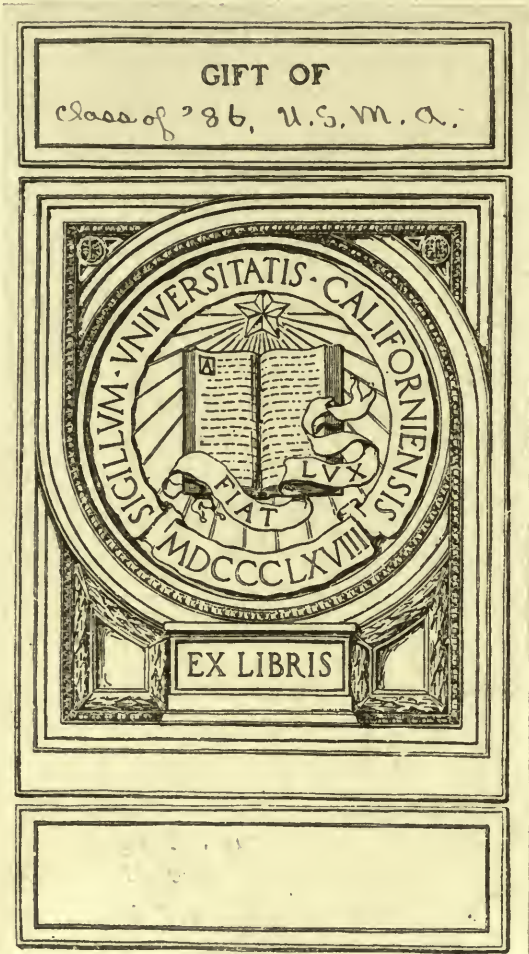


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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

July 25, 1912.

Note to Mr. Leupp:

I send you herewith a book published by the Class of 1886 of the United States Military Academy at West Point on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of its graduation. The book was sent to President Wheeler for the library by General Avery D. Andrews of that class, and has been accepted in a letter of appreciation by the President. It is of special interest because three members of the Class of 1886 have been Commandants in the University of California - Major Frank L. Winn, Major E. M. Lewis and Major John T. Nance.

Frank L. Winn





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1886-1911

In Commemoration of the

25th Anniversary of
Graduation

of

The Class of '86, U. S. M. A.

West Point, June, 1911

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Foreword

CLASSMATES:

This volume has been prepared as a souvenir of the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation. The record of the Class since graduation has justified the high promise of its cadet days, and has added its due proportion to the fame and honor of the Military Academy.

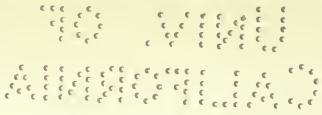
Disciplined by Merritt, drilled and trained by Hasbrouck, and taught by an Academic Board headed by Michie, the foundations for our careers were laid deep and strong, and fortunate indeed were we to have survived the crucial tests of these mighty men. But not only did we survive, but on June 12, 1886, we graduated seventy-seven strong, the largest class in the first century of the Academy; nor was it until 1903, as a result of the Spanish War and the consequent enlargement of the Army and the Cadet Corps, that our number was exceeded.

Inspired by the galaxy of illustrious men whose deeds have made the Academy famous among the institutions of the world, we left West Point in the full enthusiasm of youth,

“With spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords.”

After twenty-five years we now return, on the sunny side of old age, fully conscious of our shortcomings, but proud that '86 has added naught but lustre to the shield of our Alma Mater.

Out of seventy-seven graduates, sixty-one now survive. Sixteen, including Godfrey, killed in action in the Philippines, Elliot, W. G., a victim of fever in the trenches before Santiago,



and Seward Mott, murdered by an Indian in Arizona, have gone on before.

“On fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.”

Of the survivors, nine resigned after several years of service, to engage in business or professional pursuits; five have retired from active service; and forty-seven now remain on the active list of the Army. Of these, one is a Brigadier General, one a Colonel, twelve are Lieutenant Colonels, and thirty-three are Majors. Eight have sons at the Military Academy, and one at the Naval Academy.

In the following pages we have printed a greeting from Pershing, the Class President, a Class History by Riché, written after the reunion, an article on the old and new West Point by Traub, a poem and obituaries by McMahon, a special obituary of Elliot, W. G., by Winn. These, with the autobiographical sketches of surviving members, their photographs, and the Class songs, complete the volume.

The preparation of this volume has been a work of love, the purpose of which will have been fully served if it helps to maintain and increase the class spirit and *esprit de corps* which have ever distinguished '86.

A. D. A.

Philadelphia, June, 1911.

Greeting to the Class

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MINDANAO,

ZAMBOANGA, P. I.,

March 15, 1911.

To the Class of 1886,

U. S. Military Academy,

West Point, New York.

Dear Classmates:

The announcement in the circular sent out by your committee, saying that I would write a letter of greeting to be read at the class reunion, imposes upon me a very pleasant obligation. It gives me an opportunity as Class President to write you collectively, and to say many things that I would like to say if I were writing to each individual. Above all, however, I am thus permitted to feel myself a real part of the reunion. This letter shall be a heartfelt and sincere word of greeting from the opposite side of the world. I shall try to imagine myself among you around the banquet table, or perhaps again in the old tower room, first floor, first division, or familiarly even in the "usual place." With this greeting I send also a word of explanation and regret for my absence, a few lines of reminiscence, and pages of affection and friendship, all recorded at random.

It is unfortunate indeed for me that higher authority has concluded that I should not leave my post just at this time. This is a great disappointment to me. There is nothing that could equal the pleasure of meeting once more with old '86—companions of my youth, the friendship for whom is, above all others, the dearest and most lasting. To be again for a few hours, as in the olden days at West Point, with those who stood shoulder to shoulder with me, and I with them, through our four years, would be worth great sacrifice. The thought makes me long for cadet days again. I would gladly go back into the

corps (although, of course, it has gone entirely to the dogs since we were cadets), and gladly (in spite of this) go through the whole course from beginning to end to be with you all as we were then. Life meant so much to us—probably more than it ever has since—when the soul was filled to the utmost with ambition and the world was full of promise.

The proudest days of my life, with one exception, have come to me in connection with West Point,—days that stand out clear and distinct from all others. The first of these was the day I won my appointment at Trenton, Missouri, in a competitive examination with seventeen competitors. An old friend of the family happened to be in Trenton that day and, passing on the opposite side of the street, called to me and said, “John, I hear you passed with flying colors.” In all seriousness, feeling the great importance of my success, I naively replied in loud voice, “Yes, I did,” feeling assured that no one had ever quite passed such a fine examination as I had. The next red-letter day was when I was elected President of the Class of '86. I didn't know much about class presidents until the evening of our meeting to effect a class organization. To realize that a body of men for whom I had such an affectionate regard should honor me in this way was about all that my equilibrium would stand. Another important day was when I made a cold max in Phil at June examination, under dear old Pete, with Arthur Murray as instructor. This was the only max I ever made in anything. I fairly floated out of the library and back to barracks. The climax of days came when the makes were read out on graduation day in June, 1885. Little Eddy Gayle smiled when I reported five minutes later with a pair of captain's chevrons pinned on my sleeves. No honor can ever come to equal that. I look upon it in the very same light today as I did then. Some way these days stand out and the recollection of them has always been to me a great spur and stimulus.

What memories come rushing forward to be recorded! It was at Colonel Huse's school, now called “The Rocks,” I believe, with splendid old Caleb at its head, that several of us

got the first idea of what we were really in for. Deshon, Frier, Winn, Andrews, Clayton, Billy Wright, Stevens, Legare, and the rest of us at Caleb's used to wrestle with examinations of previous years and flyspeck page after page of stuff that we forgot completely before plebe camp was over.

This brings us up to a period of West Point life whose vivid impressions will be the last to fade. Marching into camp; piling bedding; policing company streets of logs of wood carelessly dropped by upper classmen; pillow fights at tattoo, with Marcus Miller, sabre drawn, marching up and down superintending the plebe class policing up feathers from the general parade; light artillery drills; double timing around old Fort Clinton at morning squad drill; Wiley Bean and the sad fate of his seersucker coat; midnight dragging; and the whole summer full of events can only be mentioned in passing. No one can ever forget his first guard tour with all its preparation and perspiration. I got along all right during the day, but at night on the color line my troubles began. Of course, I was scared beyond the point of properly applying any of my orders. A few minutes after taps, ghosts of all sorts began to appear from all directions. I selected a particularly bold one and challenged according to orders, "Halt! who comes there?" At that the ghost stood still in his tracks. I then said, "Halt! who stands there?" whereupon the ghost, who was carrying a chair, sat down, when I promptly said, "Halt! who sits there?"

After plebe camp came plebe Math and French. I never stood high in French and was prone to burn the midnight oil. One night Walcutt and Bentley Mott came in to join me. My roommate, Lucy Hunt, was in bed asleep. Suddenly we heard Flaxy, who was officer in charge, coming up the stairs several steps at a time. Mott sprang across the hall into his own room. I snatched the blanket from the window, turned out the light and leaped into bed, clothing and all, while Walcutt, seeing escape impossible, gently woke Hunt, and in a whisper said, "Lucy, may I crawl under your bed?" I paid the penalty by walking six tours of extra duty.

The rest of it—yearling camp and its release from plebe-dom; the first appearance in the riding hall of the famous '86 New England Cavalry; furlough and the return up the Hudson on the Mary Powell; second class year, with its increasing responsibilities and dignity—must all be passed with slight notice. While the days were not always filled with unalloyed pleasure, to be sure, yet no matter how distasteful anything else may have been up to that time, there is none of us who would not gladly live first class camp over again—summer girls, summer hops, first class privileges, possible engagements, twenty-eighth hop, then the home-stretch. As we look back from the distance of a quarter of a century the years went by all too rapidly.

The career of '86 at West Point was in many respects remarkable. There were no cliques, no dissensions; and personal prejudices or selfishness, if any existed, never came to the surface. From the very day we entered, the class as a unit has always stood for the very best traditions of West Point. The spirit of old West Point existed to a higher degree in the Class of '86 than in any class since the war. The West Point under Merritt, Michie and Hasbrouck was still the West Point of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield and Howard. The deep impression these great men made during their visits to West Point in our day went far to inspire us with the soldier's spirit of self-sacrifice, duty and honor. These characteristics were carried with us into the Army and have marked the splendid career of the class during the past twenty-five years. The Class of '86 has always been known in the Army and is known today as a class of all-around solid men—men capable of ably performing any duty and of loyally fulfilling any trust. The individual character of each man has made itself felt upon his fellows in the Army from the start. In civil life, as professional men, or as men of affairs, wherever placed, the Class of '86 has always made good. Well may we congratulate ourselves, upon reaching this quarter-century milestone, on the achievements of the class.

If I thought you would listen longer, I should continue, but the evening will be full of song and reminiscence. Those of us out here will assemble in Manila and wish we were with you at West Point. It may be that age and experience will prevent a repetition of the lurid scenes enacted at the class dinner in New York in '86. Yet when you feel time turn backward and the hot blood of those days again courses through your veins, there is no telling what may happen. Still all will be for the glory of the class and will be condoned. Then, here's to the Class of '86, wives and sweethearts, children and grandchildren, your health and your success.

Always affectionately,

J. J. P.

Our Dead, 1886-1911

We meet tonight around the board
With song and joke and clink of glasses,
And 'neath the shadow of the sword
We drink the health of wives and lasses.

We live again the days of old,
When life was young and full of laughter,
When, clad in gallant grey and gold,
We gaily faced the dark hereafter.

We cheer our sons, as, straight and true,
The grey line marches past in splendor;
While we who wear the Army blue
To them the sacred trust surrender—

The sacred trust to bear on high
The banner of our rock-bound Mother,
For duty's sake to gladly die
Amid the battle's roar and smother.

The lights burn low, the gay songs still,
Dim forms fill up the vacant places;
The dawn-wind moans in accents chill,
The air is full of phantom faces.

We hear our comrades' ghostly tread,
As home they come in sombre glory,
To listen as we toast the dead,
To hear us tell their life's brief story.

They kept the faith we swore to keep;
When Honor called, they did not falter;
Their hearts, now stilled in blessed sleep,
They laid upon their country's altar.

J. E. McM.

A Brief History of the Class

By the Historian

SOMEbody, somewhere, has said "Fortunate is the nation without a history." Until now the Class of '86 has been similarly fortunate.

If we apply this old saying directly to the class and reduce it to the accurate language of our mathematical course, we would express it something like this: The good fortune of the class is inversely proportional in volume to the quantity and quality of its history.

Wishing nothing but well for the class, it has therefore seemed that the greatest benefit that could be bestowed upon it would be to reduce its history to the vanishing point, and this has heretofore been the endeavor of the class historian.

It is one of the universal failings of our poor human nature, however, never to let well enough alone, and so in response to repeated and imperious demands by letters and by "slams" of various kinds at and after our twenty-fifth anniversary reunion, the historian will take up his task and at the risk of injuring the class record for good fortune will endeavor to tell in brief form how it all happened.

We must, however, bear in mind one of "Our Postle's" sayings, that "history is a unit." This reminds us of one of the series of questions and answers in our last hundredth night Howitzer. The question was "How can we prove the unity of history?" and the answer "By averaging Teddy Godfrey's marks." Let it be hoped, therefore, that no reader of this record will be induced to pull out his blue pencil and go to marking it, for the result might be even less than the limit imposed by Our Postle.

In one way, however, a unity is proved by the history of the class. It is doubtful if any other class, at the Military Academy or elsewhere, was ever more harmonious, freer from cliques, and imbued with more genuine affection among its members than our Class of '86. Although we constituted the largest class graduated during the first century of the Academy's existence, we were free from internal dissensions of any kind; brotherly affection and the milk of human kindness were evident in all our dealings with each other, and looking back over the twenty-five years that have passed since we separated, each and all of us can feel that our recollections of the Academy are filled with as pleasant relationships among the members of the class as have ever come into our lives; they are freer from regrets and fuller of good fellowship and kindness than our relations since with any other set of associates can possibly have been. The class was most emphatically a unit and nothing can make it anything else. The shoulder-to-shoulder spirit that we displayed for four years has remained with us and will remain until the end.

Coming, as we did, from all parts of this great country, and numbering at our maximum over a hundred and thirty, it is remarkable that this unity of spirit should have manifested itself from the start and should have endured. That it did so shows what all members of the class will freely admit, that we were the most remarkable aggregation of good fellows that ever came together. If this statement is disputed, we may be sure it will not be disputed by any member of the class; and if it is disputed by anyone else, we may lay the motive to jealousy and not worry about it. Nevertheless it is the truth.

Do we not all remember scanning the newspapers that contained lists of candidates, and for the first time reading the names that have since become so familiar? Then when we had one by one reported for examination, and had successfully passed the ordeal at the "office" of the cadets who were in charge of candidates, and were assigned to rooms in barracks

until our examinations were over, our first acquaintanceship ripened the quicker into friendship by reason of our designation by the older cadets as "Beasts." Think of it, we were something lower in the scale of existence than "Plebes!" (hence what could we be but beasts), and our temporary sojourn in barracks will ever be remembered by us as "Beasts' Barracks." Woe then to the dignity of the unfortunate candidate who had reported with great notions of his personal importance and of his mission in life. If Beasts' Barracks did not bring him down to the general level he did not remain—at least not in the Class of '86.

But we were much occupied with our preliminary examinations and with eleventh-hour efforts to perfect ourselves for them. These were gone through with, and one rainy day after dinner we were marched back to barracks and lined up on the porch, and the names of the unsuccessful candidates were read out, each one stepping to the front as his name was called, and departing to pack up his effects and leave. The rest of us were given no chance for congratulating one another, but without breaking ranks instruction was immediately begun in the "position of the soldier," and for at least an hour we were braced and badgered by the older cadets until we were filled with envy for those who were going away.

And then for some weeks followed our squad drills. We may be sure that no motions were slighted. The older cadets were the drillmasters, and they saw to it that the work was thoroughly done, even by the celebrated awkward squad, many of whom have since become distinguished for other things than awkwardness.

And then we were considered sufficiently broken in to be sent to camp, Plebe Camp, where we were never free from the interest and inspection of the older cadets, where we had to depress our toes even in sleep and where all such "hazing" as we got did us good and not harm, for there was no brutality about it, nothing but chaff and good and successful efforts to take away from us such modicum of conceit as may have survived Beasts' Barracks.

Cannot each of us remember his first tour of guard duty? It was then he donned the full cadet uniform for the first time. How difficult it was for him to get it all on straight, how hopeless it would have been without the assistance, the real kindly assistance, of the older cadet whose "special duty man" he happened to be. And what an ordeal guard mounting was, when he was thoroughly inspected and strenuous fault found with every little detail that was not just so. And then the instructions for sentinels and the many unexpected situations that would be framed up to test his knowledge of them and his readiness in applying them. Maybe it would all be classed today as hazing, perhaps it was, but it did none of us harm, and made us all the more capable of acting and thinking for ourselves. On the exceptional occasions when proper bounds in such matters were exceeded and the situation became unduly personal, affairs were adjusted squarely in the good old Anglo-Saxon way and the incident was closed. We are all the better off for our plebe camp experiences.

Before the close of camp we became excellently "set up" and fairly well drilled and took part in all battalion drills and ceremonies. Then came the breaking up of camp, the end of all hazing, and our return to barracks to begin our studies, and with our studies came the "Seps."

The Seps, as we all know, were those unfortunate beings who for one cause or another had been prevented from reporting as candidates in June and who were permitted to report in September; many of them, in fact, had succeeded to the appointments of those who had failed in the June examinations. For a while the Seps had a hard time, squad drills, hazing, and studies going on all at once. It was a severe handicap, and they were not fairly over it for several months.

But the serious part of our Academy life had now begun. Our studies, while at the start consisting of but two, Mathematics and English, had to be learned thoroughly. Approximate information did not go. Our recitations were not mere questions and answers. Each man was given a subject on

which to recite. He went to the blackboard, wrote his name in the upper right-hand corner and the title of his subject in the centre. Below he made such notes as he needed, and when ready to recite faced the instructor with a pointer in his hand until called on. Then he delivered himself with credit or discredit as circumstances permitted. If he "maxed" it would be because he had not only gotten everything right, but also because he had not omitted anything that belonged to his subject. If the instructor had to question him regarding anything that he might have omitted, his mark would be shaded even if his answers were correct. It was a hard school but a thorough one, and its chief merit was not so much in the subjects that were taught as in the fact that it forced us to learn how to study, that being a matter largely neglected in these piping days of manual training and other fads.

But the unfortunate cadet who had been assigned a subject regarding which his ignorance was profound had no other recourse than to fill his blackboard full of alleged notes and keep up a semblance of working until the bugle blew announcing the close of the recitation hour. Occasionally he might succeed in thus "bugling it" and escaping a failure, but the instructors had all been cadets themselves and knew the signs and would rarely allow the victim to escape unquestioned. If called upon he would face about and do his best; it was soon found to be unwise to confess ignorance, as that would lead to demerits as well as to a low mark, while an earnest effort might escape with the low mark alone.

Do we not all remember forced recitations of this kind, and the many amusing things that happened during them? At the risk of being needlessly reminiscent there is one such incident that ought to be preserved. It was during such a forced recitation on the part of our lamented and much beloved "Moses" Fulton. It was in French. Moses had the unfortunate characteristic of talking the louder the less he knew. He encountered a French word that he did not know. The word has long since been forgotten, but it meant the retaining fee

of a lawyer. The instructor asked Moses what the word meant, and Moses, being in good voice, replied with vigor:

"I am not certain as to the exact meaning of that word, but I think it is a machine for grubbing stumps."

And so we ground away on our academic course, with study and recitation periods interspersed, with drills when the weather was favorable, and when nobody had packed snow around the bulb of the official thermometer to make the Commandant think it was too cold; and finally came the January examinations, Plebe January, the time when the majority of those who were going to be found deficient during our course would be so "found."

One of the policemen who cleaned barracks daily, Old "Corny," who possessed more good nature than wit, had an invariable reply to anyone who teased him. It was "Niver mind, January's comin'," and for many good fellows it came, and they left us never to return.

But before our January examinations was our New Year's dinner. There was then a custom (discontinued before we graduated) of drinking toasts (with water only) at this dinner. The Plebes, being social nobodies, could not join in this, but enjoyed the many good toasts proposed by the older cadets. It is not remembered that this privilege was in any way abused, and the reason for its discontinuance is not known.

Our studies were resumed at once after the January examinations, French being added. With these we worked out our plebe year. Spring came and then June, and with it our examinations, which lost for us a few more of our members. Also we had numerous exhibition drills of every kind, and were inspected by the august Board of Visitors and by the brilliant array of ladies who had come for the celebrations. Our time was almost at hand and with the graduation of the first class it arrived.

As plebes we had invariably been addressed by the older cadets with the prefix "Mr." to our names. There was no social intercourse, we were outcasts and barbarians. In this

condition we returned from the graduation exercises and before breaking ranks were drawn up in line while an order was read announcing the cadet officers for the following year. Being now third class men, or "yearlings," all of the cadet corporals were selected from among us. The job of cadet corporal may not sound like such a good one to mature middle age, but to anyone who had been a plebe for a year it was an office second in power and dignity to that of President alone. Think of it—and all the cadet corporals had been selected from among us!

Then ranks were broken and the older cadets rushed up to us, shook our hands most heartily as though we were long-lost friends that they had but just encountered, and what is more they called us by name without the odious prefix "Mr."

Could any greater change ever come into one's life? Not unless it might be the sudden restoration of sight to one who for years had been blind. Think of all our experiences since. Think of all possible experiences that may come to us in the future. None of these can ever compare to this sudden admission into social equality with the older cadets.

The newly made corporals rushed off to secure their chevrons, and all of us prepared for the subsequent move to camp, "Yearling Camp" as it was to be for us; and all of us, deep in our hearts, were possessed with a fierce feeling of joy at the sight of the candidates who were reporting to form the Class of '87 and who would take up the odious designation of Plebe that we had just cast aside.

Yearling camp followed much the same routine as plebe camp, except that the hazing was done by us instead of to us. Some little additional liberty was given to the yearlings, but we by no means owned the camp, that privilege being reserved for the first class men. Those who wished, and there were many, could now attend the hops and see something of the sentimental side of cadet life, but to many others the boon of rest and sleep was the greatest that could be offered. The drills and the heat and the never ending guard duty caused most

of us to make the best of such periods of rest as could be secured. In the shade of a tent on a hot afternoon we would be seeking such rest as the flies would permit, when the cry "Lemo" would create a scramble for the pail in which some energetic member had mixed lemonade.

Towards the end of camp was the day the second class men returned from furlough. They arrived at the landing by boat and when they got to the top of the hill saw the first class and our class stretched in a long line just outside of camp. Quickly they formed a similar line and the two rushed together. There were wild greetings, smashing of hats, kicking of grips, and then all of us returned to camp together.

This is another old custom that was stopped towards the end of our time. It may have been subversive of discipline, but it surely promoted good fellowship, and the welcome the second class got took the edge off their regrets at having to return from furlough.

On returning to barracks our studies were resumed, this time with Higher Mathematics, French, Drawing. Also our first instruction in riding was started. This alternated with drawing on the sleepy afternoons right after dinner. There was quite a contrast between the two.

A few of us yearlings were fortunate enough to obtain a few days' leave at Christmas-time. The successful ones had to be without demerits, and not overdrawn on check book account at the cadet commissary. The leave was only for three or four days, but it was a foretaste of the joys that were soon to come during our furlough.

The January examinations were passed, with a few more losses of membership, and finally came the Hundredth Night with its entertainment and the reading of the Howitzer, the only cadet paper, which made its annual appearance at this time. It was now but one hundred days to June, and June meant the beginning of a two and a half months' furlough, our first real freedom for two years. How long those hundred days seemed in passing. Each night we would mark one off,

but the end seemed no nearer. Even now your historian can hear the deep bass voice of "Toady" Kniskern exclaiming in the stillness that followed taps: "My Lord, will furlough never come?"

But time will pass, and furlough did come. It all seems very, very long ago now, but the joys of our first real liberty are still fresh in the memory.

June came with its graduation drills and exercises, after which we donned our "cits" and were off, actually off.

Most of us went by boat to New York, where we had a class dinner, and where we had toasts, real toasts, that were drunk in something else besides water or lemonade. Our liberty was new, we hardly knew what to do with it at first, and the memory of our recent grind at our studies still hung over us like a pall. We shook it off by toasting everything we could think of—even drinking death and destruction to dear old "Windy" Elliot's toast of "an oblique plane intersecting the ground line at an angle of forty-five degrees."

For the time we were free and we went our several ways to our homes to be entertained and eulogized, and to learn what wonderful fellows we were, and to get a glimmer, just a glimmer, of the fact that there were other worlds besides ours, and other people and other interests of which West Point was but a thing apart.

Long as the time took in passing before June arrived, it surely made up by fast speeding during our furlough. Never before did time pass so quickly. It was over all too soon, and we were once more climbing the hill from the landing. The other cadets were lined up to welcome us, and we lined up accordingly and rushed to meet them. The most hearty greeting of all was for "Bobby" Williams, who had been given the hardest punishment that a cadet could receive: poor Bobby had been deprived of his furlough and compelled to remain in camp all summer.

The greatest event of cadet life was now over. Once again we donned the grey and settled back into the routine.

We returned to barracks as second class men and took up our new studies.

This year we had a mathematical course in Natural and Experimental Philosophy, a course in Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, a course in Tactics, and a continuation to completion of our course in Drawing, even to an attempted acquiring of the art of painting. Our drills continued whenever weather permitted and sometimes when it didn't. We rode and we fenced, and during the winter months we danced. A portion of the band was detailed every afternoon to the dancing academy, and there by dancing with each other we acquired the necessary skill for the next summer's hops. Occasionally we listened to lectures on Philosophy or on Chemistry, but most of the time it was the same old grind as before, interspersed with efforts to bugle it and with forced recitations.

"Eddie" Jones soon acquired a great reputation as chemist by frequent transfers to and from the lowest section or "Immortals." The instructor of the Immortals was "Billy" Patterson of the Artillery. Eddie cultivated a most irritating manner towards Patterson, just enough to make him sore and not enough to give him any advantage. Eddie would pretend that he was trying to bugle it; Patterson would force him to recite, and then Eddie would repeat verbatim the words of the book to the uttermost detail. Once in Mineralogy, Eddie had a tray of specimens to determine what each one was. He had succeeded with all but one, and with that one had been trying every method that he knew, including heating it as much as possible with the blowpipe. He gave every appearance of trying to bugle it. The end of the hour was approaching and Patterson said:

"Now, Mr. Jones, we will hear from you. Have you found out what all those specimens are?"

"Yes, sir," said Eddie, "all but that one," pointing to the one that he had just been heating with the blowpipe.

"Ah," said Patterson, "and what do you suppose that one is?" picking it up and dropping it on the floor with an exclamation of pain.

"That's hot, lieutenant," drawled Eddie after the confusion was over.

Patterson was human; can we wonder that he was sore at Eddie?

The fortunate ones had their short Christmas leave, and all of us pegged away at our tasks until the end of the year. With June and the graduating exercises we became first class men and went into our first class camp.

We were now at the top of the heap. The senior cadet officers, captains, lieutenants, quartermaster and adjutant were selected from among us. We were given much greater liberty in camp and during certain quite liberal hours could go in and out of camp as we pleased. The cadet officers could even cross the sentinels' posts at will—an inestimable privilege.

While we had plenty of drills, they were of a more interesting kind. We drilled with the sea-coast guns, with the light battery, with the ponton train, and as cavalry members of the class being detailed to act as officers for these drills.

On the Fourth of July we had a celebration that included the reading of the Declaration of Independence and an oration by Patrick in his best style. To this ceremony we marched, with all cadet officers in ranks and under the command of members of the class who were privates, but had been selected by us as officers for this special occasion.

Then we were allowed the use of the boats belonging to the ponton outfit at times when we were not otherwise engaged, and were permitted to row where we pleased on the river. How pleasant some of those innocent little jaunts seem to us as we look back upon them. We rowed and went in swimming and got back in time for our other duties. There was no case in which this privilege was abused.

It was during our first class camp that the death of General Grant occurred. For the only time during our four years at the Academy did the Battalion of Cadets leave the post, and then it was simply to ferry over to Garrisons across the river to reverse arms as the train bearing the body of the

great commander passed us on its way to New York. It was a link that connected us with the past, and small as was our part, it is one that we will always remember. It will ever be a source of regret to us that the Battalion was not permitted to go to New York to take part in the official ceremonies that accompanied the laying to rest of the Academy's greatest graduate.

First class camp was finally over and barracks and studies came again. This last year we had Engineering, both civil and military; a course in Constitutional, International and Military Law; a short course in Spanish; and last but not least a short course in History.

During the previous year, the only real split that ever happened in the class was started. A wide gulf opened between members of the class of radically different views. There was no hard feeling about it, no bitterness, no unkind words, nothing that destroyed our real unity on all other matters. This split became more pronounced during our first class year. The class became divided into those who devoted themselves to the entertainment of the fair sex at hops and those who belonged to the unique organization known as the Bachelors' Club.

This latter organization made a point of holding its meetings only when a hop was actually in progress. This was done to render it physically impossible for anyone to attend both. The meeting of the Bachelors' Club took place in the room of some member who could safely stand a few demerits for "odor of tobacco smoke in quarters" or "grease spots on floor." There were smoking and eating and swapping of yarns, and just enough of mystery to challenge the attention and pique the curiosity of the fair sex—at least that is what the members of the club encouraged themselves to think. The revenues of the club, which were needed for these entertainments, were derived mainly from fines imposed on members who had from time to time fallen from grace and shown themselves in the hop room.

It is a curious commentary on all this that the members of the Bachelors' Club were among the first of the class to get married, and further that the three members of the class who have today arrived at the dignified status of grandfathers were shining lights among the membership of the club.

Our first class year wore its slow way along. A few fortunate ones obtained a short Christmas leave. The Hundredth Night entertainment came with its Howitzer, Our Howitzer, and graduation loomed close at hand. Mark Twain visited the post at about this time and gave one of his readings. Afterwards he visited us informally in the barracks and left a most delightful impression.

It was at about this time too that, under the energetic instigation of Wiley Bean, some of our friends secured the passage by Congress of the law that permitted graduates for whom there were no immediate vacancies to be appointed additional second lieutenants. This saved a number of our members from an enforced return to civil life upon graduating and has been of similar benefit to many succeeding classes. It has been of great benefit to the service also, as it preserved for the Army a number of graduates needed for its subsequent increase in size, and who would otherwise have become unavailable.

At last with a rush came our final examinations, our final drills and our graduation, where each of us in turn stepped to the front and received his hard-earned diploma. It was over. We were cadets no longer, and we soon had our effects packed and had left the Academy for our long journey into the outside world.

Looking back at the old days, it is the pleasant things that stand out most prominently. The long, hard grind does not now seem as severe as it was. It does seem, though, as if we had always been marching.

At reveille we rose and rushed into ranks for a roll-call. Then half an hour was given us to clean up our rooms and fall in ranks again to march to breakfast. After breakfast we

marched back to barracks, then we fell into ranks again shortly afterwards and marched to recitation, then marched back again, and then marched to another recitation and marched back. Then we marched to dinner and after dinner marched back again to barracks. Then we marched again either to another recitation or to the riding hall, and after that marched back once more. Then after a short interval we fell into ranks again for drill, where we had continuous marching for an hour. After this we marched once more to and from parade, and after that we marched to supper and marched back. They let us alone then for a while until taps, when most of us marched in to bed, and, the force of habit being strong, we occasionally marched in our sleep.

Of course, this was all to the good, it gave us the marching habit as a sort of second nature. We became so used to it that we could easily execute the most complicated maneuvers and yet all the time have our minds on something else—on furlough or graduation. As marchers we became practically automatic, though it is stated that in all our marching Chauncey Baker was never once in step.

We all remember our final ride to New York on the boat and our class supper at Delmonico's. Can we not still see "General" Walcutt in the balcony attempting to deliver an oration, and succeeding in making most eloquent gestures but not being able to make himself heard? Then we can remember Wiley Bean's heartfelt eulogy of John Pershing and Sam Reber's attempt to dance on the table while several others were trying to tip it over. Also Joe Byron's unsuccessful but very earnest effort to make one of the staid old waiters laugh. And Bobby Hirst with Oscar Freeland's hat about his ears, indignantly demanding that his diploma and sword be returned to him from the check room.

And so it all fades away. It is finished and has become a memory, and a pleasanter and pleasanter memory as time continues to pass. It is not likely that any of us would wish to go through it all again, but at that none of us regret having

had the training, for it is a great asset, one that we covet for our children and our children's children, and the brotherly friendships that we there made have become a part of our lives. Nowhere else could they have been formed, and no friendship in after-years can become stronger.

Peter Traub in his recollections of West Point in our day and his comparison with it today has paid many well-deserved tributes to the professors and instructors that we knew, so much so that it seems unnecessary for them to be mentioned here, but it would be a grave omission to neglect to refer to our Superintendent, General Merritt, and our Commandant, General Hasbrouck. They were both excellent disciplinarians and stern and strict soldiers. Often as cadets we chafed under restraints that they put upon us, but as we look back we can see more clearly that their motives were always the right ones, that they had at heart not only the good of the Academy and its magnificent traditions, but the good of each and every one of us. They have both recently passed to the great beyond and have carried with them not only the respect but the love of every member of '86.

Nor would any record of our life at the Academy, however brief, be complete without reference to "General" Spurgin, who won his complimentary title from the cadets by reason of his exceptional efficiency in conducting their commissary. At a later time it was the privilege and pleasure of your historian to be with him when he received telegraphic information of his appointment as Brigadier General and to congratulate him most sincerely on his cadet title having really come true.

Since graduation the history of the class has become the history of its individual members. Some have left the service and done well. Sixteen out of our total of seventy-seven have passed to their reward. Those remaining in the service today have all advanced to the grade of Major or higher. Their records are such that we can well afford to be proud of each

and all. They are fit standard-bearers of the honor of the Academy, and they will be so to the end.

The years have passed since graduation, twenty-five of them—a generation. This country of ours has grown and continues to grow. It has become a World Power and there is more need than ever for wise counsels in its administration. With the great increase in the Army the members of '86 are beginning to take a more and more important part in its management, and during the active years that yet remain to us the spirit of '86, that same old spirit of unity, will make itself increasingly felt. That it will be on the wise and right side in all questions is undoubted. It would be impossible to conceive otherwise.

It was meet that the class should get together to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of graduation. During the years that have passed there have been as many minor gatherings as occasion offered. The historian remembers one in New York City about 1888, and another at Chicago in 1893, and one at Fort Des Moines in 1905, when a number of us took our Thanksgiving dinner with Shonnie; in fact it is pretty safe to state that there has usually been a celebration of some sort whenever any two of the class have met, and that there has always been one whenever three or more have come together.

But our twenty-fifth anniversary reunion at West Point was special in that it marked our entrance into the ranks of "old" graduates. We may be the plebes among these old graduates as yet, but we are among them. We have crossed the divide and can no longer plead youth and inexperience as an excuse for any shortcomings.

This twenty-fifth anniversary reunion, thanks to the energetic work of Andrews and Peter Traub, was most successful and enjoyable. Out of the sixty-one surviving members of the class we mustered twenty, and this in spite of the large number that could not possibly come owing to being in the Philippines, or in Texas with the Maneuver

Division, or by reason of duties that could not be neglected. We were assigned to the nineteenth division of cadet barracks, which in itself was something of a shock in view of the fact that there had been but eight divisions altogether in our day. We saw parade and guard mount and graduation, and best of all we had a short informal meeting at the old library with the sons of members of the class who were then cadets. There were eight of them: Lewis, Nance, Rees, Newcomer, McMahan, Byron, Elliott and McRae.

Then we had a banquet in one of the rooms in the new officers' mess, and every one of the twenty present made a speech and "reminisced." The Class of '91 was having a twentieth anniversary reunion in an adjoining room and we exchanged greetings with them frequently; but when we actually broke up in the small hours of the morning, the Class of '91 was nowhere to be found. The twenty members of '86 that were present were: Andrews, Chauncey Baker, Byron, Carter, Clayton, Darrow, Hay, Hirst, Keene, Lasseigne, Lewis, Lyman, McIntyre, McMahan, Newcomer, Reber, Riché, Stewart, Traub and Williams. The meeting was so enjoyable that it was determined to hold a similar one at West Point at the end of each five-year period hereafter.

We took all the flowers from the banquet table and next morning arranged them lovingly on Teddy Godfrey's grave where he sleeps his last sleep in the West Point Cemetery amid its beautiful and heroic surroundings.

Looking back at our life at the Academy it seems that the things that stand out most prominently in the memory are all connected more or less with periods of liberty. Our life there seems to have been very confining, and therefore things of this kind, being out of the ordinary, made the deeper impression. It has often seemed that there was too much confinement and that more freedom, within reasonable limits, would have been better. Of course, such a change would bring disadvantages in other directions, and on the whole might not make for good. The true test of the system is in

the character of men that it turns out. We must judge a school by its graduates. With this as a standard, the West Point of the old days must always be at the top. An inspection of the records of its graduates in Cullum's Register, both in the military service and elsewhere, will show that the school stands second to none, and that those whose lives have been moulded by its great traditions have worthily borne its motto:

"DUTY, HONOR, COUNTRY."

C. S. R.

West Point, 1886-1911

THE West Point of today is *outwardly* a vastly different West Point from what it was when we graduated. Its development has kept step with the changes wrought by the progress of the country, and has been especially rapid since the beginning of the second century of its existence.

Duty, Honor, Country, are the ideals of the teachings of the Military Academy. In our time the paths that led to their fulfillment were very straight and extremely narrow, but correspondingly deep; but these ideals are none the less attained at the present day by the fact that those same paths have wherever possible been made wider, less rugged, and more agreeable. This change is apparent everywhere, but nowhere more strikingly than in the matter of athletics. In our day we once in a while had a baseball nine whose efforts were jeered at by the dozen or more classmates led by curiosity and prospective fun to the "plain." The stride in advance to the present-day games and recreations of the whole corps is immense and exhilarating. Is there a graduate however old, nay, is there any Army officer, whose pulse does not beat quicker as he waits at the ticker in any old out-of-the-way station to hear the result of the football games with Yale, Harvard, and principally with Annapolis? Will anybody say that the sight of two old professors dancing up and down the green in each other's arms after a touchdown by the Army, isn't a humanizing influence that makes for *esprit de corps*? Not only in football, but in basketball, hockey, baseball, fencing and track events the change has been most beneficial and has had a most important influence in maintaining the discipline of the corps.

What a difference between the days of Eddie Farrow in the basement of the old Academic Building, trying to make us turn somersaults, and the present training and instruction

under the efficient Captain Koehler in one of the finest and best-equipped gymnasiums in the world! What a difference between our fencing-master, Old Lorenz, chewing his snuff bean and making us individually "Come i de God," and the present Mr. Vauthier with his successful science that makes the cadets the peers, yes, the superiors as a rule, of any amateur fencers in this country! Not that Old Lorenz could not personally have kept Mr. Vauthier on the move, but that the former could not *teach others* to do so, while the latter can and does. And this matter of teaching is one of the main improvements at the Academy. In our day we were given a lesson, and when we recited the instructor tried to find out what we *didn't* know and mark us on *that*, with the result that fifty per cent. of the class fell by the wayside. But nowadays there is real *instruction*, in addition to the individual effort required of the cadet.

The old days of "bugling it" have pretty well disappeared. "Running detail," while still in vogue and will continue to be so as long as cadets are human, has in one department at least become an impossibility.

"The Plain" is really West Point. It has changed considerably in the last few years, but the changes have only begun. The old cavalry plain has ceased to exist. Where for many years the "charge" from the hotel hedge down to the library used to make the hearts of even the Board of Visitors flutter, all has been grassed over and converted into an athletic field.

The big rock in the shade of whose trees the "boms" (a word unheard of today) used to sit and wait for the drill to end, was blasted away years ago.

Execution Hollow, which Wesley Merritt partly filled in by leveling the Wood Monument hill near the Ordnance Laboratory, and which act called forth the sarcastic remark of the post-mistress, Miss Berard, "Young Colonels and old landmarks," is now being filled up entirely as a dump, and at its north end becomes the site of a two-mortar battery.

The Cadet Encampment now occupies the whole of the Fort Clinton site. Kosciusko's monument, however, still



WEST POINT, 1886

stands on the spot that marked the bastion at the east end. The old Fort Clinton ditch where so many sentinels found a temporary bed, Rotten Row, Fifth Avenue, are only memories now. But they still kick up a fuss once in a while, though nevermore by rushing across No. 4 to welcome back the furlough men. Last summer some instructors were detailed to do night duty in camp and so help out the "tacs,"—the cadets promptly called them the "Cascaret tacs," because they worked while the youngsters slept.

One place at West Point has *not* changed,—the Hotel. Same old house, same glorious view up the river by day or night, same waiters, same food, same single bathroom, same complaints. Yet, if things are done as laid down, the days of even this old caravansary are numbered, and ere long the spirit of our old friend Craney in his high-crowned derby will take its stand with the other ghosts of the past and contemplate the site where once he held sway over the Saturday and Sunday fate of many a departed cadet.

Professors' Row from the Old Barracks clear to the Superintendent's quarters has been encroached upon by the new cadet barracks and the new gymnasium. If ever a new barrack has to be built it will probably complete the conquest of Professors' Row and the cadets will eventually have elbowed the officers off the plain that they once considered their own sacred ground. This process shows the relative importance the cadet has assumed at the Point. They are pretty nearly *it*. They occupy the centre of the stage while the officers are relegated to the wings.

The siege, mortar, and sea-coast batteries are in the same location as formerly but are supplied with modern guns and matériel, except for one or two old-timers at the water's edge. Battery Schofield, of two six-inch disappearing guns, has been erected below the siege and mortar batteries, while back on the crest towers the Battle Monument, dedicated in 1897 to the officers and men of the regular army that laid down their lives during the Civil War.

The Phil Academy, where dear old Pete Michie used to size us up before we even recited to him once and bring us out where he decided we belonged, has gone the way of old Equation A. Can't you hear Ezra Fuller's: "What does the work, Mr. Potter, what does the work?" As you sit in the northwest corner of the present renovated library and get into the proper contemplative mood you can fancy you hear Old Pete's laugh as he starts the wheels of *his* solar system revolving through space, and his efforts disprove the fact that "action and reaction are equal, contrary, and simultaneous."

There have been few stronger characters at West Point than Peter S. Michie. He brought the Academy before the outside world and made his influence felt at home and abroad. He was a staunch old Scotchman—we loved him, although the joke was always on us—and we revere his memory. When our summons comes we can feel sure that if "Pete" has anything to say about it, he'll recommend for us at least a *two* to help us through the pearly gates.

The old librarian that used to have time to burn and that used to turn over every page of every book turned in by any cadet and skin us for dog's-ears and pencil-marks, has long since folded his tent and in his silent wake has stridden the colossus who has made of the library a mighty intellectual stimulus not only for the Military Academy, but for the Army.

By wise foresight the Old Cadet Chapel, where in brush and pen we were taught that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," has been carefully removed to the beautiful and enlarged cemetery, re-erected in a repaired condition, and greets the eye of the returning graduate as a hallowed blessing. Old Chapel! Old Postle! Can we ever forget our Saturday morning plebe lectures in the chapel on Ethics? Bill Davis pacing up and down the aisle to keep the peace and see that we made notes? Postle leaning forward, resting both hands, backing down on the rail and asking with a sickly smile: "Is Mr. Twiggs here?" Can we ever forget Postle's return from France with the "piece of humanity that preached till 12:23"?



WEST POINT, 1911

Old Postle! Old Chapel! Teddy Godfrey! Poor little Teddy, in his brave sleep near by, must surely murmur at times the refrain:

“For he tried to find Teddy Godfree.”

The new Cadet Chapel is really a cathedral on the hill back of the Cadet Commissary, now called the Cadet Store. There the cadet choir still pipes a piercing, halting song, and the “femmes” as usual come to admire the grey setting and are content to catch an occasional verse from the great book.

Ned McEnany is still doing business at the old stand and has developed into a great football enthusiast. Mr. Ward is quite feeble now, but still “tholemy thwears” the cadets as of old, except that now it is done ceremoniously in the presence of the lined-up corps of cadets under arms.

The reservation which early last century stopped at the present old barracks and library has gradually advanced south—to the old South Gate in our day, and finally to the first houses of Highland Falls. In addition to acquiring the Kinsley and other property by purchase, the Government acquired by gift from Mrs. Russell Sage and Miss Anna Warner, Constitution Island for the U. S. M. A., forever.

Fort Put and all the old Revolutionary redoubts and battery emplacements have been restored or their sites marked, so that it is now possible to walk in the hills and understand what one is gazing at. This marking and partial restoration has also been done around Flirtation Walk; and old connoisseurs will be glad to know that the “walk” has not been touched by improvement but left as nature made it. The only place where the old spot has been marred is at Battery Knox, where the bachelor officers’ quarters stand athwart the parapet. Kosciusko’s garden is unchanged, and Dade’s monument (now called by the cadets “The Early Bird”) stands in front of Cullum Hall, the fine memorial building that has taken the place of No. 1, the Mess Hall, and Schofield Hall for cadets’ and officers’ hops. Further to the south stands the Officers’ Mess,

the most sought after building on the Point, in any old kind of weather, but principally in hot or cold.

No longer are the cavalry "boms" seen crossing the plain to go to stables. The cavalry and artillery detachments occupy barracks and stables that called forth Lord Kitchener's enthusiastic comments. The new cavalry and field artillery drill plain is nearly three times the size of the old one and is located adjoining Highland Falls. No longer do the cadets ride old plugs with bare razorbacks in the morning, and try to kill those same animals in artillery harness in the afternoon. No longer do they fire the ear-splitting brass Napoleons. Everything in matériel and equipment, in stock and appliance is a credit to the modern institution.

The riding hall where Jake Augur and Goober Brown used to try and teach our Massachusetts classmates "to stick on" while letting go of the pommel, is gone and in its place stands now, half done, a riding hall that is to be second to none.

Lusk Dam and Reservoir, completed in 1895 and making a beauty spot in the rugged hills back of the Observatory; the forty-four sets of officers' quarters added between the old South Gate and Highland Falls, and between Professors' Row and the cemetery; the large power plant; the fine new roads from the station to the South End, and from Highland Falls to the old South Gate, these are some of the improvements in comfort and utility.

The Academic Building where we used to fess regularly has been replaced by a noble edifice. But almost all the old, familiar faces are gone. Sammy still nervously twitches his fingers during his lectures as he answers with a weary smile the question of some bonehead. But the faithful Slicter no longer moves the tubes in the way of the professor for fear an experiment will be forgotten—things still go off and explosions take place and are explained after the event with—"Oh, I meant to call your attention to the flask." Slicter has, however, lived through it all and always has a cheery salutation for us middle-aged youngsters who happen along while

he wipes the engineering section-room boards. "If I put this drop of prussic acid on my tongue what will happen?" says Sammy. Don't we all remember the words of the text as sleepy Jones, E. N., answers: "'Twould kill a dog, sir."

Can we ever forget Corp Brooks and Laddy-da as the latter lifted up a specimen of iron "pie-rites" that the former had just heated at the blowpipe? Or of Wyatt's "Don't cher taste it, Mr. Procter?"

Life has been spared to us a quarter of a century, but "on this we still insist, that the time we spent in drawing, it always will be missed." No longer does the Noizet front call forth groans and lamentations from the flyspecks—the ravelin has been given "h—l" for good; but we doubt not that the mental exercise of getting us safely through enabled Goethals to build the Panama Canal assisted by the "newborn joy" of our own days.

The Department of Drawing must be spoken of now as that of "military graphics and topographical ethics," or words to that effect. The ghost of Shady Read still strolls through our dreams, stops, taps a shoulder, and whispers: "Come along, I'll wash it out."

Poppy Curtis with his law book filled with cases and citations is no longer here to help the cadets "while away a half hour while they must hustle through the rest of the lesson." Comly and Bruff have made way for other but no better men,—for better men do not exist.

Poppy Andrews was a fine soldier, scholar, and gentleman, but when he made us bone "Quiso dar algunos pasos" in our first Spanish lesson he showed too much confidence in our ability as linguists. Possibly this confidence was engendered by the fine progress we have made under Old Death Williams' and Scriven's fine Parisian interpretation of Keetel's Grammar and Reader, but I rather think it must have been confidence inspired by the mathematical training that Professor Bass had given us in Davies' Legendre when he used to come into the section-room and soothe some of us into unconsciousness by the

mere rolling back and forth of that ivory-headed pencil. I note that Bass is the only man whom quite naturally I address as Professor. We deemed him cold-blooded as cadets, *and he was*; but when you got through his hands safe and sound it was about equivalent to giving you the sheepskin. I got to know him well in after-life and I found him a warm-hearted, charming, level-headed gentleman. The Military Academy lost one of the ablest men it has ever had when Edgar W. Bass withdrew from its active service. May he live long and prosper, and be assured that he has the respect and esteem of each and every member of the Class of '86 that survived the ordeal of fire he subjected us to.

Our innocent pleasures of a walk to the old South Gate and to the cemetery, with a spring stroll to Battery Knox for the purpose of easing our overcharged hearts and minds, would hardly please the sophisticated youth of the present century—they must have excitement all the time, winter and summer. Imagine how hilarious to them would have seemed the one trip we took away from West Point in August, 1885, on the ferryboat to Garrison to present arms as the remains of General Grant were slowly borne by train through the station. Imagine this as an occasion to be remembered by kids who take yearly trips to Gettysburg, to Watervliet, to Sandy Hook, to the Metropolitan, to the Navy game at Philadelphia, to Horse Shows, Tournaments, etc., etc. Do they appreciate their blessings? Well, we're old fogies and they don't take us seriously.

The Mess Hall where Old Spurg did such wonders towards appeasing our appetites with good dishes as well as with Sammy, Whale and Hand apples, has been enlarged, improved and kept up with the times by his successors; so that, although it may be the scene of a "silence" now and then, there are as few kicks from finicky cadets as we gave it during our four years' grind.

One misses the cheering slope of green to the east where stood Custer's monument with the Little Big Horn Yellow-hair Chief standing at bay with drawn sabre and pistol. Where

once was the greensward and path that marked our cadet limits, towards the station there now stands probably the most imposing of the new buildings, the Administration or Headquarters. Immediately adjoining it to the north there stands now vacant and silent what was to us for four long years the embodiment of the U. S. M. A., the place where ruled from his iron throne the mighty Wesley. There comes once again dear old Wiley Bean leaving "his presence" on the run, with flushed face and drooping head; old Windy Elliot too, and *even* Simon Slick, are flabbergasted. Can't you hear the "pain and mortification" with which he soaked us to light prison, the area, or con, showing that it hurt him more than it did us even though "not in the same place"? Can't you hear the growl of anguish as some of the boys are caught with Mr. Kinsley's green goods, or as some long stray shot by an unskilled stone-thrower breaks a window and brings down deep damnation as a destroyer of government property?

Old Wesley! Yes, dear old Wesley! Simplicity, sternness, severity marked our four years with you, but you earned in addition to our fear our respect, our admiration; and now when you are but a memory, you have our love! You used a hard hand in forming our characters! But when we reflect that we owe everything that we can call *success* to the discipline and teachings of our Alma Mater and *failure* to the neglect to apply those teachings, then, Wesley Merritt, we give you, our peerless soldier superintendent, your just reward. This winter, at night, by the light of lanterns in the frozen, snow-covered ground we laid him to rest in the hills where he too was formed, and for great deeds. "O eloquent, just and mighty Death," peace to the ashes of this dashing leader of men!

Within a few days after Merritt's burial our beloved Commandant, Harry Hasbrouck, the very best type of the real soldier and gentleman, followed him to the grave. How often have we fondly watched him, with his slight limp and the old-time salute as he brought his right hand opposite the right shoulder before dropping it to the side. We have loved the

red stripe ever since, for he was the embodiment of all it should be. With his bushy brows and kindly heart, how often by his advice and admonition did he save us from having to beard the lion in his den? Only he could tell.

Wesley and the Com made a brace of soldiers and disciplinarians hard to equal and *never* to beat.

General Hasbrouck, after retirement, lived in Newburgh and frequently came to West Point. He was always what he had been, and what he was when he became endeared to us. Would to heaven such men could be spared to the Army forever to serve as an inspiration to the youngsters and mould their *esprit de corps*. He was the Bayard of the American Army:

“His bones are dust,
His good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, we trust.”

We cannot forget the Ordnance Metcalfe, those princes amongst men, Ned Casey and Oscar J. Brown, nor Homer the “Coprolite.” If thoughts can wing their flights to their present abode, they know that they have left memories behind them, memories far more touching than cold obituaries have told.

But a truce to these sad thoughts. I hear the West Point Band. The Corps is on parade. They stretch out in six companies and almost twice the strength of our day. They do not know the delights of the “carry arms” at review, nor the youthful effect of the “turn-over” collar and the jaunty French cap we used to sport. Otherwise they are the same young, manly fellows. I know them well. I have had a hand in teaching every mother’s son for years and I am proud of it. Some names amongst them have a very familiar ring—sons of classmates and of other Army officers. Knowing them as I do, I take off my hat to them as they swing by with the old cadet snap, feeling sure that the corps of cadets continues to maintain its high standard of duty and honor, and will give a satisfactory

return to the country, not only in time of trial, but in time of peace as well, for the fostering care lavished upon it by a grateful and generous people.

P. E. T.

West Point, N. Y., May, 1911.



Roll of the
Class of '86, U. S. M. A.
Alphabetically Arranged



Avery DeLano Andrews

Resigned, 1893. Residence, 1633 Locust Street; office, Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. Volunteers, May to August, 1898; Acting Inspector General on staff of Major General J. H. Wilson, commanding 1st Division, 1st Army Corps, Camp Geo. H. Thomas, Tennessee.

NATIONAL GUARD: Engineer, with rank of Major, 1st Brigade Staff, N. G. N. Y., November, 1893, to February, 1898; Major, commanding Squadron "A," N. G. N. Y., March, 1898, to January, 1899; Adjutant General, State of New York, and Chief of Staff to Governor Roosevelt, with rank of Brigadier General, January, 1899, to January, 1900, when resigned.

SPECIAL DUTY: Aide-de-Camp to Major General John M. Schofield, commanding the Army, from 1889 to 1892.

CIVIL LIFE: Lawyer; Police Commissioner, New York City, 1895 to 1898; Vice-President and Director of the General Asphalt Company, the Barber Asphalt Paving Company, the Uintah Railway Company, and other corporations.

REMARKS: Graduated Law School, Columbian University, Washington, D. C., 1891, with degree LL.B., and from New York Law School, New York City, 1892, with degree LL.B.; Prize Tutor, New York Law School, 1892-94.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born April 4, 1864, Massena, New York. Married Mary C. Schofield, September 27, 1888, at Governors Island, New York. Children: Schofield Andrews, born August 7, 1889, Governors Island, New York (St. Paul's School, 1906; Harvard, 1910; now law student at University of Pennsylvania); DeLano Andrews, born March 4, 1894, New York City (St. Paul's School, 1911; to enter Harvard).



Chauncey Brooke Baker

Lieutenant Colonel and Deputy Quartermaster General.
Station: Schuylkill Arsenal, Philadelphia.

SPECIAL DUTY: School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, August, 1887, to June, 1889; Instructor in Engineering at School, September, 1889, to September, 1890; Aide-de-Camp and Acting Engineering Officer to General A. McD. McCook, Los Angeles, California, and Denver, Colorado, at Headquarters, Departments of Arizona and Colorado, September, 1890, to April, 1895; Chief Quartermaster to General Lawton, General Lee, and General Arnold, 7th Army Corps, 2nd Division, May-November, 1898, at Jacksonville and Savannah; Depot Quartermaster at Havana, November, 1898, to August, 1900; Chief Quartermaster and Depot Quartermaster, Division and Department of Cuba, August, 1900, to May, 1902; in office of the Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C., May, 1902, to September, 1906; serving as Chief Quartermaster, Maneuver Division, under General John C. Bates, at Fort Riley, 1902-03; Chief Quartermaster, Army of Pacification, Cuba, October, 1906, to April, 1909; Depot Quartermaster, Schuylkill Arsenal, Philadelphia, April, 1909, to present date.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: With highest brevet rank beyond lineal commission, Captain, Assistant Quartermaster, May 12, 1898; Major, Quartermaster, January 7, 1899; honorably discharged June 30, 1901.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born August 26, 1860, at Lancaster, Ohio. Married June 19, 1889, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Lucy McCook.



David Jewett Baker, Jr.

Major, 11th Infantry. Station: Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Sioux outbreak, 1891; Spanish-American War, Santiago expedition and El Caney combat; Philippine insurrection—Manila campaign of the spring of 1899, engagements at Cainta and Talisay, and operations against the Philippine guerrillas and ladrones from 1902 to 1905, inclusive.

SPECIAL DUTY: Illinois National Guard, 1893-96; Cashier and Quartermaster, Philippine Customs Service, July, 1889, to August, 1901; Assistant Chief, Philippine Constabulary, August, 1901, to October, 1906.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born June 25, 1865, at Cairo, Illinois. Married Louise E. Casey, Springfield, Illinois, January 15, 1889. Children: Jewett Casey Baker, born March 10, 1890, Fort Yates, North Dakota; Matilda Gertrude Baker, born Manila, Philippine Islands, March 28, 1900.



Charles Clarendon Ballou

Major, 7th Infantry. Station: Fort William McKinley, Philippine Islands.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Sioux Indian campaign, South Dakota, 1890-91; Philippine insurrection, 1899—battles of Zapote River, June 13, 1899, San Fernando, August 9, 1899, Angeles, August 16, 1899, and various minor engagements in and around San Fernando and Angeles.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Major, 7th Illinois Infantry, July 8 to October 20, 1898; Thoroughfare, Virginia, and Middletown, Pennsylvania.

SPECIAL DUTY: In charge of Apache prisoners of war at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, and Fort Sill, Oklahoma, 1894-95; Quartermaster and Commissary, 12th Infantry; Quartermaster and Commissary, 15th Infantry; Quartermaster by detail, 31st Infantry, October, 1908.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born June 13, 1862, Orange, Schuyler County, New York. Married Cora Hendrick, Hornby, New York, June 30, 1886. Children: Cora Reta Ballou, born January 10, 1888, San Antonio, Texas (Randolph-Macon Women's College); Julia Bertha Ballou, born February 14, 1891, Hornby, New York (Randolph-Macon Women's College); Senn Ballou, born March 28, 1899, Hornby, New York; Alice Mildred Ballou, born January 22, 1903, El Paso, Texas.



Malvern Hill Barnum

Major of Cavalry. Station: Camp McGrath, Philippine Islands.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Campaign of Santiago, 1898. Wounded at San Juan Hill, July 2, 1898.

SPECIAL DUTY: Adjutant, 10th Cavalry, 1895-99; Quartermaster, 8th Cavalry, 1903-06; Aide-de-Camp to Major General J. F. Weston, 1906-09; Adjutant, 8th Cavalry, July 1, 1910.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born September 3, 1863, Syracuse, New York. Married Martha S. M. Maginness, October 24, 1889, New Albany, Indiana. Children: Frances Maginness Barnum, born July 25, 1890, Fort Clark, Texas; married to 1st Lieutenant Frank E. Davis, 7th Cavalry, at Camp McGrath, Philippine Islands, on March 8, 1911. Malvern Hill Barnum, Jr., born May 25, 1905, at Fort McKinley, Philippine Islands.

William Heebner Bean

MAJOR, SUBSISTENCE DEPARTMENT, U. S. A.

DIED MARCH 17, 1904; AGED 44.

Bean entered the Academy with the class in June, 1882, and soon gave evidence of the qualities which later on made him one of its prominent men. Full of energy and push, and at the same time unselfish and generous to a degree, he was always the man to whom the class turned when something important had to be done. It was by his efforts that the bill authorizing the appointment of additional second lieutenants was passed, and many an officer now in the Army owes his commission to Bean's devoted work. On graduation he was assigned to the 2nd Cavalry, and at the conclusion of his leave he joined that regiment at the Presidio. Here he served three happy years and then was sent East for special duty with the National Guard of Pennsylvania. He went to San Carlos, Arizona, early in 1891, and later took command of the Apache Scouts at Fort Apache. While he was on this duty, the writer, together with Chauncey Baker, had occasion to visit that post; and we shall never forget the delight of Bean, caused by the fact that we were followed everywhere in the garrison by an Apache Indian in full regalia—detailed for that particular job by Bean. Bean had named the Indian "Sukey Mott," because, as he well said, that name was too good to be lost. The two following years he spent in Arizona, at one time commanding the escort to the Boundary Commission, and also engaged in the pursuit of the renegade Apache, "The Kid." He was promoted 1st Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, October 5, 1892, and was transferred to his old regiment December 5th of the same year. The four years from 1894

to 1898 he spent in garrison duty at Fort Wingate, N. M. On the outbreak of the war he accompanied his regiment to Tampa, and spent the next ten months in the various camps in the South. He served as Regimental Quartermaster from June 18, 1898, to March 15, 1899, and as Regimental Commissary from April 15, 1899, until July 31st of the same year.

While in Cuba with his regiment he was appointed a captain in the Subsistence Department, July 31, 1899. After a short tour in Washington he joined the China Expedition and served as Depot Commissary at Tongku, China, from September 13, 1900, to November 7th of the same year. He returned to the United States in December and during the next two years served as Purchasing Commissary at various times at Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. From the last named place he went to Omaha as Chief Commissary, Department of the Missouri, having been promoted to the grade of major in July, 1901. In March, 1904, he received orders for duty in the Philippines, and on the day of his departure, March 17th, he died from a self-inflicted wound.

No one who knew Bean well will believe that he was in his right mind when he committed this act. For a long while after the sudden death of his father Bean was subject to fits of acute melancholia, and there is no doubt that a recurrence of one of these attacks ended his life.

Peace to his ashes! A loyal friend, a devoted husband, an efficient officer, his friends will not soon forget him.

J. E. McM.



Lucien Grant Berry

Lieutenant Colonel, Field Artillery, unassigned. Station: Camp Maneuver Division, San Antonio, Texas.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Porto Rican campaign, action near Yanco, July 26, 1898. Philippine Islands, 1900-1901, various small affairs.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Captain, A. A. G. Volunteers, May, 1898, to May, 1899. Expedition to Porto Rico.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born November 29, 1863, Corning, New York. Married Emily Minier, October 28, 1886, Elmira, New York. Children: Marilla Stanton Berry, born June 2, 1887, Fort Preble, Maine; Olive Elizabeth Berry, born January 5, 1889, Fort Snelling, Minnesota; Emily Minier Berry, born April 12, 1891, Fort McHenry, Maryland; Lucien S. S. Berry, born February 14, 1893, West Point, New York; Lucy Berry, born December 4, 1895, West Point, New York; Helen Berry, born January 6, 1897, Fort McHenry, Maryland. Married children: Marilla Stanton Berry; married Lieutenant T. N. Brown, 27th Infantry, December 21, 1907, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Residence, Monterey, California.



Edward Cranston Brooks

No photograph obtainable

Resigned May 2, 1905. Address and civil history unknown. The following data are taken from Cullum's Register: 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Cavalry, July 1, 1886.

Served: on frontier duty at San Antonio, Texas, September 30, 1886, to October 21, 1887; Fort Davis, Texas, to May 17, 1888; and on the march to and at Fort Yates, North Dakota, to —.

MILITARY HISTORY: Served: At Fort Yates, North Dakota (in the field in South Dakota, in campaign against hostile Sioux Indians, December 14, 1890, to January 30, 1891), to November 21, 1891; Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the Delaware College, Newark, Delaware, December 3, 1891, to January 27, 1893, and at Girard College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, January 28, 1893. First Lieutenant of Cavalry, 6th Cavalry, March 8, 1893, to December 6, 1895; on leave to January 17, 1896; garrison duty at Fort Myer, Virginia, to April 19, 1898; with regiment at Camp Thomas, Georgia, and at Tampa, Florida (Regimental Adjutant, June 1 to August 6, 1898), to June 14, 1898; in the campaign against Santiago and in Cuba to August, 1898, being engaged in the battle of San Juan, July 1-3, and in the campaign against Santiago, Cuba, to July 17, 1898.

Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. Volunteers, September 17, 1898; on duty as Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. troops, Santiago, Cuba, August 7 to October 2, 1898; on duty as Assistant Engineer, and various other local duties, at Santiago, Cuba, to March 27, 1899; on sick leave to May 24, 1899; Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier General Wood, U. S. Volunteers, May 1, 1899; honorably discharged from Volunteer service May 12, 1899; Major, 46th U. S. Volunteer Infantry, August 17, 1899 (declined), to April 20, 1900, being also Assistant Adjutant General, Department of Santiago, Cuba, September 28 to December 30, 1899; Auditor of the Island of Cuba, April 20, 1900, to —.



Joseph Charles Byron

Address: Hagerstown, Maryland. Resigned from service December 15, 1902.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Pine Ridge campaign, April, 1890, to March, 1891. Aide on staff of General Schwan during Porto Rican campaign. Wounded in action at Mayaguez, Porto Rico, September 10, 1898. On transport service December, 1898, to June, 1899. In Philippines December, 1899, to April, 1900; in China April, 1900, to December, 1901. Stations: Hong Kong, Taku, Tientsin, Peking.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Major, Quartermaster, in China during China Relief Expedition, 1900.

CIVIL LIFE: Resigned December 15, 1902, while on duty at Schuylkill Arsenal, Philadelphia. Entered leather business at Williamsport, Maryland. Member of firm W. D. Byron & Sons.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born November 2, 1860, at Buffalo, New York. Married Jennie F. Wilson, Fort Meade, South Dakota, October 8, 1889. Children: Elsie Byron, born October 31, 1890, Fort Meade, South Dakota; Joseph W. Byron, born June 3, 1892, Fort Meade, South Dakota (U. S. Military Academy); William D. Byron, born June 15, 1896, Danville, Virginia (now attending Phillips Exeter Academy); David W. Byron, born October 17, 1906, Hagerstown, Maryland.

William Homer Camp

LATE 2ND LIEUTENANT, 17TH U. S. INFANTRY.

DIED AT NAPA, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER 12, 1907; AGED 44.

As the writer was beginning this obituary of dear old "Bill File," the mail brought in the collection of songs that were evolved from the lyric geniuses of '86 during first class camp and the long winter months of the homestretch. If anything were needed to bring back the memory of this quaint and many-sided character, surely the little poem, "The Last Banquette," would do it. From the dedication to his old friend and roommate Chauncey, to the visions of the graduation dinner in the end, we can recall the memory of the strange and lovable character that, as a first classman, chose a cold and cheerless cockloft room "for the sake of the view" and who never let an opportunity slip to do a kindly act for a classmate.

Camp was the son of the Rev. C. W. Camp, D.D., and was born in Waukesha, Wisconsin. He received his early education at the Union School and Carroll College, and later entered the State University at Madison. He took the competitive examination for a cadetship at West Point and entered the Academy in June, 1882. During the four years he passed on the Hudson he was always a noted character in the Corps—forever finding some new and unheard-of thing to do, and at the same time keeping the respect and affection of his classmates to a remarkable degree. On graduation he was assigned to the 17th Infantry and joined in the following fall at Fort Bridger, Wyoming. Here he passed the next three years and here he was married in 1888 to Roberta Hamilton, the youngest daughter of the late Judge William Carter. In the follow-

ing year Camp resigned and settled on a fruit ranch near Napa, California.

Here he planned to make scientific viticulture his life work; but another whim must have seized him, for when next his classmates heard of him it was as an employe of the railway mail service. He spent ten years at this work, probably finding in it the change of scene and surroundings apparently so necessary to his restless spirit. He resigned in 1905 and went back to the ranch, and then began a strange life of long trips on foot, accompanied by his wife, over the State of California, interspersed with periods of manual labor undertaken, not from necessity, but from a keen desire to learn the inner life of the laborers in some particular trade. While engaged in this kind of work at the Mare Island Navy Yard, he returned one day in December, 1907, to his little shack on the Napa ranch, complaining of being ill. It was difficult to get a doctor, and when the latter arrived the ptomaine poisoning had done its work. Alone with his loving wife, on December 12, 1907, poor old Bill File passed away. It was a sad "last banquet" for him and a dreary ending to a promising career; but who of us can say that he himself was not glad to find at least rest from "life's fitful fever"?

J. E. McM.



Jesse McIlvaine Carter

Major of Cavalry, General Staff Corps. Station: Washington, D. C., War Department. House address: 1836 Calvert Street.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In the field in Indian Territory, 1886-87; Garza campaign, Mexican border, 1891-93; Mindanao campaigns, 1903-05.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Captain of Porto Rico regiment of infantry, March 1, 1900, to February 2, 1901.

SPECIAL DUTY: College duty, Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont, 1890-91; recruiting service, 1893-94-99; muster-out of Volunteers, 1898-99; member of War Department General Staff since June 20, 1909.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born April 12, 1863, St. Francois County, Missouri. Married Flora Deshler King, daughter of late Captain Albert D. King, 3rd Cavalry, October 6, 1891, Lancaster, Ohio. Children: Clara McIlvaine Carter, born 1892, died 1905; Betty Landon Carter, born 1902; Mary Allan Carter, born 1906.



Bertram Tracy Clayton

Major, Quartermaster Department. Station: West Point.

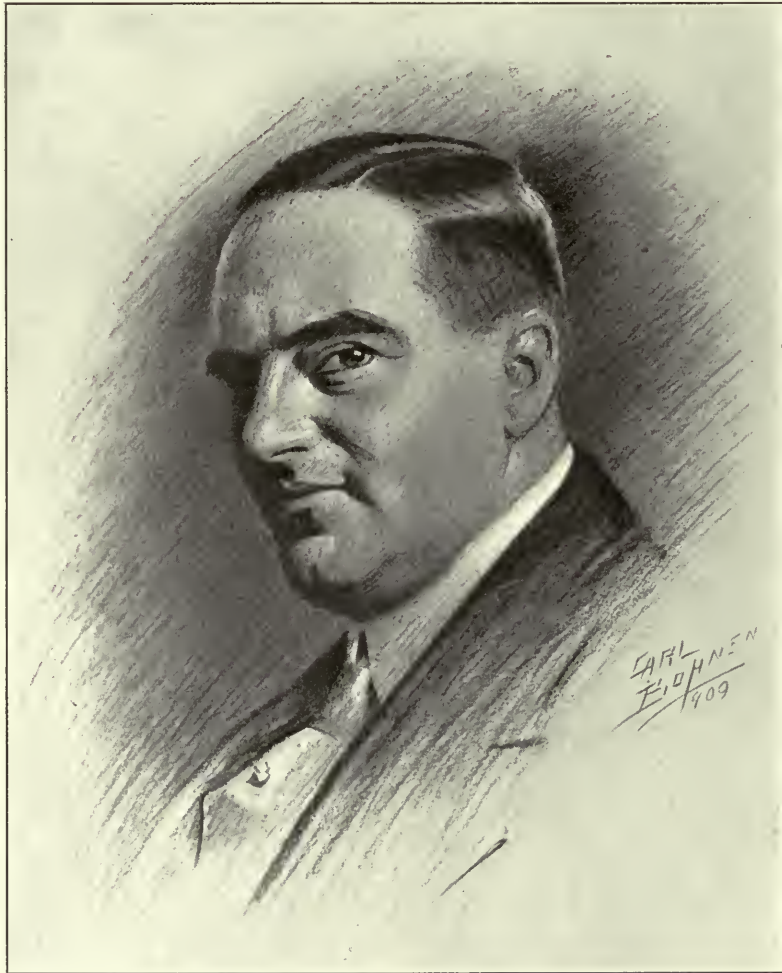
VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Mustered in U. S. service as Captain, Troop C, New York Volunteers; May 20, 1898; served through the Porto Rican campaign, taking part in action at Coamo, August 9, and in skirmishes in Aidonito Pass, August 9 to 12, 1898.

NATIONAL GUARD: 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, 13th Regiment National Guard, New York; captain same regiment, May 12, 1890, to July 17, 1893; Major and Engineer, 2nd Brigade, to December 16, 1895—on this latter date elected Captain to Troop C, which he had organized in Brooklyn and which was that day mustered into state service; Colonel, 14th Regiment National Guard, New York, June, 1899, to April 17, 1901.

SPECIAL DUTY: Arrived Philippines, June, 1901, as Transport Quartermaster, U. S. transport "Lawton"; continued in inter-island transport service about nine months. During that time visited over fifty different points in the islands, landing troops and supplies in Samar during the Lukban troubles, stopping at various other parts where operations were more or less active.

CIVIL LIFE: Resigned April 30, 1888. Re-entered service April 17, 1901. In business in Brooklyn, New York, during that time. Served as member of Fifty-sixth U. S. Congress from Fourth New York District, 1899-1901.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born October 19, 1862, at Clayton, Alabama. First married Louise M. Brasher, of Brooklyn, New York, June 12, 1887. Second wife, Mary D. Watson, of New Orleans, Louisiana, September 2, 1907. Children: William Brasher Clayton, born April 7, 1888; Bertram Tracy Clayton, Jr., born June 25, 1895 (Riverside Military Academy, Gainesville, Georgia). Married children: William B. Clayton; married Claude Hill McKenzie, November 12, 1910, at New York City.



Richard Claiborne Croxton

Major, 20th Infantry. Station: Cuartel de Espana, Manila, Philippine Islands, but expects to retire on thirty years' service and go to work September 1, 1912.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Lieutenant Colonel commanding 6th Virginia Volunteers (Negro infantry, two battalions), July 30, 1898, to February 19, 1899.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Second Sulu expedition under General Wood, 1903. (Killed a few Moros.)

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born January 24, 1864, at Tappahannock, Virginia. Married Mrs. C. deC. Kittson, daughter of General Constant Williams, U. S. Army, now retired, February 19, 1902, at New York. Children: Two stepchildren, Norman W. and Lucile Kittson.



Walter Nicholas Paine Darrow

Address: St. Augustine, Florida.

NATIONAL GUARD: Served in Ohio National Guard as Captain of Light Battery, Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry, and Colonel of Artillery from December 21, 1891, to April 20, 1897. Brigadier General and Chief of Engineers on staff of Governor Nash of Ohio, 1900-04.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Field service with troops during a mining strike in Ohio during 1894.

CIVIL LIFE: Resigned October 26, 1891. In realty business and real estate agent, Columbus, Ohio, for fifteen years; Trustee, Ohio Medical University; Director, Park Loan and Savings Company; Trustee, W. A. Neil Estate, etc. In no active business at this time, January 1, 1911, except as trustee or administrator of several estates.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born February 18, 1863, at Rochester, New York. Married Mary Neil, at Columbus, Ohio, September 23, 1890.



George Burwell Davis

Lieutenant Colonel, Deputy Commissary General. Station: St. Louis, Missouri.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Chief Commissary, 2nd Division, 8th Corps, November, 1899, to March, 1900; Chief Commissary, General J. H. Smith's Brigade, from the beginning of the campaign to the surrender.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Colonel, Commissary of Subsistence (Act of July 7, 1898), July, 1898, to March, 1899; Major, Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. Volunteers, April 18, 1899, to December 18, 1900; Washington, D. C., Chicago, Philippine Islands.

SPECIAL DUTY: Assistant Purchasing Agent, Isthmian Canal Commission; Assistant Purchasing Agent, Panama Railroad, February, 1909, to January, 1911.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born October 9, 1862, Buffalo, New York. Married Mary E. Wilson, June 17, 1890, Washington, D. C. Children: Albert Wilson Davis, born February 23, 1892, Washington, D. C.; Lamont Davis, born February 12, 1895, Washington, D. C.; George Burwell Davis, II, born March 8, 1900, Washington, D. C.



George Durfee Deshon

Lieutenant Colonel, Medical Corps. Station: Hot Springs, Arkansas.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Participated in Malolos campaign, March, 1899, and served in trenches around Manila, April and May, 1899, as surgeon of 4th Infantry.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Major Surgeon, 11th U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, August 10, 1899, to March 14, 1900. Major Surgeon, U. S. Volunteers, March 14, 1901, to February 1, 1903.

SPECIAL DUTY: Commanding Officer, Army and Navy General Hospital, since October 12, 1907.

CIVIL LIFE: Resigned as 2nd Lieutenant, 23rd Infantry, March 21, 1890; appointed 1st Lieutenant, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army, May 5, 1892.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born August 5, 1864, at Brookline, Massachusetts. Married Susie H. Copeland, Fall River, Massachusetts, July 7, 1886. Children: Marjorie Deshon, born April 14, 1888, Fort Wayne, Michigan (Smith College, 1909); Percy Deshon, born July 12, 1889, Somerset, Massachusetts (Dartmouth College, 1911).



James Louis Druien

Address: Bardstown, Kentucky.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Sioux campaign, 1890-91.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Tendered services for Spanish War, but was not accepted.

NATIONAL GUARD: Declined rank for Adjutant General.

CIVIL LIFE: Resigned April 1, 1894. Connected with various business and industrial enterprises.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born July 18, 1861, near Buffalo, Kentucky. Married Virginia Megeath, Omaha, Nebraska, June 12, 1889. Children: Margaret Druien, born November 23, 1891, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming (Vassar College); Mildred Megeath, born May 9, 1894, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.



George Brand Duncan

Major, 2nd Infantry. Station: Fort Thomas, Kentucky; April, 1911, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, taking special course of instruction for ten weeks, Field Officers' Course. Regiment sailed March 5, 1911, for station at Schofield Barracks, Island of Oahu.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Service in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Philippines before conclusion of treaty of peace with Spain. Probably the only officer who had this experience. In Philippines during insurrection. Nine years' Philippine service. To date less than three years' service in the States since we went to war with Spain.

SPECIAL DUTY: Major, Philippine Scouts, from February 28, 1905, to July 19, 1909. Acting chief of Scouts' Staff, Commanding General's division, Philippines, last eighteen months of this service.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born October 10, 1861, Lexington, Kentucky. Married Mary Kercheval, of Virginia, October 23, 1895, at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Children: Henry T. Duncan, born July 24, 1903, Manila, Philippine Islands.



Lucius Loyd Durfee

Major, 26th Infantry. Station: Fort Brady, Michigan.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Pine Ridge Indian campaign, 1890-91; Santiago campaign, 1898; Philippine insurrection and pacification, 1899-1902; foreign service, Southern Islands, 1903-05, including expeditions of short duration. Commanded land operations of expedition to Pata Island (highly commended), 1904; also successful expedition to Cagayan de Jolo, 1904. Commanded in Cotabato Valley, May and June, 1905. Now commanding Fort Brady, Michigan. While commanding battalion at Jolo, Philippine Islands, it was pronounced by the Department Commander, at an inspection conducted by him, to be the best battalion in the Department.

SPECIAL DUTY: College duty, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, March 15 to September 1, 1894; recruiting service, Roanoke, Virginia, July 13, 1906, to August 1, 1908.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born March 3, 1861, at Chardon, Ohio. Married Fanny M. Van Horne, daughter of Captain W. M. Van Horne (now Brigadier General, retired), at Cheyenne, Wyoming, October 20, 1891. Children: Gordon Adams Durfee, born Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, August 17, 1892 (Ann Arbor); Loyd Van Horne Durfee, born Columbus Barracks, Ohio, December 23, 1895; Francis Morris Durfee, born Columbus Barracks, Ohio, September 15, 1897; Dorothy Durfee, born Roanoke, Virginia, October 2, 1906; Donald Luiscott Durfee, born Chardon, Ohio, July 17, 1910.



Charles Grattan Dwyer

Major. Address: Army and Navy Club, New York.
Retired November 16, 1909.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Major, Lieutenant Colonel, and Colonel, 1st Texas Volunteer Infantry, May 12, 1898, to April 18, 1899, in Southern States and garrison duty in Cuba.

SPECIAL DUTY: Infantry and Cavalry School, Torpedo School, Military Attaché, Mexico; served in Philippines and Alaska.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born February 10, 1862, at Brenham, Texas.

William George Elliot

1ST LIEUTENANT, 12TH U. S. INFANTRY.

DIED AUGUST 11, 1898; AGED 35.

Elliot came of Army stock, being the son of Colonel George H. Elliot, Corps of Engineers. He entered the Academy with the class in June, 1882, and soon became a great favorite with his classmates. He was possessed of a fund of entertaining anecdotes, and nothing delighted him more than to retail them to a group of interesting listeners; a tendency which earned him the sobriquet of "Windy." He was always full of energy and fond of physical exercise; the latter characteristic rather rare in cadets, who usually find the physical work kindly supplied by the authorities quite sufficient to satisfy all their cravings in that respect. On graduation he was assigned to the 9th Infantry, then serving in Arizona. From the time he joined the regiment he was selected for duty connected with Indians, and was present at San Carlos when Seward Mott met his death. He entered the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth in June, 1888, and was graduated June 25, 1891. On September 1, 1891, he was assigned to command the Indian company of his regiment, and marched it from Whipple Barracks to Fort Huachuca, Arizona, a distance of 450 miles. Early in 1892 he was selected for the important duty of recruiting Indians for the Army at San Carlos and Fort Apache, Arizona. After a tour of regimental recruiting duty, he rejoined his regiment at Madison Barracks, New York, and remained there until March, 1893, when he was detailed for duty with the Indian company of the 12th Infantry and with the Indian prisoners at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama. On October 19, 1893, he was

promoted 1st Lieutenant, 12th Infantry. He took command of the Indian company of his old regiment at Fort McPherson, Georgia, in July, 1893, and remained with it until the summer of 1894. In August of that year he was detailed as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, but was relieved in September of the following year. The three years that followed were spent with his regiment at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska. In April, 1898, he accompanied his regiment to Chickamauga Park, but was detailed for duty in connection with the muster-in of volunteer troops at Atlanta, Georgia. When his regiment was ordered for duty with the Santiago Expedition, he joined it at Tampa and later accompanied it to Cuba. He was present at El Caney and the operations around Santiago, and, although sick with malarial fever, he remained on duty with his company until after the surrender. He went on sick report for a short time in July, but again returned to duty, evidently before he was fit; for early in August he was seized with a severe attack of remittent fever and died August 11th, at the age of thirty-five. He was buried in the cemetery at Santiago.

No one who knew him can fail to believe that he was ready and willing to give up his life in the service of his country; and we, his classmates, know perhaps best of all what a loss his country sustained in the death of this upright, gallant and unselfish soldier.

The following regimental order was published at his death:

HEADQUARTERS 12TH U. S. INFANTRY,
CAMP NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
August 11, 1898.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 51.

First Lieutenant William G. Elliot, 12th Infantry, died at the Divisional Hospital, 2nd Division, 5th Army Corps, near Santiago de Cuba, this morning at 3.30 from congestive fever following remittent fever of a low type. Funeral ser-

vices will be held at the hospital at about 4 P. M. today. The Regiment thus loses one of its ablest and best officers, one whose ability and devotion to duty are well known wherever he has served in the Army. He dies a victim of the epidemic of fever now prevailing, the disease contracted while bravely and devotedly performing his duties in the campaign; at El Caney, July 1st, at San Juan, July 2nd and 3rd, and in the subsequent operations.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel Richard Comba:

(Signed)

FRANK L. WINN,

1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, 12th U. S. Infantry.

Official copy:

(Sgd.) FRANK L. WINN,

Captain and Adjutant, 12th U. S. Infantry.

A true copy.

(Sgd.) F. J. MORROW,

Captain and Adjutant, 12th Infantry.

J. E. McM.

Born in the Army at Benicia Barracks, California, during the Civil War, of distinguished Army stock, William George Elliot inherited the military spirit in its best form. At West Point he was the embodiment of patriotism, courage and a high sense of duty and honor, those fine qualities of character that form the ideals of the Academy. Extremely sensitive and proud, he was quick to resent an injury, but never intentional in provoking one; he had the reserve and dignity of a noble, but was sociable and genial with his classmates and a friend second to none when any were in trouble. Such a man, needless to say, held the respect of the entire cadet body and of all others who knew him. Several years after graduation, while still a second lieutenant with little prospect of promotion, he visited Angel Island, California, and on one occasion, leaning against the old Columbiad mounted in the battery above the present Fort McDowell, while looking out upon

the Golden Gate in thoughtful mood, he said to a classmate, "What would you do if anything happened to deprive you of your commission?" The answer is not recalled, but he replied in turn to the same question, "I would enlist. I love my profession and would rather follow it in any capacity than any other."

Some years later Elliot was at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska. He liked that station, enjoyed the hunting and fishing, delighted in riding with the dogs after coyotes and jack rabbits, and habitually lived in the open when duties permitted. He preferred the boundless unfenced plains, the sense of freedom that the life of the prairie gave, to the greater comforts and more conventional pleasures of posts near large cities. He did chafe at times under the exactions of routine and could never understand why he should be called to account for missing a roll-call that he had forgotten while absorbed in the pleasures of the chase or the enjoyment of a cross-country run.

The Spanish War found him at his best. The first disappointment came when at Chickamauga he was detached from his regiment and sent to one of the New England States as quartermaster for a volunteer camp, but soldierlike he obeyed, with little outward manifestation of the disgust he really felt. His regiment was soon ordered to Tampa, and he chafed the more while performing his duty in the Eastern camp; he wrote and telegraphed for relief, but in vain, and finally went to Washington. He waited and took his turn for an interview with the Adjutant General, whom he knew personally. General Corbin, thinking that Elliot, like so many others, was after some special preferment, was at first sharp and gruff, but was disarmed when the latter told his story and simply asked to be ordered back to his regiment so that he could go with it to Cuba. The order was issued. Soon after the 5th Army Corps landed at Daiquiri, Elliot, who was a graduate of the old Infantry and Cavalry School, was selected by Colonel Wagner for duty under him in the reconnaissance in front of the 2nd Division. This duty pleased and appealed to

Elliot; he was naturally a scout and explorer; the probability of first contact with the enemy was an exhilaration and an incentive for his best efforts; he went at the work with great enthusiasm and full knowledge of its requirements. But he had a fall, one of those strange turns of the Goddess of Fortune against which no man can guard. Late at night of the same day that he had gone forth so cheerily, he returned and reported to the Adjutant at Regimental Headquarters, "Sir, I report in arrest by order of the Division Commander." The Adjutant, a classmate, was astounded. Elliot then said that after an exciting but satisfactory day's work the party had reached Siboney, where the Division Commander joined them. All were resting on the porch of one of the houses of that place engaged in general and friendly conversation, when a sergeant of Elliot's detachment came up and said, "Lieutenant, don't you want a drink of wine?" at the same time handing his tin cup to Elliot. The latter took it, noticed that it contained some claret and passed it to the General, saying, "Won't you try it, sir?" Whereupon the great man jumped up and in an excited, angry tone said in substance, "Sir, your men have been looting, you are in arrest." And so it happened without fault on his part, without opportunity to explain, without cause for provocation, the gallant, splendid fellow found himself humiliated, deprived of his sword, in disgrace with his commanding General on hostile soil, in the face of the enemy, at the very beginning of the campaign. The following day, that of Las Guasimas, the Division was rushed at the sound of firing to the scene of the engagement, Elliot in the rear of his company. As the regiment at a swinging, lively pace passed by the General and his staff, Colonel Wagner stopped the Lieutenant Colonel commanding, said something, and in a moment Elliot was released from arrest and restored to the command of his company.

July 1, 1898, was the day of San Juan Hill, of El Caney, of glorious victory for the American Army about Santiago. Elliot in command of Company "B" led the regiment, the 12th

Infantry, which played a decisive part in the battle, in the attack upon the stone fort and entrenchments about El Caney. Leading his men under the cover of the inequalities of ground and the low tropical undergrowth, he was able to reach unobserved a position on a knoll almost overlooking the enemy's trenches and within four hundred yards of the stone fort, when suddenly a single rifle-shot rang out on the clear, still summer morning like no other shot the great majority of the officers and men of Shafter's Army had ever heard before. It was immediately followed by a general fusillade from the fort and the trenches about El Caney. Another of the world's decisive battles had begun, the first shot of which was fired at Elliot and his company, the vanguard of the American onslaught upon Vara del Rey and the brave defenders of El Caney. This position gained at the outset by Elliot, marked for many hours the extreme front reached by the 6,000 men who fought all day until four thirty in the afternoon, with casualties amounting to twenty-nine officers and four hundred and twelve enlisted men before El Caney could be inscribed upon the regimental banners as one of the nation's great achievements.

The surrender of Santiago found the Army impregnated with the germs of disease; the handwriting was on the wall. The regiment had buried those killed in battle on the field; it soon began to bury the first to succumb to the fever scourge, the Regimental Quartermaster, Sergeant Berry, first, and then another and another and many more in the days of waiting that seemed never to end. Elliot tried in every possible way to alleviate the sufferings of his men. Medicine and suitable food were most needed. Sick himself, he went into the city, searched and found a little quinine, some few delicacies and other supplies. He packed them on the horse that he had borrowed from a staff officer, brought them to camp to his men, walking himself and leading the heavily laden animal. He worked hard in and about camp, struggled to keep up, but it was no use. He too had the fever; the exposure in behalf of others aggravated if it did not bring on the short illness

that followed. He was one of the first officers taken to the newly established Division Hospital, where he died soon after.

While the transport with the remnant of the Regiment ready to sail for Montauk Point waited in the harbor of glorious victory and pestilential shame, the remains of the beloved, honored, noble Elliot were buried by the men of his command temporarily in the cemetery of the city; they now rest in Arlington, the nation's necropolis.

F. L. W.



Stephen Habersham Elliott

Major of Cavalry. Station: Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

SPECIAL DUTY: On duty, Infantry and Cavalry School, 1891-93; on recruiting duty, 1894-95; on mustering-in duty, Texas Volunteers, April-May, 1898. Instructor, Army Service Schools, 1908 to date.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born February 5, 1865, at Savannah, Georgia. Married at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, to Kate Walker Otey, of Lynchburg, Virginia, February 8, 1888. Children: Caroline Elliott, born March 8, 1889, Fort Reno, Oklahoma; Dabney Otey Elliott, born October 13, 1890, Suwanee, Tennessee, member of the present fourth class, U. S. Military Academy; Robert Habersham Elliott, born October 19, 1896, Fort Brown, Texas.

Frank Benton Fowler

No photograph obtainable

Resigned October 30, 1888. Address and civil history unknown. The following data are taken from Cullum's Register:

2nd Lieutenant, 4th Cavalry, July 1, 1886.

MILITARY HISTORY: Served on frontier duty at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, September 30, 1886, to February 6, 1887, San Carlos, Arizona, to February 23, 1888, Fort Huachuca, Arizona, to May 14, 1888; on sick leave of absence to September 10, 1888; and on frontier duty at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, to October 30, 1888.

Harry Freeland

CAPTAIN, U. S. ARMY, RETIRED.

DIED AUGUST 22, 1910; AGED 47.

The writer's first experiences at the Military Academy are associated with a ground floor room in the eighth division, where, in September, 1882, with Freeland and Trout, whose death notices he is now writing, he underwent the pleasant ceremonies that are the lot of all young aspirants for military glory at the opening of their West Point career. Freeland went through the four years without special remark, except that he was always the same genial "Oscar," whose keen sense of humor helped out many a dreary hour when 1.5's were occurring with too great frequency and "skins" were plentiful. His struggles with the Spanish language made him famous. In our last Howitzer the best known

"of all the sons of men

Were the Spaniard, Don Freeland, and the chemist, Jones,
E. N."

Upon graduation he was promoted 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Infantry, and stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Here he remained until June 1, 1890, when he was detailed as Instructor of Chemistry at West Point. Here the writer met him again, and found him the same quiet, jolly character, the same incorrigible bachelor as in the cadet days. He was promoted 1st Lieutenant, 5th Infantry, July 4, 1892, and was transferred to his old regiment on August 12th of the same year. On his relief from duty at the Academy in August, 1894, he returned to Fort Snelling, where he remained until the breaking out of the Spanish-American War. He accompanied his regiment to Mobile in June, 1898, but was too sick to accompany it to

Cuba with the first expedition. Before he was entirely recovered he rejoined it in Cuba on July 23rd, but was soon obliged to take a sick leave until October, 1898. In January of the following year he went to the Philippines and was promoted Captain, 3rd Infantry, March 2, 1899.

The disease which had long been threatening him—locomotor ataxia—and which had been aggravated by tropical service, now made his retirement necessary. On October 20, 1902, he was transferred to the 2nd Infantry and on the following day he was placed on the retired list. He returned to his home in Calvert County, Maryland, where he remained until his death, August 22, 1910.

His classmates will remember him as an upright and efficient officer and a devoted friend.

J. E. McM.



James Henly Frier

Major, 10th Infantry. Station: Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Commanding Company "D," 17th Infantry, throughout campaign against Spain, 1898—El Caney, San Juan Hill, Santiago; commanding Company "M," 17th Infantry, Philippine insurrection, 1900-01; Regimental Commissary and Quartermaster, 17th Infantry, Cuban pacification, 1906-07.

SPECIAL DUTY: Graduate, Submarine School of Mining, 1891; Military Instructor, Delaware College, Delaware, 1893-97; graduate, Army School of the Line, 1908; graduate, Army War College, 1909.

REMARKS: Service as Regimental Adjutant, Commissary and Quartermaster in campaigns in Cuba and Philippines; also in Moro campaigns, in addition to commanding a company in each.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born March 15, 1864, Bowling Green, Pike County, Missouri. Married (1) Mary Lee Marshall, niece of Chief Justice Marshall and General Robert E. Lee, March, 1888, who died April, 1890, no issue; (2) Sarah Elizabeth Hewit, daughter of H. S. Hewit, Chief Surgeon to General U. S. Grant, August 26, 1892. Children: Sarah Lloyd Frier, born July 5, 1893, Wilmington, Delaware (Notre Dame, of Maryland); J. Henly Frier, born July 26, 1895, Wilmington, Delaware; John Mason and Mary Aley (twins), born December 15, 1899, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

David William Fulton

2ND LIEUTENANT, 24TH U. S. INFANTRY.

DIED MARCH 28, 1889; AGED 25.

Fulton entered the Academy from Ohio in June, 1882, and was graduated with the class June 12, 1886, holding the highly honorable and difficult position of "goat." He was promoted 2nd Lieutenant, 24th Infantry, and in October joined his regiment at Fort Supply, Indian Territory. During the all-too-short period of his service he counted Fort Supply as his station, but he was continuously away on detached service, principally in the field. He commanded Company "B," Indian Scouts, from October 21, 1887, to May 24, 1888, and while on this duty he was sent out to scout for timber thieves, a duty which he performed with marked good judgment and discretion. He spent the month of May, 1888, guarding Indian property and herds along the Canadian River. In March, 1889, he went to Fort Bowie, Arizona, for garrison court-martial duty. On the completion of this work he returned to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, where he was seized with pneumonia on March 23, and died March 28, 1889.

It seems almost an idle task to recall Fulton's good qualities to his classmates who remember him so well. Always cheerful and full of high spirits, he was forever making the grey days look bright; he never made an enemy, and his quaint wit and wise sayings earned his nickname of "Moses." The esteem in which he was held by his regiment is attested by the following order published at the time of his death:

HEADQUARTERS 24TH U. S. INFANTRY,
FORT BAYARD, N. M.,
March 31, 1889.

ORDERS, No. 20.

It is with deep sorrow that the Regimental Commander announces the death of 2nd Lieutenant D. W. Fulton, 24th Infantry, who died on the 28th instant, of pneumonia, at Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

Lieutenant Fulton was born in Ohio, October 31, 1863, appointed a cadet at West Point from Illinois in 1882, was graduated in 1886 and assigned to the 24th Infantry, then stationed in the Indian Territory.

He was on detached service in 1888 at the Cantonment, Indian Territory, in command of a detachment guarding trails and escorting herds, at a time when there was danger of serious trouble with the Indians, and by his good judgment and prompt action in arresting turbulent characters averted what might have resulted in serious complications.

Lieutenant Fulton was a young officer of much promise, of high moral character, and by diligence and faithfulness in the discharge of his official duties and his kind and gentlemanly deportment had gained the respect and esteem of all with whom he had served and associated.

As a mark of respect for the deceased the regimental colors will be draped and the officers of the Regiment will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

By order of Colonel Bliss:

(Signed)

J. J. BRERETON,
1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, 24th Infantry.

J. E. McM.

George John Godfrey

CAPTAIN, 22ND U. S. INFANTRY.

KILLED IN ACTION JUNE 3, 1900; AGED 39.

Wounded at El Caney, killed in action in the Philippine insurrection—this might well constitute the whole obituary of a soldier. To have this glorious testimony of duty done graven on a tablet in the Memorial Hall at West Point was the good fortune of our dead classmate. As we remember him—the “boy officer” of Kipling—we might not at first associate his trim form and gentle ways with such a record as this; but we who know what the motto “Duty, Honor, Country” means to all the sons of West Point, know also that every one of them would be glad to meet with such a fate as this.

Godfrey came to the Academy from New York City and was assigned to “C” Company. He went through the four years, his career unmarked by any lofty ambition for chevrons or by frequent perambulations on the area. The writer remembers him particularly as a faithful attendant at the hops, where he chiefly distinguished himself by always selecting the tallest girl in the room to dance with, and by the cheerful way in which he often helped out a distracted hop manager with a large bouquet of wall-flowers on his hands.

On graduation he was assigned as 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Infantry, and joined, after the usual leave, at Fort Sully, S. D. He spent the seven years of service in this regiment at the above named post, at old Fort Pierre, S. D., and at Fort Bennett. On February 1, 1893, he was promoted 1st Lieutenant, 22nd Infantry, and joined his new regiment at Fort Keogh, Montana, in April of the same year. The usual garrison duties were performed at this post, at Forts Yates and

Meade, S. D., and at Fort Crook, Nebraska, until 1898, with the exception of a tour of duty in the railroad strikes of 1894 on the Northern Pacific Railroad and a long sick leave of seven months in 1896.

At the outbreak of the war he accompanied his regiment to Tampa and sailed with the Santiago Expedition on June 14, 1898. He was shot in the attack on El Caney, July 1st, and when the fighting was over he was invalided home on a three months' sick leave. At the conclusion of this leave he rejoined his regiment at Fort Crook, Nebraska, in October, 1898. Although unfit for field service as the result of his wound received in the Santiago campaign, he started with his regiment for the Philippines in January, 1899; but on reaching San Francisco he was unable to continue farther, and was given a three months' sick leave. He was promoted Captain, 22nd Infantry, March 2, 1899, and sailed for the Philippines, where he arrived in June of the same year.

He commanded Company "D" of his regiment at Candaba, P. I., performing at the same time the duties of Provost Marshal at that place. In November he was transferred to Company "A." During this period he was engaged in the trying service incident to the insurrection, and stuck to his post, although often too sick to be on duty roster at all. In January, 1900, he assumed command of Santa Anna, Pampanga, Luzon, and continued on this duty to March 15, 1900. On the early morning of June 3, 1900, he was killed in action at Bulucan Mountain, near San Miguel de Mayumo, and later was buried in the National Cemetery at Manila.

The following order was issued upon his death from the headquarters of his regiment:

HEADQUARTERS 22ND U. S. INFANTRY,
ARAYAT, LUZON, P. I., June 4, 1900.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 10.

Captain George J. Godfrey, 22nd U. S. Infantry. Killed in action. Shot through the heart. His military record is closed. A brilliant career ended.

Deeds, silent symbols more potent than words, proclaimed his soldier worth.

The histories of the 5th and 8th Army Corps are his.

Official commendation but emphasized what all men knew.

Cuban soil saw his valor.

Under a tropical sun, on morn of June 3, 1900, among the lonely fastnesses of the Bulucan Mountains, as victory crowned the combat, he gave for "the flag" the life he had dedicated to his country.

His mind was trained for the profession of arms.

His heart and impulses were generous.

Conscientious and zealous discharge of duty were his guiding tenet.

He sought no preferment through avenues foreign to the service. His first thought was his country's cause—personal ambition his last.

Thus he stood a peer among the best type of American soldier.

In the civil administration of a pueblo, to the misguided native people he extended the hand of fellowship and led them along the true path of civilization. His work is enduring.

Into the unspeakable grief which now moves the hearts of those who dwell in our far-distant native land, we dare not enter. In silence and with memory filled with sorrow, the Regiment stands and mourns with them for our brother.

By order of Major Baldwin:

(Signed)

H. C. HODGES, JR.,

Captain, 22nd Infantry, Adjutant.

Official:

GEO. S. SIMONDS,

Captain, 22nd Infantry,

Adjutant.

J. E. McM.





Walter Henry Gordon

Major of Infantry, detailed Inspector General. Station: Headquarters Department of Dakota, St. Paul, Minnesota.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Philippine campaign on Islands of Panay and Guimaras, March, 1899, to September, 1901. Commanded Mounted Scouts, October, 1899, to September, 1901. With General Hughes' expeditions against Capiz and Calibo, Panay, November, 1899, to March, 1900. In command of operations against Quintin Salas, February to April, 1901. Engagements: La Granja, Passi, Antique, and a number of minor actions and skirmishes in Panay during 1899, 1900, and 1901.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: With 1st Delaware Volunteer Infantry during Spanish-American War—Major, June 29 to August 20, 1898; Colonel, August 21 to November 16, 1898. At Middletown, Delaware, Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, and Wilmington, Delaware.

SPECIAL DUTY: Submarine Mining Course, Willets Point, December, 1890, to October, 1891. On duty at World's Fair, Chicago, June, 1893, to March, 1894. On duty at Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, September, 1894, to September, 1895, and at Delaware College, Newark, January, 1897, to April, 1898. Mustering duty, Middletown, Delaware, April to June, 1898; Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters Department Visayas, Iloilo, May, 1903, to May, 1904. Detailed General Staff, November, 1907, to March 23, 1909. Detailed Inspector General's Department, April 2, 1910.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born June 24, 1863, at Artonisch, Mississippi. Married Laura A. Doan, February 17, 1896, St. Louis, Missouri. Children: Ellen M. Gordon, born September 21, 1897, Wilmington, Delaware (Visitation Convent, St. Paul, Minnesota).

John Taylor Haines

CAPTAIN, 11TH U. S. CAVALRY.

DIED AT FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS, MAY 11, 1911; AGED 47.

Haines came of military stock, being the son of General T. J. Haines, Class of 1849, U. S. Military Academy. He entered the Academy in September, 1882, and was graduated June 12, 1886. Commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Cavalry, July 1, he joined his regiment at Fort Riley, Kansas, in October of the same year. He was at once ordered on field service, accompanying a band of Indians to the Fox Indian reservation in the Indian Territory. After a short tour at Fort Sill he entered the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, September 1, 1887, and was graduated therefrom June 24, 1889. Shortly after joining his troop he was detailed on temporary duty as assistant instructor in the Department of Engineering at the school, but relinquished this duty to take part in the Pine Ridge campaign.

He was later assigned to duty as a regular instructor at the Infantry and Cavalry School, where he remained until relieved at his own request, September 1, 1893. He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, 1st Cavalry, July 22, 1892, but was transferred to his old regiment in December of the same year. After several months' service in Texas he was ordered to Washington on temporary duty, upon completion of which he took a course of instruction at Springfield Arsenal, remaining there until October 1, 1894. He was appointed Regimental Quartermaster March 1, 1897, and served in that capacity at Mobile, Alabama, and at Tampa, Florida, during the Spanish-American War. From the latter place he was forced to take a sick leave from August until December, 1898. Troop duty and

a tour of recruiting service filled the time until January 11, 1899, when he rejoined his regiment at San Juan, Porto Rico.

Returning to the United States in August, 1900, he took station at Fort Myer, Virginia. He was promoted Captain, February 2, 1901, and later was assigned to the 11th Cavalry. He organized Troop "A" of that regiment at Fort Myer and later changed station with it to Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. From the latter post he went to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where he commanded the post and the 1st squadron of his regiment until August 1, 1901. He sailed with his regiment for the Philippines in January, 1902, and on arrival in Manila was sent to Samar for station. During his Philippine tour he acted as assistant to the Adjutant General, Department of Luzon, and later was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Major General J. F. Wade, commanding the division.

In February, 1904, he returned to the United States, and after a short leave rejoined his regiment at Fort Riley, Kansas. He was appointed Regimental Adjutant in June, 1905, and reported for duty at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. During the Fort Riley maneuvers of 1906 he acted as Adjutant General of the Maneuver Camp. Shortly after returning to his post he accompanied his regiment to Cuba, arriving in Havana October 19, 1906.

From his return to the United States in December of the same year until the departure of his regiment for the Maneuver Camp at San Antonio, Texas, in March, 1911, Captain Haines served with his troop at various posts in the United States. During this period he was called upon many times for important special duty, such as the inspection of militia, as Chief Range Officer at Camp Perry, Ohio, in charge of the arrangements for the Military Tournament at Nashville, Tennessee, etc.

At San Antonio Haines commanded the 1st squadron, 1st Provisional Regiment. While at Leon Springs with his command he became ill and was obliged to return to the Maneuver Camp on May 5th. He was operated upon for

appendicitis, but peritonitis set in and he died at 12.45 A. M., May 11th. His body was brought to Washington and buried from the Post Chapel at Fort Myer on May 15th. His remains lie in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

The above bald statement of Haines' service gives but a faint idea of the fidelity and devotion with which he performed every duty that was given him to do. At home, in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines he was always the efficient and lovable officer and gentleman. The mass of flowers that covered his coffin as it lay in the chapel at Fort Myer bore mute but convincing testimony as to what the enlisted men thought of him as an officer.

At the time of Haines' death his name was before the Senate as a Major of Cavalry, but he was not confirmed in time to accept the commission.

The following regimental order was published on the occasion of Captain Haines' death:

HEADQUARTERS 11TH CAVALRY,
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, May 11, 1911.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 26.

The Regimental Commander has the sad duty of announcing the death, from appendicitis, of Major John T. Haines, Captain of the 11th Cavalry since its formation, and whose promotion to the grade of Major had just been announced.

Major Haines was an accomplished and brilliant officer, whose untimely death is a great loss to the Army.

As a comrade Major Haines endeared himself to all of his brother officers by his kind and lovable nature. As a commander he had the devotion and respect of his men.

The sympathy of the Regiment is extended to his mourning family.

The usual mark of mourning will be worn for thirty days.

By order of Colonel Parker:

HERBERT A. WHITE,
Captain and Adjutant, 11th Cavalry.
J. E. McM.



Letcher Hardeman

Major of Cavalry. Station: Fort Reno Remount Depot, Fort Reno, Oklahoma.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Major, 25th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, May 23 to July 22, 1898, at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; Colonel, 6th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, July 23, 1898, to May 10, 1899, Florida, Georgia, and Cuba.

SPECIAL DUTY: Detailed Quartermaster's Department, November 7, 1905, to November 6, 1907. In charge of Fort Reno Remount Depot from its organization, April 22, 1907, to date.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born April 30, 1864, at Arrow Rock, Saline County, Missouri. Married Adelaide Parker Russell, January 7, 1891, Springfield, Missouri. Children: Ruth Emily Hardeman, born October 25, 1891, Fort Sherman, Idaho; Pauline Russell Hardeman, born July 29, 1896, Fort Assinniboine, Montana.



Floyd Harris

Address: (summer) "Stake", Aldie, Virginia; (winter) 1717 P Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: One year's continuous war service with 4th U. S. Cavalry, against Filipino insurgents, from 1899 to 1900; names and dates of skirmishes and engagements forgotten.

SPECIAL DUTY: Military Attaché, U. S. Legation, Brussels, Belgium, 1892-97, five years; Military Attaché, American Embassy, Vienna, Austria, 1901-05, four years.

CIVIL LIFE: Resigned as Captain, 4th Cavalry, March 31, 1906. Now a farmer.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born June 26, 1861, Barbour County, West Virginia. Married, at Hong Kong, China, Eleanor Truax O'Neil, of Walla Walla, Washington, June 19, 1900. Children: Eleanor Harris, born April 19, 1901, Manila, Philippine Islands; Mary Virginia Harris, born December 31, 1902, Vienna, Austria; Martha Harris, born April 8, 1904, Vienna, Austria; Floyd Morrison Harris, born June 25, 1905, Tacoma, Washington; Sarah Harris, born April 26, 1909, Aldie, Virginia.



William Henry Hay

Major of Cavalry. Station: Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Captain, Assistant Quartermaster of Volunteers, November 26, 1898, to March 15, 1901. Served as such at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, till December 28, 1898, in charge of Commissary, Quartermaster and Ordnance property and subsistence of Pennsylvania Volunteers during their muster-out. Served in Cuba as Collector of Customs of Matanzas; also during October and November, 1900, as Chief of Customs Service of Cuba and Collector for Port of Havana.

SPECIAL DUTY: Routine service in all staff departments. Quartermaster in charge of all Pennsylvania Volunteers at their camp, Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania, April 30 to December 28, 1898. On civil duty as Collector of Customs, etc., at Matanzas, Cuba, December 28, 1898, to May 20, 1902; during four months of this time was, in addition to duties at Matanzas, Acting Chief of the Customs Service of Cuba and Collector for the Port of Havana. Four years and eight months on college duty in Pennsylvania.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born on a farm near Monticello, Florida, July 16, 1860. Married Edith Carman, of Easton, Maryland, November 17, 1887. Children: Thomas Robson Hay, born San Antonio, Texas, October 2, 1888 (Pennsylvania State College, 1909); William Wren Hay, born Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, January 6, 1890 (University of Vermont, 1910); Edward Northup Hay, born Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, February 20, 1891 (Cornell University, 1912); Richard Carman Hay, born Fort Custer, Montana, December 22, 1893 (University of Vermont, 1913).



Robert Lincoln Hirst

Major, 29th Infantry; by detail member of General Staff Corps. Station: Denver, Colorado, but on duty in the field in connection with maintaining the neutrality laws between the United States and Mexico on the Arizona-New Mexico southern boundary.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In field from April, 1896, to August, 1896, in southern Arizona in connection with Indian depredations. In field in Southern camps, April, 1898, to August, 1898. In field in Porto Rico, August, 1898, to December, 1898, taking part in engagement at Hormigueros, Porto Rico. In Philippines from April, 1899, to March, 1902. Took part in engagement of Paranagua and Zapote Bridge, June, 1899. In actions in San Fernando and Calulut, North Luzon, August, 1899; at Bamban, August, 1899; at Angeles, August, 1899, and in minor affairs about Angeles, October, 1899. In Philippine Islands, April, 1904, to November, 1905, but was absent on leave and detached service for several months.

SPECIAL DUTY: Instructor in Department of Mathematics, United States Military Academy, from 1891 to 1895; Regimental Adjutant, 11th Infantry, April, 1898, to July, 1898; Regimental Quartermaster, 12th Infantry, from November, 1899, to May, 1902; Regimental Adjutant, 12th Infantry, from October, 1903, to July, 1905; member of General Staff from March 28, 1907, to date. Commissary of Subsistence Department, Colorado, July 1, 1907, to date.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born December 17, 1864, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Dwight Ely Holley

Major, 15th Infantry. Station: Fort Douglas, Utah.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Served in Cuba, Spanish War, Santiago campaign, 1898, and in Philippine Islands, 1899-1902.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born July 9, 1863, at Waterbury, Connecticut. Married Elizabeth Lapham Howard, September 1, 1886, Syracuse, New York. Children: Adele Howard Holley. Married children: Adele H. Holley, to Lieutenant J. M. Wainwright, 1st Cavalry, February 18, 1911, at Fort Douglas, Utah. Station, Fort Yellowstone, Montana.

Arthur Johnson

No photograph obtainable

Major, 19th Infantry. Station: Camp Jossman, Guimaras, Philippine Islands.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In Spanish War with 5th Army Corps, General Chaffee's Commissary; at El Caney and the siege and surrender of Santiago; Philippine insurrection, 1899-1901: with Kobbé's expedition up the Rio Grande; with General Schwan's expedition around Imus; with General Wheaton's expedition, landing at San Fabian in rear of Aguinaldo's army. Engagements: San Fernando, Cavite Viejo, Novalete, San Francisco de Malabon, San Fabian, and Asingan. In active service since 1882.

SPECIAL DUTY: Graduate A. S. of the L., 1908; War College, 1909; in charge of White Mountain Apaches, 1891-94; recruiting duty, Evansville, Indiana, 1902-03; umpire at maneuvers, Fort Riley, 1908; Fort Benjamin Harrison, 1908; Massachusetts, 1909.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born July 9, 1861, St. Peter, Minnesota. Married Edith Jackson Read, December 23, 1890, Red Rock, Pennsylvania. Children: Arthur Read Johnson, born October 20, 1891, Red Rock, Pennsylvania (St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minnesota); William Ogden Johnson, born February 27, 1893, Fort Apache, Arizona (St. Thomas College); Edith Margaret Johnson, born May 11, 1895, Columbus Barracks, Ohio (St. Catherine's College, St. Paul, Minnesota); Franklin Oliver Johnson, Jr., born February 9, 1898, Columbus Barracks, Ohio.



Edward Nathaniel Jones, Jr.

Major, 17th U. S. Infantry. Station: Fort McPherson, Georgia.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Sioux campaign, 1890 and 1891; Philippine insurrection, September 17, 1900, to close of same, principally in Laguna Province, Philippine Islands; also one expedition around Lake Lanao in 1904.

SPECIAL DUTY: Regimental Quartermaster, September 16, 1893, to June, 1895, and Regimental Adjutant, June, 1895, to September 16, 1897; Aide to Brigadier General George M. Randall, U. S. Volunteers, from August 12, 1898, to April 21, 1899; Regimental Quartermaster from September 9, 1901, to October 16, 1902; detailed Quartermaster from December 29, 1902, to December 29, 1906; Chief Quartermaster, Department of Mindanao, from July 5, 1903, to February 1, 1905; graduate, Torpedo School, Willets Point, New York, 1890; graduate, Army School of the Line, Fort Leavenworth, 1910.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born February 26, 1865, at Camden, Wilcox County, Alabama. Married Mrs. Florence Myrick Elliott (née Myrick) of San Francisco, California, August 19, 1891. Children: Edward Nathaniel Jones, III, born June 21, 1897, at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

Frank Green Kalk

1ST LIEUTENANT, 5TH U. S. INFANTRY.

DIED MARCH 5, 1898; AGED 33.

Kalk will be remembered by his classmates as the smiling, genial "Fritz," who, although originally a member of '85, cast all his interests with '86, when he joined them in June of the latter year, and remained a loyal and faithful member of the greatest class that ever left West Point.

Kalk was appointed to the Academy from Wisconsin, and upon graduation was promoted 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Infantry. He joined at Fort Meade, South Dakota, and from there went to Fort Snelling in March, 1891. After a short tour of duty at the latter post he entered the class at the Infantry and Cavalry School in September, 1891, and was graduated therefrom in June, 1893. He was promoted 1st Lieutenant, 4th Infantry, July 4, 1892, but transferred back to his old regiment on August 12th of the same year. He followed his course at Fort Leavenworth with a tour of duty at Rock Island Arsenal from October, 1893, until July, 1894. Garrison duty at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, and Fort McPherson, Georgia, filled the years until 1897, when he was appointed Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the Iowa Wesleyan University of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, on July 5, 1897. On March 5, 1898, he was on a visit to the latter town, and on attempting to board a freight train to return to the University, he was run over and instantly killed.

J. E. McM.



Henry Clay Keene

Captain, U. S. Army, retired. Address: Livermore Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. Retired January 4, 1906.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Campaign of Santiago, 1898, participating in attack on Fort San Juan and siege of city of Santiago. Served in Philippines, 1901 and 1902.

Since September 16, 1906, employed by the Treasury Department as an accountant at the Custom House, Boston, Massachusetts.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born March 20, 1863, at Peru, South America. Married Mary F. Lovett, August 26, 1886, Chelsea, Massachusetts. Children: Alice Lovett Keene, born October 9, 1889, Newton, Massachusetts. Married Frank LeGrange Hadden, July 31, 1908, at Providence, Rhode Island. Residence, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

Frederick Clark Kimball

1ST LIEUTENANT, 5TH U. S. INFANTRY.

DIED SEPTEMBER 11, 1898; AGED 34.

Who among us can forget dear old "Yank" Kimball? Quiet, unassuming, gentle-mannered, the type physically and mentally of the New Englander, he went through four years with us without being remarkable in any way except for plain duty well and faithfully done. And yet for all his quiet ways, I do not believe that any one of us has forgotten him, or can fail to believe that, had he lived through the stirring days in Cuba and the Philippines, he would have done his full duty in his own unassuming way.

Upon graduation Kimball was promoted 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Infantry, and at the end of his graduation leave joined at Fort Bliss, Texas. Here he served from June, 1888, until March, 1891, leaving the post to take the position of Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont. On April 4, 1893, he was promoted 1st Lieutenant, 4th Infantry, and transferred back to his old regiment, the 5th Infantry, on July 10th of the same year. He was appointed Regimental Quartermaster on September 21, 1893, and joined at St. Francis Barracks, Florida. In October, 1894, he went with his regiment to Fort McPherson, Georgia, where he died September 11, 1898, of peritonitis.

To the casual reader this record means but little; to his classmates it means that every duty, however small, was faithfully performed, that every trial, however severe, was bravely

met, that all who knew him well were better for their association with him,

“For he could wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or being lied about, dealt in no lies;
Or being hated, ne'er gave way to hating,
And never looked too good nor talked too wise.”

J. E. McM.



Albert Beratur Kniskern

Lieutenant Colonel, Deputy Commissary General, Subsistence Department. Station: San Francisco, California. After April 5, 1911, Manila, Philippine Islands.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Major, Commissary of Subsistence (Act July 7, 1898), July 22, 1898, to February 2, 1899. Major, Commissary of Subsistence, October 19, 1900, to March 22, 1901. Resigned June 8, 1887; reappointed April 14, 1891.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born December 2, 1861, Monee, Illinois. Married Estella A. Wheeler, July 1, 1886, Hastings, Michigan. Children: Lewis Thayer Kniskern, born June 11, 1887 (Ann Arbor, 1910); Philip Wheeler Kniskern, born March 25, 1889 (Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1911).



Armand Isidore Lasseigne

Major, 5th U. S. Infantry. Station: Plattsburg Barracks, New York.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Spanish-American War, first expedition to Philippine Islands; campaign against Philippine insurgents; Indian campaign against Sioux, 1890-91.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born April 4, 1861, at Thibodeaux, Louisiana. Married Katherine Moore Dowling, October 17, 1889, New Orleans, Louisiana. Children: Myrtle Louise Lasseigne, born August 28, 1890, Camp Pilot Butte, Rock Springs, Wyoming; Francis Maynard Lasseigne, born May 1, 1892, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.



Edward Mann Lewis

Major, 16th Infantry. Station: University of California, Berkeley, California.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Campaign in Cuba, 1898—El Caney and Santiago; Philippine insurrection—Guadeloupe; taking of Pasig.

SPECIAL DUTY: Adjutant, 20th Infantry, May 24, 1898, to October 2, 1901, and December 1, 1904, to September 16, 1908.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born December 10, 1863, New Albany, Indiana. Married Harriet R. Balding, June 12, 1888, Evanston, Illinois. Children: Henry Balding Lewis, born May 8, 1889, Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island (cadet, third class, U. S. Military Academy); Aledaide Palmer Lewis, born July 22, 1895, Greencastle, Indiana; Thomas Edward Lewis, born October 16, 1898, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Charles George Lyman

First Lieutenant, Cavalry. Retired May 23, 1896.
Address: Pacific Union Club, San Francisco, California.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In 1887 was engaged in Indian campaign at Crow Agency, Montana, which campaign is designated as one entitling participants to medal for "Indian campaigns."

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: During the earthquake and fire of April, 1906, in San Francisco, was member of committee appointed by the Mayor of San Francisco, California, to look after affairs of the city, and was member of committee for restoration of light. In April and May, 1906, was placed on duty by General Funston as assistant to Major McIver, U. S. Army, who had charge of the relief district in the Golden Gate Park.

SPECIAL DUTY: Served as Aide-de-Camp to General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., from October, 1891, to October, 1895.

CIVIL LIFE: Assistant Marine Superintendent, Army Transport Service, San Francisco, California, 1899-1902. General Manager Metropolitan Light and Power Company, San Francisco, California, 1902 to present time. Member of the First Class by inheritance of the Loyal Legion of the United States, District of Columbia Commandery.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born August 21, 1861, New York City. Married Edith A. E. Clarke, June 25, 1890, San Francisco, California. Children: Edmunds Lyman, born September 19, 1891, San Francisco, California.



Edward William McCaskey

Major, U. S. Army. Retired October 31, 1908. Address: 1400 North Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Indian trips, Utah and Colorado, 1886-87; Sioux trips, South Dakota, 1890-91; Santiago, 1898; Santa Cruz, Laguna de Bay, Manila suburbs, Santalon, BocBoc, Sanpaloc, Calamba, Lipa, Bigaa, San Jose, San Tomas, Batangas, 1899-1902—a few minor scraps.

SPECIAL DUTY: Succession college duty at Pennsylvania State College, 1892-96; at Delaware State College, 1904-07; at St. Joseph's, 1908-10.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born August 30, 1863, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Married Kate Agnes Kennedy, June 16, 1886, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Children: Mary Ellen McCaskey, born March 29, 1887, Fort Duchesne, Utah; John Piersol McCaskey, born August 14, 1888, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas (2nd Lieutenant Cavalry); Hugh Kennedy McCaskey, born March 31, 1890, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Katherine Asa McCaskey, born November 20, 1893, State College, Pennsylvania; Edward William McCaskey, born June 10, 1892, Fort Duchesne, Utah; Richard Douglas McCaskey, born September 2, 1895, State College, Pennsylvania; Walter Bogardus McCaskey, born April 30, 1897, Plattsburg, New York; Donald Dewey McCaskey, born May 21, 1898, Plattsburg, New York; Thomas Clenard McCaskey, born August 4, 1904, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Married children: Mary Ellen McCaskey, married to Maurice Joseph Long, of Camden, New Jersey, June 16, 1909. Grandchildren: Maurice Joseph Long, Jr., born October 5, 1910.



Frank McIntyre

Colonel, Assistant to Chief, Bureau of Insular Affairs, War Department. Station: Washington, D. C.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Commanded company in Porto Rican campaign. Regimental Adjutant and Adjutant General, District of Cebu, Philippine Islands, 1899 to 1902. In various fights and skirmishes on Island of Cebu.

SPECIAL DUTY: Aide-de-Camp to Major General J. J. Coppinger, commanding 4th Army Corps, June 13 to July 20, 1898. With Regiment, Porto Rican expedition. Aide-de-Camp to Major General Guy V. Henry, commanding Department of Porto Rico, December 21, 1898, to May 5, 1899. With Regiment in Philippines, August, 1899, to June, 1902. Member of General Staff from its organization to April 20, 1905. Assistant to Chief, Bureau of Insular Affairs, April 20, 1905, to date.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born January 5, 1865, Montgomery, Alabama. Married Marie Dennett, July 12, 1892, Dallas, Texas. Children: James Dennett McIntyre, born April 9, 1893, West Point, New York; Frank McIntyre, born September 30, 1895, Detroit, Michigan; Edward McIntyre, born October 3, 1899, Louisville, Kentucky; Marie Dufillo McIntyre, born September 13, 1905, Washington, D. C.; Margaret Dennett McIntyre, born May 3, 1908, Washington, D. C.; Nora McIntyre, born February 11, 1911, Washington, D. C.



John Eugene McMahan

Major, 6th Field Artillery; from March 23, 1911, Major, General Staff. Station: Washington, D. C.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: With siege train, 5th Artillery Corps, Tampa; with 2nd Brigade, Provisional Division, 5th Artillery Corps, Tampa; with 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, 4th Artillery Corps and Cavalry Brigade, 7th Artillery Corps, Huntsville, Alabama; with 31st Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, in Philippine Islands, November 28, 1899, to August 25, 1901; in command subdistrict of Collobatto, Philippine Islands.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, May 12, 1898, to June 13, 1899; served as Adjutant General of Infantry and Cavalry Brigades and as Adjutant General, Department of Puerto Principe, Cuba; at Tampa, Huntsville, and in Cuba, Major, 31st Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, July 5, 1899, to June 18, 1901; service in Philippine Islands, on Island of Mindanao.

SPECIAL DUTY: Instructor, U. S. Military Academy; Aide-de-Camp to Major General A. McD. McCook, U. S. Army; Acting Chief Signal Officer, and Inspector S. A. Practice and Chief Ordnance Officer, Department of Colorado; member of Board for Preparation of Drill Regiments for Rapid-fire Field Guns; member and President, Field Artillery Board; member and President, Field Artillery Examining Board; General Staff.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born December 8, 1860, Buffalo, New York. Married Caroline Pugsley Bache, May 12, 1888, Fort Riley, Kansas. Children: Caroline Bache McMahan, born February 17, 1889, Fort Adams, Rhode Island; John Eugene McMahan, Jr., born September 11, 1890, West Point, New York (cadet, third class, U. S. Military Academy); Esther Dallas McMahan, born March 26, 1893, Pasadena, California; Dallas Bache McMahan, born December 5, 1895, Fort McHenry, Indiana (died at Fort Ethan Allen, May 24, 1903).

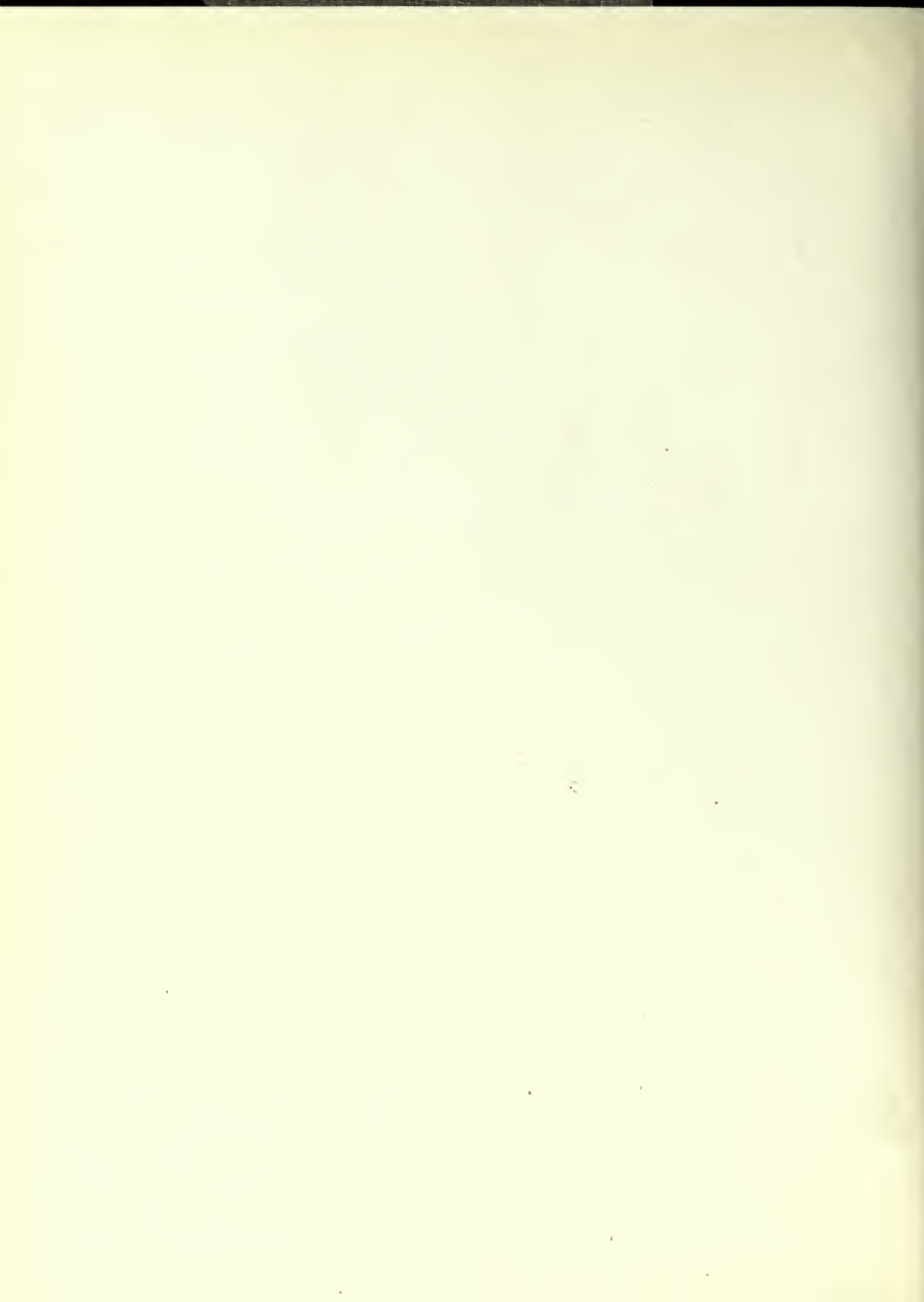


James Henry McRae

Major, 13th Infantry. Station: Washington, D. C.; on duty at Army War College since June 15, 1910.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In Santiago campaign as Adjutant, 3rd Infantry, and as Assistant Adjutant General, 1st Brigade, Bote's Provisional Division; in Philippine campaign, with 3rd Infantry in the field, from March, 1899, to March, 1902—in command of a battalion for most of the time.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born December 24, 1863, Lumber City, Georgia. Married Florence Stouch, daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel George W. H. Stouch, December 14, 1887, at Fort Shaw, Montana. Children: Donald Marion McRae, born November 18, 1892, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota (member of the present fourth class, West Point, New York); Dorothy McRae, born April 5, 1894, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota; Mildred McRae, born December 17, 1900, at Manila, Philippine Islands.



Marrus Maxwell

No photograph obtainable

Resigned July 3, 1894. Address and civil history unknown. The following data are taken from Cullum's Register: 2nd Lieutenant, 15th Infantry, July 1, 1886.

Served on frontier duty at Fort Buford, North Dakota, October 2, 1886.

MILITARY HISTORY: Served: as 2nd Lieutenant, 15th Infantry, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, from August 14, 1890, to October 30, 1893; in charge of Indian prisoners captured at Wounded Knee from January 27 to March 22, 1891; in command of camp at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, August, 1893.

1st Lieutenant of Infantry, 15th Infantry, October 30, 1893; transferred to 2nd Infantry December 13, 1893; served at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, until July 5, 1894.



Charles Thomas Menoher

Major, 1st Field Artillery. Station: Manila, Philippine Islands.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Served as Aide to Brigadier General of Volunteers in the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th Corps during war with Spain, but had no volunteer rank.

SPECIAL DUTY: Served as Adjutant General, Separate Brigade Provost Guard, Manila, Philippine Islands, and as Adjutant General to the Provost Marshal General, Manila, from June 20, 1899, to July 1, 1901; General Staff from its organization to June 1, 1907; Provost Marshal, Army of Cuban Pacification, October 9 to November 27, 1906.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born March 20, 1862, Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Married Nannie Wilhelmina Pearson, daughter of army officer, October 10, 1889, at Presidio, San Francisco, California. Children: Charles Clifford Menoher, born February 19, 1891, at Governors Island, New York; Pearson Menoher, born November 14, 1892, Fortress Monroe, Virginia (enters West Point, June, 1911); Darrow Menoher, born January 30, 1896, St. Augustine, Florida; William Menoher, born August 31, 1910, Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

Seward Mott

2ND LIEUTENANT, 10TH U. S. CAVALRY.

KILLED BY AN APACHE INDIAN, MARCH 11, 1887; AGED 26.

None of us will forget the shock of the news that Mott had been killed at San Carlos by an Apache Indian, only a few short months after he joined his regiment. He entered the Academy with the Class of '85, but joined us in July, 1882, and was graduated with us in June, 1886. He was commissioned as additional 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Cavalry, but a week later obtained his vacancy as 2nd Lieutenant in the 10th Cavalry. At the end of his graduation leave he joined his regiment at San Carlos, Arizona, where the Apaches that had made so much trouble in past years were collected under charge of the troops. A number of these Indians had been detailed to construct a large irrigating ditch, and Mott was one of the officers in charge of the work. During its progress he had occasion to discipline an Indian, and the latter's son apparently resented the punishment dealt out to his father. While Mott was engaged in directing some particular work the boy drew a revolver and shot Mott, who, being unarmed, attempted to escape. The boy shot again, and this time the bullet penetrated the kidney. On the same afternoon Mott passed away, conscious to the last and facing death courageously.

It is the custom, when writing of the dead, to say nothing but good, but in writing of Mott's death it seems impossible to say the right thing. Who among us does not remember him as the gentle-mannered, generous companion, always ready

with a joke, always eager to do some kindly act? There was nothing brilliant about him; but one thinks of him always as a true and steadfast friend, as a classmate in the real sense of the word.

J. E. McM.



Thomas Bentley Mott

Lieutenant Colonel, 4th Field Artillery. Station: American Embassy, Paris.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Campaign ending in taking of Manila from the Spaniards, August 13, 1898.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, May 12, 1898; Major and Assistant Adjutant General, November 10, 1898. Honorable discharge, June 13, 1899.

SPECIAL DUTY: Aide-de-Camp to Major General Wesley Merritt; Military Attaché at Paris; Military Attaché at St. Petersburg during Russo-Japanese War; Adjutant General, Department of Havana, for first six months of American occupation of Cuba.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born Leesburg, Virginia, 1865.



John Torrence Nance

Major of Cavalry. Station: Zamboanga, Philippine Islands.

CAMPAIGN AND FIELD SERVICE: China Relief Expedition (as 1st Lieutenant, 6th Cavalry, Acting Regimental Adjutant).

SPECIAL DUTY: Secretary of the Moro Province since March 26, 1910.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born May 25, 1864, Liberty, Illinois. Married Maie Rowand, October 25, 1887, Barry, Illinois. Children: Curtis Hoppin Nance, born August 12, 1888, at Barry, Illinois (Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, California; University of California; U. S. Military Academy, present status, cadet, first class, the first son of '86 to graduate from the Academy); Edith Gray Nance, born October 23, 1905, at Berkeley, California.



Henry Clay Newcomer

Lieutenant Colonel, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army.
Station: 5816 Rippey Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born Upton, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. Married Rebecca Elizabeth Kosier, December 29, 1886, Byron, Illinois. Children: Harry Sidney Newcomer, born October 16, 1887, Willets Point, New York Harbor (University of Wisconsin); Francis Kosier Newcomer, born September 14, 1889, Byron, Illinois (U. S. Military Academy, Class of 1913); David Albert Newcomer, born March 29, 1899, Memphis, Tennessee.

James Eugene Nolan

1ST LIEUTENANT, 4TH U. S. CAVALRY.

DIED DECEMBER 5, 1898; AGED 38.

In the opinion of the writer, dear old "Paddy" Nolan's career at the Academy offers the best proof that a man is judged there solely by what he is and what he makes of himself. Of humble origin and with only slight educational advantages, he grew day by day in his classmates' respect and affection, and by his rugged honesty of character won a high place in the opinion of all who came in contact with him.

On graduation he was assigned to the 4th Cavalry, and in October joined his regiment in Arizona. The next four years he spent in hard and rough work in the territory, scouting much of the time and spending little time in garrison. In May, 1890, he accompanied his regiment to the Presidio, San Francisco, and at this station he passed the next eight years, being absent on detached service for considerable periods of time at the different National Parks in the State. He was promoted 1st Lieutenant, 10th Cavalry, July 26, 1893, and was transferred to his old regiment on September 10, 1894. He was made Regimental Quartermaster June 5, 1898. Early in December of the same year he was taken ill with pneumonia and died after a short illness on December 5, 1898.

The following regimental order was published at his death:

HEADQUARTERS 4TH U. S. CAVALRY,
PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
December 8, 1898.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9.

It becomes the painful duty of the Regimental Commander to announce the death of 1st Lieutenant James E.

Nolan, Quartermaster of the Regiment, at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, of pneumonia, on the 5th instant.

In the death of Lieutenant Nolan the Regiment has lost one of its most efficient, zealous and dearly-beloved officers; his host of friends, a loyal and generous-hearted comrade; his children, a devoted and affectionate father; and his grief-stricken wife, a happy, true, noble and loving husband.

Lieutenant Nolan's devotion to duty; his punctuality in executing, without question, without hesitation, with the fullest measure of obedience and with the most intelligent comprehension, not only the letter, but also the spirit, of the orders of his superiors; his executive ability and his successful command of those placed under his charge and leadership, characterized him as a most exemplary soldier, both in instinct and in action.

Through his sympathetic nature, his pure integrity, and his high moral worth, he will live forever in the hearts of those he has left behind.

To his bereaved family the officers of the Regiment unite in expressing their most heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

The officers of the Regiment will wear the usual badge of mourning for the period of thirty days.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel Wagner:
FLOYD W. HARRIS,
1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, 4th Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS 4TH CAVALRY,
FORT MEADE, SOUTH DAKOTA,
November 15, 1910.

The foregoing is a true copy.

(Sgd.) JAMES S. PARKER,
Captain and Adjutant, 4th Cavalry.

J. E. McM.



Mason Mathews Patrick

Lieutenant Colonel, Corps of Engineers. Station: Norfolk, Virginia.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Chief Engineer Officer, Army of Cuban Pacification, in Cuba, 1907-09.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born December 13, 1863, Lewisburg, West Virginia. Married Grace Webster Cooley, November 11, 1902, at Plainfield, New Jersey. Children: Bream Cooley Patrick, three years old.



Julius Augustus Penn

Major, 12th U. S. Infantry. Station: Fort William McKinley, Rizal Province, Philippine Islands.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Expedition in New Mexico after runaway Jicirilla Indians, September-October, 1886; expedition in New Mexico after runaway Mescalero Apaches, August, 1887; in the Philippines, General Lawton's Northern Expedition, October-November, 1899; with General McArthur's advance on Dagupan, Bautista to Dagupan, November, 1899; with General S. B. M. Young's Expedition, Northern Luzon, November-December, 1899, rescuing over 2000 Spanish officers and soldiers and Lieutenant J. C. Gilmore, U. S. Navy, and twenty-five other Americans from the insurgents; in actions Tanguadan Mountain, December 4-5, 1899, Bandi, December 8, Banna Canyon, December 9, Gaset, December 16, and rescue of Gilmore, December 18, 1899; took part in suppressing outbreak in Ilocos, Norte Province, April, 1900.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. Volunteers, May 12 to November 30, 1898; Quartermaster of General Hawkins' Provisional Brigade; Quartermaster, 1st Division, 7th Army Corps; Quartermaster, 1st Brigade, Provisional Division, 5th Corps; Quartermaster, 3rd Division, 4th Corps, at Tampa, Florida, to July 10, 1898; Quartermaster in charge loading transports, Port Tampa, to July 26, 1898; Major, 34th U. S. Infantry Volunteers, July 5, 1899, to April 17, 1901; Major Penn's battalion of the 34th U. S. Infantry Volunteers, organized at Fort Logan, Colorado, and composed of men from Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado; it arrived at Manila, October 11, 1899, the first battalion of U. S. Volunteers organized in the United States to arrive at Manila, and served with great credit in the subsequent campaigns.

SPECIAL DUTY: With troops opening new lands in Oklahoma to settlement, 1889-91-92; on quartermaster and com-

missary duties and in charge pack trains, Bannock Expedition, 1895; with regiment, strike troubles, Butte, Montana, 1894; in addition to regimental duties was military instructor, Omaha High School, 1893-96; Quartermaster, 2nd Infantry, June, 1896, to July, 1897; Adjutant, 2nd Infantry, July, 1897, to May, 1898; Assistant Instructor Tactics, U. S. Military Academy, October, 1898, to July, 1899; Acting Inspector General, 5th District, Northern Luzon, September, 1900, to February, 1901; commanding battalion 7th Infantry, Samar troubles, March, 1902; Adjutant General, 6th Separate Brigade, Samar and Leyte, April to June, 1902; Adjutant, 7th Infantry, September, 1903, to November 17, 1904; Captain and Aide-de-Camp to Major General Henry C. Corbin, November 17, 1904, to April 24, 1906; Inspector, Small Arms Practice, Philippine Division, 1904-06; Lieutenant Colonel and Military Secretary to Lieutenant General Corbin, April 24, 1906, to September 15, 1906; Captain, General Staff, September 17, 1906, to August 10, 1909; Chief of Staff to Brigadier General Wint, commanding base of operations, Newport News, Virginia, October, 1906; Assistant Instructor, Army War College, 1906-07; Inspecting Military Schools and Colleges, April, May, 1907, 1908, 1909; Acting Adjutant General, Department of Luzon, April-May, 1910; Acting Adjutant General, Fort McKinley, Philippine Islands, May-June, 1910.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born February 19, 1865, Mattoon, Coles County, Illinois.



John Joseph Pershing

Brigadier General. Station: Zamboanga, Philippine Islands. (Commanding Department of Mindanao and Governor of the Moro Province.)

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In field as 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Cavalry, with squadron under Captain Kendall in pursuit of Geronimo's band of Apaches, October, 1886; on many small scouts and expeditions in New Mexico and Arizona, 1886-90; participated in Sioux campaign, South Dakota, 1890-91; in field commanding company of Sioux scouts, Pine Ridge, January-August, 1891; in field in Montana and Idaho as 1st Lieutenant commanding Troop D, 10th Cavalry; rounded up and deported to Canada 600 renegade Kree Indians, June-August, 1896; with 10th Cavalry in Santiago campaign, as 1st Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster, May-August, 1898; participated in battle of San Juan Hill and subsequent siege of Santiago; Adjutant General under General Kobbé in the campaign of Northern Mindanao, December, 1900, to March, 1901; in field commanding numerous expeditions against hostile Moros around Lake Lanao, Mindanao, April, 1902, to May, 1903; with mixed commands composed of all arms, varying in strength from a battalion to a brigade; principal battles—Lake Butig, September, 1902; Maciu, September, 1902; Bacolod and Calahui, April, 1903; Taraca River, May, 1903; marched around Lake Lanao with continuous fighting, May, 1903.

SPECIAL DUTY: Acting Aide to General Miles, December, 1896, to June, 1897; Instructor of Tactics, West Point, June, 1897, to April, 1898; Chief of Bureau of Insular Affairs, August, 1898, to September, 1899; General Staff, August, 1903, to September, 1906; Military Attaché, Tokyo, Japan, March, 1905, to September, 1906; with General Kuroki's army in Manchuria, March-September, 1905.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Major and Chief Ordnance Officer, August, 1898, to May, 1899; Major and Assistant Adju-

tant General, June, 1899, to June, 1901; Adjutant General, Department of Mindanao and Jolo, until June 30, 1901.

NATIONAL GUARD: Commandant of Cadets, State University, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1891-95; Colonel and Aide-de-Camp on Staff of Governor Crounce of Nebraska, 1893-95.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born September 13, 1860, Laclede, Linn County, Missouri. Married at Washington, D. C., to Helen Frances Warren, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, January 26, 1905. Children: Helen Elizabeth Pershing, born at Tokyo, Japan, September 8, 1906; Anne Pershing, born at Camp John Hay, Benguet Province, Philippine Islands, March 25, 1908; Francis Warren Pershing, born at Cheyenne, Wyoming, June 24, 1909.

Colville Mott Pettit

2ND LIEUTENANT, 8TH U. S. INFANTRY.

DIED DECEMBER 30, 1890; AGED 25.

All that is known of Pettit's career can be said in a few words. Owing to the loss of the records of the regiment in which he served, no information could be obtained of him during the four years that elapsed between his graduation and death. He joined the 8th Infantry on October 1, 1886, and remained with it until he died, December 30, 1890. His classmates will remember him as almost the babe of his class; indeed, he had hardly reached to man's estate when death called him away. Everybody liked the good-looking boy who tried to be wicked like a real grown-up man and who could never be anything but attractive, in spite of his efforts to be bad. Peace to his ashes, cut off in the flower of his youth!

J. E. McM.



Benjamin Andrew Poore

Major, 22nd Infantry. Station: Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Campaign in Porto Rico, 1898, and Philippine insurrection, 1899-1902; in actions at Guanica, Porto Rico, July 25, Hormigueros, Porto Rico, August 10, 1898, Guin-Tabuan, Negros, Philippine Islands, October 1, 1899; engaged in numerous minor expeditions in Philippine Islands, 1899-1902; on field service in Samar, Philippine Islands, May to December, 1905.

SPECIAL DUTY: Distinguished graduate, Infantry and Cavalry School, 1893; with Bureau of Information at Tampa and Key West, Florida, Santiago de Cuba, and Porto Rico, May, June and July, 1898. Instructor, Department of Modern Languages, U. S. Military Academy, 1903-05; Army War College, 1909.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born June 22, 1863, Center, Alabama. Married Addie Johnson Carleton, June 20, 1888, Salem, Massachusetts. Children: Katharine Hale Poore, born July 25, 1889, Fort Sully, South Dakota; Priscilla Carleton Poore, born February 4, 1896, Fort Thomas, Kentucky; Adelaide Carleton Poore, born December 29, 1899, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Married children: Katharine Hale Poore; married 2nd Lieutenant Joseph O. Mauborgne, 6th Infantry (now 1st Lieutenant, 3rd Infantry), at Missoula, Montana, December 3, 1907; now residing at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Grandchildren: Joseph O. Mauborgne, Jr., born October 22, 1908, at Fort Missoula, Montana.



Charles Lewis Potter

Lieutenant Colonel, Corps of Engineers. Station: St. Louis, Missouri.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In action in and around Manila and Iloilo; bearer of dispatches and representative of General Otis between Manila and the troops in Iloilo, Cebu, and Jolo.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Lieutenant Colonel and Chief Engineer, 8th Army Corps, from June 24, 1898, to September 2, 1899; service with 8th Army Corps at Manila in Spanish War and Philippine insurrection with Generals Merritt and Otis.

SPECIAL DUTY: Engineer, 3rd Lighthouse District, four years, 1906-10; in charge of manufacturing establishment of the Lighthouse Service; Auditor Philippine Islands, 1898-1899.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born January 24, 1864, Lisbon Falls, Maine. Married Mrs. Sophie H. Nichols, February 15, 1905, Montgomery, Alabama. Children: One stepchild, Caralisa Nichols, born June 19, 1892.

Robert Grider Proctor

2ND LIEUTENANT, U. S. A., RETIRED.

DIED MAY 10, 1891; AGED 32.

Proctor's obituary must needs be a brief one, for hardly had he begun his career in the Army than the disease which had threatened him so long took serious hold and he was forced to return to his home, there to await the last summons. On graduation he was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Artillery, and he served with that regiment until March, 1887, when he was forced to take a sick leave, which lasted until his death, May 10, 1891. This period was passed at his home in Auburn, Kentucky, where he quietly awaited the call of the white plague that had shattered his life. So far removed was he from his old associations in the Army that his existence had apparently been forgotten by the War Department; for, strange to say, his retirement bore date of June 15, 1891, nearly a month after he had obeyed the order of a higher power.

We all remember Proctor as the quiet, conscientious cadet who at times incurred the enmity of his companions by his strict ideas of duty and his Puritanical sense of the responsibility of a cadet officer; but now after twenty-five years, when our heads have grown wiser and grayer, who can say that our dead comrade was not honest in his conception of his duty and loyal to the best traditions of the Academy? We all remember how patiently he bore the jokes that were sometimes played upon him; just as patiently as he later bore the long years of illness and faced death at the last, when it came at the very outset of his career.

J. E. McM.



Samuel Reber

Major, Signal Corps. Station: Headquarters Department of the East, Governors Island, New York.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In field against Apaches, 1887; Porto Rican campaign, 1898; actions—landing at Guanica and Aibonito.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Major and Assistant Adjutant General, May 12 to June 4, 1898; Major, Signal Officer, June 4 to July 27, 1898; Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Signal Officer, July 27, 1898, to April 17, 1899; Captain, Signal Officer, April 17, 1899, to July 1, 1900; Cuba and Porto Rico.

SPECIAL DUTY: Intercontinental Railway Commission in Central America, 1891 to 1892; Johns Hopkins University, 1892 to 1894; Electrical Jury, World's Fair, Chicago, 1893; Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901, and Columbian Exposition, St. Louis, 1904; Military Secretary to the Commanding General of the Army, 1901 to 1903; General Staff, 1903 to 1907.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born October 16, 1864, St. Louis, Missouri. Married Cecila S. Miles, January 10, 1900, Washington, D. C. Children: Miles Reber, born March 27, 1902, Washington, D. C.; Samuel Reber, Jr., born July 15, 1903, Easthampton, New York.



Thomas Henry Rees

Lieutenant Colonel, Corps of Engineers. Station:—
Army War College, Washington, D. C. Under orders to
proceed to San Antonio, Texas, as Chief Engineer of Division.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Santiago, 1898.

SPECIAL DUTY: Santiago campaign, 1898, and with
Army of Cuban Pacification, 1907.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born October 18, 1863, Houghton,
Michigan. Children: Thomas H. Rees, Jr., born 1892 (cadet,
U. S. Military Academy); Dorothy Rees, born 1893; Helen
Rees, born 1897; Frances Rees, born 1900; Margaret Rees,
born 1901.



Charles Swift Riché

Lieutenant Colonel, Corps of Engineers. Station: Detroit, Michigan.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Colonel, 1st U. S. Volunteer Infantry, May 20, 1898, to October 28, 1898.

SPECIAL DUTY: Mainly on river and harbor and fortification work; consulting engineer for the city of Galveston in raising the grade of the city for protection against hurricanes.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born July 19, 1864, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Children: Swift Riché, born June 22, 1890, Detroit, Michigan (entered United States Naval Academy June, 1910); Weir Riché, born March 27, 1892, Detroit, Michigan (now at Naval Academy Preparatory School, Annapolis, Maryland).



Amos Blanchard Shattuck

Major, 25th Infantry. Station: Fort George Wright, Spokane, Washington.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Philippine Islands, July, 1899, to July, 1902.

SPECIAL DUTY: Regimental Quartermaster, 25th Infantry, 1894-98 (Lieutenant), also 1901-05 (Captain); detailed Quartermaster on duty in office of Quartermaster General, 1903-08; on special duty at Tampa, Florida, December, 1908, to April, 1909, as Assistant Quartermaster, receiving and distributing animals and transportation incident to return to the United States of Army of Cuban Pacification; Constructing Quartermaster, Fort Missoula, Montana, July, 1909, to December, 1910.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born August 11, 1860, Manchester, New Hampshire. Married Susan W. Cogswell, daughter of Major Milton Cogswell, U. S. Army, at Plainfield, New Jersey, August 21, 1894. Children: Amos Blanchard Shattuck, Jr., born November 25, 1896, Fort Missoula, Montana; Susan Lane Shattuck, born September 27, 1898, Plainfield, New Jersey; Milton Cogswell Shattuck, born March 23, 1901, Manila, Philippine Islands.



Erneste Virgil Smith

Major (Infantry), Paymaster. Station: Headquarters Department of California, San Francisco, California.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In field, camp observation, Cheyenne River, South Dakota, April, 1890, to August, 1890; served in Philippines, March 10, 1899, to December 24, 1901, as Adjutant General of Brigade and District and Separate Brigade; recommended for brevet as Major, U. S. Army, for services in action near Papaya, Luzon, June 10, 1900.

SPECIAL DUTY: On duty at Baker University as Professor of Military Science, March 20, 1894, to March 20, 1898; Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier General Robert H. Hall, 1898; Acting Assistant Adjutant General, General Hall's Brigade, 4th Corps, 1898; Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Farraton's Brigade, 8th Corps, 1899-1901; Adjutant, 4th Infantry, June 26, 1903, to December 15, 1905; Paymaster by detail, October, 1907.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born November 18, 1864, Springfield, Missouri. Not married at present. Children: Dorothy Young Smith, born June 26, 1888, who married Edmund Fitzgerald, Jr., January, 1910, New York. Residence, Troy, New York.



Gustave Woodson Smith Stevens

Lieutenant Colonel, Coast Artillery Corps. Station: (Commanding) Fort Casey, Washington.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Captain, U. S. Volunteers, U. S. Signal Corps, Santiago campaign, and on shore in the field from June 21 to July 9, 1898; on last date carried into hospital with yellow fever.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Captain and Signal Officer, May 20, 1898, accepted June 11; Major, July 18, accepted August 2, honorably discharged April 17, 1899; Captain, Signal Office, April 17, accepted April 17, honorably discharged May 7, 1901; served in Santiago campaign in Cuba, returned to United States in August, 1898; served in Boston, Massachusetts, mustering out Volunteers; assumed command of the Signal Corps troops and depot at Fort Myer, Virginia, in December, 1898, and superintended building of Signal Corps post and starting signal school at that place; left for Philippines in November, 1900, and served there till August, 1901, returning to the United States in summer of 1901.

SPECIAL DUTY: Signal Corps Service, Santiago; duty as Artillery District Adjutant (similar to Regimental Adjutant); Artillery District Adjutant, Artillery District of the Potomac, 1906 to August, 1907. Took part in Sea Coast Maneuvers; inspected the National Guard, District of Columbia, and the Virginia Military Institute.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born June 30, 1864, Richmond, Virginia. Married Grace Elizabeth Allen, July, 1899, Brooklyn, New York.



Cecil Stewart

Resigned from service, November 6, 1909.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Philippine insurrection,
April, 1899, to October, 1901.

CIVIL LIFE: At present an "A.B."—i.e., Artist and
Bohemian.

REMARKS: Bachelor.

William Marlay Swaine

MAJOR, U. S. A., RETIRED.

DIED OCTOBER 24, 1909; AGED 50.

Swaine was born in the Army, being the son of the late Brigadier General P. T. Swaine. He entered the Academy with the Class of '85, and joined '86 in their plebe camp. Upon graduation he was assigned to the 22nd Infantry, and served principally at Fort Keogh, Montana, until September, 1891, when he entered the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, graduating in 1893. He was promoted 1st Lieutenant, 3rd Infantry, November 29, 1892, and went back to his old regiment, the 22nd, in December of the same year. He served with the Columbian Guard at the World's Fair, at Chicago, from June to November, 1893, and then went back to his old Montana stations. The breaking out of the Spanish-American War found him at Fort Crook, Nebraska, and from there he accompanied his regiment to Mobile, and later to Tampa. He went through the Santiago campaign, being present at the El Caney and Santiago engagements.

He returned to the United States in September, 1898, and was made Mustering Officer for the State of Nebraska. He was promoted Captain, 22nd Infantry, March 2, 1899, and was transferred to the 1st Infantry May 2nd of the same year. He went to Cuba with his regiment and was stationed at Pinar del Rio until June, 1900. From Cuba he went to the Philippine Islands in August, 1900, and remained there until April, 1903, with the exception of a four months' leave, August-December, 1902.

On his return to this country he remained at Fort Wayne, Michigan, until he went back to the islands in February, 1906.

In June, 1908, he came back to the United States, broken in health from his long tropical service. He was retired for disability incident to the service March 23, 1909, and went to live at Los Nietos, California, where he died October 24, 1909.

Surely this is a record of arduous service quietly and efficiently done, service in which he gave up his life for his country. He has no memorial tablet at West Point, but none the less should his name be borne on the list of those who have laid down their lives that the republic might live.

J. E. McM.



Arthur Thayer

Major of Cavalry. Station: Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and in the field on the Mexican border at Minera, Texas.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Marched from Fort Elliott, Texas, to Fort Brown, Texas, July, 1887, to October, 1887; Santiago campaign in Cuba, June, 1898, wounded in right hip, July 1, 1898; returned to the United States with regiment; commanded Troop A, 3rd Cavalry, in Philippine insurrection, August, 1899, to June, 1901; Lawton and Young's Northern campaign, 1899; in various fights, Asingan, Mangoldan, San Tomas, Tangadin, and between Batac and Banna in November and December, 1899; relief of Batac and several fights near Batac in April, 1900; served with 3rd Cavalry in Northern Luzon until June, 1901; promoted to 9th Cavalry as Captain; commanded Troop E, 9th Cavalry, in Southern Luzon, July, 1901, to June, 1902; transferred to 3rd Cavalry, returned to the United States August, 1902; border service at Del Rio, Texas, November and December, 1910; border service at Minera, Texas, since January 29, 1911.

SPECIAL DUTY: Instructor, Department of Modern Languages, U. S. Military Academy, August, 1891, to August, 1895, relieved at his own request; Assistant Professor of French, U. S. Military Academy, October, 1898, to July, 1899, relieved at his own request; Assistant Professor of French, U. S. Military Academy, August, 1904, to August, 1907; Head of Department of Languages, Army Service Schools, August, 1907, to August, 1910, relieved at his own request; Commissary, 3rd Cavalry, June, 1903, to August, 1904.

REMARKS: Distinguished marksman, 1890; distinguished pistol-shot, 1903; member of Cavalry Army Team, 1903; member of Army Team, 1906; coach for Cavalry Army Team in First National Match, 1903.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born February 1, 1864, Evansville, Indiana. Married Viola J. Starck, December 31, 1890, Corpus Christi, Texas. Children: Arthur Paul Thayer, born April 30, 1893, West Point, New York; Marie Lillie Thayer, born November 7, 1894, West Point, New York; Basil Girard Thayer, born July 16, 1898, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; Francis Marion Thayer, born August 28, 1905, West Point, New York; Cora Thayer, born November 7, 1908, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

John Alexander Towers

1ST LIEUTENANT, 2ND U. S. ARTILLERY.

DIED AT ANDERSON, S. C., MARCH 23, 1893; AGED 30.

Towers entered with the class in June, 1882, and soon made it evident that he was to be numbered among the star performers in mathematics, as well as in the gentle art of sharing the contents of her lunchbasket with some unsuspecting damsel in a cozy corner in Flirtation Walk. The writer well remembers, one hot afternoon in Yearling Camp, while engaged in instilling instruction into plebes, how he was suddenly accosted by an attractive young female in anxious search of Cadet "Digby." Upon graduation Towers was assigned to the 1st Artillery and joined in September at the Presidio. Here were assembled a choice and merry crowd—Bean, Mott, T. B. Lyman, Sturgis, '84, Faison, '83; and reports do say that the Post Commander, General (then Major) Grahame, had the time of his life getting any of these brave young soldiers to attend reveille. Towers remained here until May, 1890, when, his health failing, he was obliged to take a sick leave until the following September, when it was found that it would not do to send him back to the climate of San Francisco. He accordingly was detailed as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston, S. C., to date from September 30, 1890. It was hoped that his health would improve in the warm climate of his native State, but the disease—tuberculosis—had progressed too far. He died March 23, 1893.

It is surely a tribute to a man to be able to say that, when one looks back to four long years of hard work and little play spent in close companionship with him, his memory always brings a smile to the lips. This is true of Towers.

J. E. McM.



Peter Edward Traub

Major of Cavalry. Station: West Point, New York.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Against Crow Indians, November, 1887; against Sioux Indians, November, 1890, to February, 1891; Spanish-American War, Santiago campaign, June 14 to August 13, 1898; Philippine insurrection, November 30, 1900, to July 4, 1902.

BATTLES AND ACTIONS: Action against Crow Indians near Crow Agency, November 5, 1887, Las Guasimas, Cuba, June 24, 1898, San Juan, Cuba, July 1-3, 1898; siege of Santiago, July 4-17, 1898. These campaigns and engagements all resulted in commendatory orders and reports for hard marching, energetic efforts, and recommendations for two brevets for gallantry in action.

SPECIAL DUTY: Instructor and Assistant Professor of French, U. S. Military Academy, 1892-98, 1902-04; Associate Professor of Modern Languages, U. S. Military Academy, 1907-11; Acting Adjutant General and Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Department of Southern Luzon and Department of South Philippines, November, 1900, to August, 1902; on confidential mission to insurgent camp, April, 1902, resulting in surrender of all insurgents of Island of Samar under General Guevara; on delicate confidential missions in summers of 1904 and 1905, for which commended for "marked discretion, energy and ability"; on mission to Germany to witness the Fall Army Maneuvers, 1906; on confidential mission to Panama, summer 1908; Senior Umpire, Fort Riley Maneuvers, 1910; Head, Department of Languages (French, German, Spanish), Army Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, 1904-07.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born October 15, 1864, New York. Married October 15, 1895, at Albany, New York, to Katharine Hamilton Chapman, of Troy Road, Albany, New York.

Children: Margaret Standish Traub, born West Point, New York, March 8, 1897; Katharine Hamilton Traub, born West Point, New York, August 24, 1903; Elizabeth Hudson Traub, born Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, April 30, 1905.

Harry George Trout

CAPTAIN, 2ND U. S. CAVALRY.

DIED AUGUST 8, 1905; AGED 43.

Trout entered the Academy with the September contingent in 1882 and was graduated in June, 1886, and assigned to the 9th Cavalry. He served his tour as 2nd Lieutenant with that regiment and was promoted 1st Lieutenant, 2nd Cavalry, on March 7, 1893. He joined at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, in May of the same year and spent the next four years at that post. In August, 1897, he entered the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, but the breaking out of the Spanish-American War dispersed the class in the spring of 1898. Trout joined his regiment which went through that wearisome period of waiting for something to do in the camps at Tampa, Montauk Point and Huntsville. At the conclusion of the war he served as mustering-out officer at Philadelphia from September 9 to December 8, 1898. After rejoining his regiment he served as Acting Regimental Adjutant, Quartermaster and Commissary from January 20 to March 31, 1899. He accompanied the Regiment to Cuba in the spring of that year and remained with it until its return to the United States in January, 1902. He performed garrison duty at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, and Fort Myer, Virginia, until the departure of his regiment for the Philippines in December, 1903. The next two years were passed at Camp Stotsenburg, Philippine Islands, in command of his troop. In August, 1905, he was seized with a severe attack of appendicitis and operated upon, but without avail. He died at Camp Stotsenburg on August 8, 1905, of peritonitis.

It has been the sad duty of the writer to write the obituary notices of the two classmates who shared the same room

with him during the period of their first introduction to the Academy as "Seps." Later on the strong friendship entertained for Trout was renewed at Tampa and Fort Ethan Allen, where his high standing as an officer only verified the opinion formed of him as a cadet. He was always loyal and devoted to the class, and the writer feels that this brief and dry account of his services will give those who did not know him but a faint idea of his sterling qualities as an officer and a man.

The following regimental order was issued on his death:

HEADQUARTERS 2ND U. S. CAVALRY,
CAMP STOTSENBERG, PAMPANGA, P. I.,
August 8, 1905.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 4.

1. It is with profound sorrow that the Regimental Commander announces to the Regiment the death, at this post, at noon to-day, of Captain Harry G. Trout, 2nd Cavalry. Born at Philadelphia, Pa., on September 5, 1861, he was appointed a cadet at the United States Military Academy on September 1, 1882, and upon graduation was commissioned, July 1, 1886, as 2nd Lieutenant, 9th U. S. Cavalry. On March 7, 1893, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenancy in the 2nd Cavalry, and on February 2, 1901, received his promotion to a Captaincy in the Regiment.

Captain Trout's long and honorable record of twenty-three years' service has exerted an influence that will not terminate with his untimely death. He will long be remembered by his comrades, officers and men of this Regiment for his general cultivation and professional attainments; for his high sense of duty; for the jealous care with which he guarded the honor of his profession, as a soldier proud of the name; for his manly sympathy for those serving at his side; and for his interest in the officers and men of his troop—"H."

The Army has lost an officer and a gentleman.

2 The officers of the Regiment will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

By order of Major Johnson:

(Signed)

FRED'K S. FOLTZ,

Captain and Adjutant, 2nd Cavalry.

J. E. McM.



Charles Carroll Malcott, Jr.

Major of Cavalry. Station: Schofield Barracks, Hawaiian Territory.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: Philippine outbreak in February, 1899; with two expeditions under General Lawton in April, 1899.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Captain, Assistant Quartermaster, May 12, 1898, to September 18, 1899; Major, 44th U. S. Infantry, September 18, 1899, to June 30, 1901; served in Philippine Islands, August, 1898, to October, 1901, in various capacities in the Quartermaster's Department.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born June 20, 1861, Columbus, Ohio. Married Julia du Pont Crofton, of Wilmington, Delaware, August 26, 1891, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.



Robert Clarence Williams

Captain. Retired March 2, 1899. Address: Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

SPECIAL DUTY: Military Instructor, De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, January, 1890, to October, 1892. Military Instructor, Riverview Academy, Poughkeepsie, New York, July, 1900, to September, 1905.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born February 5, 1862, Minerva, Ohio. Married Arta Parvin, September 6, 1888, Cincinnati, Ohio. Children: Robert Parvin Williams, born August 29, 1891, Greencastle, Indiana (Miami Medical College, Cincinnati); Arta Williams, born December 31, 1894, Fort Sheridan, Illinois; Charles Linton Williams, born January 3, 1898, Fort Huachuca, Arizona.



Frank Long Winn

Major, 13th U. S. Infantry. Station: Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to March, 1911; ordered to proceed on April 5, 1911, to Manila, Philippine Islands.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: In the field with the 1st Infantry (Colonel Shafter), Pine Ridge campaign against Sioux Indians, December 4, 1890, to March 4, 1891; in the field with Company B, 1st Infantry, Round Valley Indian Reservation, California, March 9 to April 30, 1892; in the field with the 1st Infantry (Colonel Shafter), at Los Angeles, California, during railroad strike, from July 2 to August 17, 1894; Camp George H. Thomas, Chickamauga, to June 7, 1898; with Regiment in Cuba from June 20 to August 15, 1898, serving throughout the campaign against Santiago, participating in the battles of El Caney, July 1st, San Juan, July 2nd and 3rd, and subsequent operations to the surrender of the Spanish Army, July 17, 1898; nominated by the President to be Brevet Captain for gallantry in battle of El Caney, Cuba, July 1, 1898; Montauk Point, New York, to September 10, 1898; to the Philippine Islands, February 19, 1899; served in Luzon during Filipino insurrection; Manila, April 14 to June 25, 1899, with 2nd Division, 8th Army Corps; Northern Luzon thereafter and throughout the advance from San Fernando to Tarlac; participated with his regiment in the engagements of San Fernando and Calulut, August 9th; Angeles, August 16th and 18th; Angeles, October 11th and 16th, and other operations in the vicinity of Angeles during August and September and October, 1899, and the subsequent advance to Bamban (November 11, 1899) and Tarlac (November 13, 1899). Nominated by the President to be Brevet Major for gallantry in action, Angeles, Luzon, August 16, 1899; Adjutant General, 3rd District (General Jacob H. Smith commanding),

Department of Northern Luzon, August 8, 1900, to September 6, 1901; Acting Military Secretary, Pacific Division, November, 1905, to January 29, 1906; Aide-de-Camp to Division Commander (Major General Adolphus W. Greely), April 18 to August 2, 1906, during the operations of the Army in the San Francisco earthquake, fire and relief work.

SPECIAL DUTY: Professor of Military Science and Tactics, University of California, Berkeley, California, August 15, 1893, to August 15, 1897; Acting Aide-de-Camp to General James W. Forsyth, maneuvers, Monterey, California, from July 6 to August 19, 1895; on leave of absence in Europe, May 15 to December 21, 1897; Regimental Adjutant (1st Lieutenant), 12th Infantry, April 13, 1898, to March 2, 1899; Regimental Adjutant (Captain), 12th Infantry, March 2, 1899, to August 8, 1900; Regimental Quartermaster, 12th Infantry, June 1, 1902, to March 3, 1904; Aide-de-Camp to Major General Arthur MacArthur, March 4, 1904, to September 18, 1906; Lieutenant Colonel and Military Secretary to the Lieutenant General of the Army, Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, September 18, 1906, to June 2, 1909; at Headquarters Pacific Division, San Francisco, California, to April 30, 1907; with General Baron Kuroki and officers, Imperial Japanese Army, Seattle to Washington City, May, 1907; at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, May 20, 1907, to June 2, 1909; on leave of absence in Europe, summer and fall of 1909; member Infantry Examining Board, October 12, 1909, to 1911; commanding Regiment, July 25 to September, 1910, Fort Riley Maneuvers.

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born October 4, 1864, Winchester, Kentucky. Married (1) Dora Boardman, of San Francisco, California, who died December 23, 1891, (2) Katharine McCord, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October 15, 1910. Children: Dora Julia Winn, born December 17, 1891, San Francisco, California.



Edmund Schon Wright

Major of Cavalry. Station: Presidio of San Francisco, California.

WAR AND FIELD SERVICE: 1890-91, Sioux Indian war, 2nd Lieutenant, Troop C, 9th Cavalry, with Fort Leavenworth Cavalry Battalion, Pine Ridge campaign; 1896-97, 1st Lieutenant, Troop A, 1st Cavalry, scouting trails of renegade Apache Indians in Arizona and New Mexico; January-March, 1898, 1st Lieutenant, commanding Troop A, 1st Cavalry, exploring in Papago Indian country, investigating relations of settlers and Indians, etc.; 1898, with 5th Army Corps in Santiago campaign, commanding Troop A, 1st Cavalry, in battles of Guasimas and San Juan; with detachment 1st Cavalry, Troops A and L, on strike duty at Wallace and Wardner, Idaho, May-November, 1899; with regiment in Philippines, September, 1900, to August, 1903; 1st Lieutenant and Captain, Troop A; general scouting; commanded at Lucban, February, 1901, to April, 1902; operated under General Bell's orders in Batangas campaign; commanded 1st Squadron in reconnaissance of Batangas and Tayabas provinces, June, 1903; with regiment in military occupation of San Francisco, May-June, 1906, after fire and earthquake; on Mexican border enforcing neutrality laws, February-April, 1911, operating in Arizona and California; commanded troops at Yuma, February-April, 1911.

NATIONAL GUARD: Corporal, Louisville Legion Cadets, F Company, 1st Kentucky; Corporal and selected for appointment as Sergeant Major at time of entering West Point; with regiment escorting ex-President Grant when visiting Louisville at close of his tour of the world.

SPECIAL DUTY: Instructor of Drawing, United States Military Academy, 1891-92; Instructor in Mathematics, Fort

Leavenworth, 1893; commanded Crow Indian Troop L, 1st Cavalry, at Fort Custer, Montana, 1893-94; on topographical reconnaissance in Southern Arizona, June-September, 1897, between Mexican border and Gila River, Tombstone and Tucson, for progressive military map; on recruiting service, Louisville, 1898; general recruiting service, El Paso, Texas, 1896-1909; Acting Superintendent Sequoia and General Grant National Parks, 1910, commanding troop on duty at parks.

MISCELLANEOUS: Sharpshooter; member Department of Missouri Revolver Team (bronze medal), 1892; attended summer camp, Strawberry Valley, Utah, 1889; at one post or another has performed all post, staff and special duties, giving special attention to post schools at Fort Duchesne and Fort Robinson; has served at twelve established posts in the United States and at five stations in the Philippines.

With Stewart, designed class ring; illustrated Batchelor's "Infantry Fire."

PERSONAL HISTORY: Born August 4, 1864, Augusta, Georgia. (Unmarried.)

Class Songs

1. THE ELEGANT BOLD '86

"A" COMPANY

There's old Wiley Bean, and also Danny Keene,
Paddy Nolan and Saturday, the twins,
There's old Boss Wright, who braced with all his might,
And Duncan, so handy with his shins.

Chorus—There's the Walcutts, the Pershings,
The Shattucks and the Beans,
And Windy with his fins so quick;
Bow down to me low as walking I go,
I'm the elegant, bold Simon Slick.

"B" COMPANY

There's old Jones, E. N., and all "B" Company men,
Who live in tents just on the right,
And little Peggy Winn, who thinks swearing is a sin,
And his tentmate who swears with all his might.

Chorus—There's Bobby Hirst and Moses, two staunch
old bachelors,
And Riché, who's a-fussin' and a-stewin';
Bow down to me low as walking I go,
I'm the elegant, bold Jimmy Druien.

"C" COMPANY

There's little Timmy Thayer, with his military air,
Who goes to see his girl and keeps her key,
And old Jack Nance, in a pair of borrowed pants,
Who goes out every day in F. C. P.

Chorus—There's the Byrons, the Deshons, the Pettits
and the Traubs,
The Croxtons and the Twiggses of the Corps;
Bow down to me low as walking I go,
I'm the elegant, bold Benny Poore.

There's old Sukey Mott, who's mashed but says he's not,
Every day to the mess hall wends his way;
And also Uncle Mac, takes his dress coat from the rack,
And goes down "Flirtation" every day.

Chorus—There's the Potters, the Proctors, the Kimballs
and the Hays,
John Hardeman and also Sammy Seay;
Bow down to us low as walking we go,
We're the officers and men of Company D.

BATTALION STAFF

There's old Tibby who gets an absence on tattoo,
And says he's been out walking with his aunt,
But down "Flirtation" with the moon, he's an awful man
to spoon,
He's the elegant, bold adjutant.

Chorus—There's also Uncle Mac, on whom his girl went
back
Because he wouldn't spoon her any faster;
Bow down to me low as walking I go,
I'm the elegant, bold quartermaster.

2. LITTLE TOMMARIO

There was once a gay young smokario,
His name it was Thomas Reesario,
He smoked so strong a cigariorio
That it made him feel very glum—yum—yum.

Along came the Officer of the Dario,
Who took out his little bookario,
He raked in this festive Tommario,
Which made him exceedingly glum—yum—yum.

On the next confinement listario,
Little Tommy was in confinariorio,
He could not do any spoonario,
Which made him exceedingly glum—yum—yum.

Down by the old Hospitalario
There lives a fair young Julietto;
If we should here tell her cognamio,
It would make him exceedingly glum—yum—yum.

To see this fair young Julietto,
Tommy made a bold breach of conetto,
He had a most narrow escapio,
Which would make him exceedingly glum—yum—yum.

Had a Tack seen this reckless actario,
Our friend would have been privatario,
He would now have been walking guardario,
Which would make him exceedingly glum—yum—yum.

3. THE PONTON BRIDGE

(Tune—"Hold the Fort")

Lower the balk, the chess are coming,
Side rails on the way,
Hear the Major wildly shouting,
Hurry up that bay.

CHORUS:

Hold the balk and chess and rack sticks,
Though we swear and steam,
Soon we'll have the bridge constructed,
Then we'll cross the stream.

See the balkmen now approaching,
Major leading on,
Soon he'll give the order "lower,"
And the bay is done.—CHO.

Step out the side rails and the lastings,
Tie her firm and fast,
We'll not get back to the encampment
Till the recall's past.—CHO.

4. THE CRY OF GRADUATION

(Tune—"The Battle Cry of Freedom")

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the cry of Graduation;
We'll rally from the section room,
And gather on the plain,
Shouting the cry of Graduation.

Chorus—Yes, June forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the chevron and up with the bar,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the cry of Graduation.

We nevermore will tussle with
The ravelin covered way,
Shouting the cry of Graduation,
But we'll whoop it up for h——'s sake
On our Graduation day,
Shouting the cry of Graduation.—CHO.

And our engineer instructors,
With their eager, searching eyes,
Shouting the cry of Graduation,
Nevermore will hang around us,
Like a lot of hungry spies,
Shouting the cry of Graduation.—CHO.

And when we reach our homes, boys,
How happy we will be,
Shouting the cry of Graduation,
For then we won't be skinned again
For late at reveille,
Shouting the cry of Graduation.—CHO.

We will follow in the footsteps
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the cry of Graduation,
And we'll fill up all the vacancies
With seventy-seven more,
Shouting the cry of Graduation.—CHO.

We will soon be bold lieutenants, boys,
So don't be feeling sad,
Shouting the cry of Graduation;
And how we'll "whoop it" for the man
Who's first to be a dad,
Shouting the cry of Graduation.—CHO.

5. WILEY BEANARIO

There once was a gay young Lothario,
And his name it was Wiley Beanario;
One day he received a skinario
Which made him exceedingly glum,
Yum, Yum.

He went down to see the Commario
To make charges against the tackario,
But he sent him back in arrestario,
Which made him feel none the less glum—
Yum, Yum.

Next night there came out an ordario
Which made Wiley Bean privatario,
They bumped him against the tent-polio
And injured ——— dum dum,
Yum, Yum.

6. THE HARVEST

(Tune—"What Shall the Harvest Be?")

Walking guard in the daylight fair,
Raking in skins in the noontide glare,
Standing attention in soft twilight,
Sleeping on post in the solemn night:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?—"Skins."

CHORUS:

Walking guard in the morning air,
Raking in skins in the daylight fair,
Gathering "cons" for next Saturday,
Sure, oh, sure, will the harvest be—"Breach of Con."

Building the bridge with all our might,
The sergeant came up in the dead of night
And excitedly said to the Major bright,
"Sir, the raft itself is out of sight."
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?—"No shoe."

CHORUS:

Working hard until twelve o'clock,
Carrying chess on the old North Dock,
Deadbeating whenever a chance we see,
Sure, oh, sure, will the harvest be—"Balk."

Constructing a Noizet at eight o'clock,
Using of cuss-words our total stock,
Drawing the magistral, oh, so fine,
To the ramp sloping upward with one on nine.
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?—"1.5."

CHORUS:

Cussing and swearing and working all day,
Putting in slopes for the covered way,
Skinned twice for talking, by Lieutenant G——,
Sure, oh, sure, will the harvest be—"Transfer."

7. LITTLE WALLIE

(Tune—"Sweet Dreamland Faces")

Little Wallie Gordon, spooning
All the day,
Oh, how he feels now that she has
Gone away;
Gone away forever, never to return,
To forget his sweetheart he
Will never learn.

Sweet cadet faces passing in review,
Then comes inspection for coats that
Are not new;
Along strides his Nibs, now, with all his
Retinue,
Oh, General Wesley, yours is threadbare too.

8. CLEMENTINE

(Tune—"My Clementine")

In "B" Company, in "B" Company
Live a lot of handsome men,
Fritz and Moses, Fritz and Moses,
And the classic Jones, E. N.

Chorus—Oh! the classic, oh! the classic,
Oh! the classic Jones, E. N.,
You will never know your tactics,
And the Cop will rake you in.

In "C" Company, in "C" Company
Live a lot of spoony men,
Stephen Elliott, Stephen Elliott,
And his tentmate, Julius Penn.

Chorus—Oh! my darling, oh! my darling,
Oh! my darling Julius Penn,
You'll be lost to us forever
When the course is at an end.

In the guard-house, in the guard-house
Live a lot of skinning men;
Cop and Goober, Darr and Davy,
General K. and Cheeky John.

Chorus—Oh! my darling, oh! my darling,
Oh! my darling Cheeky John,
You will never kick our clothes-bags
When a hundred days have gone.

In the summer, in the summer,
In the summer it is queer
That mixed drinks with ice and sugar
Should give a man the ——.

Chorus—O the doctor, O the doctor,
O the doctor, he has said
That the cases of the colic
Come from drinking lemonade.

9. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

Shall we gather at the river,
Where the "Major" calls for "chess,"
Where they make us work forever,
Where they never give "place rest"?

Chorus—Yes, we will gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river,
Gather with the soldiers at the river,
Where they never give "place rest."

Shall we gather at the river,
Where the ponton boats are moored?
Shall we carry "chess" forever,
Until the ponton bridge is floored?—CHO.

Shall we wear white shirts forever,
And leave our jackets on the shore?
Shall we "rock and heave" together
Until our backs are awful sore?—CHO.

Shall we carry balk forever,
Lash side rails forevermore?
Shall we finish never, never,
With this Engineer Corps?—CHO.

Shall we gather at the battery,
Where the heliostat is set?
Shall we signal up to Newburgh,
"No message from you yet"?—CHO.

When we gather at the river,
As we're about to leave the Corps,
We'll be happy then forever,
For we'll "build the bridge" nevermore.—CHO.

10. INFANTRY WHITE

We've not much longer here to stay,
We've passed the hundredth night,
We'll bid farewell to cadet gray
And don the infantry white.

Chorus—Infantry white, infantry white,
We'll don the infantry white,
We'll bid farewell to cadet gray
And don the infantry white.—CHO.

We'll graduate on June the twelfth,
And celebrate that night,
We'll drink to everybody's health,
And yet we won't get tight.—CHO.

Then here's three groans for burly Cop,
And four for Cheeky John,
They nevermore our fun will stop
By putting us in "con."—CHO.

For soon we're going to graduate
And don our Hatfield coats,
Farewell we'll say to old Noizet,
That terror of the goats.—CHO.

And here's a health to Colonel Price,
Come, boys, and drink it down,
Our hearts are light, the bill has passed,
We'll decorate the town.—CHO.

Here's to our dear old Wiley Bean,
A politician he,
Without his wire-pulling, I ween,
Ten nobby cits we'd be.—CHO.

11. THE COPROLITE

(Tune—"The Midshipmite")

'Twas in '85, on a rainy night,
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
I was walking guard in a terrible plight,
When up came a great big Coprolite,
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
"I'll turn them out four times," said he,
"Before the sound of reveille,
And give to each a skin," said he.
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!

Chorus—With a long, long skin,
And a long, strong skin,
Gaily, my lads, make her stick,
We're in "con" tonight for the Coprolite,
Singing, Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!

What's that with pants, so white and bright?
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
Number One cries out in a terrible fright,
" 'Tis the burly form of the Coprolite."
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
Oh! I got two skins that made me grieve,
And I feel pretty sure those skins will cleave,
And bust my chance for a Christmas leave.
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!—CHO.

With the cries of the Cop our camp was rife,
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
And all above the busy strife
Was heard, "Cut away those hands with life."
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
"Look alive!" he cries with all his might,
"Pay more attention! Mr. Wright."
Oh! I'm tired of this talkative Coprolite,
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!
Challenge me, my lads, ye ho!—CHO.

12. DE REVEILLEES

(Tune—"Golden Slippers")

Oh! dem reveillees am laid away,
'Case I ain't a-gwine to wear 'em till graduation day,
But the dress hat so greenish, though it looks rather sheenish,
I'll wear on guard in the morn.
De old dress coat dat I bought last June,
I'se gwine to give away, 'case it fits too soon,
And de overcoat, too, dat am not very new,
I'll give to a plebe dat morn.

CHORUS:

Oh! dem reveilleans, oh! dem reveilleans,
Reveilleans I'se gwine to wear because they look so neat and
handsome,
Oh! dem reveilleans, oh! dem reveilleans,
Reveilleans I'se gwine to wear to walk dat company street.

De catridge box am laid away
'Case I'm gwine to wear a sash on guard today,
And de pompon new am put away too,
For I'll wear a plume in the morn.
De old waistplate dat am all over tarnished,
Will visit a plebe till de scabbard am varnished,
While I wear the breastplate of some feller's tentmate,
And borrow a sword in the morn.—CHO.

Dese old white pants wid de holes in the seat,
I'se gwine to exchange for a pair so neat,
For it's terrible bad to be looking so sad,
When I march that guard in the morn.
Dat new white jacket dat was bought last month,
I'se gwine to fill up wid buttons on the front,
And bright they will be as you shall see,
When I march dat guard in the morn.—CHO.

Here's some brand-new socks dat cost lots of rocks,
Dat come from de commissary in a box,
Dey will cover dese feet (very small and neat)
When I march dat guard in the morn.
De new white helmet just across the way,
Dat was bought by a plebe just a week ago today,
I'll be sure to borrow, today or tomorrow,
If de guard be in white in the morn.—CHO.

13. THE HEATHEN CHINEE

(Tune—"Chineeman Bully Man")

Take a little waterlee, take a little sugarlee, take a little
lemolee,
Stir lem in a pail;
Some people callee nice lemonadee, some people callee
Ginnecockatail.

Chorus.—Hi yi yi, chin, chin chin,
Me no likee tackee man, he too muchee skin;
Coppee man h— of a man, he laugh hi yi;
Coppee man h— of a man, he laugh hi yi.

Take a little lightee, take a little tactics, take a little Jonesey,
Bonee after taps.
Some people say he tear he little shirtee, some people say
He dammy cold fess.—CHO.

Me likee pipee, me likee smokee, me no likee Coppee man;
He no likee me.
Along come Coppee man, and sniffee up he nosee, sniffee up
he nosee,
Bound to rakee me.—CHO.

14. THE FLY-SPECK MAN

(Tune—"If You are Anxious for to Shine"—*Patience*)

If you are anxious for to shine in the engineering line,
As a goat so bold and rare,
You must sit up every night, and bone with all your might,
And tear out all your hair.
Oh! the Quercus and the Ookus, bedad, they nearly choke us,
And the Kyan's method too;
Oh! Ordnance and Gunnery are nothing else but flummery,
And the liquid Spanish too.
And every one will say, as you walk your concrete way,
"If he is content to rag a max, which would certainly not suit
me,
Why, what a very, very, very, very fly-speck man this fly-speck
man must be."

15. THE HOG-FISH OF THE CORPS

(Tune—"For He is an Englishman")

For it is a lampereel,
For it might have been a ganoid,
A teleost or a placoid,
Or perhaps a dinosaur,
Or perhaps a DINOSAUR.
But in spite of all temptations,
To belong to the crustaceans,
It remains the Hog-fish of the Corps,
It remains the Hog-fish of the Corps.

16. THE LAST BANQUETTE—MAY 1, 1886

(Air—"Son of a Gondolier" or "Auld Lang Syne")

[Dedicated by the author to CHAUNCEY B. BAKER, whose pleasant smile has "whiled away the tedium of many sad hours."—B. File.]

I

With sunken eye and ink-stained lips,
And mouth with oaths profaned,
He stood before his Noizet front
And on it curses rained.

II

And as he stood and vainly cursed,
Remembrances came
Of many weeks that he had spent
A drawing of the same.

III

How "James Mercur," the Professeur,
Did about the traverse harp,
And order that a raise be made
Along the counterscarp.

IV

How Gustav J., the Fiebiger,
With soft and black pencell,
Did sit upon the glacis planes
And give the ravelin h—;

V

How Goethals with his "new-born" joy
Did diverse skinning do,
Because an "artist" was desirous
Of a reference or two.

VI

How little Jimmie Warren too,
With night work tired and bent,
His magic aid in lettering
To sundry "fly-specks" lent.

VII

His visions are now put to flight
By sound of bugle calls;
With borrowed ink his pen he fills,
And on his drawing "falls."

VIII

The second bugle calleth,
His face is cold with sweat,
Unfinished is the covered way,
In pencil, the banquette.

IX

A Banquet soon will come, my friends,
Where no Noizet front is found,
When for long lost time we make amends,
And take a smile all 'round.

X

And as long as life is spared me,
On this I will insist,
The time I've spent in Drawing,
It always will be missed.

17. OUR POSTLE

(Tune—"My Bonnie")

My Postle's gone over the ocean,
My Postle's gone over the sea,
O haste, ye rough winds, o'er the ocean,
And keep back my Postle from me.

Chorus—Keep back, keep back,
Keep back my Postle from me, from me,
Keep back, keep back,
Keep back my Postle from me.

My Postle's gone over to France,
My Postle departed in June,
O may I escape from his glance,
Return not, my Postle, too soon.

Chorus—Return not, return not,
Return not, my Postle, too soon, too soon,
Return not, return not,
Return not, my Postle, too soon.

I hope he will stay there a while,
I hope that the Frenchmen will be
So kind to that darling old file
As to keep back my Postle from me.

Chorus—Keep back, keep back,
Keep back my Postle from me, from me,
Keep back, keep back,
Keep back my Postle from me.

We hope that while over the ocean,
Our Postle has fully dispelled
The doubts which have long clouded over
The opinions which Kant really held.

Chorus—Which Kant really held,
Which Kant really held,
The opinions which Kant really held, held, held,
Which Kant really held, which Kant really
held,
The opinions which Kant really held.

When our course in Hist'ry is ended,
And Postle is with us once more,
O may we all be recommended
By him for the Engineer Corps.

Chorus—Engineer Corps, Engineer Corps,
By him for the Engineer Corps, Corps, Corps,
Engineer Corps, Engineer Corps,
By him for the Engineer Corps.

And then when his leave has expired,
And Postle's again crossed the sea,
O may he not make me as tired
As when he last parted from me.

Chorus—Make me as tired, make me as tired,
As when he last parted from me, from me,
Make me as tired, make me as tired,
As when he last parted from me.

My Postle's come over the ocean,
My Postle's come over the sea,
He brought back a piece of humanity
That preaches till twelve twenty-three.—CHO.

He was tossed up and down on the billows,
As the ship plowed across the mad sea,
He braced himself up with hot toddy,
And came back to tell it to me.—CHO.

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