

THE CHARLEVOIX COURIER

~ September 24, 1891 ~

The Annual Reunion of the Charlevoix County Soldier's and Sailor's Association

The old soldiers took Charlevoix last Friday morning and occupied it without hindrance until Saturday night. There was about 125 of them and many of them were accompanied by their families. A number of W. R. C. ladies and a delegation of Sons of Veterans were also among the invaders. Comrade M. J. Stockman was the officer in command of the forces and acquitted himself like a Major General.

The occasion was blessed with charming weather and every feature of the two day's gathering was a grand success. The Emrey store was turned into a mess hall below and barracks above. The mess hall under the magic touch of the W. R. C. was nicely decorated and the rear wareroom was turned into a complete kitchen, with every appurtenance for cooking. All was under the direction of the W. R. C. and well did they perform their duty. At every meal the tables were loaded and all were provided.

The days were passed as all reunions of this nature are, in full enjoyment of the occasion. Friday a dress parade was about the only notable occurrence during the day. In the evening Lewis Grand Opera House was full to overflowing to witness an entertainment of the veterans. Prof. Enos welcomed the visitors in a speech full of earnest patriotism, which was fitly responded to by a veteran. Musical and other exercises constituted a portion of the program and the young Ladies Zouave Company under Captain Brink, gave their drill. The roster of the Company was as follows: Misses Ruth Brown, Altie Brink, Maud Scott, Mary Tullock, May Brown, Carrie Brown, Artie Kanagy, Mamie See, Lillie Carpenter, Bertha Pierce, Mattie Brink, Nellie Nettleton, Edith Mason, and Georgie Irwin. Their fine appearance and precision of drill elicited hearty applause and an encore. The young ladies also appeared in line at the dress parade, and were the attraction of the day.

Saturday occurred another dress parade and review in which also the Zouaves participated and gave a street drill. But it was not all dress parade and review for the old boys. They came for fun and they had it most royally. A vegetable wagon was raided on Bridge Street, as a part of the program, and the spectacle of an old grey-haired veteran throwing a cabbage at the head of the driver, revived the memories of "Marching Through Georgia."

Friday night, along toward morning hours, the editor of this paper heard a commotion in his henhouse, and daylight disclosed the fact that seven chickens had disappeared. Saturday afternoon, Comrade John H. Backentose of Advance, was apprehended as the ringleader of the foragers and duly courtmartialled. D. C. Nettleton, of Baxter Post was also arrested by a corporal's guard on information setting forth that "Between the hours of five and six A. M. he had feloniously and with malice aforethought milked Willard A. Smith's red speckled cow." The court martial convened at two o'clock at the Opera House, with Comrade Duell of Boyne City as President and Wm. Mears, of Boyne Falls as Judge Advocate. The culprits were brought in under guard and plead guilty. After the hearing of evidence, overwhelmingly against them, they were duly convicted and sentenced each to wheel the other the length of Bridge street in a barrow to the music of the "Rogues March." The sentence was carried out to the letter, but the guilty wretches, smarting under their punishment, seized the complaining witness, the editor of this paper, and jointly inflicted the same punishment upon him, with variation that could only have been conceived in a depraved and vicious mind.

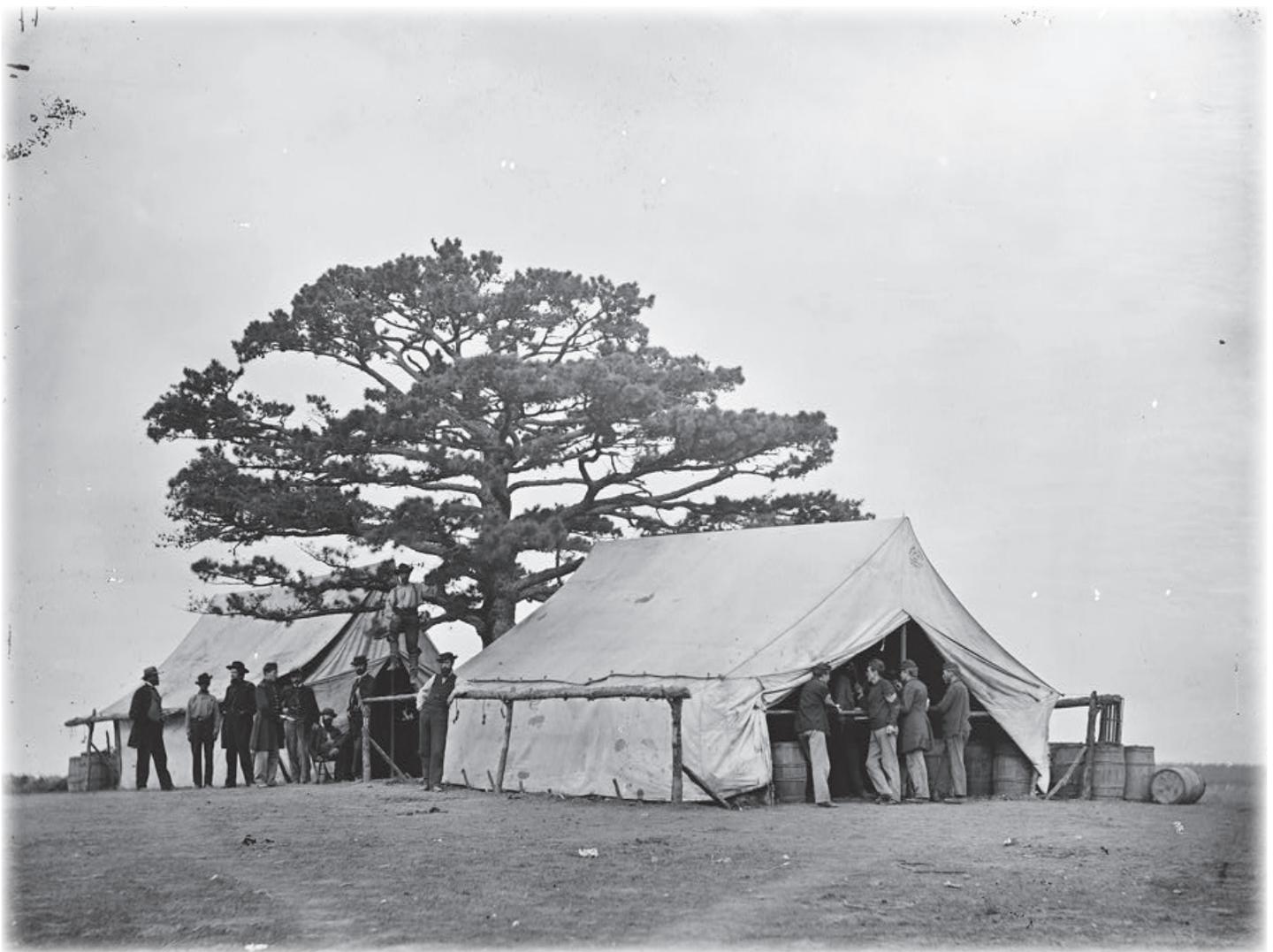
Thus the two days passed. Everybody enjoyed the pranks of the veterans and everybody freely gave them license to kick just as high and yell just as loud as they wished. The confounded

old rascallions are entitled to all the fun they can get. Their line at the dress parade was not a thing of beauty. It would have made a West Point lieutenant laugh. Their heels were not together and their shoulders were not thrown back. They marched like a Good Templar's Lodge and some of them limped.

But these thoughts are dispelled and a thrill touched the heart of the patriot when he remembers that these are the men who scaled the steeps of Look-

out Mountain; withstood the onset of Pickett's legions at Gettysburg, faced hell at Chancellorsville, Antietam and Mission Ridge; that marched from Atlanta to the sea, and rounded up the Confederate army at Appomattox. These men were a part of the grandest army that ever trod the earth. They can have our chickens and milk our cows.

From Rosa Nettleton's Compilation at the Charlevoix Public Library



Sutler's Tent at the Army of the Potomac Headquarters
Bealeton, Virginia
From Library of Congress