

FABLES OF FIELD AND STAFF

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Fables of Field and Staff by James Albert Frye

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JAMES ALBERT FRYE

**FABLES OF
FIELD AND STAFF**

By the Same Author

FROM HEADQUARTERS

ODD TALES

PICKED UP IN THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE

BEING

The Pluck of Captain Pender, C.S.N.

One Record on the Regimental Rolls

Our Horse "Acme"

From Beyond the Pyramids

The Hymn that Helped

The Seventh Major

Concerning the Value of Sleep

FABLES
OF
FIELD AND STAFF

BY
JAMES ALBERT FRYE

BOSTON
THE COLONIAL COMPANY
1894

Ms. A. 15. 2. 2. 2. 0



The Nation

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JAMES ALBERT FRYE

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ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL, PRINTERS BOSTON

TO
THE OFFICERS AND MEN
OF THE
VOLUNTEER SERVICE



P R E F A C E .

THE seven fables flanked by the covers of this book have to do with as many strange and wonderful happenings in the history of an infantry regiment—an infantry regiment of volunteers—in time of peace. They are seasoned abundantly, from end to end, with that which is stranger than fiction, but they differ slightly from “muster-rolls for pay,” which, I am informed, one has to submit under oath.

If you are of the volunteer service, you may be trusted, I think, to catch the spirit of these stories; if you are of The Army, you may consider the tales as illustrative of the customs of a service to which your own is but distantly related; but if it is

your great misfortune to be an out-and-out civilian — why, then you must take your chance with what follows, and lay no blame upon me should you find yourself on unfamiliar ground.

In another and an earlier book I related how we of The Third came to settle ourselves in our off-duty quarters up in The Battery; how Sam, the veteran gunner of a by-gone war, won his medal, our most profound respect, and a place among us second in importance only to that of the colonel commanding; how our horse, "Acme," gained for us great renown and no little wealth; how Larry, our seventh major, rose to the rank of hero; and many other odd truths concerning the Old Regiment. So it may be that, by reason of having read these things, you are no stranger to us, to our traditions, and to our easy-going ways. But even if to-day you come for the first time into our midst, you are none the less welcome — and you will