

**FROM HEADQUARTERS:
ODD TALES PICKED UP IN
THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE**

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From Headquarters: Odd Tales Picked Up in the Volunteer Service by James Albert Frye

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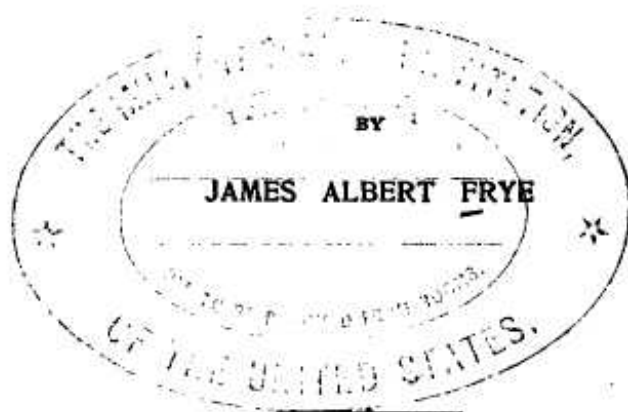
JAMES ALBERT FRYE

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ODD TALES

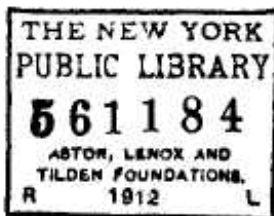
PICKED UP IN THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE



BOSTON
ESTES AND LAURIAT

1893

56



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TO THE
FIRST INFANTRY
M.V.M.

PREFACE.



IN the odd though truthful tales here brought together—of which, by the way, some already have been in print—there is not the slightest attempt at pen portraiture, nor is there any pretence to the accuracy of the military historian; in other words, this is a collection of chance yarns, and not a portrait gallery—and no one is asked to believe that either the Nineteenth Army Corps or the “Old Regiment” ever were found in any situations like those in which they here find themselves placed.

This book, perhaps, may fall into the hands of one of those—and they are far too many—whose habit it is to scoff at the volunteer service, and to look askance at all

who enter it. I sincerely trust that it may, for I wish to say — and in all earnestness — that the militia of today is not the militia of thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago; that nowadays the incompetent and the vicious are allowed to remain in civil life, and are not given places in the ranks of the volunteers; and that those who take the solemn oath of enlistment do so with the full understanding that they will be required to devote their time, their money, and their best energies to the service, and that they have assumed an obligation to fit themselves carefully and intelligently for the duties of a soldier.

The volunteer service of the present time means, to those who find themselves enrolled in it, something more than a mere pastime; and if those who hold it in small esteem could but know of the faithful, conscientious, and untiring work that, from year's end to year's end, is being done in armory and camp, they would leave unsaid, it seems

to me, the half-contemptuous words that too often come to the ears of the hard-working, long-suffering, and unrewarded citizen-soldier.

It has been said that the best is none too good for the service of the Commonwealth. If this be true, — and who can question it? — the stigma of whatever blemishes have been found in the militia must be borne by those men of ability and position who, while ever ready to point out weaknesses and faults, negligently have left to hands less competent, or, it may be, less worthy, the work which they themselves were in honor bound to do.

J. A. F.