richard Hurd, email interview, April 18, 2013.



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