

AS WE LOOK BACK UPON IT BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

The year ended yesterday we shall remember for many pleasant circumstances and some that were quite awkward. For example, it will be a long time before we cease to recall the moments of thrilling anxiety we felt last May when after breasting the most frightful mass of brush and bog we ever encountered we seemed to be about to disappear forever in a lonely spot of mud and water some miles this side of Stafford Springs.

If we were to tag this year, so to speak, before laying it away, it would have two tags of largest size, a tag about Lake Champlain, upper Vermont and the Adirondacks, and another tag about a great steamship putting out to sea at midnight and carrying our youngest daughter away for twelve months' absence in France, or our son and his bride to Central America. These were events such as we never had before. It was this year we learned for the first time what Heaven bestowed away up between Vermont and New York and Canada where beautiful Burlington sits upon the brink of America's most wonderful stretch of inland waters and the frowning majesty of Split Rock mountain, memorial of the Indian warfares of many centuries, lifts its rugged crags.

And we had some other good times in Vermont. On the top of the mountain in Dover, where we heard the echoes answer "O-Hell," to "Hel-lo," and viewed the sylvan scenes under auspices of geniality which must make the smile of memory lasting. In 1928, Cape Cod year, for us; in 1929, Vermont.

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This was the year that we became imbued with contract bridge, introduction to countless arguments and comedies. It was a year that we had a great privileged evening in Rockville; that we had a perfectly gorgeous dinner in Manchester; that we went to the shore and fished and fished for little silvery snapper blues about the size of

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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NO. XXXXIII.

In spite of the differences among republicans as indicated by the clashes between the Courant and the Press, when the war party's Connecticut state convention was held February 17, three days before the terrific fighting at Olustee, Colonel Joseph R. Hawley was chosen first delegate at large from the first congressional district to the national convention to be held at Baltimore. Hawley did not get direct word of the honor first, reading of it in a Philadelphia paper.

The Olustee fighting added to Hawley's reputation as a brave soldier and capable leader of men and gave impetus to the movement for his promotion. Writing to Warner on March 4, soon after he had sent the letter for his father describing the battle of Olustee to Mrs. Hawley he enclosed for Warner's confidential information a letter recommending him for advancement and written by General Seymour. His letter of March 4 to Warner:

Jacksonville, Fla. March 4, '64.

Dear Charley: I have sent to Hattie to be by her forwarded to you and then to Father a somewhat circumstantial account of the battle of Olustee, having written a shorter and more immediately personal letter directly to Cazenovia.

It was a hard fight, one of the severest of the war. Gen. Gillmore in his first report immediately after the fight called our loss 800. . . . The official aggregate as I know from its being shown me by Gen. Seymour was 1773, and a few more names came in afterward. It was more than one-third of our forces engaged. The affair lasted about three hours. I believe the letter referred to criticizes the movement sufficiently but I was somewhat in error as to Gen. Halleck's knowledge of the Florida movement. I am told now by a gentleman who professes to know and to have talked it over with the president and Gen. Halleck that the latter consented to it only because he had been mediating the withdrawal of a portion of Gen. Gillmore's forces, but finally consented to their coming to Florida with the idea and plan that they were to hold Jacksonville and a few points up the river and make occasional movements into the country as opportunity should offer, not attempt to move up to the center of the state as we did, to a point which it would take 40,000 men to hold safely, if the rebels should feel compelled by their want of beef to try to take it.

A great fault was committed by some one, though I would not say so myself publicly. The past is past; the dead are buried. The affair is not without its uses. We inflicted a heavy loss upon the rebels, probably over 1,000, they having the advantage of position.

Fought Superior Force.

From what the deserters say and they continue to come in daily, I think that we fought a slightly superior force. They are camped about 10 or 11 miles from us in a good position, in numbers variously reported at from 8 to 18,000, though I don't believe they are above the former figure. I hope it is 18,000, for then we are doing the country the best service by keeping so many men away from active service elsewhere.

The reorganization of Florida as a state is a gigantic humbug. Pray do not believe one word of the Tribune's reports. Their letter writer is an idiotic little ass named Boweryern, the butt and laughing stock of all. His letter in the Tribune of February 20 is full of the grossest errors in its accounts of military operations and in its geography. There is not a word of truth in Barbour's brigade charging into Baldwin, scattering 500 rebels and taking 100 prisoners. No rebels made a stand there; no prisoners were taken there, and our cavalry were there long before Barton came near. And so throughout.

Besides the Floridians who were already with the Union forces and St. Augustine, Ferdinand, Key West, etc., we have scarcely met a man who would be allowed to vote in Connecticut,—that is with sufficient intelligence and education. Not enough white men have we picked up to make one good country school district at the North. We have some prisoners, a good many deserters and a lot of stragglers, poor, white-livered, fever-stricken scrawny, ignorant creatures, with hardly intelligence enough to be made even the tool of a political intriguer.

Hawley's Regiment Complimented.

But there is something of a military object in our coming. We have not the force to stop their beef trade, but we can compel them to keep quite a body here to maintain it. I must send you a list of casualties of the 7th. They number 69, of whom two or three are conscript deserters. First Lieutenant Robert Dempsey, Co. E., from Winsted, Conn. was the only officer seriously hurt and he died on the field, receiving a shot in the breast as he went up with the skirmishers. He was an honest, faithful, brave man. Say as much in the Press. Gen. Gillmore has highly complimented the 7th in conversation.

We, the 7th, shall remain a compact body here at Jacksonville or nearby, ready to be called to any portion of the

Please ask him out to supper and to spend the evening sometime. You may think him not a literary person, but I tell you he is the soul of bravery and a most sagacious leather-stocking, a natural ruler of men.

I suppose that great events are happening out west of Nook Farm. I hear Burton well spoken of. He was taken directly to Hilton Head and I hear nothing of his wound except that it was pretty severe. His regiment did go up into that beautifully. I called the attention of my regiment to them on the spot.

Love—

JOE HAWLEY.

I send you a copy, not for publication, of a letter which I received to-day for me to forward to Gen. Gillmore, I suppose.

General Seymour's Recommendation.

Hd. Qu. Dist. of Florida. Jacksonville, Fla. March 3, '64.

Major General Q. A. Gillmore, Cong. Dept. South.

I have the honor to recommend for advancement Colonel J. R. Hawley 7th Conn. Vols., an officer whose previous reputation in this Department has always been so high, for intelligence and good conduct as to have entitled him to and to procure for him recommendation, for advancement from other officers than myself.

Colonel Hawley commanded a Brigade at Olustee, February 20th, and his conduct in this severe battle was such as justly to confirm all previous action in his favor, and I, therefore, urge for him the honor that is believed to be his due.

Very respectfully, General. Your most obed't serv't.

T. SEYMOUR, Brig. Gen. Con'dg."

Incompetence Angers Hawley.

The incompetence of command and war direction which resulted in the needless or futile slaughter of brave men incensed Hawley, as did the malingering at the north.

After Olustee there was a lull in activity for the troops at Jacksonville. They had suffered heavily in killed and wounded and those left whole needed a respite. They did not know it but they were destined soon for other fields and further hard fighting. In the meantime Hawley wrote to Warner under date of March 16. His reference to "the wounded leg" at the close of his letter refers to Henry E. Burton, lieutenant of the First North Carolina who was wounded in the fighting at Olustee. Burton was a brother of the Rev. Nathaniel Burton, pastor of the Fourth church and was a man of remarkable writing ability. Hawley's letter:

Jacksonville, Fla. March 16, '64.

Dear Charley: . . . I just finished a letter of 10 pages to Mr. Welles. Once in a great while I let off a tremendous gun at him and rest. Nothing new here whatever, except the seizure away up the river of a little stern-wheeled steamer called the Sumter, engaged as an internal line connecting with blockade runners on the coast. We are quite strong here and do not fear the result of an attack. But it is a pretty farce, this re-organizing the state and protecting the inhabitants.

Don't publish the damned lie that anybody on foot but the 7th Conn. covered the entire retreat from Olustee. The "Officer" who wrote the lie that the 54th Mass. and 1st. Nor. Car. "saved the day" and "covered the retreat" deserves to be shot. All the 15 mile march that night, all the next day, Sunday and Monday, up to 2 o'clock when we were all substantially back here, the 7th Conn. was the regiment on foot nearest the enemy and expressly detailed to cover the rear—the mounted force accompanying or following it. Seymour did have skirmishers out—plenty of them, the 7th Conn., first in and last out. . . .

The papers are so full of lies that I know that no true history of any event ever was or ever will be written—I give up in hopeless despair. Our loss was at least 1,773. Gen. Seymour, as I understood him, said it had gone to 1,831—1,800 perhaps. It is said that 1,411 were taken unhurt—say that 1,675 is our total of killed and wounded out of about 4,700 as I find now that went into the fight.

Weakness of Old Abe.

A good long gossiping letter from Faxon (chief clerk, navy department.—Ed.) gives me much interesting news, but it does not much encourage one in Lincolnism. This Florida massacre resulting from the weakness and injustice of Old Abe, apparently in taking a great step without the knowledge of Stanton or Halleck, and where his main prompter must have been the devilish scoundrel that no officer trusts here, somewhat disgusts me. Oh, how hard it is to feel that you and your men are "wasted." God puts no other such trial upon us, I am sure. At times it makes me pray and feel as if it were so much the greater honor to suffer and then again I feel like taking a knife in one hand and a pistol in the other and running amuck among the scoundrels that play checkers and chess with soldiers' lives for the stake. By the way, you don't show my letters to the Hookers; wish you would. I love all Nook Farm, but can't write to all.

Fancy Col. Jim Bescher, Col. Jack Montgomery, Col. Joe Hawley and Mrs.

The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

SKILLED LABOR.

(An impression of a conference gained from reading the testimony of a New York police inspector in a sensational hold-up inquiry that gunmen are employed under contract in many big cities of the country to kill persons for a price.)

"Doing anything these days?" "Nope. I'm outa employment." "Want to go to work for me?" "Sure. What doing?" "I want a couple of men killed." "It's nice of you to think of me. Things have been pretty dull lately." "It's the business recession. Everybody's holding off new undertakings." "Why, there's 50,000 gunmen out of work in Chicago alone. Nobody's going ahead on any new killings until after the first of the year."

"Things'll pick up soon. The country is fundamentally sound. This is no time for hesitation. I predict that during 1930 there will be more murders in America than in 1929. I'm not going to curtail at all. I'm going ahead with my regular program."

"They tell me things are pretty dull in New York, too. A lot of murderers were laid off last week."

"It's a big mistake. Lay off murderers like that and you just drive them out of business. Then when there's a revival and you want trained hands you can't get 'em."

"I'm sure glad I happened to 'un into you, sir."

"Well, I've always heard of you as a good, conscientious, willing and industrious fellow. The only question is whether you have had the right sort of experience."

"You don't need to worry about that. I have references from my last employer."

"Ah! Let me read it: 'To Whom It May Concern: 'This is to certify that I have employed the bearer and that he has killed anybody I suggested willingly and efficiently.'"

"Not a bad recommendation, eh?" "It's very good. Consider yourself engaged. Now when will you be able to start working?"

"There's just one little point we'll have to take up first."

"What's that?"

"I'll have to have a contract!"

(Curtain)

* * *

You Know The Feeling.

"Christmas Liquor Didn't Kill Anybody."—Headline. Well, as Elmer Twitcheell says, maybe so, but it was two or three days before some of us felt certain.

"Helen Willis Moody on 3-Week Honeymoon."—Headline. It affects some people that way.

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The Ambitious Don't Learn French If the King's Favorites Speak German BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

People who are acquainted with want covet money because it will buy comforts and luxuries. People who are accustomed to luxuries covet money because it gives rank and prestige and power.

All people who have unbroken spirits covet rank. If they are scorned and obscure, they yearn to "be somebody." If they are respected and self-respecting, they still nurse an ambition to climb higher—to win the praise of their fellow craftsmen, to win popular applause, or to win the approval and fellowship of the community's social leaders.

This urge to win the other man's approval or become superior to him is bred in the bone. It has made America a nation of "dollar chasers."

There are many wealthy Americans who would welcome a new social system with nobility at the top. They dearly love a lord, and their hearts flutter when a prince crosses the Atlantic.

They are no longer content with the aristocracy of wealth. Money has become too common. Millionaires are too plentiful, and each year a new crop comes knocking at the doors of the elect.

When fortunes became too common to confer distinction, society began to lionize genius and to admit the great servants of humanity. The man who composed an opera or discovered a continent or invented a machine found himself drinking tea with social dictators.

And then men of great wealth began to tire of occupations that offered no reward except more wealth and accepted invitations to serve the public.

The decline of wealth's social importance and the willingness of able men to sacrifice wealth to win distinction by other means suggest a way to purge America of the popular lust for money.

In all lands and all times people have coveted money, but they never just after it as Americans now do if social rank and honor and popular envy are to be won by some other means.

It is distinction people desire. Given money enough to satisfy their needs, they will covet no more if social rank can be won without it. People who cannot hope for social equality on any condition seldom are money-mad.

If America would establish a social caste with rank determined by learning, service, virtue and accomplishment,

w to coast, wherever they go, probably get killed, you know.

—O. B. JOYFUL.

blissings of Christmas continue. Every man has an alibi for a funny taste in neckties.

the Portico: I have been wondering what the doctor would invent next. Some years ago I invented an influenza mask, but don't hear much about that now. The latest thing is a yellow band with the words "Whooping Cough" on it in bright green letters; and I would be able to see that. As I stand it this band is attached to my wrist and must be worn even when I go out to feed the chickens. It would be even more noticeable, but there might be a loose end somewhere, and as he is such a sensible animal and has such a sensible dislike to the color, it's better to consider his taste in the matter. The brightest idea of the doctor's physical examination of every patient. Judging from the tremendous energy of the crowds on the street, the city's population is in good state of health. But that looking at it wouldn't do at all; his scheme to hurry along the

It is a very wrong thing to have a disease germ in the mind to result disastrously. There are men, of course, who would be disappointed if nothing wrong were found with their make-up, as evidenced by the delight and pride, not to mention publicity, with which they append an appendix. Probably there are a few of these women to keep the busy until the rabies scare is over its vaccination.

A good old family doctor has disappeared from the scene and in his place we have a specialist for every part of the anatomy, but as one doctor told all the most of us feel like a care of, it's best to keep well by following the laws of health. Eat less fat at all, fruits and vegetables are the other good things a bountiful nature provides; and what a pity for Portico, that you don't like nothing like it; wish I had to very day.

—"GOOD SAMARITAN."

Straight Vaudeville.

B. T. I have with great interest that I read a turday column headed "Through a microscope." You touched on a subject I have constantly thought of. It is: The lack of a single Hartford vaudeville. Presenting only vaudeville. The vaudeville and Marco revues present at the Capitol are probably the best for that kind of an act they surely cannot compare with first-class vaudeville. It seems that most of the theaters of the city are presenting the talkies only it is possible to give Hartford theaters a type of vaudeville show superior to the ones formerly appearing in this city. It would be quite interesting to see from other Times readers on the subject and I am asking if you please mention this matter again in your articles. Sincerely yours, from a lover of good vaudeville, —M. E. O.

in Vermont. On the top of the mountain in Dover, where we heard the echoes answer "O-Hell," to "Hel-lo," and viewed the sylvan scenes under auspices of gentility which must make the smile of memory lasting. In 1928, Cape Cod year, for us; in 1929, Vermont.

Ah, that steamer going away, in the night, and the frantic attempt to wave farewell, when the dimness of distances and glare of lights forbade precise recognition either from ship or pier! Only parents can appreciate what this sort of thing meant. When the fledge-lings leave the nest something new and memorable has occurred. We say no more about it, but Juan Fernandez would have cut for such a year on his calendar stick a deep notch.

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This was the year that we became imbued with contract bridge, introduction to countless arguments and comedies. It was a year that we had a great privileged evening in Rockville; that we had a perfectly gorgeous dinner in Manchester; that we went to the shore and fished and fished for little silvery snapper blues about the size of a shilling; that we superintended the testing out of a new automobile and got lost in Bloomfield; that we explored the Haddam-Hamburg roads and found where the little collie pups live; that we went again to the junipered shores of Oxoboxe; that we saw hallstones fall as large as cart wheels in the epochal tempest over our city; that we had Mrs. Upson's antique recipe cake; that the black cat Snowball was adopted; that we pulled a tooth with pliers that slipped off before the tooth came out; that the Chinese lily sprouted another leaf; that we got the efflorescent pajamas; that we prowled through the wildernesses of western Union; that we went up into Hartland Hollow; that we found the valuable mineral, tarvia fragmentarius; that we attended eighty-four farewell dinners to the same man, who hasn't gone even yet; that we inspected the Robert Fitch schoolhouse; that we helped dedicate the Jonathan Edwards gateway in South Windsor; that we walked from Windsor Locks to Hockanum, almost, on the hottest day of early spring; that we visited Norfolk and Winsted and Doolittle pond and heard the mighty splash when Jim Harrington dove overboard there; that we forecast the diet of Lou Barker on the way to Eastham; that we lunched with Chic Sale and heard Don Seitz; that we slid down a cliff and caught by the neck on a root, while watching the boat race; that we couldn't ford the East Branch on account of torrent; that we bought the lacquer tray; that we went to a wedding in New York and a graduation in Wellesley, and ate lobster at Gloucester and ice cream soda in Newton; that we were parboiled and sizzled in Worcester and Springfield; and old Hard Struggle was supplanted and the new radio installed. And that we went to the Newington Home the Sunday before Christmas. These are just random catches at the tags. How many there are, and how much is the room for multitudes more in the weeks and months to come! The "Old Judge" looks forward to them with much hopeful anticipation.

for then we are doing the country the best service by keeping so many men away from active service elsewhere.

The reorganization of Florida as a state is a gigantic humbug. Pray do not believe one word of the Tribune's reports. Their letter writer is an idiotic little ass named Boweryern, the butt and laughing stock of all. His letter in the Tribune of February 20 is full of the grossest errors in its accounts of military operations and in its geography. There is not a word of truth in Barbour's brigade charging into Baldwin, scattering 500 rebels and taking 100 prisoners. No rebels made a stand there; no prisoners were taken there, and our cavalry were there long before Barton came near. And so throughout.

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We, the 7th, shall remain a compact body here at Jacksonville or nearby, ready to be called to any portion of the department. Such are privately Gen. G's orders. He said to me last night, "I know it is hardly right to call the same regiment to do all the hard work but the fact is I can always depend upon the 7th. Conn. They will fight where any men will fight." So if there is to be a desperate affair here (in the department I mean) you may expect to hear that we led. We never had the second place but once, at James Island, Gen. G told me of his own accord that since he requested of Gen. Terry a recommendation for my promotion forwarded with his approving endorsement, he had received a letter from Washington requesting him to name Colonels worthy of brevet brigadiership, and had sent on my name, and he had no doubt I should get it. That would answer my ambition. It would honor me sufficiently and not detach me from my regiment.

I have nothing from Conn. later than February 8. I see by a Philadelphia paper that I am a delegate to the National Convention, etc.

We have more than enough recruits to fill up the regiment. Our infirm men will be hurried into the Invalid Corps. I wish you would do portions of this and my letter to Father when it comes so that he may know all about the fight.

MAY BOTH GET SMASHED.

(Indianapolis Star.)

The lad who received an electric train and a toy automobile for Christmas may learn which one gets the right of way.

THERE WILL BE TIME ENOUGH.

(New London Day.)

Now that Commander Byrd has become a rear admiral, it remains for some adroit statesman to figure out another honor in the event that the aviator takes it into his head to make a non-stop flight to Mars.

LOTS OF BEAR STORIES.

(Memphis Appeal.)

Superintendent Thomson of Yosemite says that the bears in his neigh-

borhood recently sent 31 persons to the hospital and terrified scores of others. He should read about Wall street.

CAN'T STOP THIS.

(Elmira Gazette.)

We can't see how the colleges, if they are truly in touch with the times, will be able to hold out against a football merger.

STILL THRIVE ON HIM.

(Springfield Union.)

Washington is dead, but his influence lingers on. A lot of historians would never have been heard of but for their attacks upon him.

The Sierra Nevada mountains are comparatively young and still growing.

Don't poison the damned lie that anybody on foot but the 7th Conn. covered the entire retreat from Olustee. The "Officer" who wrote the lie that the 54th Mass. and 1st. Nor. Car. "saved the day" and "covered the retreat" deserves to be shot. All the 15 mile march that night, all the next day, Sunday and Monday, up to 2 o'clock when we were all substantially back here, the 7th Conn. was the regiment on foot nearest the enemy and expressly detailed to cover the rear—the mounted force accompanying or following it. Seymour did have skirmishers out—plenty of them, the 7th Conn., first in and last out. * * *

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Fancy Col. Jim Becher, Col. Jack Montgomery, Col. Joe Hawley and Mrs. Hooker sitting on a pleasant Sunday afternoon (and Capt. Theo. Bacon—Rev. Dr. Bacon's son, too) in a pine wood with the camps of four Negro regiments in view.

How much Hattie has improved in style. Her late letters to the Press please me exceedingly. God bless this little woman. If you can get hold of any copies of the Press containing her visit to Morris Island please send copies to Mr. Severance, collector of customs, Capt. Rockwell, Conn. Battery, and Gen. A. H. Terry, all of Port Royal. Please don't forget. God rules and all will come out right one of these fine centuries, but I dreadfully want to indulge in the luxury of being blue and cross. The future has not looked so dark for 18 months and chiefly through idleness at Washington. If we cannot whip the rebels within three months substantially, we'd better adjourn the job for fifteen years and educate the North into manhood and Christianity. I wish I had about ten young men that I know in Connecticut in the ranks here.

Love to Nook Farm. Respects to the wounded leg; he's a very good boy, Charley. Yours, JOE.

(Continued To-morrow.)

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Radio Interference.

To the Editor of The Times. In the December 27 issue of The Times was a letter signed by a radio fan complaining about interference in radio reception caused by motors on oil burners somewhere in the section between Roxbury and Newbury streets, on both Fairfield avenue and Grandview terrace. The writer lives in this section and knows it to be a fact that this annoying interference is something real but is not caused by an oil burner. The loud hum commences in the evening at just the time the street lights are turned on and is practically non-existent at times when the street lights are not lighted.

The writer knows of a number of radio owners in this section who have been caused no end of unpleasantness by this disturbance and all possible pressure has been brought to correct this condition, but to no avail.

Once the street lights are lighted, the only comfort we get from our radio is during those evenings when WTIC is on the air since the interference does not affect the reception from this station.

ALSO A RADIO FAN.

Hartford, Dec. 31.

THOROUGHLY CLEANED.

(Detroit News.)

Having been cleaned successively by the stock market, the December tax instalment and Christmas giving, one of our boys about town has given up facial massages as superfluous.