

10 June 1959

Mr. John A. Spencer
Secretary, QM Memorial Corporation
Fort Lee, Virginia

Dear John:

The enclosed original letter was forwarded to General McNamara by Colonel B. S. Mesick, USA (Ret) who received it from his son-in-law, Lt. Colonel Robert M. Hecker, QMC-USAR. It had been found among some old papers in Colonel Hecker's home in New York. Lt. Colonel Hecker's current address is 545 West 12th Street, Claremont, California.

This is an interesting old document, and apparently the author capitalized upon his position at every opportunity. A couple of passages are open to interpretation - i.e., in the last sentence of his paragraph on the transaction involving the surgeon's horse, he states: "he took the 'spon' - cast one long lingering look at his steed, and was seen no more". I believe the "spon" is an abbreviated form of the slang "spondulicks". I also have conjectured that in his reference to "Fourteen", he is identifying a volunteer fire company to whose members he sent a liberated "hose pipe from the Stuart Fire Co. of Beaufort".

I particularly liked his reference to "a Billiard table, a piano, and several other small articles" which he could not move because of the Provost Marshal's (with two l's) industry.

Because of the fine penmanship and the quarters address which the writer gave, we have assumed he must have been a civilian Field Clerk with the Chief Quartermaster, Eastern Command.

Sergeant Travis should have a lot of fun with this addition to the historical documents. I am working on getting a copy of a Revolutionary War officer's efficiency report, which has been promised to me and which I will forward as soon as I can pry it loose from the present owner.

Sincerely,

1 Encl
a/s

ARTHUR G. ECKHART

*Letters are on next
3 Pages*

Office of Chief Quarter Master E. C.
Fort Mifflin, Hilton Head, S. C.

January 18th 1862

Dear Manny

When I left New York I promised to write you a few lines, and let you know how the world wagged - in South Carolina; and this is the first time that I have had a chance to write anything for myself.

We have been very busy getting off our quarterly papers, I am about through however, and will celebrate that happy event tomorrow by a hunting excursion, among the neighboring Islands.

A couple of Secesh chaps tried a little hunt, one day this week and got bagged themselves, by Major Beard, of the 48th N. Y. who was off with a boat crew on a secret expedition.

When the Major stopped their boat and informed the Gents they were prisoners, one of them triumphantly produced a pass from General Norton, the Commander of the forces at Savannah, and inquired if "that was not good", to which the Major politely and poetically answered "Nary".

The latest sensation here is the arrival of the First Mass. Cavalry which by the way, appears to be a very fine Regiment.

The other day a surgeon of one of the Connecticut Regts wanted to go home, and I gave him a pass, he also wanted to take his horse, the undersigned informed the aforesaid Medical Man, that was next to impossible, and advised the Sawbones to sell his horse, which he said he had tried, and

could not find a purchaser, so, with that benevolent feeling, with which I overflow, I generously offered the wretch \$35⁰⁰ for his Horse, Saddle + Bridle. He was first overcome at my magnanimity, and gave vent to his pent up feelings in tears (curses), and declines accepting - but on second thoughts, aided by my very philosophical advice he took the "spur" - cast one long lingering look on his steed, and was seen no more.

In ten minutes from that time, the gay animal was Government property - price \$125.⁰⁰

Since then I have done a little in the cigar line. The Steamer Pinero, from Havana bound to New York, put in here in distress, I boarded her, and found out that they had on board a large quantity of Segars. The Captain wanted to know if he could sell them, but I told him No, as he could not pay any duty, there being no Custom House, when the foot told me that it made no difference, as they did not appear on the Manifest.

Upon that information, I told the Captain that it would be my disagreeable duty to seize the cigars, I did not like to, but my conscience compelled me.

The captain finally offered me half of the "pipes" to let him off - Conscience again interposed, and suggested "two thirds", but I acted honorably with him, and let him off for half the cigars, and a case of Guaran jelly.

Since that time I have been disposing of the "Smokers" at \$50. per doz.

I am on a new lay now, and think I can strike a couple of thousand more cigars, and a case of Whiskey.

I make friends with all captains of vessels, and permit them to

think that I render them great assistance, the consequence is that they believe it to be their bounden duty to make me as many presents of Whiskey, Segars, eatables &c as they can possibly afford.

I sent "Hutcheon" a Hose pipe from the "Stuart Fire Co" of Beaufort, and ~~he~~^{she} has not acknowledged the rec^d. You must let me know if the boys received it, and what they say about it.

I have a "killing table", a "Hain", and several other small articles stowed away, but the Provost Marshall, keeps such a sharp look out that I can't get them off.

I think we will move away from here before long - probably Savannah.

Tell Tom Watson, that I could not do anything for Tom Jr at present, but if anything turns up I will let him know, but it is so infernally sickly here that I do not like to send for anybody.

Tell Dan Smith that the Coffin biz is lively, and the manufacturers of that article, have established a branch depot under our office.

Remember me to all the boys, write soon

to yours truly

Wm. T. Lord

Chap. Capt. Saxton

Fort Royal
S. C.

Office of Chief Quarter Master E. C.
Fort Welles, Hilton Head, S. C.
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So Yours Truly

Thos. T. Lord

Care Capt. Saxton

Fort Royal

S. C.