

# ABSOLUTELY TRUE, DOG' ON IT!

Being a short story of Army Life.

**V**ERACITY" is a rather fancy name for a dog, but, when the particular dog is a large brute, red-headed and dreamy-eyed, it does not seem so extraordinary. "Veracity" was the mascot of Company M, Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, which, in 1900, was stationed at Fort Vancouver, Wash. When the company went to 'Frisco, the dog went along, and also embarked on the United States transport "Grant" with the rest of the soldiers.

In due time the boat pulled out for Manila, and, during the first twenty-four hours, the rails were very much in demand. "Veracity" was as seasick as the rest, and it was a pitiful sight to see him chase up and down the decks, howling mournfully for some one to show him the way home. During his blind and sickly rambling he ran into the pointed end of the anchor, and had his one eye completely torn out. He was taken to the hospital, where the vacant space was filled with cotton and the lids sewed up, making a rather comical, but sad, sight.

With the loss of the eye "Veracity" seemed to lose the friendship of most of the boys, and soon became a mark at which hardtack was hurled but no one had the heart to kill him. Upon arrival in the Philippine Islands he quickly made himself disliked by the Filipinos on account of his chicken-stealing ability, and caused such an uproar among the dear brown brothers that the captain ordered him locked up.

After a week's rest the company left on an eight-day trip to the mountains, taking the dog along. On the third day a ravine of a thousand feet in depth had to be crossed. This was about ten feet wide, and was spanned by a single log. The diabolical plan of getting rid of the dog started somewhere, and the men lined up on both sides of the ravine while "Veracity" was enticed across. Just as he was on the middle of the log he was knocked off, and started on his rapid decline with sickening wails. For fifteen (15) minutes we watched him shoot downward, his yells being no longer audible, when, with a noise like a cannon, he struck the rushing water a thousand feet below. That dog must have struck the water at a mile-a-minute gait, for the water splashed up and nearly drowned a half-dozen fellows above. With a last look at "Veracity's" watery grave the company moved on, and in five days arrived again at their quarters.

As they were all seated (on the ground) at their noon meal some one let out a frightened yell, bringing the company to their feet, expecting the enemy, but, instead, there was "Veracity" back in our midst, as big as life! It may sound strange, but stranger still was the fact that during his five days' looking for the company the dog had completely regained his lost eye, and was as handsome as ever. The cotton had disappeared, and any member of the company stands ready to corroborate this story. Yes, gentle reader, you may shake your head and say "Incredible!" but—

L. C. GREENBURG, '07.