

ASSEMBLY

ASSOCIATION OF GRADUATES, U. S. M. A.

VOLUME II

JANUARY, 1944

No. 4



**Officers
Association of Graduates**

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Cover—Washington Hall Mural—Courtesy White Studios.

Other Pictures—Courtesy Public Relations Office, M.P., U.S.M.A.,
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The Washington Hall Mural

By T. L. Johnson, Yale '23

(Editor's Note: The front cover of this issue of *Assembly* is a photograph of the huge mural painted on the south wall of the "new" cadet mess hall called Washington Hall. Comparatively few West Pointers, who entered the Academy prior to 1932, have had the opportunity to see this beautiful work of art.

The artist, Major T. L. Johnson, Yale 1923, is at present stationed at West Point as an instructor in the Department of Military Topography and Graphics. No better authority could give the story of the mural and Major Johnson has graciously written the following article.)

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, more than any other person, made possible the actual execution of the West Point Mural. In 1935 sketches and preliminary plans for the Mural had been made under the sponsorship of the "Public Works of Art Project" which was then under the direction of Mrs. Juliana Force of the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. Plans of the West Point building were given to four artists and a "Competition" was inaugurated to get the best design. Each competing artist was responsible for his own ideas and the conception of the Mural in terms of line, form and color. The design of the present mural was chosen

As a foundation for this effect I based my selection on the list of decisive battles given by Lord Creasy in his famous book published in 1852.

The list of battles and leaders presented below shows the diametrical arrangement of the figures in the Mural. Those in italics are Lord Creasy's selections.

The Mural depicts also a compact history of the "Weapons of War" their development and effect on warfare. All the principle types of spears, bows and arrows, swords, etc., as well as battering ram, catapult, various kinds of guns, rifles, cannon, and machine guns, including the super mobile mortars used by the Germans to knock out Leige in Belgium in 1918. Parts of an airplane also are shown. Military costume is represented in all its splendor and every representative type of armor is depicted, from the early leather jacket with steel discs sewn on it, to the finest coat of mail, with beautiful etched designs filled with beaten gold, which was the last word in armor as developed in Toledo, Spain. Every portrait, every weapon, and every costume, was carefully authenticated: many of the objects were copied directly from museum pieces, or from photographs of famous collections. The head of Alexander the Great I remember we found on an ancient coin. No time or effort was spared to get every detail precise and true.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Cyrus at Babylon 538 B. C.	Miltiades at Marathon 490 B. C.	Alexander the Great at Arbela 331 B. C.	Nero at Actium 27 B. C.	Arminius at Teutoburger Forrest 9 A. D.
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MEDIEVAL HISTORY

Granada and Columbus 1492	Mohammed II at Constantinople 1453	Crecy 1346	Jenne de Arc Orleans 1429	Richard, Coeur de Lion 1157-1199	William the Conqueror Hastings 1066	Charles Martel at Tours 732	Artius at Chalons 451 A. D.
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MODERN HISTORY

Gustavus at Lutzen 1632	Marlborough at Blenheim 1704	Peter the Great at Poltava 1709	Gates at Saratoga 1777	Fredrick the Great 1712-1786	Kellerman at Valmy 1792	Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo 1815	Meade at Gettysburg 1863	Joffre at the Marne 1914
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by the Whitney Museum group of both critics, artists and Mrs. Juliana Force, the Director, as well as by General William D. Connor and the Academic Board of West Point. It was at about this time that funds for the Project were exhausted and Congress failed to resubscribe. The plans were complete and had been approved by everyone; I had spent one solid year on this preliminary work and of course was keen to now go ahead with the actual execution of the Mural.

After many efforts I decided to make one last attempt to get backing for the Mural and made a trip to Washington. Mrs. Force gave me a letter to the then Secretary of War, Dern. The office of the Secretary arranged an interview for me with General Douglas MacArthur, who was then Chief of Staff. The General was struck immediately with the possibilities of the project and pledged his whole-hearted support. I well remember how dramatically he paced up and down the floor several times, and then turning suddenly, said, "West Point must have that Mural"

The subject of the Mural is the History of Arms from earliest times to the present. From all of History, it was my aim to select the outstanding men and events that would symbolize the significant turning points in human conquest. Actual history I felt would appeal to the Cadets more strongly than allegory or mythology. I would make my symbols from real men and from real events. I wished to recall the military splendor of the ages and the spirit of fearless courage.

In working time the Mural required about one year to design and a little over one year to paint on the wall of Washington Hall. First of all several hundred small "Thumb-nail" sketches were made, many of them on tracing paper so that they could easily be fitted together or changed. We also made careful studies of the scale of the figures. Large paper figures were cut out and pasted up on the wall to see how different sizes would look. It was decided that about a nine foot figure was the best scale for such a tremendous room. The figures had to carry and read at a great distance.

The Cadets were greatly interested by the operations, and in spite of the fact that we had a seven foot screen erected to separate our work section from the main dining room yet they were constantly coming in to visit. We liked to have them come in and I found many of their remarks of real value. For instance the archers shown in the Battle of Crecy were just about to be painted when a cadet came in with an arm full of books. He said that he had always been interested in archery and had noticed that the way our archers held their arrows was not in accord with what he had learned. However to make certain before speaking he had gone to the library and gotten an ancient book, written in the style of Chaucer, which definitely proved several points, namely that the arrow was held and the string pulled with three fingers, instead of the two as we had it. Also that the arrow rested on the left side of the bow rather than the right side.

(Continued on page 7)

West Point Has Grown

By Bowley '11 [Officer in Charge of West Point Land Project]

THE last issue of this magazine was devoted to the summer training of Cadets and tried to impress our readers with the idea that West Point is at war. Inasmuch as this entire training program was predicated on possession of the necessary terrain, it seems timely that the story of the West Point Land Project should be recorded.

The Military Academy reservation as known to the bulk of our graduates comprised the 3,595 acres bounded roughly by Cro' Nest, the South Gate, the Hudson River and the Crossroads. The acreage quoted includes Constitution Island, an area around Round Pond, and the Cadet Farm near the Torne where the water supply intake was located. The development of "Looeeyville", the section of officers' quarters at the north end, made the old rifle range on the Flats unsafe, and the traffic conditions on the Storm King Highway and the new 9-W cut-off prevented all artillery firing. Rifle marksmanship was handicapped to the extent that Cadets were graduated who had never progressed beyond small-bore and thousand-inch ranges. All sorts of expedients were adopted. Cadets were trucked to Camp Smith, the National Guard range near Peekskill, to fire when and if the National Guard was not using the range. The Field Artillery hiked to Tobyhanna, Pa. to fire a few rounds. Maneuver area just wasn't, and all in all the Corps had outgrown the reservation. Too much of the summer was frittered away trying to get somewhere so you could do something.

The expansion of the reservation was authorized by Congress in 1931, but it was not until 1937 that sufficient funds were appropriated to make the acquisition possible. Then came the matter of surveys, abstracting, the slow-down due to organized local resistance and other factors that characterize peace time projects. The upshot was that when the writer took over the Land Project in February, 1941, six scattered parcels totalling 774 acres were in the possession of the United States of which 151 acres were under water, being the disputed bed of Popolopen Lake. Progress was also retarded by a policy of "first priority" and "second priority" land. First priority parcels had been surveyed, the other portion had not. Inas-

much as the final acquisition consisted of 163 parcels totalling 10,520 acres it was quite apparent that the procurement rate needed to be stepped up very decidedly if the land was to be made available for the greatly expanded summer training program that the approaching emergency was sure to bring.

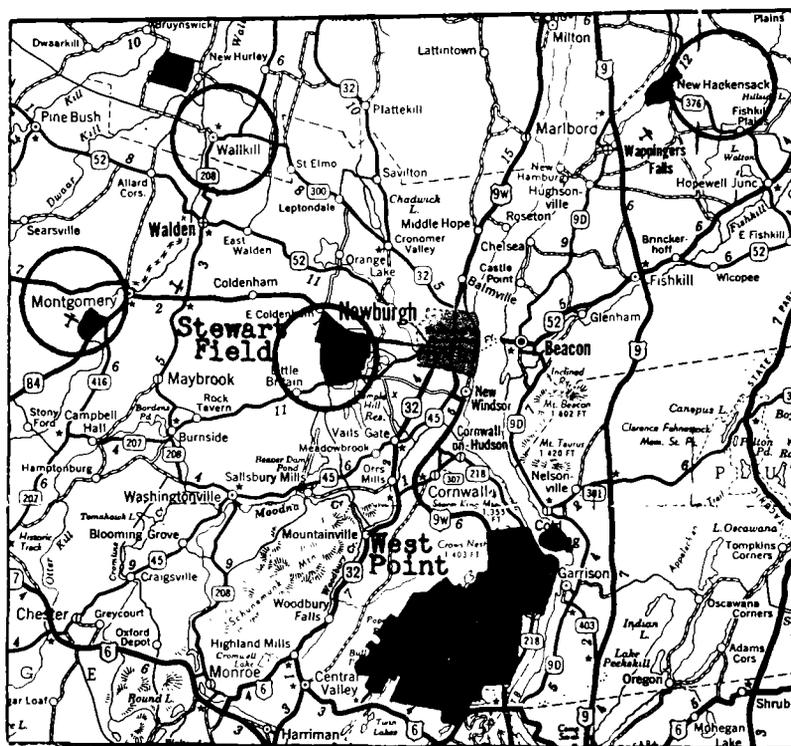
This story must of necessity be a bit on the autobiographical side. If the perpendicular pronoun creeps in, or there is a tendency to brag a bit, please credit it to pure pride of accomplishment. Rather a broad cross-section of the populace were represented by the people with whom we dealt. First there was the Office of the Attorney General of the United States and his representative for the Southern District of New York. Inter-

departmental dealings must above all be tactful and cooperative and a mutual confidence must be built up. There were a couple of public utility corporations whose interests were involved. The State of New York entered the picture, not only from the jurisdictional standpoint but in the actual transfer of parcels formerly belonging to Bear Mountain Park. The State is just as exact and hide bound in its methods as the Federal Government. There were wealthy estates represented by very high-pressure legal firms. There were big owners and little owners, people who trusted their Uncle Sam-

uel and a few that didn't, some that believed that the United States was a glorified Christmas tree to be shaken hard and others who put a fair deal above avarice. The method of approach and the treatment the vendors received had a lot to do with the success of the project.

Our procedure was based upon careful appraisals which endeavored to establish the fair market value of the property. We employed Federal Land Bank appraisers and required them to study all commensurate sales within a 25 mile radius before starting their appraisal. We had no desire to drive a hard bargain any more than to pay a fancy price—the expression "fair market value" was our slogan. Appraisals completed, we negotiated for a signed option. When we were able to deal directly with a vendor we had a high percentage of success in ob-

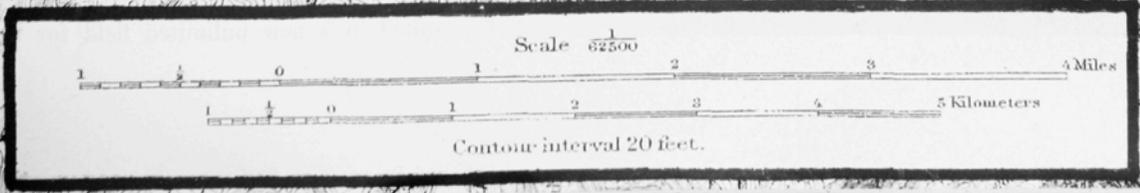
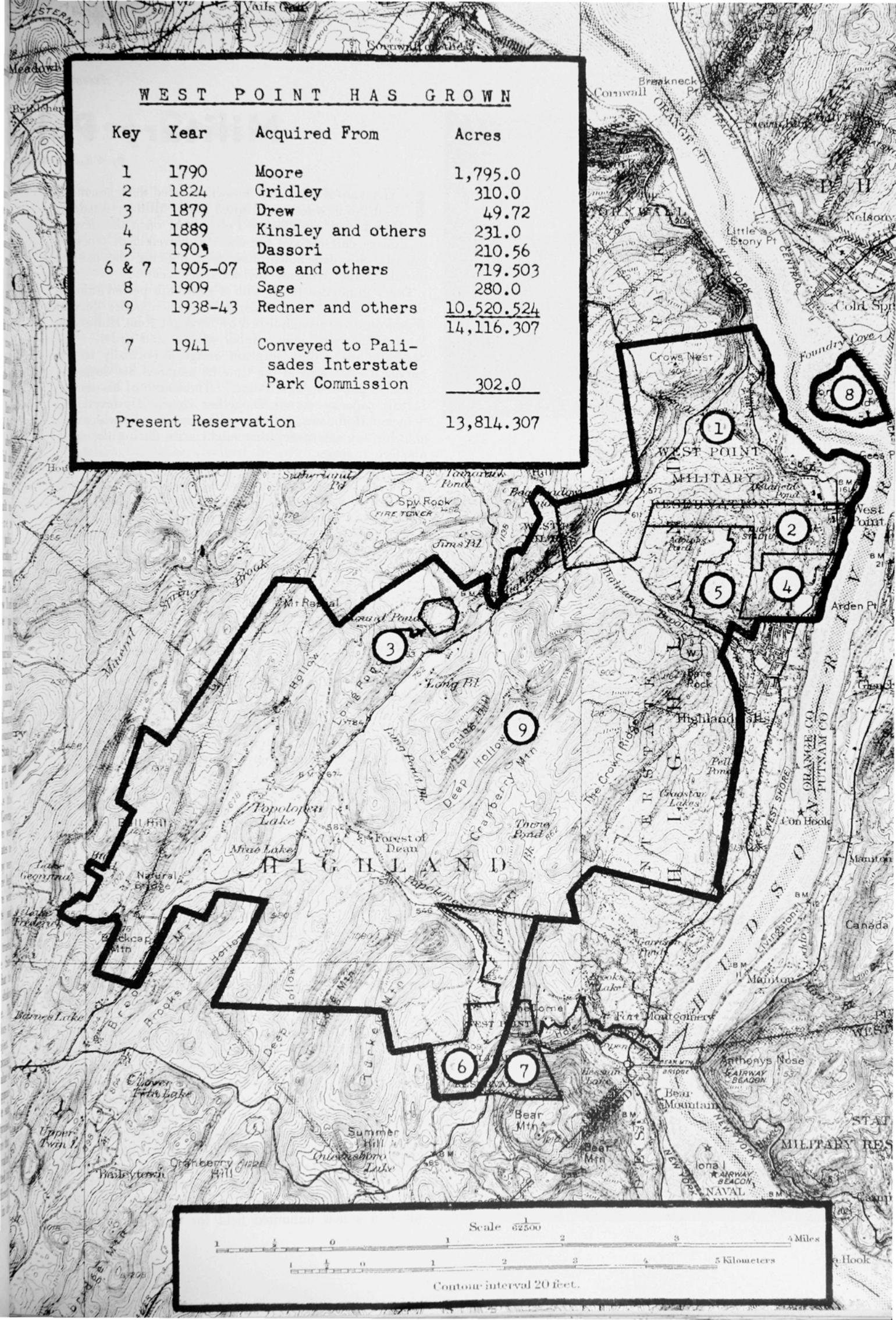
(Continued on page 10)



Map illustrating relative location of West Point, Stewart Field, and the three auxiliary landing fields known as Montgomery, Walkkill and New Hackensack. On the following page is a map of the West Point Reservation indicating its growth from 1790 to 1943.

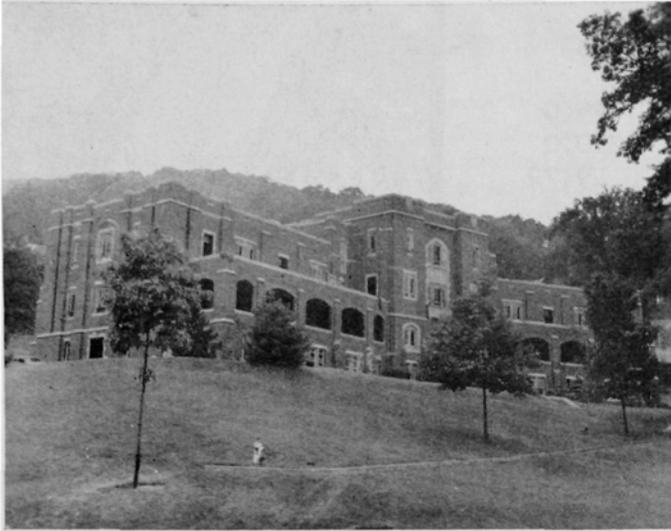
WEST POINT HAS GROWN

Key	Year	Acquired From	Acres
1	1790	Moore	1,795.0
2	1824	Gridley	310.0
3	1879	Drew	49.72
4	1889	Kinsley and others	231.0
5	1909	Dassori	210.56
6 & 7	1905-07	Roe and others	719.503
8	1909	Sage	280.0
9	1938-43	Redner and others	<u>10,520.524</u>
			<u>14,116.307</u>
7	1941	Conveyed to Palisades Interstate Park Commission	<u>302.0</u>
Present Reservation			13,814.307



Military Police

By William A. Hur

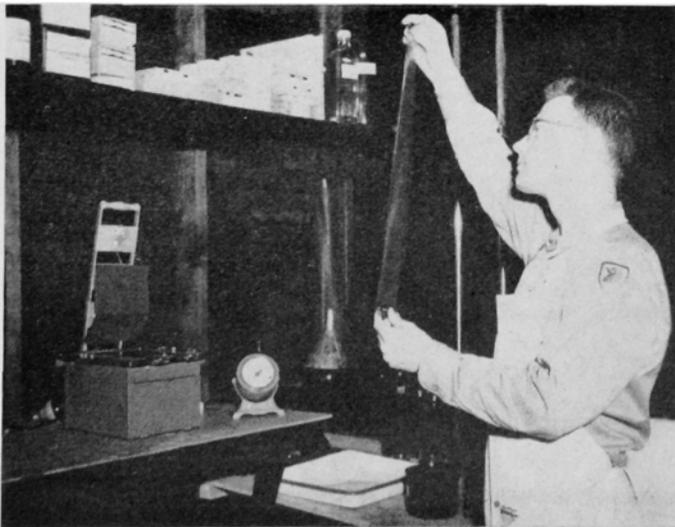


Military Police Barracks.



Thayer Gate.

Laboratory Dark Room.
Developing Photographs, Fingerprints, etc.



IN THE van of the better known enlisted detachments at West Point, stands the United States Military Academy Detachment of Military Police. At once the despair of dithery damsels and the cheerful travelaid of talkative tourists, this detachment has been policing the passing parade at the Academy for seventeen years.

Older graduates recall with a smile the period immediately following the last World War when police duty at West Point was accomplished by Sergeant John Hoffmann, West Point's one man symbol of law and order. The Sergeant was a duty sergeant assigned normally to the Service Detachment at the time he assumed his duties as "chief of police at West Point." The length of his service in this capacity is not altogether clear. However, old Sergeant Hoffmann, together with one bicycle, was available for any emergency that might arise during the early nineteen twenties.

Sergeant Hoffmann claimed as his "precinct station" a room in the basement of East Academic Building. From this C.P. he held himself poised ready to take off for the scene of any emergency on the post. During slack hours he groomed and kept in a state of perfection his official "two wheeler."

The first body of men organized for the expressed purpose of properly policing these revered precincts was a constituted group of seventeen men on detached service from the U.S.M.A. Service Detachment who operated under Sergeant Hoffmann. Sergeant Hoffmann was, in turn, responsible to the post police officer. At this time the detachment performed nightwatchmen duty and policed all parades, athletic events, ceremonies, etc.

It subsequently developed that West Point was to expand and to be a dynamic institution styled to the times. This meant constantly increasing personnel. So it was on April 25, 1925 that Post Headquarters increased the detached service group to an authorized strength of fifty-three men.

Contemporaneously with this increase, Captain Tally D. Joiner, Infantry, was appointed Provost Marshal and Prison Officer, and Technical Sergeant Carl O. Hill, U.S.M.A. Service Detachment was appointed "Police Sergeant."

After this increase, the guarding of both gates was taken over by the detached service group. Similarly the new group of fifty-three men were also given the duty of manning the guard house, interior guard, and prisoners work guard. At this time the U.S.M.A. Engineer Detachment was relieved of these duties.

The present organization was born on September 6, 1926. On that date an entirely separate and independent organization, known as the U.S.M.A. Military Police Detachment, D.E.M.L., was formed in compliance with special orders from Headquarters, U.S.M.A. It consisted of sixty-one men.

The first organization was assigned to barracks known as the Soldier's Hospital at the north end of the post and presently used as Officers' Quarters and referred to as "the old M.P. Barracks."

However, from the date of organization to and including October 3, 1936, the U.S.M.A. Field Artillery Detachment continued to guard prisoners. This was discontinued upon the receipt of ten recruits.

With Pearl Harbor, the new change in conditions resulted in a new unlimited field for development. Avail-

t West Point

Post Marshal, U. S. M. A.

ability of equipment and personnel, theretofore limited, developed and the detachment began to avail itself of the opportunities afforded it. The labors, dreams, and fine efforts of earlier commanding officers began to bear fruit.

The detachment was unhampered in its acquisition of limitless organizational equipment. In short order, it had acquired the finest dayroom on the post, a dayroom comparing favorably with facilities of many officers' clubs. The authorized strength was increased to 115 men.

At the present writing, the Military Police Detachment is one of the best equipped in the entire service. This has resulted from a number of developments.

A small but efficient laboratory for police use has been developed including a completed dark room for developing and enlarging. The laboratory is equipped for fingerprint work of any nature and is in charge of a non-commissioned officer trained in print work to include classification.

A new "wrinkle" has been the addition of a Hudson River Patrol which polices all portions of the reservation bordering on the Hudson River to include Constitution Island. This is accomplished through the acquisition of a new twenty-five foot Chris Craft Cabin Cruiser equipped with spot light, siren and three way radio.

The organization has recently received one of its most important pieces of equipment, namely, a new completely modern frequency modulated radio system. At present seven cars (five sedans and two half ton trucks) are equipped with radio enabling them to talk back to headquarters or to each other. Additional motorcycle equipment and receiver installations for the gates are under procurement. The station sports the call letters WVRL and operates on an assigned frequency of 34.340 kc. It has resulted in a one hundred percent increase in efficiency in patrolling not only the post proper, but the vast lands recently acquired in the Popolopen area. All three gates as well as Camp Popolopen have 50 watt Link transmitters. West Point's own "Police net work" is augmented by the addition of WYYP (Stewart Field) and WWTP (U. S. Bullion Depository), all stations being in constant communication with each other.

New rolling stock recently obtained includes five new sedans, four new motorcycles, and the new one half ton truck with which details are posted.

A wealth of new police material such as lighted traffic batons, sirens, first aid kits, portable spotlights, etc. have gone far to make this detachment one of the best equipped in this section of New York.

Among its other duties, this detachment provides escorts for distinguished visitors. In the past year it has been our privilege to so serve King Peter of Yugoslavia, King George of Greece, Generals Marshal, Arnold, McNair, and other high ranking Army Officials. Presidents Prado of Peru, Peneranda of Bolivia, and others too numerous to mention.

Remembering that the first impression of the United States Military Academy is given by the Military Police to the casual visitor, this organization looks forward confidently to future years of service and looks with pride upon its short but eventful history. The men of the Detachment are deeply aware of the high traditions of West Point and the privilege that is theirs to serve at this station.

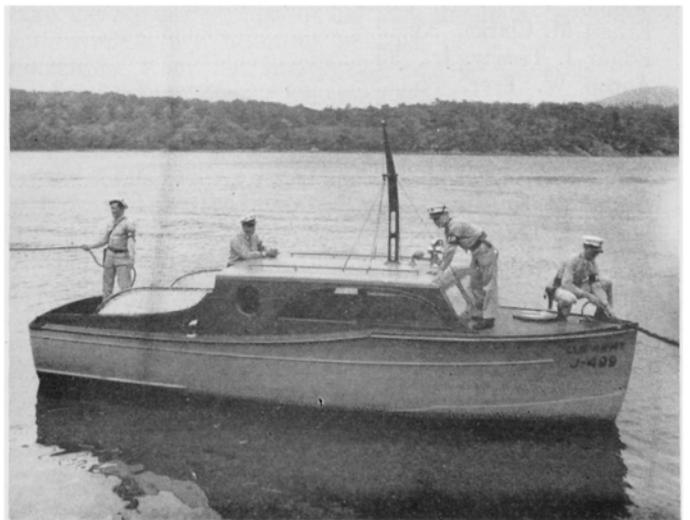


Radio Desk Control.



Patrol Car with Two Way Radio System.

Military Police Radio Cruiser.



We Salute

Harry A. Flint, '12.....	Distinguished Service Cross
Mark W. Clark, April, '17.....	Distinguished Service Cross
Joseph B. Crawford, '33.....	Distinguished Service Cross
Reuben H. Tucker, '35.....	Distinguished Service Cross
Ben Sternberg, '38.....	Distinguished Service Cross
Robert H. York, '38.....	Distinguished Service Cross
James W. Wilson, '39.....	Distinguished Service Cross
Simon B. Buckner, '08.....	Distinguished Service Medal
Benjamin C. Lockwood, '11.....	Distinguished Service Medal
Robert L. Spragins, '13.....	Distinguished Service Medal
Robert W. Crawford, '14.....	Distinguished Service Medal
Albert C. Wedemeyer, June, '19.....	Distinguished Service Medal
Charles Keller, '90.....	Legion of Merit
Truman O. Murphy, '91.....	Legion of Merit
Clarence C. Williams, '94.....	Legion of Merit
Frank P. Lahm, '01.....	Legion of Merit
Warren T. Hannum, '02.....	Legion of Merit
George W. Cocheu, '03.....	Legion of Merit
John F. Franklin, '03.....	Legion of Merit
George R. Allin, '04.....	Legion of Merit
James K. Crain, '04.....	Legion of Merit
Edwin Butcher, '04.....	Legion of Merit
Theodore H. Dillon, '04.....	Legion of Merit
Ralph R. Glass, '04.....	Legion of Merit
Clement H. Wright, '04.....	Legion of Merit
Jarvis J. Bain, '05.....	Legion of Merit
Thomas H. Lowe, '05.....	Legion of Merit
J. Lawton Collins, '07.....	Legion of Merit
Elbert L. Ford, April, '17.....	Legion of Merit
Ernest N. Harmon, April, '17.....	Legion of Merit
Edwin J. House, August, '17.....	Legion of Merit
Morris W. Gilland, November, '18.....	Legion of Merit
John V. P. Dillon, '20.....	Legion of Merit
Melville F. Grant, '22.....	Legion of Merit
Leroy J. Stewart, '22.....	Legion of Merit
Robert W. Raynsford, '22.....	Legion of Merit
Glen C. Jamison, '23.....	Legion of Merit
Eugene W. Ridings, '23.....	Legion of Merit
Leonard L. Bingham, '24.....	Legion of Merit
Daniel H. Hundley, '24.....	Legion of Merit
Edmund K. Daley, '28.....	Legion of Merit
Robert J. Fleming, Jr., '28.....	Legion of Merit
Carroll H. Prunty, '28.....	Legion of Merit
Royden E. Beebe, '31.....	Legion of Merit
William Little, '32.....	Legion of Merit
William F. Powers, '32.....	Legion of Merit
Ernest M. Clarke, '33.....	Legion of Merit
Edgar J. Treacy, Jr., '35.....	Legion of Merit
Aaron W. Tyer, '35.....	Legion of Merit
William B. Latta, '38.....	Legion of Merit
Edward L. Rowny, '41.....	Oak Leaf Cluster for Legion of Merit
Sidney R. Hinds, '20.....	Silver Star
Alfred A. Kessler, '22.....	Silver Star
Lester J. Tacy, '24.....	Silver Star
James L. Green, '28.....	Silver Star
Charles G. Rau, '29.....	Silver Star
Gordon M. Clarkson, '38.....	Oak Leaf Cluster to Silver Star
James B. Carvey, '39.....	Silver Star
Emory A. Austin, '41.....	Silver Star
	(Posthumously)
James O. Green, 3d, '41.....	Silver Star
Hector J. Polla, '41.....	Silver Star
Harry N. Rising, Jr., '41.....	Silver Star
Alpheus Wray White, '41.....	Silver Star

Alfred A. Kessler, '22.....	Distinguished Flying Cross
Glen C. Jamison, '23.....	Distinguished Flying Cross
Frederick L. Anderson, Jr., '28.....	Distinguished Flying Cross
Herbert B. Thatcher, '32.....	Distinguished Flying Cross
James W. Wilson, '39.....	Distinguished Flying Cross
Robert J. Collieran, '41.....	Distinguished Flying Cross
Charles J. Rau, '29.....	Soldiers' Medal
Lester J. Tacy, '24.....	Purple Heart
Jake K. Rippert, '39.....	Purple Heart
James W. Wilson, '39.....	Purple Heart
Howard F. Adams, '41.....	Purple Heart (Posthumously)
Emory A. Austin, '41.....	Purple Heart (Posthumously)
Harry N. Rising, Jr., '41.....	Purple Heart
Alfred A. Kessler, '22.....	Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster
Arthur L. Bump, '24.....	Air Medal
James W. Wilson, '39.....	Air Medal with 3 Oak Leaf Clusters
William W. Brier, '41.....	Air Medal
Howard G. Foster, Jr., '41.....	Air Medal
Richard V. Travis, '41.....	Air Medal
Alpheus Wray White, '41.....	Air Medal with 9 Oak Leaf Clusters
William Little, '32.....	Croix des Services Militaires Volontaires
Charles H. Bonesteel, '12.....	Honorary Companion of the Order of the Bath C.B.
Russell L. Maxwell, '12.....	Honorary Companion of the Order of the Bath C.B.
Theodore S. Riggs, '28.....	Honorary Officer Military Division of the British Empire Order (O.B.E.)
Douglas L. Weart, '15.....	Order of Ayacucho (Peruvian)

Last Roll Call

Alumni Who Have Died Since Publication of
October Assembly.

Name	Class	Date of Death
Carl A. Martin.....	Ex-1897.....	August 21, 1942
Thomas E. Merrill.....	1898.....	August 18, 1943
Marcellus G. Spinks.....	1898.....	Nov. 28, 1943
Daniel D. Gregory.....	1901.....	Sept. 25, 1943
George L. Morrison.....	1903.....	July 10, 1943
Richard J. Herman.....	1904.....	Sept. 21, 1943
Nathan Horowitz.....	1905.....	Nov. 28, 1943
Herbert E. Marshburn.....	1910.....	October 12, 1943
Dean Hudnutt.....	1916.....	October 11, 1943
*William D. McNair.....	Nov., 1918.....	October 20, 1943
*Charles E. Frederick.....	1931.....	October 20, 1943
Andrew Hero, III.....	1932.....	Nov. 16, 1943
Seward W. Hulse, Jr.....	1936.....	July 26, 1943
Edgar H. Dale.....	1938.....	June 11, 1943
Wiley L. Dixon, Jr.....	1939.....	January 2, 1943
*Kenneth C. Griffiths.....	1939.....	May 21, 1943
Rudyard K. Grimes.....	1939.....	June 30, 1943
*Thomas J. Webster.....	1939.....	October 27, 1943
*Charles H. Colwell.....	1940.....	June 2, 1943
*Franklin S. Shawn.....	1940.....	October 15, 1943
*Howard F. Adams.....	1941.....	February 26, 1943
*Marshall W. Carney.....	1941.....	October 20, 1943
Lester S. White.....	1941.....	Nov. 22, 1943
John E. Gimperling.....	1942.....	August 28, 1943
*Robert E. Winkelmeier.....	1942.....	October 20, 1943
J. Kenneth Hocker.....	Jan., 1943.....	
Oliver R. English.....	June, 1943.....	July, 1943

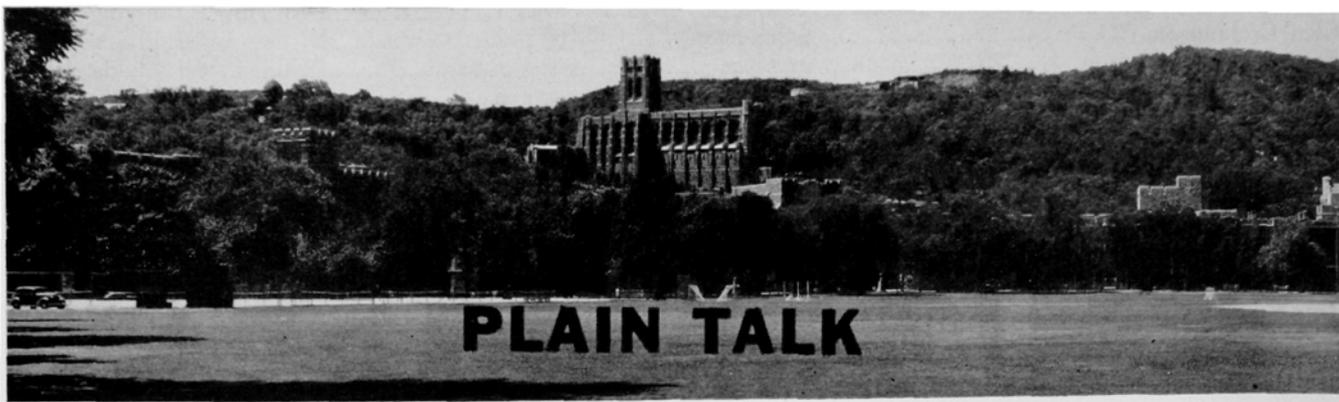
* Killed in action.

The Washington Hall Mural

(Continued from page 1)

Small candid cameras were just coming into general use at this time and many of the Cadets would drop in to take photos and flashlight snaps after four o'clock.

When we were given the blue-prints of the Hall and the project was first started we were asked to design a scheme for the entire room and not to simply consider the one wall. Wisely they required that a total effect be considered rather than just the decoration of one panel. With this idea in mind my plan called for the decoration of both end walls of the room in full color and the two walls to be joined overhead with a polychrome ceiling. Like the beamed ceilings of old they should be enriched with symbols and beautiful lettering, perhaps including quotations from the sayings of famous Generals. I went so far as to suggest hanging flags of our victories, as is done in Westminster Abbey, just below the ceiling and along the sides of the room. My scheme called for a mural on the south wall to depict the "Decisive Battles of the World", and the Tradition of Arms throughout the world from the beginning of history. The north wall would be devoted entirely, except for the window, with a mural depicting the "Glory of American Arms" and showing our American History and our American leaders, all treated in a similar manner to the wall showing the "Decisive Battles - - " The figures were planned and the same scale and Gothic lettering was to tell the story of our American History. This design has been preserved and it is my hope that some day I may be permitted to paint it so that the plan as originally conceived will be balanced and completed.



Bowley, '11

Commandants Change

About the last official act of Brig. Gen. Philip E. Gallagher as Commandant of Cadets was to deliver a "fight" talk to the Corps of Cadets on the eve of the Army-Notre Dame football game. The next morning he departed to take up his new duties as Assistant Division Commander of a combat unit that will no doubt soon be at the front. There were probably few Commandants in the history of the Military Academy who faced as many revolutionary changes in a brief tour of duty as did General Gallagher. The necessity for an overnight change to a West Point at War, the curtailment of the course to three years, the problem of Air and Ground Cadets, the intensive summer training, the huge plebe classes, Camp Popolopen maneuvers, and a variety of other matters all contributed to the complexity of his duties, and he may point with pride to the results attained. The good will of the garrison goes with him along with best wishes for his future success.

The new Commandant is Brig. Gen. George Honnen, '22. He has had previous duty at West Point at Post Headquarters, as aide to General W. D. Connor, then Superintendent, and in the Dept. of Tactics. This latter tour was curtailed by the present emergency and he was moved to the Third Army Staff in Texas, there becoming Chief of Staff and attaining general officer rank. He next accompanied Lieut. Gen. Kreuger to the South Pacific as Chief of Staff. After a most arduous tour of duty he was returned to this country to regain his health, and his detail to West Point followed. Many friends welcome him and his family.

Whistler's Father

Everybody knows about Whistler's Mother. James A. McNeil Whistler,

ex-1851, U.S.M.A., who failed to graduate because "silicon was not a gas", painted a portrait that has been so generally reproduced that "Whistler's Mother" is familiar in nearly all American homes. The question confronting the house is "Who was Whistler's Father"?

Just about a century ago, in 1842 to be exact, Czar Nicholas I of Russia became interested in railroads. He decided to build a railroad from St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, to Moscow, and he sent the Chevalier de Gerstner and two distinguished engineer officers to America to find an experienced railroad man.

The United States, since 1827, had been building railroads essential to national development, and the Military Academy then served the country as the only source of trained men with the technical equipment to supervise these projects. West Point graduates were represented in almost every important civil engineering project in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. Railroad engineering was an important part of the Academy curriculum.

The Czar's emissaries chose Major George Washington Whistler, Class of 1819, U.S.M.A., to supervise the first railroad construction in Russia. After some years of service in the Topographical Engineers, Major Whistler had turned to railroad work. He was assistant engineer of the Baltimore & Ohio in 1828-29, with the Baltimore & Susquehanna in 1830, and with the Stonington (Conn.) and Providence (R. I.) Railroad from 1833 to 1837. These and other engineering works in which he functioned as consulting or chief engineer had built him an international reputation.

Major Whistler toiled on the St. Petersburg-Moscow line from 1842 until his death on April 7, 1849. The work was then substantially complete. This initial effort was the foundation of the great Russian railroad system

now playing such an important part on the Eastern Front in World War II.

That was Whistler's Father.

Something New

has been added to the English Department in the shape of a thirty-hour course for the First Class in Military Instructor Training. This course given for the first time this year is a logical continuation of the course in public speaking and its purpose is to develop in each cadet the personal and professional qualities of a good military instructor. The course is practical and gives each cadet an opportunity to apply military teaching technique.

Plebe Riflemen

During the period of July 5th to 23rd, in their first weeks of service, the Fourth Class fired course "A" with the M-1 rifle for record. The results were certainly gratifying as 817 of them qualified. The qualifications were distributed as 68 Expert Riflemen, 281 Sharpshooters, and 468 Marksmen.

Decorations

The Saturday review followed by inspection held on the plain on November 13th produced something different than the usual crop of "Dust in magazine" skins. The Superintendent awarded four war-time decorations. Two Air Medals and a Purple Heart went to officers of the Air Corps, but on the left of the line of recipients was a lowly plebe who received the Silver Star. The citation follows:

John E. Stannard, Cadet, United States Military Academy, then Staff Sergeant, Infantry, United States Army:

"For gallantry in action at Guadalcanal on November 6, 1942.

while leading a volunteer patrol over dense jungle terrain in an effort to re-establish communication lines which had been cut by the enemy. While making its way through underbrush the patrol ran into the enemy and *Sergeant Stanward* was wounded. Despite this handicap, he directed the destruction of two enemy machine-gun emplacements and the maneuver of the unit. His quick thinking under fire and utter disregard for his own safety enabled the patrol to return to its company with a minimum of casualties."

Football in Gay Nineties

Worthy of a semi-centennial commemoration after its long sleep in the morgue of forgotten football lore, is the story of a game played while the West Point Corps of Cadets was camped on the grounds of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in August 1893. A team was hastily assembled from members of '94 and '96, with help from '93 on graduation leave, '95 on furlough and from the new plebes of '97.

Some quotations from an account of the game in the Chicago Herald follow:—

West Point met its Waterloo. In two twenty-minute halves the famous eleven of the Chicago Athletic Association defeated the cadet team by a score of 14 to nothing. At no time was the ball dangerously near the Chicago goal. The soldier boys played a snappy, plucky game, but the superior science and weight of the Chicagoans were too much for them. The players were none of them in first class condition, the local men being naturally out of training and

the cadets feeling the effects of ten days of sight-seeing, balls and travel.

No team ever gotten together on an American football field could have beaten the Chicagoans had the men been in condition. Laurie Bliss, the captain and hero of the Yale season of 1892; Heffelfinger, Yale's famous rusher; Ben Donnelly, Princeton's idol; Stickney, of Harvard; Malley, of Ann Arbor; Victor Harding, Arthur Sager and Rafferty were pitted against the tall, slender young men from the nation's school of war. It was an unequal fight.

The teams lined up as follows:

Chicago	Pos.	West Point
DonnellyLE.....	Harbeson, '94
SmithLT.....	Bugge, '95
HeffelfingerLG	Rosenbaum, '94
SagerC	Ames, T. L. '95
HayworthRG.....	Aultman, '94
MalleyRT	Smith, F. W. '95
HatelyRE.....	Stacey, '96
V. HardingQB.....	Creden, '95
StickneyLHB	King, E. L. '96
Bert HamlinRHB.....	Kutz, '93
ButterworthFB.....	Carson, '94

The big arena of the live stock pavilion was lit by nearly a hundred electric arc lights, while a dozen calciums flashed on the field as the players dashed over the tanbark. At 8:30 o'clock the cadet team appeared in trim white suits of canvas, laced so tightly as to make their tall, slight frames seem gaunt beside their burly antagonists.

The game was free from any brutality and the players parted the best of friends. The thrifty West Pointers insisted on an admission fee being charged and will probably realize \$1,000 for their defeat.

This column is indebted to Colonel Charles W. Castle, '94, for the above account which has been printed ex-

actly as received. We hope Colonel Castle will send in further stories and anecdotes of his cadet days and that others will be prompted to follow his example. There is a great deal of West Point history that should be preserved in print, and Assembly is the logical medium.

It's A Long Lane

If the expressions of disapprobation that have been addressed to West Point's traditional "Mr. Ducrot" were placed end to end, they would probably stretch several times about the globe. But finally the chain has been broken. General Orders 63, War Department, dated 1 October, 1943, carries a citation for gallantry in action and the award of the Silver Star decoration to Jean Ducrot, Officer, Free French Army Reserve. Several sharp-eyed grads plucked this item from the published word and wrote to this column expressing satisfaction that Mr. Ducrot's good qualities have finally been recognized after all these years.

M. A. Officer Personnel

As an indication of the effect of the war on commissioned personnel on duty at the Military Academy, it is noted that only one-third of the officers are active officers of the Regular Army. The balance is distributed as follows: Retired Officers 7%, Reserves 22%, National Guard 2%, and A.U.S. 35%. The list of R.A. active officers is shrinking and replacements are usually from other categories.

As we go to press, news has just been received of the passing of P. Winklemann of many years service in the Phil Dept.

Bulletin Board

Anniversary Broadcast

The date set for the 142nd Anniversary of the founding of the U.S. Military Academy will be March 18th. It is hoped that on that date as many West Pointers as can will gather in groups all over the world to pay homage to their Alma Mater.

It is anticipated that the usual one half hour radio broadcast will be on the air again this year. While the time is not definite, in all probability the broadcast will come over the National Broadcasting Company's facilities (including short wave) at seven p.m. Eastern War Time. It is hoped

that wide publicity will be given this broadcast, so watch your local newspapers for time and station.

A few motion picture films on West Point subjects, particularly football games, are available on a first come first served basis. Any interested groups should correspond with the Secretary of the Association of Graduates, West Point, N. Y.

A New Cadet Publication

With the present three year course at the Military Academy the *Howitzer* Staff has little opportunity for experience in preparing and publishing its

class *Howitzer*. In order to gain publishing experience the yearling staff assistants last fall started a new booklet the title of which is *The Mortar*.

This is a neat booklet 7" x 8½", a picture story, which covers the third class summer training period and activities at Camp Popolopen. Twenty-seven hundred copies were sold at 15 cents each.

The Mortar Staff is made up of eleven Third Classmen, the editor being Cadet F. J. Archibald. It was Cadet Archibald who wrote the article and furnished the photos for the Popolopen story in the October 1943 issue of *Assembly*.

West Point Has Grown—

(Continued from page 2)

taining options, when we had to deal through an attorney our batting average was not as high. If negotiations failed, it was necessary to throw the parcel into condemnation. We didn't like to condemn because we felt in the long run the owner got a better break if we reached an agreed price, since the cost of legal service, expert witnesses, etc. cut deeply into his return on his property. In some cases we had to condemn to clear title, but in the majority of these cases we went into condemnation with a stipulated value set on the property.

By the Spring of 1942 a large part of the land was available for the summer training either by purchase, signed rights of entry or declarations of taking. A Board of Officers spent many hours studying plans for the utilization and development of the newly-acquired terrain and presented to the Superintendent a scheme which ultimately resulted in the beautiful Camp Popolopen and the comprehensive layout of ranges which made this last summer's program described in our last issue so highly successful. The Spring of 1943 saw *all* the land which the project embraced in the hands of the United States, leaving only the pick-and-shovel work incidental to final closing of titles to be accomplished.

It would require a good-sized volume to record the oddities that cropped up during the acquisition. There was the case of the hermit who refused to accept any mail during Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration, yet wrote long impassioned letters directly to the President demanding that any officer connected with the West Point Land Project be "fired". This quaint character was as elusive as the woodchucks who were his neighbors, for he would apparently disappear in a burrow under a rock whenever we tried to contact him. We finally had to have a reputable attorney appointed as his guardian to handle his affairs, but the attorney was equally unsuccessful in contacting his client and the money paid for the land still waits in the custody of the United States Court. Then there was the tough Italian, who threatened to shoot anyone who tried to evict him from his property, yet a meek little Deputy U. S. Marshal sixty years old, weight 130 lbs., unarmed, set Mr. Tough Guy and his goods and chattels into the middle of the public road. We found a parcel of 15 acres that everyone had lost sight of through the passage of the years. It had not been assessed for taxes and the legal heir did not even know she owned it. We traced her and needless to say our negotiations were speedily consummated to the mutual delight of all parties. Many of our transactions hinged on such momentous questions as the right to transplant a favorite rose bush "that Grandma planted". The milk of human kindness did not curdle on such occasions. There was the client whose wife weighed nearly 300 pounds who stormed into the office demanding satisfaction because he had received a letter addressed to "Mr. John Doe et ux" and thought that the "ux" was a reflection on the size of his wife. A few of our experiences will have to be described in a document to be opened fifty years after the death of this writer, but all in all the people with whom we dealt were decent, patriotic fair-minded citizens who cooperated in every way.

Property descriptions dating back to 1830 or earlier were frequently encountered. Some contained the words of the original Royal Grants, "reserving to the Crown all pine trees between 8 inches and 20 inches in diameter to

make masts for the Royal Navy." Many of the monuments were described as "a maple tree marked with three notches", "a leaning chestnut tree near the Bog Meadow Brook under a large cleft of rocks," "a pair of bars that open to a meadow called the Litte Meadow", "thence along a southwesterly course to a point where a due west course will strike a red oak tree standing in the line of Elizah C. Vought's land" and so on. All we had to do was to find the land which was described and determine that there were no overlaps or vacant spaces between parcels.

A project manager's duties do not end with land acquisition. He has the responsibility of maintaining good will. If a farmer is making a living on a parcel of land that the Government wants, it is only fair that government agencies help him to relocate. We stirred up county agents, the Farm Security Administration of the Department of Agriculture, and others who helped to find new locations for our people. When they needed materials for bulding or improvement of their new homes, we assailed the W.P.B. on their behalf and arranged for priorities.

While the West Point Land Project was at its height, the "Wings of West Point" started to flap. About September, 1941, we received orders to expand Stewart Field. The original 221 acres donated by the City of Newburgh grew to 1,672 acres by the addition of 44 parcels of land. All of these except one parcel of 1 acre were secured by direct purchase, the condemnation of 1 acre spoiling a perfect score. Then followed the auxiliary landing fields at Montgomery (349 acres in 4 parcels, all optioned), at Wallkill (628 acres in 11 parcels, all optioned), and at New Hackensack (495 acres in 14 parcels, 6 by option). Following the land acquisition at these various fields, removal of flight hazards was required and an extensive program of avigation easements was instituted, which we are just completing.

In spite of the tremendous summer activity, wild life is flourishing on the new land and the ranger force is doing a good job protecting the game. Deer, partridge and pheasant are multiplying rapidly and when the hunting ban is raised someone ought to have some real shooting. The addition of Popolopen Lake, Long Pond, Bull Pond, Weyant's Pond and Cranberry Pond to the reservation has made membership in the West Point Fishing Club well worth while. Systematic stocking of these ponds guarantees real sport for the future. Cadets share this sport and get a big kick out of it. The beaver crop has reached the nuisance stage.

That is briefly the story of the Land Project. At the last Alumni Reunion, General Wilby arranged a bus trip for all graduates who were interested in seeing what had been done. When you come back next time, take time to see for yourself.

Send in a postal or letter to the Editor giving Class news for the April issue of ASSEMBLY before March 10, 1944.

We would also appreciate the permanent address of one of your close relatives.



New Members

We welcome to our membership the following graduates and ex-cadets who have joined the Association since the publication of the October *Assembly*:

Woodrow W. Vaughan, '40, joined October 7, 1943

Seymour I. Gilman, '34, joined October 26, 1943

Monte J. Hickok, Jr., '37, joined October 26, 1943

Frank W. Griffen, Jan., '43, joined November 3, 1943

Yates M. Hill, '42, joined November 4, 1943

Guy Carleton Glassford, Ex-'34, joined November 11, 1943

William M. Linton, '41, joined November 24, 1943

Alexander L. James, Jr., '08, joined December 8, 1943

John S. Wood, '12, joined December 8, 1943

James W. Duncan, '37, joined December 8, 1943

Peter K. Dilts, '41, joined December 8, 1943

Sidney V. Bringham, '12, joined December 15, 1943

DEAD LINE FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE MARCH 10, 1944.

1881

No one, who ever sat at his feet, can fail to recall with feelings of real affection and full respect *Professor Kendrick*; "Old Hanks" as he was known to us. His dignified bearing, intuitive consideration and courteous and gentle manner endeared him to all with whom he was associated. He was the last of the professors to wear habitually the old uniform for professors—top hat, blue swallow-tail coat, denominated in regulations as a "body coat". Other professors eased themselves into that uniform on occasions but did away with it eventually. He hated to have a cadet fess at any time and did everything to set the young man on the proper path. If the right answer to a question were "Black" and the given answer were "White, Sir", he would lead the victim by adroit questioning through different stages of color to the final answer "Black, Sir". Then the professor would dismiss the subject with "Very good, now, Mr. So and So. Your answer is absolutely correct". The cadet would feel quite satisfied with his splendid recitation! However, it is safe to say that he never forgot the color of that particular substance. I recall my experience on a final examination and still see *General Tillman's* quiet chuckle when I became mixed between "excrecence" and "efflorescence". The professor took me in hand immediately, not wishing to see me fess before members of the Board of Visitors, and soon made it appear that

I was a worthy pupil. Everybody was apparently satisfied but myself for, although I was greatly amused, I was mortified at my stupidity.

The following anecdote about him I had from *Colonel Bass* (Class of '68), in whose department (Math) I served a tour of duty: It seems that the First Section in mineralogy of '68 recited to the professor and maxed it throughout but, in the final order of merit, appreciated that they were arranged just as they deserved. Some years later, *Bass* asked the professor about his system of marking, citing the instance of that particular section. The professor replied, with his kindly, humorous smile "Very good, now, Mr. *Bass*. Perhaps you, young gentlemen, when you inspected the weekly reports at the Adjutant's Office, failed to notice that some of the those 3s were *big* 3s and others were *little* 3s"!

—H. C. H., Jr.

1882

During the winter of 1880-81 three great cronies lived in the old First Div. *Ed Greble*, '81 and later a M.G.; *Jim Treat*, '82 also later a M.G.; and *Blinks Macdonald*, '83, always a pfc and beloved by all who knew him. *Blinks*, ex '82, had been turned back to '83 as a result of a minor hazing scrape in our riotous yearling camp but that is another and long story. *Greble* was adjutant and *Treat*, ser-

geant major; *Blinks* as usual was a pfc.

The winter of '80-'81 was cold and the Hudson frozen across to Garrison. One afternoon these three musketeers had a hankering for a game of pool. So they hiked across to Garrison where a small tavern had a pool table. As they went in through the door whom should they see but an officer (*Jim Petit*) sitting in the far corner reading a paper while waiting for a train. Of course they beat it pronto hoping they had not been seen or recognized. No such luck. A few days later when *Petit* returned from New York three skins appeared on the board. In due course *Greble* was busted; *Treat* ditto; and *Blinks* was put on the area until the end of the next camp.

Came June, (in the modern phraseology) and *Greble* graduated and was kept back during the summer as an instructor; *Treat* was promoted to be adjutant; but poor old *Blinks* continued his afternoon exercise between the color line and the guard tents. Finally the humor of the situation appealed to some brass hat, that *Blinks* the only pfc in the group still continued to walk while the other two reveled in the pleasures of the summer and the balance of his extra tours were remitted.

All of them have long since passed to their just rewards in the hereafter, as have all but a few of '82.

—E. B.

1883

The smartest man in the Class of '83 was *Wilson W. Primm*, a rosy cheeked, not otherwise handsome youngster from Missouri. He started alphabetically in the class at 62, and came out the following June, after the instructors and the tacs had picked us over twelve months, as number 70, the last man left in the class. The next year *Primm's* name appears in the list of casualties, and thereafter not at all.

Primm had 195 demerits, but there was another man in the class that had more. As I remember, *Primm* spent most of his time in light prison in the Angle, and the rest in confinement in his room and walking "extras" on the Area.

One fine evening after our plebe camp, it must have been in September, one of those evenings that lured every cadet save those who had no time for anything except boning, to stay out in the soft evening air until call to quarters, *Wever* and *Dunning* and *Aleshire* and *Wilcox*, and the rest of the spoonoids of the First Class, had gone off, each with his own particular femme to his own particular sequestered retreat, on Trophy Point or old Fort Clinton, or maybe not too far into the dark of Flirtation Walk. Every couple was as far away from the barracks as the cadet dared to go, and every cadet, though not allowed to carry a watch, knew exactly how long it would take him to stroll with his femme to her quarters, and to go swiftly from there to his own room. But on this evening call to quarters suddenly, all unexpectedly, blasted the silence of the air. Every cadet outside of barracks was startled. They all knew they had not been out a full half-hour, the time allotted for recreation after supper. They were sure there was some mistake, but no one durst dispute the summons; nor "could they stand upon the order of their going, but went at once." Femmes were deserted and left to go home unesquired.

As each cadet breathless came running through the old sallyport, he glanced up at the lighted face of the clock at the guard house across the Area, and saw that it still lacked ten minutes before time for the bugle to sound call-to-quarters; but the bugle had sounded call-to-quarters, so they had nothing to do but to obey and go to their rooms. Cadets were running at full speed in every direction across the Area to avoid being reported absent at the first inspection of the evening.

Meantime the bugler was at the guard-house, bugle in his hand, waiting for the minute to blow call-to-quarters, and wondering who had blown the false signal which had got everybody on the alert. The officer of the day and the officer in charge with his orderly were seeking the culprit.

He was found, whether that night or the next day I don't recall which. *New Cadet Wilson Primm* was found to have a bugle or a cornet hidden away in his quarters. He was the guilty party. He lived in a Plain room, on the north side of the barracks, and had stuck his horn through the window and blown the call ten minutes before time, as a huge practical joke on the fellows that were enjoying the fine evening outdoors, while he must stay in his room alone.

Primm was duly punished for his prank with many extras on the Area; all of which he walked without sympathy of his fellows.

1885

It is interesting to ponder over the mutations produced by the lapse of time on one's point of view—to compare what it was at twenty-one to what it became at the end of each succeeding decade, especially when one is approaching the eightieth rung of the ladder of time. When a cadet I can well remember the awe and veneration with which I looked upon returning graduates who had preceded us by twenty, thirty and forty years. I contemplated their experience, and the knowledge they must have acquired due to that experience. Now that I look back after more than half a century since I doffed the gray for the blue, I wonder if our successors in that long gray line have duly profited by that accumulated knowledge and experience. From observation and information I am convinced that they have, and that we venerables have every reason to be proud of, and satisfied with the youngsters who have followed us, and that the standards and traditions of the Corps are being carried to greater heights than ever before.

In my day the authorized strength of the Corps was 347. It is now about 2,500. Classes ranged from 37 to 77, and when that of 1886 graduated 77, it was looked upon as phenomenal. When I compare these figures with the size of the classes of today, I applaud as I marvel. Forty years ago the maximum capacity of the West Point system for training officers was believed to be 1,200

cadets. We old "grads" are wondering if it will successfully stand the strain of the present war-time effort. We are hoping it will, and the indications are that our hopes will be fulfilled.

In September of 1881 we started with a membership of 89. In two years we lost more than half. What a slaughter! We graduated 39. Of these about half a dozen remain to hail our Alma Mater.

Experience is a good teacher though a hard one, and in fact, is a never-ending post-graduate course. Those who profit from it become the leaders, and the outstanding men of their time. I envy the young men now at the Academy who have access to this accumulated knowledge, particularly that recorded during the past fifty years, during which the arts and sciences have made such tremendous advances, all having direct influence upon the conduct of war. This knowledge and experience can be profitably employed in forecasting the future, as the great philosopher Spinoza stated some 250 years ago in a treatise completed just before his death,

"With imagination and reason we can convert experience into foresight; and thus become the creators of our future and cease to be the slaves of our past"

This thought can be expressed mathematically by the equation $(a+b)c=x$.

—J. M. C.

1894

Members and former members of the Class of 1894 are laying their plans to attend their Reunion at West Point next June in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the graduation of the class. In spite of war-time restrictions on travel, a good attendance is anticipated.

Bat Averill and *Mrs. Averill* are spending the winter at the Blackstone Hotel, New York City.

Billy Barden is living in Georgetown, D. C., back on the inactive list after a lengthy tour of active duty in Washington.

Chat Castle is interested in affairs in Chicago and is helping in the work of Veterans' Societies. In his spare time he engages in gardening and in collecting stamps and war maps.

Frank Cocheu recently spent a few days at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. He is counting on being present at the Reunion in June.

Johnny Craig is living quietly in San Antonio, Texas, having retired from business in Manila some three

years ago. He, *Caspar Conrad* and *Duke Preston* get together from time to time. One of his daughters and her three children are interned in the Jap Internment Camp at Santo Tomas, Manila.

Carlos Crain has a home in Pasadena, where he raises roses, oranges and avocados. He, *George Hamilton* and *Peggy Whitworth* meet monthly for luncheon in Los Angeles. *Carlos* expects to be at the Reunion next June. He has not missed a June at West Point in many years.

Frank D. Ely has been active for several years in the work of patriotic societies in his home town, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Hoke Estes has disposed of his home in Columbus, Georgia, and is living for the duration at Grey Gull Inn, Clearwater, Florida, where he and *Mrs. Estes* take an active part in local war and other activities. He and *Sax* meet once a month for lunch in St. Petersburg.

Laddie Ladue and *Mrs. Ladue* are spending a few weeks at the Astor in New York. Their son is a Colonel in the Army, and their daughter is the wife of a Colonel in the Marine Corps. *Laddie* expects to be present at the Reunion.

Pablo Malone has been engaged in various activities in San Francisco since his retirement, and is in demand as a public speaker and as a military analyst. He broadcasts regularly on the Blue Network, and is on the staff of *Newsweek* as an associate for Military Affairs. His two sons are Colonels in the Army.

Peter O'Hern lives quietly in Napa, California. His son is a Chaplain in active service, and two daughters are married to Captains in the Navy. He is an active member of various local fraternal and military organizations and is planning to come East for the Reunion.

Willie Paine is living quietly at his home in Medford, Oregon, taking an interest in local affairs and activities.

F. LeJ. Parker is living in Charleston, South Carolina where he is a property owner and a substantial member of the community. He hopes to be with us in June.

Brick Parker is the Executive Director of the Illinois War Council, in Chicago, of which Governor Green of Illinois is Chairman. *Brick* is also active in the American Legion, and is a member of the Legion's National Defense and National Executive Committees, and of its Five Year Commission on Post War America.

Duke Preston is living quietly in

San Antonio. He is a director of the National Bank of Fort Sam Houston, and meets regularly with Army friends at the Fort Sam Houston Club and at the Saint Anthony Hotel. He expects to be with us at the Reunion next June.

Rosy Rosenbaum, living in a bachelor apartment in the nation's capitol since retirement, is keeping fit by work and exercise several days each week at his Virginia poultry farm twenty miles from the city. He is planning to attend '94's 50th Reunion, and can walk if necessary to get to the Point in June.

George Vidmer reported three months ago that he has recovered from his recent illness, and is feeling well and strong again. This will be good news to his classmates and friends. *George* has a son, a son-in-law and a grandson in the service as well as three grand-daughters whose husbands are on active duty.

Peddy Wells has moved from Baltimore to Silver Spring, Maryland, where he is living at 8712 Cameron Street. He reports himself as in the best of health and living the life of Riley. He has two sons in active service in the Army.

Peggy Whitworth has been a member of the Board of Police Commissioners of Los Angeles for the past three years, and is now Vice President of the Board. He assists the various veterans organizations in their parades and patriotic activities, and raises vegetables in his spare time. He has a son in the service. *Peggy* hopes to be present at the reunion next June.

Billy Williams promises to do his best to be present at the reunion. He was recently awarded the Legion of Merit for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service as War Department member of the National Defense Research Committee and liaison officer for the War Department with that Committee during the period 31 March 1942 to 7 July, 1943.

1895

The four '95s living in Washington—including *Cavanaugh*, *Nissen* and *Nuttman*—had luncheon together at the regular monthly meeting of the District of Columbia Chapter, Military Order of the World War, one day last month, at the Mayflower Hotel; with the idea of its becoming, perhaps more or less of a social habit, in getting together on a routine program. At any rate, we made a good start with all present, and on time.

And again the Class is coming into its own through posterity. Quoting from the *Washington Times-Herald*, December 7:

"*Capt. Benjamin T. Simmons, Jr.*, of 2400 Sixteenth St. NW., has been awarded the Legion of Merit Medal by *Gen. Douglas MacArthur* for 'exceptionally meritorious conduct' in bombardment and reconnaissance flights in the Southwest Pacific, the War Department revealed today.

"*Captain Simmons*, son of the late *Brig. Gen. B. T. Simmons*, was praised particularly for his work as photographer and aerial gunner on flights over Japanese held bases in the area.

"Although assigned to ground duties,' *MacArthur's* citation stated, '*Captain Simmons* voluntarily accompanied a bombardment squadron on many dangerous missions over Celebes, Timor, Ceram, Dutch New Guinea, Java and Bali, acting as photographer and aerial gunner. In this hazardous service, he obtained reconnaissance pictures which are among the finest aerial photographs taken in this theater. These clear and detailed photographs of enemy shipping and installations have constituted an invaluable source of intelligence. By his courage and exceptional technical skill, *Captain Simmons* performed a service of great value to our operations'."

With Congratulations accordingly,
—F. B. W.

1897

"Ninety-seven" has apparently quieted down considerably, and in the words of the poet, "She ain't what she used to be." Time was, when a call for a party sounded, all the members sniffed the air, and acted like old fire horses at a fire call, but now they look things over before they rush to answer the call, and, at that, the rush would never be termed a riot.

All this is apropos of the stop-over that *Jakie Woodyard* made in Washington some weeks ago. He was here for a few days from his home in Monterey, Mexico, where he is as busy as of yore in building all sorts of things in a most substantial manner. We tried to get up a class luncheon for him and in the effort we felt like the man in the Bible who was giving a feast and found that all those he had invited had every reason, from a sick grandmother to a visit from the Income Tax Man, to keep them away. (You will note the capitals for the aforesaid tax collector; that is due to the nearness of December 15th and the report that

we must submit to him on that date. We trust that the capitals will tickle his vanity and make him feel kindly inclined.)

But in spite of various impediments, short notice, etc. we got nine of '97 together, which was not bad. There were the *Duke*, *Fergy*, *Phililoo Miller*, *Popie*, *Andy Moses*, *Buck Johnston*, *Sleuth Newbill*, *Katy Connor*, and, of course, *Jakie*.

Johnny Hughes could not come because he had to sit on a board; we regretted his absence because he looks so young and debonnaire that all we have to do is to remember that he is our classmate to make us forget the years and feel almost young again, even if not so gay. *Laurence Miller* was moving to a new set of quarters further down town than where he has lived for some years. We wonder at this move closer to the bright lights and what it may portend. The *Sheriff* could not be reached. He is an honest-to-God dirt farmer, and lucky for him that we know it, or we, his "foot-bound" classmates might wonder if he were a farmer for the sake of gasoline.

Bowley, who has recently moved to Washington and acquired a charming home on Magill Terrace, and *Car-michael* could not be reached in time, and so they missed the luncheon and were missed by us who were there. *Charley Roberts* had a date; when I saw him and his wife I did not question his choice, if, of course, he was with his wife at the time.

Well, the luncheon was a great success, although we missed those whom I have mentioned as absent, and they missed a fine talk-fest of things "Class"ic. As *Conklin* suggested at our forty-fifth reunion, we are always planning to get together, and the will is there; however, the joints seem squeaky, and don't get started as easy as they used to, so let's oil the joints and really flock to the standard when the signal sounds.

Fergy is off for parts unknown, but due south—trust *Fergy* for that!—where fuel rationing won't bother him, the lucky stiff. Someone is always wanting him to tell them how to fix a river so that the water will run where and as they wish it, or how to make a mud flat into a deep water harbor.

Charley Roberts is helping out in the Office of Civilian Defense, while *Katy Connor* is distributing gasoline on a Rationing Board, so nobody loves him. Speaking of gasoline,

Laurel, *Pimlico* and *Havre de Grace* no longer know the *Duke* and what he thinks about the gasoline shortage that keeps him away from the ponies, we would hesitate to submit for print. However, the *Duke* is a good sport in every sense of the word and glad to give up anything and everything to help the war on, though it wouldn't surprise us if he still knew how to get, in absentia, "a run for his money"

Cheney and *McCoy* came to Washington for a brief visit last week. You would hardly recognize our erstwhile willowy adjutant in the healthy, husky looking *Sherrie* of today. They came for "Old Home Week" at 1718 H Street where they have lived from time to time during the past thirty-five years. *Mack* had just returned from Mexico where he said he went for his health and that of his charming wife, but *Mack* is so unpredictable that we would not be surprised at anything that might happen in Mexico in the next year or two. *Mack* has a way all his own, you know, and it is a good one. He gets things done, somehow, and they are always well done.

Mack reports that he saw *Hal Dorey*, *Tommy Roberts*, and *Sep Humphrey* in San Antonio. He gave good news of all three. *Hal* is a rancher near Boerne, Texas, and not a "Dude Rancher" either. *Tommy* and *Sep* confine their agricultural efforts to tearing up the sod of the golf links in San Antonio, that is provided they play the same kind of golf that we do, which God forbid.

As for the younger generation, *Sheriff Conley's* son is overseas, and so is his son-in-law. His daughter *Mary* is with him waiting until the war ends. *Charley Roberts'* two sons are in the South Pacific, and *Andy Moses'* son-in-law is also overseas. *Sherrie Cheney's* daughter is doing art work in New York. The mind reels at the thought of *Sherrie* joining her in Greenwich Village. However, one should not be held accountable for what one does after reaching "Pier Seventy"—after that birthday one has earned the right to do as one darn pleases. Of course, "earning" and "collecting" are not always the same thing, but here's hoping.

Buck and *Sleuth* and *Laurence Miller* and *Johnnie Hughes* are not bothered by such material things as children, in-laws, etc. and I suppose that when they view the more complicated affairs of their friends and classmates, they sometimes smile and

query, "Ain't progeny hell?" However, if they have such ideas, they are discreet enough to keep them to themselves, which is just as well.

At the luncheon aforementioned, we all agreed that "The Assembly" fills a long felt want, and that news about living friends is more readable and more cheering, especially in times like these, than screeds about departed ones, however devoted we were to the latter.

The Chinese have a delightful proverb to the effect that "Before drinking of the fountain, one should give thanks to the source", and in this case the best way to show our appreciation to the editors of "The Assembly" is to try and help them by contributing something. How about it, you other members of '97?

Readers of this screed are reminded that class notes are like the famous recipe for hash, "you don't make it, it just accumulates." No responsibility is accepted for any statements made herein, either in this or any other language, including the Scandinavian. Any likeness to the works of *Walter Winchell* or any other writer, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

—W D. C.

1899

1944 will be the 45th anniversary of the graduation of this class. Travel will be difficult but a number of the members have already announced their firm intention to be present. If you think you can be there, please notify *C. D. Herron*, 7211 Fairfax Road, Bethesda, Md., Class Secretary. By order of *Generalissimo Foy*.

Julius C. Clippert has been over the years a Surgeon at Grosse Isle, Michigan where he and *Mrs. Clippert* make their home. He writes that he peruses with interest "The Assembly" and always hopes that some member of the class will stop by to see him. He is a life member of the Alumni Association.

W. M. Jordan of Haymarket, Virginia, resigned in June '96 with a promise of reappointment but had the misfortune to run into typhoid fever that summer and did not get back. He is now an Auditor in the General Accounting Office in Washington, but still calls Haymarket his home and looks forward to retiring to his farm there in 1945. His adopted son is in the Army as a commissioned officer.

Kelly, who resigned just after the First World War to enter the electrical utility business, as was to be expected, is at the very top of the first section of that field. He will be found in the Electric Building, Buffalo, New York. *Mrs. Kelly* and the two daughters are very much in war work, as is *Kelly's* company, the Niagara Power.

A. N. McClure and *Mrs. McClure* are settled in New Orleans and he is just as ready as ever to demonstrate that wars cannot be fought without horses and mules. His greatest pleasure is to revisit his two and four-footed friends in the remount depots where he spent so many years of active service.

Edmund B. Pennington is well and husky and holds forth in single blessedness at Chestertown, Maryland. He cherishes his sojourn with '99 and is a life member of the Alumni Association.

Ed. M. Whitaker took up the law on leaving the class and is now one of the leading barristers of the great state of Texas, with a ranch in New Mexico managed by his son. He also keeps up his interest in '99 and hopes that some of its members will come by Midland.

Jesse W. Johnson of Milwaukee after many years of successful practice, entered the law department of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, and still carries on there. He is represented in this war by his son and hopes to attend our reunion in 1944, as he did the last one.

Farrar modestly refrains from adding anything to the known fact of residence in San Antonio, Texas.

F. L. Marshall of the Atlanta Gas Light Company lives in Augusta, Georgia and with *Mrs. Marshall* heads up a family of four children and four grandchildren. His son is a Captain of Anti-Aircraft somewhere in the Pacific. *Marshall* is one of the best boosters of the class and always hopes to come to a reunion but so far has not accomplished it.

Jerry Pillow, one of the best-beloved of the class, is Vice-President of the Exchange National Bank of Atchison, Kansas when in town, but he is out of town a good deal!

Robert F. Linn who left us in 1896 to become a doctor in Cleveland, Ohio, died in March 1943, and we all regret his passing.

Russell L. Armstrong has over the years maintained his interest in West Point and the class and is active in New York City financial circle.

Van Duyn is the laird of the manse on the farm at Towaco, New Jersey, where his family has held its sway for 218 years. But the scarcity of labor being what it is, he has no time to play the laird and so has to keep almost as busy as *Edna*, his energetic and talented wife. His daughter is a WAC and his son and son-in-law are in the service.

1901

The Class of 1901 issues a Class Bulletin twice a year that keeps its classmates and the widows of classmates very closely in touch with each other. The Bulletin is compiled by the patient efforts of *Major General E. D. Peek*, now retired. Therefore the following is given as possible interest to graduates who knew members of 1901 at the Academy or while on active duty.

Two of 1901 are still on active duty from the retired list: *Brigadier General Walter D. Smith* and *Brigadier General George R. Spalding*, both are on duty in Washington, D. C.

William N. Haskell now holds the rank of Lieutenant General, Retired Commander of the National Guard of New York. He served as Commander of the New York National Guard for many years and entered the Federal Service with it in the present war.

Brigadier General Frank P. Lahm, who was a Major General A.U.S. when he retired, has just completed "How Our Army Grew Wings", a history that was started by the late *Colonel C. DeF. Chandler*, Signal Corps.

Colonel Clarence O. Sherrill, has resigned as City Manager of Cincinnati, Ohio, effective January 1, 1944. He has served Cincinnati for many years and his engineering accomplishments in improving that city will always be a lasting work of which he can be justly proud.

About 50 percent of those who graduated in 1901 are still wandering this earth. In round numbers about 24 live east of the Appalachian Mountains, 6 in the Central United States and 5 in California. Each Wednesday at 12:30 P.M., members of 1901 living in the vicinity of Washington, D. C. lunch at The Army and Navy Club—at such times anything is liable to happen.

1902

At the present writing, *Troup Miller* and *Walter K. Wilson* appear to be the only members of the class still on active duty, all others recently active having either reached the statutory age limit, or enjoying the enforced leisure of terminal leave. *Miller* (Brig. Gen'l.) is Inspector General, Eastern Defense Command and First Army, and is stationed at Governors Island. His son, *Troup, Jr.*, Class of 1930, Colonel, Air Corps, took a recent course at Naval War College, and is slated to attend Army and Navy Staff College. His daughter, *Rosa*, is wife of *Lt. Col. F. W. Barnes*, Class of 1934. *Troup* has four granddaughters and one grandson.

Wilson (Major General) is C.G., Northern California Sector, Western Defense Command. His older son, *Walter K., Jr.*, is now in India, and his younger son commands an F.A. Battalion in a division expecting over-seas service. A recent poem of *Wilson's*, written in the hope of focusing interest upon the war effort, is quoted.

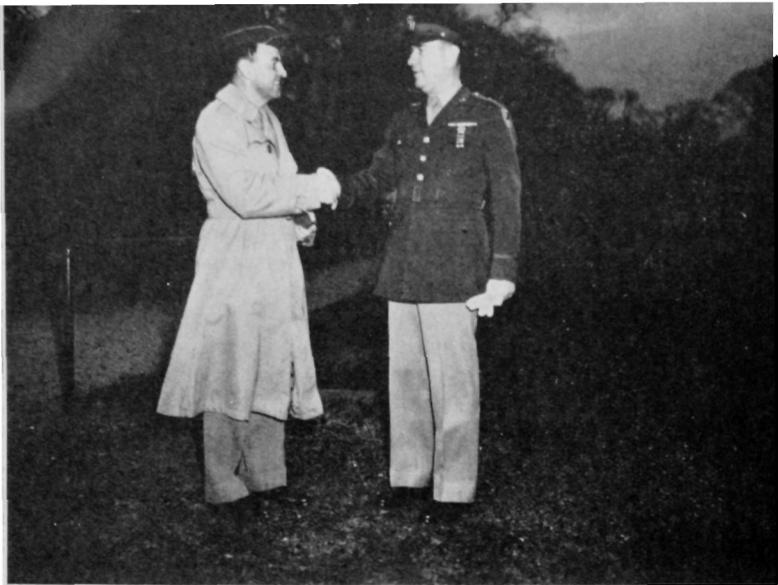
VICTORY! WHAT IS THY PRICE?
O Victory, for thee we cry!
What is thy price? Is it too high
For us to pay—all we who claim
America with all its fame
For freedom? Will it ever be
That price can block our Victory?

O Victory, our soldiers die
On battlefields both far and nigh.
Our sailors and marines die too
While they their search for thee
pursue.
The price seems high—must we pay
more
To have thee safe upon our shore?

O Victory, we hear thee say:
"Americans must work and pray,
Forget themselves and in this fight
Give all and work with all their
might.
No less will ever quite suffice
For Victory—That is the price!"

Abbot lives in the Uintah Valley, in Northeastern Utah. He is in a region of rich resources which are largely undeveloped as yet because the valley is off the beaten lines of travel, and needs transportation facilities and population.

Albert has long lived in New York, and runs the Belmont Iron Works, specialists in structural steel buildings. One son is a Warrant Officer in the Signal Corps, the other a Staff Sergeant at Governors Island.



The "old" Com. Brig. Gen. Gallagher (right) greets the "new" Com. Brig. Gen. Honnen (left).



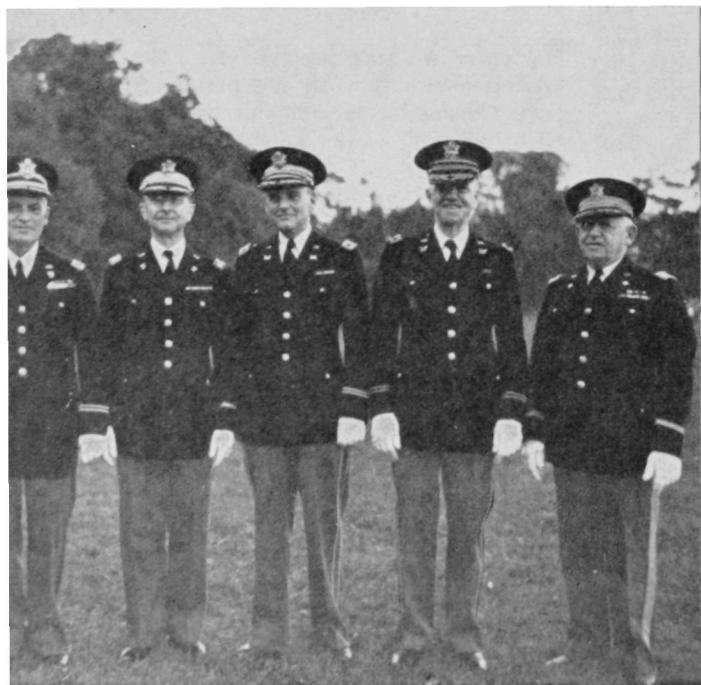
The Corps in formation prior to the Notre Dame game in Yankee Stadium, New York City.



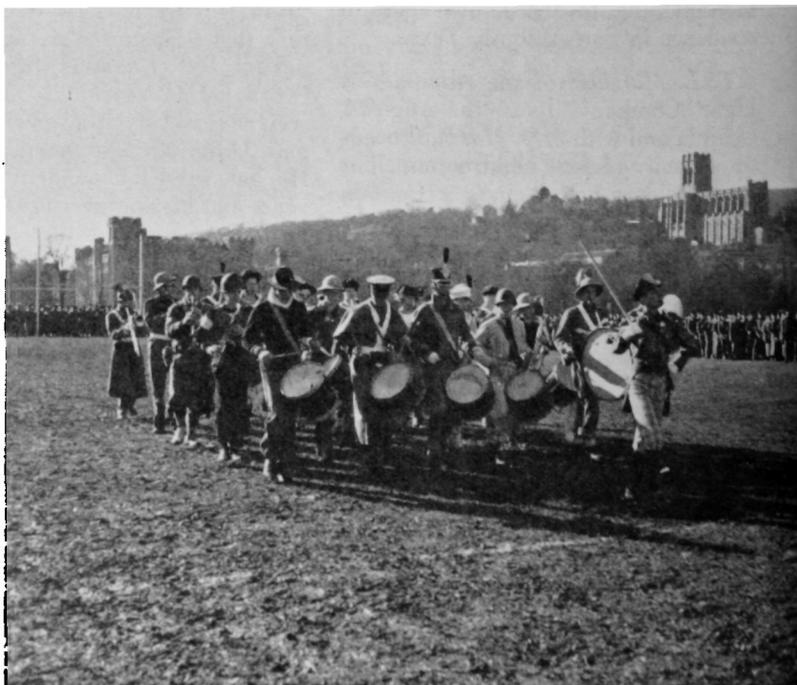
Guests of Maj. Gen. and Mrs. F. B. Wilby at the Notre Dame Game included Vice Admiral Herbert F. Leary, U.S.N., and Brig. Gen. Vasquez Benavides, Superintendent of Military Academy in Peru.



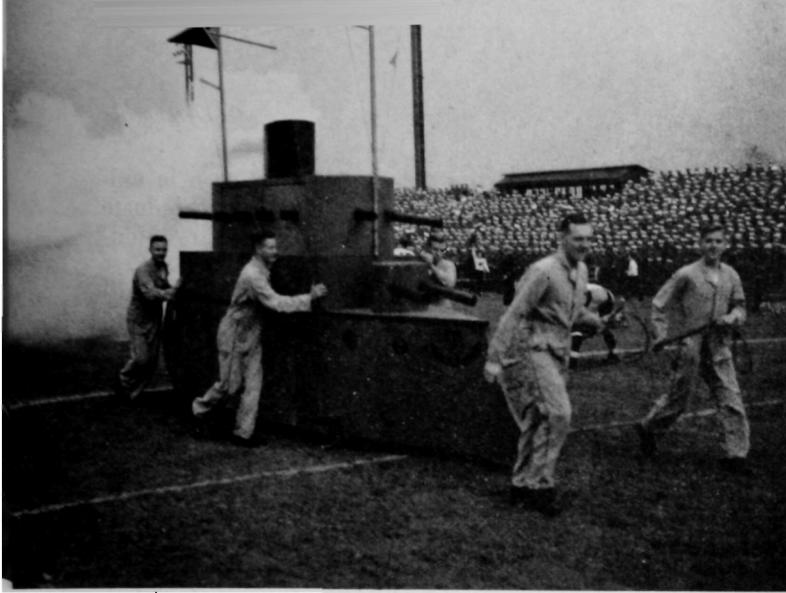
Corps Spirit is represented in Barracks decorations in time before important games.



Five Colonels stationed at West Point retire. Left to right Colonels Whipple, '04; Laubach, '07; North, '09; Connor (Law) and Jacobson (Finance).



During the Annual Engineer-Goat Game, the Goats turn out a band. Goats won.



Army Mule is brought on the field in "battle-wagon".



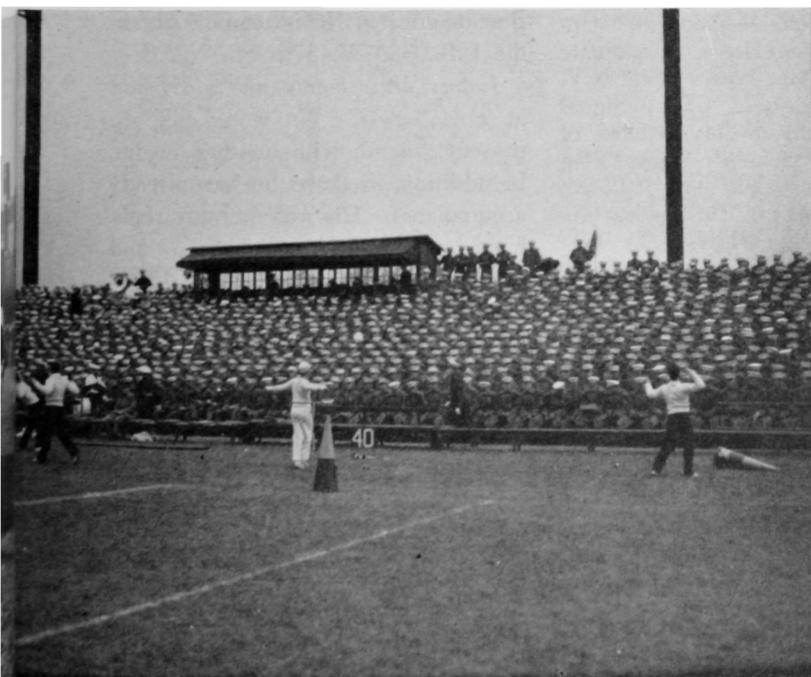
Army Mascots, "Pancho" and "Mr. Jackson" ridden by Cadets Wear and Johnson.



The Navy Goat arrives on the field aboard an Army duck.



Anderson finds hole in the Navy Line.



Portion of the Corps donning white caps represents and cheers (?) for Navy, led by Navy cheer leaders.



Minor gains on Navy.

Bell during the past three years has been editor of "The Military Engineer" and has done a grand job in building up a strong and active organization of "Military Engineers" including a very large civilian representation as well as military. For a period of ten years or so, *Bell* took a leading part in the development and management of "World's Fairs", Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Dallas, and others.

Black lives the comfortable life of a down-easter at Searsport, Maine. He was on the graveyard shift as a plane spotter for awhile. The planes were all in bed at that time of night, but his partner played a good game of cribbage.

Boulby has had a long experience in Civil Engineering, largely in highway work; really a leader in his line, with a record of attainments a yard long. He also does a bit of farming on 800 acres, but lives in Chicago.

Cleveland still holds out at Miami, and he might do worse. He asserts that he keeps his health fairly well for an old buzzard, and as to spirits, they have not gone back on him at all. Four sons in the service, one a graduate, U.S.M.A.

Cooper, retired some years ago, enjoyed a return to active duty in Chicago lasting nine months. His home is in Birmingham, Alabama.

Dockery lives at Carmel, California, and report says he is happy and in good spirits.

Edwards lives in Chevy Chase, and likes better to roam the Maryland woods with his dog, than the endless corridors of the Pentagon.

Foley, recently stationed at Jacksonville, has moved his dogs to the State of Washington, where he plans to live. He has been trying to enlist WACs and instill some discipline into their souls, with some success, but he speaks of this as the beginning of his decline, and finally his downfall and end! But he comments that he finally reached a conclusion as to their usefulness and place in our war effort.

Frankenberger lives in San Diego, and while he admits to no work more strenuous than gardening and tinkering, he has done his share on local rationing board and warden service.

Free has for many years been engaged in industry in Indiana, a long time in the steel business, and now manufacturing window glass. Likewise in politics, has served in the House of Representatives of Indiana, and is now in the Senate. He has two sons, one Chief Industrial Engineer

in a war plant, and one a 1st Lt., Chemical Warfare Service.

Hannum (Brig. General) is retiring after five years as Division Engineer at San Francisco. His responsibilities have included construction work to the extent of about 2½ billion dollars. He was recently decorated with the *Legion of Merit*. His son is Major with 70th Division. His daughter, wife of a Lieut. Commander in the Navy, with her two children, have been with her parents in San Francisco. *Hannum* plans to live in California.

Herr (Major General) reports, "I toil not, but perhaps I spin a bit." Since his retirement from the office of Chief of Cavalry, he has continued to live in Washington. He has two daughters and three grandchildren. His elder daughter is the wife of *Col. Willard A. Holbrook*, of an Armored Division.

Hinrichs has had a long connection with California Institute of Technology. At present this is taken over by the Navy for a V-12 unit. In addition, there are many officers of Army, Navy and Marine Corps assigned to duty there for graduate work in such fields as Meteorology, Ballistics, Aeronautics. His son *Jack* has had long experience in the Ordnance Dept. He has been serving recently with the 14th Tank Division, but the Ordnance Dept. has taken him over again for a job in the Pentagon.

Jennings lives the life of Riley, dividing his time between Miami Beach and North Carolina, and if you take him on for a game of golf, look out!

Longley still lives in Maplewood, N. J. and carries on in the field of water supply engineering and contracting. His son *John*, a graduate of M.I.T. and ten years with N.Y. Telephone Co., is a Capt., Signal Corps, at present on duty in office of Asst. Chief of Staff, Air Corps, Pentagon Building. His son *William*, U.S.M.A. 1936, Lt. Col., is an instructor in Dept. of Physics at West Point.

McCain lives at Doylestown, Pa., since his retirement. For several years prior to his retirement as Brig. Genl., he was C.O. at Phila. Q.M. Depot.

Moran, living in Beverly Hills, Cal., has been doing his bit as Chief Observer, Aircraft Warning Service. He is fighting this war by proxy, three nephews in the Army, three in the Navy, one in the Marines. Victory Garden, he reports not over 49%, as

Nature didn't cooperate, even in California. *Moran* urges any graduate who is in Los Angeles on first Monday of the month, to attend the West Point noonday luncheon at the University Club.

Morrison has been running a huge job of R.O.T.C. training in the schools of Chicago, 29 public schools, 1 parochial, 1 military school, and for good measure a public school in Joliet. A total of about 12,800 cadets.

Terrell lives the life of a country gentleman at Los Altos, California. Since the advent of rationing, he grows chickens and a garden, but says that he will cease and desist as soon as war conditions permit.

Zane has lately been living at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, on South Zane Highway, though his permanent address is Santa Cruz, Calif. *Zane* is still one of the best boosters for our last reunion, and likewise for our next, June 1947.

1910

We are all pleased to hear that *Dave McCoach* has annexed another star.

J. B. Coleman has moved to Richmond, where he is Professor of Mathematics at the University.

After a brief sojourn at Walter Reed, *Duncan Richart* has returned to duty as C.O., Fort Oglethorpe.

Allan Edwards has at last been found. He was in China ten years representing O. B. Badger & Sons, Petroleum Engineers. For the past three years he has been General Manager of Allied Chemicals, Inc., for South America, with Headquarters at Buenos Aires. He is temporarily in the U.S., 350 W. 57th St., N.Y.C.

Jimmy Muir commands a division at Fort Lewis. We would like to present *Jimmie* with another medal, in addition to those he has already accumulated. His was the only reply to our plaintive appeal for news and funds in the last issue, which gives us a grand batting average of .107. *Wildrick*, *Ray*, and *Gray* had previously sent generous checks. We will not publish a skin-list, but everyone not mentioned in this paragraph is delinquent. We are solvent, but would prefer a larger working balance. Incidentally, we are more interested in news items of yourself than we are in checks.

1911

An old copy of the Annual Report of the Association of Graduates dated June, 1911, caused this columnist to go in for some facts and figures. It showed 1911 distributed at that time as follows: Engineers 5, Field Artillery 6, Coast Artillery 17, Cavalry 18, Infantry 36, Foreign Cadet 1, Total 83. Since then 16 have died, 9 have resigned, and 17 are on the retired list. Of these last 26, 17 are or have been on an active duty status during the emergency. Of the 41 remaining on the active list, the basic branches are as follows: Engineers 3, Ordnance 5, Field Artillery 5, Coast Artillery 4, Cavalry 6, Infantry 12, C.W.S. 1, Q.M.C. 2, A.C. 2. The bulk of these are general officers, the class having furnished 26 generals so far.

The first 1911 man to be officially recorded as having returned to West Point for an Alumni Reunion was no less than "*Little Joe*" *Mehaffey*, who showed up in June, 1914.

We note with pleasure and pride the award of the D.S.M. to *Benny Lockwood* for his services as C.G. of two important island bases in the South Pacific.

John Hatch is now somewhere in the Pacific. His address is APO502, c/o PM San Francisco. *John* writes that *Frank Hicks* is on duty at the same place and they have had frequent get-togethers.

Jimmie Crawford wrote in from Seattle where he is now stationed. *C. D. Calley*, ex-'11, is stationed at the same place. *Jimmie* nominates *McKinney* as the youngest-looking man in the class.

The entire class will be relieved to learn that *Phil Fleming's* son, reported missing in action over Germany, is now definitely located as a P.O.W. in Stalag Luft III and apparently uninjured.

Dave Cowles has left Washington for the West Coast. After an extended inspection tour, he is scheduled for duty at the Port of Embarkation, San Francisco.

McNeal is now stationed in Omaha, Nebraska as a member of the W.D. Manpower Board.

Karl Bradford is in Washington on duty with the Gasser Board.

Oliver McCleary is in Washington with the Historical Section, Army War College.

The writer of this column recently stuck his Washington classmates for a very good dinner at the Army and Navy Club. *Kutz*, *Nance*, *Bradford* and *Schwenck* were the hosts and the visiting fireman enjoyed himself greatly.

Porty Nance gives promise of being a Grade A Washington correspondent. When you write a letter asking questions, you get a reply with the answers. That is something new in the life of a Class Secretary, the average classmate needing three letters to one answer. We are indebted to *Porty* for most of this column.

Harold Nichols returned from somewhere in the Pacific during September and had a few days in Washington. *Surles*, *Bradford*, *Schwenck*, *Nance*, *Baxter* and *Wall* turned out at a class dinner to welcome *Nick*, who was in fine fettle and very enthusiastic about his job.

Glover Johns, ex-'11, is a lieutenant colonel in the M.I.D. stationed in Miami. *Glover* normally resides in Corpus Christi, Texas, where he is a banker and a Texas National Guardsman of long standing.

Tod Larned still holds forth at Picatinny Arsenal and is squeezing the production line for all it can put out.

1912

The information included in this list is the most recent available in our files. Censorship prohibits full addresses in most cases, however, if you wish to correspond with a classmate whose address you do not know, advise *Gatchell* at West Point. He will not guarantee the correct address, but will give you the latest on record at West Point.

Anderson—Lt. Col., F.A. (Ret.)—Back in active service as Executive Officer, Camp Carson, Colo.

Barrett—Lt. Col., Ord. Dept. (Ret.)—Back on active duty as Ordnance Officer, Second Service Command.

Barton—Maj. Gen.—Commanding a Motorized Division, Fort Dix.

Bennion—Director of Edison Electric Institute, N. Y. City, the trade association of the electric power industry. An ulcerated stomach has kept *Bennion* out of military war duty, but he has helped in many ways in arming, equipping and supplying our armed forces. Address 49 East 96th St., N. Y., N. Y.

Bingham—Col., Gen. Staff—Control Officer Second Service Command.

Brown, A. E.—Maj. Gen.—Commanding Infantry Replacement Training Center, Camp Wheeler.

Chynoweth—Brig. Gen.—Prisoner of War—Formosa.

Cook—Maj. Gen.—Commanding an Infantry Division, Camp Adair.

Crawford, D. M.—Brig. Gen.—Room 40262, Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C.

Crawford, R. C.—Brig. Gen.—been Commandant of Engineer School, Ft. Belvoir, Va. Recently ordered to Command the Missouri River Engineer Division.

Delamater—Col., Inf.—Commanding a district in the 8th Service Command.

Dick—Since May 1942 has been engaged in war work, helping turn out Navy fighters such as the "Wildcat" and "Hellcat" the torpedo bomber "Avenger" and several amphibian Models.

Drake—Brig. Gen.—Prisoner of War—Formosa.

DuBois—Col., C.A.C.—Commanding an A.A. Auto Weapons Group.

Edwards, B. D.—Col., Inf. (Ret.)—Back on active duty as Military Advisor to Under Secretary of War, Room 3E729, Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C.

Faymonville—Col., Ord. Dept.—Recently returned from Lend Lease duty in Russia. Now on duty in Office Chief of Ordnance, War Department, Washington, D. C.

Flynn—Col., Cav.—Sick in Winter General Hospital, Topeka, Kans.

Fox—Col., C.E.—Office Division Engineer, Lower Mississippi Valley, P.O. Box 80, Vicksburg, Miss.

Gatchell—Col., Prof. U.S.M.A.—Professor of Mechanics (formerly "Phil"), West Point, N. Y.

Haislip—Maj. Gen.—Commanding a corps at Camp Beauregard.

Harms—Col., A.C.—Commanding a Replacement Wing at Salt Lake City.

Hauser—Col., F.A.—Commanding a Replacement Depot at New Orleans.

Hayes—Maj. Gen.—Chief of Industrial Service Ord. Dept., Room 2E392, Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C.

Hinemon—Col., S.C. (Ret.)—Woodland Drive, Scobeyville, N. J.

Hobson—Col., Inf.—Commanding Ft. Benning, Ga.

Hochwalt—Lt. Col., C.A.C. (Ret.)—R.F.D. No. 2, Edmonds, Washington.

Holliday—Col., Inf.—War Department Manpower Board, Baltimore.

Hyatt—Col., F.A.—Jacksonville, Fla.

Johnson, D.—Maj. Gen.—Commanding an Air Force at Colorado Springs.

Johnson, J. H.—Col., Q.M.C.—Commanding Q.M. Replacement Training Center, Camp Lee.

Jones, B. Q.—Col., Cav.—Hq. XIII Corps.

Kelly—Col., Cav.—Stationed at Camp Breckinridge, Ky.

Kirk—Brig. Gen.—Office Chief of Ordnance, Room 2E371, Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C.

Kuldell—Back in the service as a Col. of Engineers on duty in the Office Chief of Engineers, War Dept., Washington, D. C., as Chief of the Military Construction Division. Lives at Shoreham Hotel.

Lewis, J. E.—Brig. Gen.—Camp Sutton, N. C.

Lindt—Col., C.A.C.—A.A. Artillery Training Center, Camp Haan, Calif.

Malony—Maj. Gen.—Commanding an Infantry Division at Camp Phillips.

Maxwell—Maj. Gen.—Commanding a Training Center, Camp Ellis.

Mooney—Lt. Col., A.G. (Ret.)—Back on active duty at Fort Bliss.

Morrissey—Col., Gen. Staff—War Department, Room 3C1001, Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C.

Nalle—Col., Cav.—C. & G.S. School, Ft. Leavenworth.

Nickerson—Col., Ord. Dept.—Commanding Ogden Arsenal.

Patterson—Barred physically from coming back in the service. Now runs the Motorcar Service Co., 900 French St., Wilmington, Del., wholesale automotive jobbers, "Still able to enjoy a day's hunting and have 4 respectable bird dogs"

Paules—Col., C.E.—Engineer Training Center, Camp Claiborne.

Phelan—Lt. Col., Ord. Dept., (Ret.)—Back on active duty at the Stockton Ordnance Depot.

Rayner—Col., Cav.—On duty at Hq. Western Service Command.

Rose—Col.—Hq. Seventh Service Command.

Sawyer—Col., S.C.—Signal School, Chicago.

Sibert—Maj. Gen.—Commanding an Infantry Division at Camp San Luis Obispo.

Smith—Engaged in important munitions manufacture, Hotel Tudor, 304 E. 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y.

Snow—Col., Inf. (Ret.)—Asst. to President and Head of Dept. of Engineering Drawing at Pennsylvania Military College, Chester, Pa., P.O. Box 326, Delaware City, Del.

Sullivan—Col., Inf.—Commanding Fort Myer.

Walker—Maj. Gen.—Commanding an Armored Corps at Camp Campbell.

Weeks—(Polhemus)—Maj. Inf. (Ret.)—Moorestown, N. J.

Whiteside—Back in the service as a Lt. Col. now on duty as Executive

Officer of the Student Regiment. F.A. School, Ft. Sill.

Wood—Maj. Gen.—Commanding an Armored Division in Texas.

Youngs—Col., Cav.—5th Service Command, Fort Hayes, Ohio.

Believed to be Overseas:

Arnold—Brig. Gen.—Artillery Commander of an Inf. Division.

Bodine—Col., Ord.

Chamberlin—Brig. Gen.

Fechet—Col., Inf.

Flint—Col., Inf.

Harmon—Lt. Gen.—Commanding U.S. Army Air Forces.

Littlejohn—Maj. Gen.

MacGregor—Col., Ord. Dept.

McLane—Col., Cav.

McLean—Col., Inf.
Robertson—Maj. Gen.—Commanding an Infantry Division.

Schneider—Col., Inf.

Spalding, I.—Brig. Gen.

Spalding, S. P.—Brig. Gen.

Thomas—Col.

Weaver—Brig. Gen.

Wilbur—Brig. Gen.—Awarded Medal of Honor for deeds in Africa.

If any corrections or additions are desired or if members of the class have any interesting news about themselves, their families, or other classmates, sent it in to *Gatch* who is trying to represent the class at West Point. No questionnaire will be sent out and how well the class is kept informed of the doings of its members, will depend entirely upon the information sent in. It is desired to have something to publish in each issue of *Assembly*.

1916

Louie Hibbs has been promoted to major general and commanding a division since March 1943.

The following class sons are now at the U.S.M.A.: 1st Class—*D. C. Cabell, L. S. Tully*; 3rd Class—*J. B. Bennett, Jr., R. M. Cunningham, G. F. Hoge, A. V. Rinearson, W. J. Snow, II*; 4th Class—*S. R. Martin, W. C. Parker, R. B. Tully*.

1917

New B.G.'s not previously reported are *Hal Barbour* and *Ted Futch*.

Dent Sharpe is back in the States having been with G-2 in North Africa. He is going to Havana as military attache. *Jack Johnson* is also in North Africa.

Mickey Kernan is in Honolulu.

Josh Stansell and *Gus Hoffman* were at Bataan and are both reported prisoners of the Japs. *George Hirsch* was reported missing at Bataan and is presumed to be a prisoner.

November 1, 1918

Your scribe is forced to deduce that the members of the Class are going after the war in a big way but that censorship has been tight. Little has been heard, less has been seen, but neither of these conditions indicate inactivity, quite the contrary no doubt. That the dope will eventually out, we feel assured and we will be ready to chronicle it when and if. It would be appreciated if some of you avid readers would loosen up and send in some poop. You might be surprised how much can be made of very little.

Relieved of our castigation for the time being are *Danny Dever* and *Stevens, F. A.* from whom recent letters have been received.

Stevens, F. A. has confirmed our earlier report that he is a Lt. Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, at Quantico, Virginia. He expects to be assigned to the next Marine Division to be organized.

Dever is Director of Training of the Officer Candidate School, Army Air Forces, at Miami Beach, Florida. *Danny* likes the Air Corps except for its failure to produce classmates on visits to his station. *Johnnie Middleton* he lists as a lone exception who spent a few hours with him last Spring. He says *Francis Valentine* signs official communications which come through from Dow Field, Maine. *Danny* moans that the price of liquor is out of sight at Miami Beach, but we have noticed that the liquor itself is out of sight here.

Word just reached us from *Conrad, V. J.* which uncovered him with an Infantry Division at Camp Campbell, Kentucky.

The following were seen at football games this Fall, at New York, Philadelphia, New Haven and West Point (not including the Navy Game): *Percy Banister, Bill Badger, Bob Coolidge, Tubby Snow, Bill Leng, Freddie Platte, Peter Goerz* and *Jim Christiansen*. *Fitpatrick* got away from his English sections in time for a couple also. We are sorry we missed a few in the lower decks at Yankee Stadium not to mention some stray classmates squeezed in with the Academic Board in the upper regions of Michie Stadium.

Freddie Pearson wrote in the other day from Omaha, Nebraska, where he is holding down expenditures, that he had attended the Fiscal Officers' convention in Chicago late in October. He chinned a bit with *Bill Miller*, Finance Officer from Tulsa, Oklahoma, but there was not much time

between drinks—at least that was the inference.

We have been informed that *Claude H. Chorpening* has left the Chief of Engineers' office for an overseas assignment.

The New York Herald Tribune ran a fine picture of *George Eddy* on page 1, December 1, 1943, in action (?) as Chief of the Research Center, Foreign Materiel Division at Aberdeen, Maryland. We never hear of *George* without being reminded of the stirring address *Elmer Stansbury* delivered at the Army and Navy Club in Manila on the occasion of our reunion dinner in June 1920, on his reminiscence of the Springer or the private life of *George Eddy*. Speaking of the Springer, we wonder how many of you doughboys and cavalrymen remember "Damp Bedding, Coldest, Georgia."

Heard recently that *Brig. Gen. Fellers* has rejoined *MacArthur's* staff.

Do not forget to send in your dope.

June, 1919

The following should be added to the list of generals which appeared in the last issue: *Brigadier Generals Ralph Stearley, Nat Burnell, Joe Holly, Charlie Keerans, and Bill Wyman*. The promotion of *Al Wedemeyer* to Major General and Deputy Chief of Staff to Lord Mountbatten makes the score 3 major generals and 23 brigadiers, if the official poop-sheet sent me by *Jack Raaen* from the Office of the Chief of Ordnance is correct.

According to *Christian Hildebrand* members of the class have been awarded 2 D.S.M.'s, 2 D.S.C.'s, 4 Silver Stars, 3 Legion of Merits, and 1 Purple Heart since the start of hostilities. Since this tabulation was received your scribe has noted the award of the D.S.M. to *Al Wedemeyer* and the Legion of Merit to *Al Gruenther* and *Ray Hardin*, the latter being currently in England.

In the present plebe class are *John L. Armstrong, Richard L. Gruenther, Harrison H. D. Heiberg, Jr., William M. McMaster, Joe H. Warren, Jr., and Albert D. Wedemeyer*.

Since the last issue of *Assembly*, *Herb Jones* has gone to the South Pacific, *Don Shingler* has returned from Iran (Persia to us), and *Lt. Thomas B. Johnson* (son of *Doc*) has lectured at West Point on his escape from a Nazi prison in Northern Italy. *Harrison Heiberg* and *Al Wedemeyer* have visited West Point to see their plebe sons, and *Bunker Bean* to see his daughter married.

Gus Broberg is in the Southwest Pacific, *Johnny Crowe* is reported about to depart overseas, *George Rogers* is in North Africa, and *Urban Niblo* in Italy. *Ben Sheets*, called to active duty from retirement, has won his eagles in the Ordnance Dept. (*Lt. Col.*) *Bill Isaacs* has gone from civilian life to North Africa.

(*Col.*) *Bob Rice*, home from England, is being retired for physical reasons. (*Lt. Col.*) *Tommy Cranford* is back in retirement again at Valdosta, Ga., after a brief fling at active duty before the medicos got him again. *Dave Latimer*, retired in 1942, is living in Dixsin, Ill.

As of early October, *Bob Hutchins* was commanding an Infantry Regiment in Sicily.

If you have news of interest to the class write the dope in to (*Lt. Col.*) *Brick Bartlett* at U.S.M.A., and help make this a bigger and better column.

1920

Since publication of the last number of *Assembly* several new faces of the Class of 1920 have appeared here at West Point. *George Honnen*, Brigadier General since September 1942, arrived the early part of November to take over the duties of Commandant of Cadets, replacing *Brigadier General Philip Gallagher*. After a tour of service in the Southwest Pacific, *George* was on duty as Assistant Division Commander of the 89th Division when ordered to the Academy. *Leland S. Smith*, A.G.D., reported the latter part of October to become Adjutant General at the Academy. *L. S.* came here from the War Department where he had been on duty as Chief of the Training Branch, A.G.O., since his return from 20 months in Iceland. *Charlie West* arrived early in September to take over the duties of Professor of Law after serving 4 years in the Judge Advocate General's Office.

This brings the total number of the Class now on duty at West Point to 7, the other 4 being older residents; namely, *Earl Blaik, Chitterling, M. P., Joe Stauffer, and Harry Travis*.

Congratulations are in order to *Duke Lanahan, Frank Roberts* and *Don Stace* upon the glistening new stars that adorn their shoulders. According to our records this brings our total of Generals in the Class to 15.

Also we note with pleasure the Award of the Silver Star to *Sid Hinds* for his service in Sicily and the Legion of Merit to *Joe Dillon* who is also one of our Generals for his

work in organizing and training the Corps of Military Police.

A compilation has recently been made of the numbers of deceased classmates which totals 15 as follows, in order of date of death: *Laumeister, Campbell, Stackhouse, Hall, Gregg, Flexner, Abel, Tanner, Lystad, Hammond, Berg, Guiteras, Andrews, Applewhite* and *Cummings*.

Recent Class visitors at West Point have been *P. C. Kelly* who is back on duty as a Lt. Colonel, Ordnance, and stationed in Aberdeen, and *Sand, A. G.*, also back in the service as a Major in the Infantry.

It is requested that any members of the Class having information of our Classmates forward this data to *Smith, L. S.* at the Academy.

1921

F. J. Magee, Class of 1921, located at 1421 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C. has been promoted to rank of full Colonel.

He has been on duty in the War Department for two years and has held assignments as Chief of Equipment Coordination Branch, Chief of Requirements & Planning Branch, Chairman of the Technical Committee for one and a half years and was succeeded in that position by a Major General.

C. F. Sullivan of Detroit is a Lt. Colonel, working with industrial corporations in connection with their Government contracts.

F. J. Spettle is a Lt. Colonel in command of a tank battalion at Camp Barkley, Texas.

June 13, 1922

Since the last issue our list of B.G.'s has increased by three: *Mervin Gross, Orval Cook, and Jimmie Spry*. According to this writer's information we now have a total of seven: *Bob Douglas, Bennie Chidlaw, Max Taylor, Cort Schuyler* and *Gross, Cook* and *Spry*.

Max Taylor not only made a thrilling and dangerous pre-surrender visit to the Italian government in Rome but was Chief of Staff of the Allied military mission which helped govern Italy until a civilian set-up was established (see *Time*, Nov. 15, 1943).

Stewart, L. J., was awarded the Legion of Merit. "In the middle of combat between a United States landing force and the Japanese garrison of Attu Island, *Colonel Stewart* assumed the duties of Chief of Staff. His outstanding leadership and organizing ability contributed greatly

to the destruction of the Japanese garrison on Attu and to the accomplishment of the mission of our forces."

Fritz Lee is Provost Marshal, 8th Air Force, in England. He wrote of seeing *Rosy Raynsford* there, but *Rosy* has since returned to this country, bringing a Legion of Merit for his excellent work while there.

A letter from Mrs. Kessler—"Aaron has been overseas since last April. He organized and trained a Flying Fortress Group, and took it overseas. Since being overseas, he has taken command of a Flying Fortress Combat Wing and has been awarded the Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster.

Recently he accompanied Mr. Donald Nelson on his trip to Russia and Siberia as Military Aide. Upon completion of this interesting trip, he returned to the U.S. for a few days. He then proceeded back to his station overseas and his duties with the Eighth Air Force, as Combat Wing Commander."

Spud Spalding reports that he saw *Chief Freeman* in Trinidad before he (*Spud*) came back to take the Army-Navy Staff course. *Numa Watson* and *Spider Mudgett* are in the class with *Spud*. *Spider* and *Spud* were at W.P., November 27th.

Art Klein's younger brother, *Ted*, was sharing a room with *Pat McGrath* in Naples according to the last dope received from *Art*.

Bob Taylor has left West Point and expects to be overseas by the time this is published—destination unknown.

Taylor, G. A. is commanding an Infantry Regiment in Sicily.

June 14, 1922

W. B. Goddard wrote the editor that he is a Lt. Col. serving with the 7th Army.

1923

It is our sad duty to announce the death of *Mrs. Louis Vauthier* at West Point on October 8, 1943. A committee consisting of *Dan Chandler*, *Abner McGehee* and *Bill Morton* represented the class at the services in the Catholic Chapel and at the grave.

A spray of white gladioli was sent on behalf of the class. Some days later your secretary received a card saying, "Your kind expression of sympathy is acknowledged with grateful appreciation. Thank you, dear classmates, for your kindness, your attention and your flowers." (Signed)

L. Vauthier. *Mr. Vauthier* is continuing to reside at the West Point Thayer Hotel.

Our apologies to *Dutch Pfeiffer* and *Chuck Moody* for having omitted them from the last list of classmates at the Academy. No excuse, sir! Our neck is way back.

Deke Stone writes from Fort Knox to wish the class a Merry Christmas and to let us know that *Ed. Greiner* and *Wally Burnside* are also there. He says *Larry Barroll* is still a civilian but doing a splendid ordnance work in Washington.

We hear that *Heaney* is Executive Officer of an A.A. Brig. in Seattle. *Sass* writes from the Philadelphia Signal Depot, where he is a major, to burst into ecstasies about his two kids, *Joanna* and *Jerry*.

Bo Ascher has gone to the Combat Engineers at Camp Forrest, Tennessee. He may have been the goat of the class, but look at him now! He even looks hivey since he put on the castles.

They put *Al Keyes* into the Engineers before sending him to the South Pacific. He writes a cheerful letter and says, "I have seen a number of classmates here. As you probably know, *Bill Leaf* and I are in the same brigade. *Hivey White* and *Ken Sweany* are in this theatre and I have heard of *Pop Harrold*, *Tormey* and *Larr* but without meeting them. I almost forgot *Rex Chandler*, whom I have seen a good many times."

You probably noticed our new B.G.s when the order came out. They are *Pinkie Dorn*, *Al Crawford* and *Charlie Myers*.

E. W. Ridings received the Silver Star and Legion of Merit while serving in the S. W. Pacific. *John Chambers* is with the 7th Army.

S. A. Beckley has been assigned to the Requirement Section at Hdqs., Army Ground Forces, Washington, D. C.

J. H. White, Lt. Col., is Chief of Administration at Picatinny Arsenal.

Trooper Price has written from Redwood City, California, where he is still turning out reams of fiction and travel experiences. Nothing less than a full quotation of a long epistle could do *Trooper* justice. You will have to take our word for it that he has lost none of his vocabulary or flow of language. He has promised to send some of his manuscripts to the Library to be salted away in the archives where they belong.

1924

In the last issue of *Assembly*, we made mention of the fact that the

names of '24 are again appearing among the men in Gray. Here to the best of our knowledge is a complete list of the sons of classmates now in the Corps:—

Third Class—*Stebbins, A. K., Liebel, J. P., and Nelson, P. B.*

Fourth Class—*France, S. E. H., Furuholmen, J. B., Lee, R. V., Jr., Lenzer, R. E., Parmly, E., IV, Loomer, J. R., Hill, J. G., Harper, R. W., Devens, W. G., Jr. and Daniel, C. D., Jr.*

There was a general get-together and Boodle fight on the afternoon of October 17th at the home of our genial Secretary, *McLamb*, which was well attended by the adult male members of the Class of '24 now stationed here and by all the sons listed, except three, who unfortunately had prior engagements with the Tactical Department. All, both first and second generations, we believe, thoroughly enjoyed the occasion and the letters from parents really gave us a warm feeling in the vicinity of our hearts and made us resolve that the above occasion should not be the last. In a succeeding issue we shall hear from the youngsters themselves. Their names are singularly missing from the last "D" list, which was to be expected from the Sons of '24.

Latest members to replace their "eagles" with "stars" are *Pulsifer* and *Booth, Charles L.* Congratulations, *General Pulsifer* and *General Booth!*

The new Commanding Officer of the A.A.F., O.C.S. at Miami Beach is *Donald G. Storck*, but that isn't half the news as far as *Don* is concerned! We want to quote a paragraph from his recent letter to *Bill Kost*—"As a point of information, I would like to ask whether the Class ever had a Class Cup for not only the first baby boy born to a classmate but to the last. Yes Sir, believe it or not, your Classmate *Storck* became a proud father of a boy born October 15, 1943. Who said I was too old when I entered the Academy and who can now tell me I am too old for overseas duty. I will, however, admit when the time comes to enter *Don Jr.* as a cadet at West Point (year 1962) the old man's legs, which never were in such great shape to begin with, will have seen better days." But how do you know it will be the last boy, *Don*? Some one else may get the idea now. But anyway, (pardon us) the *Storck* has.

We were extremely sorry to hear that "*Fat*" *Schaffer* was captured in the landing in Sicily. It could have been worse and we are all pulling for

you *Bill*, and hope to have you reunited with us again soon.

Also, in the Sicilian Campaign, was *Russ Moses*. He is now with the 5th Army as are also *Wells*, *Theis* and *Burrill*. Our best wishes to you all.

And over on the other side of the world, *General Haydon L. Boatner* is serving with *General Stilwell* in the recently opened drive into Burma. We are indebted to *Charlie Stevenson* for preserving for our archivist, a page of news photos featuring *Boatner* and crediting him with a large part in the training of the new forces under *Stillwell*.

Harold King, who has been with the Civil Aeronautics Board hopes soon again to be in uniform via a commission and assignment in the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics.

George Smythe, at last reports, had a regiment in Sicily and *Bjarne Furuholmen*, we hear is in England.

To our old freind, *Charlie Cheever*, we are indebted for news from San Antonio. *Jim Moore* passed through on his way to San Jose, California, to become Chief of Staff of an Army, a position vacancy for a Brigadier General. *Millener* will be G-1.

Mrs. Ken Strother had just had a get-together for several of the local "war widows", among those present from '24 were *Mrs. Clyde Eddleman*, *Mrs. O. O. "Zero" Wilson*, and *Mrs. Verne Mitchell*.

Class functions for local and visiting members of '24 have not been numerous, but have been greatly enjoyed by all attending. In addition to the Boodle fight mentioned, a class dinner and business meeting was held at the West Point Army Mess on September 16th and this was followed within the week by a picnic for members and offspring at Constitution Island. The Junior members were all for repeating the picnic the following week.

As the "dead line" for this issue approaches, we are planning a surprise farewell party for December 17th in honor of one of our members. *Freddy Pyne* has received orders and will leave before the end of the year for Wright Field, Ohio, where he will join the Inspection Division, Material Command, as Technical Director of Aluminum Problems. Sorry to lose you *Freddy*, but congratulations!

Cary King after 18 months duty in the Aleutians is now on duty in England (Air Force).

We have numerous inquiries about the "Thundering Herd" and to those who show such flattering interest, we want to say that the T.H. is not dead,

but merely sleepeth. And, so in the meanwhile, keep in the proper habit by sending in copiously news items for this column in "Assembly."

1925

A circular letter, of sorts, to a few names in our "little book" on Washington, D. C. brought a newsy letter from *Frank Hierholzer* from which we quote (Thanks, *Frank!*):

"I have met several of the classmates around the Pentagon Building. *Ritchie*, *Bill Wood*, *Peploe*, *Ordway* and *Treacy* are, or were a short time back working in O.P.D., War Department. *Scovel* is working now as a Major in the Military Personnel Division, A.S.F.; *Wylie* is back on duty and is working in the Surgeon General's office; *Chamberlin* is working for the Army Air Forces. I keep running into *Nicholas* who is in G-2, and lately met up with *Byrnes*, who is with the Signal Corps. *Tully* is in charge of the Control Branch of the Chief of Engineers; *Barton* is working over in the Quartermaster General's office; *Westphalinger* is still on the job with the Requirements Division, A.S.F.; *Seleen* is an Executive for the Chief of Ordnance; *Louis Scherer* is working in the same office with *Westphalinger* and *Johnny Johnson* is over with the Army Ground Forces, taking charge of the affairs of the liaison airplanes. *Pete Liwski* was working in the Planning Division, A.S.F. after a tour of duty with the Quartermaster in Trinidad, and has now left to work for *Jakey Devers*. *Noble* was working also in the Planning Division, A.S.F., but succeeded in getting a detail back to the Army Ground Forces with the doughboys and last heard of was at school at Benning. I ran into *Cabell* a while back, working in the office of the Chief of the Army Air Forces, but haven't run into him lately. *McCormick* is still working in the Personnel Division of the Army Air Forces, and I am working in the Maintenance Division, A.S.F. So you see from the list above, we have pretty near enough men from the class of '25 running around here to warrant a class reunion, and it seems good seeing them again after being apart from some since graduation."

Frank Fraser's recent return to West Point, as Finance Officer, keeps the class representation from being strictly "non-reg" — keeping *Paul Weitsfle*, *Don Mitchell*, *Red Willing*, *Bill Kost* and *Harry Hughes* within proper military channels. These local yokels have kept eyes peeled for

classmates and have reported seeing *Holland*, *Daniel*, *Tully*, *Dowling*, *Hankins* and *Garbisch* at the Notre Dame game. *Hauck*, who has a son in the plebe class, was observed catching a subway away from Baker Field after the Columbia game. He is a Lt. Col. of Engineers.

Tischbein is in command of Anti Aircraft Training Center at Camp Edwards—and *Bill Morford* is dishing out the "ack ack" somewhere in Italy.

Ike Evans and *Strickland* (just returned from the far east) saw the Navy game (legitimately, too)—and *Ed Garbisch* made our average age painfully evident by his ancient history recitation at the Navy Football Rally. *Ike* is doing a big job at the Port of Embarkation, and *Strickland* hasn't done a thing but chase all around China and India, picking up a few ribbons—some of which he hasn't worn yet, so we can't say what they are, but we suspect he's being modest.

A Xmas greeting from *Wiley Moore* reads "*Carl Dutton*, *Sock Cole*, *Jack Gamber* all near by with me in internal China. Have heard *Bill Wood* is somewhere about. The nearest I've been to so many classmates for years."

Heard from *Sol Senior* who is in England. *Bill Ritchie* writes: "For a desk soldier, I have been getting around right smart of late, having been 2 months in the South and Southwest Pacific followed by the conferences in Cairo."

Jack Horner finally got rid of his office job in Washington and has joyfully reported as G-2 to a Corps. He bounced out of that swivel chair right into a Louisiana maneuver. Incidentally *Jack's* adopted son, *Bob*, is half way through his yearling year now, and is still (barely) ahead of the Tacs. *Bob* swears that he has found the same groove in the area concrete that his old man started.

1926

'26 proudly announces its first two B.G.'s: *Ken McNaughton* and *L. W. (Johnny) Johnson!* *Mal Kammerer* is commanding a regiment in Italy. *Red Duffy* is up to his ears in legal work for the Ordnance Dept. in Washington and doing a swell job. *Bill (Fat) Walker*, recently returned from combat duty in Italy, Sicily, and North Africa, is now in Washington in the Operations Division of the W.D.G.S. In Algiers he saw *Bill Ennis*, *Dave Davidson*, and *Brook Brady*. *Stag Stagliano*, lately arrived from Bermuda, is now connect-

ed with the Finance School at Duke University. Within the mazes of Washington's Pentagon may be found *George Hickman*, *Jimmy Burwell*, *Joe Halversen*, *Ralph Osborne*, and *Bill Bayer*. *Skinny Ringler* writes that he cannot tell us where he is but that he eats with chop sticks. *Maggie McGeehan* is on duty at the University of Western Maryland. *Harry Storke* is now a Corps Artillery officer in Italy. Congratulations, *Harry!* *Boone Gross* is controlling and supervising production of a number of small arms ammunition plants in Philadelphia. *Ludy Tojtoy*, having completed the General Staff Course at Leavenworth, has proceeded to the Army and Navy Joint Staff School. *Bill Creasy* is apparently attending the same course. *Frank Purcell* is engineering for the Air Corps in Colorado.

If all of '26 would emulate *Bill House* at Aberdeen in sending in class news, we would know all about '26. Thanks, *Bill*.

1927

News at last from *Woody Burgess*, whose principal claim to fame was that he was subjected for two years to the refining influences of *R. J. M.*, and then went to the dogs. This is more easily understandable when it is revealed that the remaining wife was *Wike Pegg* who, incidentally is now in Oregon. *Woody* has been found guilty in Washington of violating O.P.A. regulations—six tires—one around his middle, 127 Glenbrook Rd., Bethesda, Md. Just got back from England.

Pop Holmer up and walked out on us to head for Little Rock, Arkansas, taking over an Engineer Group. Twelve new officers were taken on at West Point to replace him.

George Asnip, now at Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia, has been looking over travel folders and steamship ads. Adds that *Freddie Thorpe* got married at Bend, Oregon. Address Camp Kyder, Arizona, A.P.O. 104.

Nellie Fooks is now a Chicken Kernel. Ass't to Com.

McGowan at Washington, D. C., advises *Johnnie Hines* with him, and *Ralph Zwicker* soon due (not what you mean!)

Pete Ginder a G-1 of 4th Army.

McGough lives in Garrison and shows his pleasant puss over here too infrequently.

Hal Isaacson at Fort Dix. First eastern job since graduation. Also interested in Cooks Tours.

Bob Perrine taking Batt. C.O. Course at Knox. Says *Gil Allen* there—also *Emma Bender*.

V-Mail from *Frank Ostenberg*, heading west.

McLamb is in Oliver General Hospital. *Sinclair* in hospital in Indiana, regular address Jeffersonville Q.M. Depot, both for a check up.

A recent letter states that *Joe Felber*, ex-27, has a separate tank Bn. in Sicily and that *Geo. Martin* is G-3 of an Inf. Regiment at the same place.

Navy game was strange without you guys. See you next year.

1928

Class of 1928! Wherever you may be and whatever you are doing, your classmates are pulling for you, and wishing you success. Just write to "Class of 1928, Cullum Hall, West Point, N. Y." The News—*Anderson, Fred*, 1st Major General in Class. 8th A.F. Bomber Command. Legion of Merit. D.F.C. and Silver Star. *Anderson, Sam*, is a Brigadier Gen. *Billingsly, Bill*, former Commandant of Ordnance Sch. at Aberdeen, is Executive Officer to the G-4. W.D. Gen. Staff. *Boatner, Bryant*, is a Colonel at Wright Field. *Born, Charlie*, is a Brigadier General in Africa. *Briggs, Buster*, is back from England and now in Air Force O.P.D. in Washington. *Butler, Bob*, is in Ammunition Division. Office Chief of Ordnance. *Daley, Ed*, *Fleming, Bob* and *Prunty, Bill*, have been awarded Legion of Merit; and *Riggs, Scott*, the O.B.E. (Order of the British Empire, etc.) *Dickey, Foster*, former commandant of cadets at Strather Army Air Field, went to Overseas R.T.C., Goldsboro, N. C., along with *Lane, Sam*. *Delmonico, Tony*, is in Stewart Field. *Finlay, Luke*, is in the Transportation Corps at Washington. If you have any transportation problems, write, don't telegraph. *Goodrich, Red*, a Colonel is believed to be a prisoner of war. *Green, Jim*, Hdqtrs. 4th Army, was awarded Silver Star for holding Japs at Attu. *Harbold, Skippy*, is or was in Fort Worth. *Hinrichs, Jack*, is in the Field Sv. Div., Office Chief of Ordnance. Small item—*Hasting, Howard*, has a new baby. *Hennig, Bill*, has been reported by our best and most unusually reliable correspondent as being head of a military mission and military academy in Guatemala, and also as head of a military mission and military academy in Ecuador. Please address General Delivery, Mexico. *Holley, Dutch*, is a/or the communications specialist of the Infantry. *Keller, Freddie*, was at the Penn

Game. *Kirby, Harry*, has two former roommates teaching at West Point. Please write. *Lane, Tom*, and *Goodell, Frank*, are somewhere in the Pacific. Write A.P.O., San Francisco. *Johnston, Paul*, is in Office Chief of A.C., Washington. *The McNair*, after two years as Chief of the Gunnery Dept. of the T.D. Sch., is now on a division staff bound overseas. *Moran, Harold*, has an important position in the radio industry, also several children. Address 64 Clinton Road, Glen Ridge, N. J. *Morrow, Johnny*, is Liaison Officer, Training Command, an Air Force. *Mundy, George*, is C.O., Transition School, T.E., Del Rio, Texas. *Neary, Jim*, a Jap prisoner, is alive and well, his mother reports. *Reber, Ed*, was at West Point the weekend of December 11 and is bound overseas. He says he saw *Browning, Bob* (in a T.D. group) and *Van Natta, Tom*, at Leavenworth last summer, and thinks they have gone overseas. *Rich, Tom*, is A.G. of a mobile force in Porto Rico. *Pohl, George*, in addition to his other duties, coached Army's plebe star to play in the Navy game—but the coaching was in math, not football. *Samjord, Sammy*, is with the 8th A.F., *Schepps, Mattie*, is in California. *Smith, George (Poo Poo)*, is a Colonel at Wright Field. *Smith, Donald*, is Asst. Deputy C. of S. for Tech. Trng. Fort Worth. *Spivey, Del*, a colonel, is a prisoner of war in Germany. *Tarrant, Lee*, a colonel at Mitchel Field, is going to help an old "L" Co. tac with A.A. defense overseas. *Todd, Wee*, is a colonel at Washington. It is said that *Wee Todd*, *Rosie O'Donnell* and *Blondy Saunders* attend all conferences of allied staffs. *Travis, Bob*, is a Brigadier General in England. *Tunner, Will*, is a Brigadier General, and directs operations of the Ferrying Division of the Army Transport Command at Cincinnati. *Warren, Bob*, is C.O. of the Bombardier School at Midland, Texas. *Wiley, Buck*, is at the T.D. Center, Training Section. *Wilkinson, Harvey*, is a full colonel, somewhere. *Will, George*, is in the Finance Dept. at Utica, N. Y. *Yost, Felix*, is C.O. of the Advanced Pilot School at Waco, Texas.

We have not mentioned here those who have been killed. If you had close contact, either at the Point or in the service, with a departed classmate, will you make an effort to write an obituary or contribute thereto. Only a friend can give the human touch which an obituary needs, and can impart the heartfelt affection

which unites us to one another and to those who are no longer with us.

1929

Kirkpatrick was here for the Brown game. He was on leave from his post in the far North. "Doc" *Kearney* from "Bill in Walter Reed Hospital" to "Notre Dame Game, N.Y.C." November 6.

"Vellie" *Lynde* is Executive Officer of a Tank Regt. in the African Area. "Charlie" *Rau* has a Bn. of an armored infantry regiment stationed in Sicily in September. He received the Soldier's Medal in French Morocco in January and the Silver Star in Sicily in July.

"Dud" *Wiegand* wrote from Sicily where he commanded a Bn. of Inf. "Ed" *Hempstead* commanded an A.A. outfit attached to *Dud's* outfit. "Tony" *Costello* dropped in to see them on one of his observation trips.

"Jupe" *Lindsey* is C.O. of the Alabama Parachute Training Area of Ft. Benning and of the Parachute School Pool.

"Ken" *Woodbury* is on duty in the G-1 Section of Hqrs. A.G.F.

"Jim" *Gavin*, the first non-air corps B.G. in the class. He is Asst. Div. Commander of an Airborne Division.

"Joe" *Colby* is with the Development Section of the Tank Automotive Center in Detroit.

Wayne Dunn is at Camp Beale, Calif.

Huntley Bassett has left Hawaii for the Office of Director of Weather, Washington.

So far I have received reports that the following are prisoners of war of the Japs: *Bird, Kinnee, Fries, Fellows* and *Smothers*.

Jim Grier and *Dexter Lowry* command Bns. of Inf. in the South Seas.

George Lynch has left the F.A. and commands an Inf. Regt. in the Mediterranean Area. He reports having seen *Stevenson* and *Vittrup* at A.F. Hq. in Algiers; also that *Brooke* is with the Seventh Army Hq. doing signal work.

Please keep the news coming in. Everyone in the class is interested in what the others are doing. Send the dope to *Nesbitt* at West Point.

1930

News of '30 has been slim probably due to too much action for letter writing. V-Mail of names and quotable places addressed to *Mark Smith* at W.P. will produce more notes in your next *Assembly*—it's up to you.

At present, we report that: The *John Grecos* (Modern Languages, West Point) have another girl born in October. The *Jimmy Lunns* (S-2 of a T.D. Brigade) also report another girl born in November. *Malton Davis* in Weapons Dept., T.D. School with *Charlie Dodge*. *Red Carter* Staff Engineer with the First Div. *Twyman* (C.A.) last heard of at Dix and in the stands at the Army-Columbia game. *Birrell Walsh* (Col. A.C.) instructing at Army-Navy College where *Troup Miller*, *Casey Odom* and *Dodson* are students. *John Guthrie* G-3 of a Corps Staff in Fort Lewis, Washington. *Heimerdinger* in Office Chief of Quartermaster, Washington, D. C. *Jack Donnellan* (ex '30) Capt., Ord. in England. *Chief Moore* (Adj. A.G.F. Repl. Depot, Fort Ord) writes proudly of two children (son 3½, daughter 2). *Harry Boyd* (Col.) and *Buck Folk* still in Hawaii. *Happy Brooks* at Repl. School Command at B'ham, Ala. advises of word of *Harry Packard* and *Alva Fitch* in Manila—rice cookers extraordinary (3,000 bags).

1931

Geo. Wertz, recently through West Point on his way from Newport, R. I. to Orlando, Fla. to continue in the A.M.S.C.A.L. course with the Naval War College, reports that *Jake Smart* (Col.) lately from Ploesti, Roumania, where he has had some dealings in the oil business. is starting on the same course at Newport. Incidentally, B.G. *Ted Timberlake* was also in on that oil deal in Roumania.

Ray Lester died in the performance of his duty in the Nile region. Some of the details were given us by *Bob Fulton*, who is now flying the same job. *Bob* also gives us some other dope as follows: *Dan Callahan*, *Ernie Easterbrook*, and *Joe Dickey* have passed through England on their way to India—also *Roy Leinster*, on his way east. *Duke Burroughs* is in N. Africa, lately from England. *Wendy Bowman* has returned from West Africa to Atlanta, Georgia. *Reed* is an A-4 in W. Africa. *McGowen* is on T.C. work in the Persian Gulf area.

Charlie Fredericks was killed in action with the F.A. in Italy.

Perry has a good job with the 1st Army F.A. in London. *McConnell*, *C. W.* and *Ted Parker* are with Tank Destroyers in Africa. *Col. Bob Brown* is close to them.

From *Jewett*, who is with the T.C. in Washington, comes a roster of

classmates in Washington. With the W.D. Gen. Staff are *Guenther*, with G-1; *Pat Carter*, *Hockenberry*, *Walt Krueger*, *Skidmore*, and *Train* with the O.P.D.; *Hauck*, who is Liaison with Capitol Hill. With the Army Service Forces are: *Bogart* and *Krueger*, O.C. with the Plans Div.; *Irvine*, Requirements Div.; *Willis*, Spec. Training Div.; *Brown, E. A.*, Engineers; *Buck*, *Dishman*, and *Powell* with the Ordnance; *Carhart* with the Q.M.; and *Jewett*, with the T.C. *Barr*, *Bell*, *Eddy*, *Smart*, and *Yates* are with the A.A.F. *Hoy*, *Bethune*, *Turpin*, and *Sid Brown* are with the Ground Forces. *Cook* is at the S.C. School at Arlington. *Beishline* has gone to Ft. Leavenworth, while *Freddy Warren* is a T.C. expert at the Port of Embarkation, in Los Angeles. *Dick Jewett* also reports a new daughter, four months old, in addition to *Dicky* and *Marylee*.

Bob Hackett and *MacNair* are sweating it out here at the Point. expecting to leave any time.

Woodward is Ass't E-3 of the Wildcat Div. *Van Bond* received the Silver Star for gallantry in Tunisia. *Bob Cardell* is Bn C.O. with a F.A. outfit at Bowie, Texas.

Please send any class notes to *Amby Hughes* here. We will not only be glad to get the news to publish, but will personally answer your letters.

1932

The West Point class contingent, viz: *Stade*, *Epley*, *Hassman*, *Hood*, *McLane* and *Thinnies* lost *Ben Webster* who went from being Director of Cadet Air Training at Stewart Field to Lowry Field, Colorado via Orlando and Washington.

Bill Little is on duty in Philadelphia recently returned from a magnificent job done on signal matters with the French in North Africa. He received our Legion of Merit award and Legionnaire 1st Class, French Foreign Legion.

Stan Wray, stationed in Washington, visited West Point where he spoke straight from the shoulder to the First Class about his experiences in England. *Herb Thatcher* is reported wounded in air action over Europe and won the D.F.C.

Washington based members: *Hannah*, *Golden*, *Hobson*, *By Paige*, *Harvey Fisher*, *Gerhardt* as well as others previously mentioned in this column. *Tisdale* is now Colonel, A.A.F. *Hunter Harris* was a transient.

Andy Hero's untimely death after an operation saddens us all as we

after completing the Naval War College. *Bud Underwood* flew in one day from Ft. Adams, R. I.

It did not take *Woody Stromberg* long to get overseas. He has just finished the Leavenworth course and has already gone east. We have word of a number more air corps eagles, *Curt Low* passing through Orlando; *Moe Preston* in England; *Ken Sanborn* and *John Eriksen* in the Caribbean; and *Harvey Dorney* in Brazil. *Ken* writes of his "dull" work sinking subs and crash landing in the Caribbean. *Eriksen* has recently married. Congratulations *John!*

According to his podunk paper, *Peter Hyzer* has just received an important post in the XII Corps Area. *E. Y. Burton* has just completed a course at Sill and is headed overseas. *Gil Bell* now commands the M.P. battalion on Governors Island. Rumor has it that *Sam Agee* has successfully escaped to our lines. Can anyone verify that?

Jack Worcester is in the A.W.S. in Trinidad. *Mercado* is still in Puerto Rico and *Al Clark* has left there for four engine training in the states. *Kelsie Reaves* and *Trapper Drum* have returned to Benning. In one parachute regiment, last reported at McCall, N. C., we have as Bn. C.O.'s, etc., *Poopy Connor*, *Bill Dodds*, *Woody Joerg*, and *Johnny Zierdt*.

Hank Spengler, *John Nance*, and *Hank Byroade* are all working hard in China. In the South Pacific Area *Ben Easton* is with an A.A. Brigade. *Don Shive* has an A.A. Bn. *Dick Barden* is running the Air Force Q.M. office. *Whitey Mauldin* is busy trying to guess the weather. *Martin* is setting up radio stations all over Australia and *Whitey Kirsten* is busy with the ordnance.

For those who missed the first copy of *Assembly* "we" are—*Jim Brierly*, instructing in Ordnance; *Randy Hines*, Physics; *Bud Hines*, Phil.

1938

Since yours truly has written this column 103 of 301 men of the class have been mentioned—roughly 34%—actual count by companies A-M goes: 11-5-12-11-9-6-3!!—11-10-8-7-10 (Note "B" Co. (5) and "C" Co. (3)!!) Where are all you B.G.'s? If we all go "inter-murder" we might get results!! Let's fight for the honor of the 3rd Div.!—for the 28th Div.—and by God Sir—for the 19th Div.!

Bill Kieffer reported in *Stewart Field* November—Director of Training. And, from a letter he had writ-

ten previously: *Ash Packard* at B.F.S. in Chico, Cal.; *Pete Lipps* at Columbia, S. C.; *Sturdevant*, *Blanchard*, *Brett*, *Jack Ryan*, *McBride* to 2nd A.F. *Taber* in China; *Herboth* Air Inspector at Randolph. *Knox* last known at *Kelly*. We saw *Hartline*, *Moorman*, *J. D.*, "M" Co. *Gus Broberg* and *Pitchford* at late football games. Rec'd Xmas V-mail from *Al Frolich*. Nothing on it, of course, except "Pyrene".

Fine letter from *Dapprich*—"Tho't I might mention that 7 of class got together to see 'This is the Army'—plus B.S. session: *Sims*, *R. E.*, *Brown*, *M. C.*, *Russel*, *M. R.*, *Snider*, *R. C.*, *Beck*, *Coleman*, *G. C.* and myself. Around, but not attending were *Kelly*, *H. K.*, *Thackeray*, and *Clarke*, *E. L.*" *Dapprich's* letter from A.P.O. address. Another from *Barschdorf*, (N. Y. Postmaster) I'll quote: "you probably know I spent 2½ years in Panama—I see *Leo Harman* quite regularly—he has Av'n Bn. Also *Amick*, *Frank Hartman* and *Brown*, *D.* Ran into *Van Leuven* of '37—also *Van Sickle*—*Corley*, *York* and *Sternberg* proud bearers of D.S.C.—understand *English* is in Australia. *Spicer* is supposed to be here, haven't seen him. Hope we can all meet some June Week—*B'Dorf*."

But wait! Another letter!—from *Paulette Batterson*—Ella dice. "*R. M. Batterson* parked his wife and 3 yr. old son in Fort Worth, Texas. 15 months ago and away he went. Didn't like the Irish countryside so moved into England."

W. H. Frederick writes (I had to take No. 2 cold capsule and gargle A after rec. all these letters—!!) *Tarver* went to C. & G.S. School—wanted overseas—got instructorship there instead!! *Chesarek* going from Riley to Leavenworth. *Lipps* at Columbia, S. C. just got back from Antilles. Where is *Carter Duncan*?—Hear he is full colonel though I am not sure. Last I heard of *Kenzie* was A.A.T.F.C. in Tex waiting to go over. I am with Material Command trying to get ships out faster and better each day. *Frederick*—634 N. Grand Blvd, St. Louis (3), Mo.

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Keep letters coming in—it's all going in file.—If you want an address—write—I may have it.

1939

As the gloom season sets in at the Academy we recall that those of our fellow cohorts of '39 whom we have seen here during the last few months are: *Walt Higgins* who was here for

the Colgate game and who is G-3 of a division; *Bartel*, *Medinnis*, (who is married and at Camp Davis), *Weismann*, *Johnny Carpenter* (who has returned from the Philippines and Australia to fight the war in the Pentagon Building) who were all here to witness the unfortunate Navy incident.

The only change in the status at USMay has been the departure of *Whitehouse* for points unknown.

According to the latest report from Leavenworth (via *George Winton's* painstaking efforts to keep us well informed) the '39'ers there are *McChristian*, *Winton*, *Zehren* and *Boughton* in the faculty; and *Clark*, *W. S.*, *Cochran*, *Crawford*, *R. C. Dilard*, *Jacoby*, *Manzo*, *McCray*, *McKeever*, *Schwenk*, *Seipel*, *Hull*, *D. F.*, and *Henry* who are students.

From purely hearsay evidence that we have gathered in an attempt to bring our locator up to date we find *Allen*, *A. W.* as G-4 of a division at Camp Maxey; *Bane* at the A.A. School, Camp Davis; *Banks* in Ecuador; *Cole* commanding a Parachute Battalion at Ft. Bragg; *Dickerson* and *Willy Herron* at Camp Roberts, California; *Holt*, a regimental S-3 at Gainesville, Texas; *Hollstein* flying fighters in Italy; *Jordan*, *E. S.* with an Armored at Pine Camp; *Laitman*, signal officer of an Airborne at Camp McCall, Calif.; *Lane* who has deserted the bachelors since the last report and is at Ft. Baker, Calif.; *Sal Mancuso* with the A.A. at Ft. Eustis; *Bookie Pickard* holding down a good air corps job in Frisco; *Sellars* has been recently married; *Bud Stocking* now the proud father of a baby girl, born last August; and *Wolfe*, *R. D.* in England as Regimental Exec of an Engineer Regiment.

Lest we forget, our fifth anniversary comes around in June so all you guys and gals out there send home a note (to *Wilson*, *Walker*, *McConnell*, *Pavick*, or *Lycan*) and help us take our inventory. Nothing fancy is necessary just par example: "Dumb-john. B. J.—assistant warden, Alcatraz."

1940

Sam Patten (spelled EN) picks up the first signal and writes the following: "I was awarded the Soldier's Medal NOT the Silver Star. (Paradon, Sam, it was my mistake in the July issue.) *Mackin* and *Galbreath* left this island to go back to the States on a cadre. *Ernie Jones* is

here in the A.A. and *Frank Shawn* is converting himself from a weather officer to a fighter pilot."

Lee Cagwin in the Solomons area says. "*Butch Dixon* is a lt. col. and div engineer officer. *Orloff Bowen* is a major on a staff and *Alan Stroock* is an S-3. *Del Munson* and I are battalion commanders."

Walt Winton has a parachute battalion and says that he ran across *Denno* in an evacuation hospital in Sicily. *Denno* was de-jeeped and almost de-legged by a Kraut mine. *Hank Adams* has a parachute bn. right next to *Winton*. *Ray Downey* writes to him from Tampa, Florida.

C. A. Murphy at Camp Pickett, Va., writes to *Alan Rorick* at Usmay a good report and states: "*Bert Johnson* is base adjutant at a Q.M. base in Trinidad. *Ray Renola* is a bn S-3 and *Paul Reinecke* is G-2 of a div. *George Mayo* is an S-3 at Camp Van Dorn, Miss. and *Rod Wetherill* has the same job at Camp Robinson. *Jimmy Walters* is at Camp Lewis, Wash. and *Al Shockner* is asst. div. G-3 at Camp Shelby, Miss. *Lou Mendez* has a parachute bn. at MacKall, N. C. *Mike Paulick* has a recon outfit in Europe. *Williams*. *R. R.* is Air liaison instructor at Fort Sill. *Dubuisson* and *Jim Milner* have battalions in the armored artillery. *Cassibry* is a bn exec in the 2nd div and *Chuck Esau* is at Mitchel Field." (Thanks for all the poop, *Murph*, it helps a lot.)

The dead line was approaching when the following bits came in to the press room. *Percy Gerald* (with new wife) and *Salvo Rizza* are at Pine Camp, N. Y. *Dick Abbey* has left Stewart Field, his wife and two sons to go to Ohio. *Red Fox Kreitzer* has left Usmay to return to Fort Knox. *W. F. Lewis* was wounded in the Munda campaign but is back on duty on some other island. *Alan Baker* is in England, *W. W. Vaughn* is in China and *Bill Stoddard* is in India. *Jodie Stewart* finished Leavenworth and went back to Camp Walters, Texas. *Splittin Bill Litton* broke into headlines recently when he led a P-38 outfit on a strafing raid over Yugoslavia. *Bill* was credited with 3 planes, 3 trucks, a gun position, a large tent and a steam roller. *Johnny Spengler* still instructs at Camp Davis and *Hobe Pillsbury* is a student there, as is *Pagina Smith*. *Pinky Minor* came back from Alaska and is now at Davis. *Ray Millican* and *Bill Shanahan* are bn S-3's at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. *John Burjening* has an engineer bn in P.O.E. waiting to go.

The fortunate ones who were able to see THE football game included *Minor*, *Strong*, *George Mueller*, *J. A. O'Brien*, *Jacobs*, *Millican*, *Gerald*, *Rizza* and *P. E. Smith*.

Still fighting the battle at Usmay are *Baumer*, *Carnahan*, *Bill Clark*, *Tuck*, *Rorick*, *Humphrey*, *P. J. Moore*, *Rooney*, and *Paul O'Neil*.

Seeing as how the men in '40 are too busy to write, why don't the wives of '40 keep *Carnahan* at West Point informed as to the whereabouts of their husbands.

1941

Thanks for contributions keep them pouring in—this month just a case of censorship.

To those who shake hands with us from the shadows.

Les White, in action—*Jim Walker* on his next to last required combat mission when he got it. A wing came off and he hit the water. No chutes were seen. *Fritz Cramer*, flying a new crew on their first trip over Italy when fighters got them over land. *Jo Jo Jarvis* is missing after Poloesti, believed to have gone down at sea. *Jim Dunell* lost in South West Pacific.

From the letters received:

Dick Aldridge reported interned in Italy. Confirmed Lt. Cols.—*George Brown*, *K. O. Dessert*, *Joe Tate*. *Major Bud Thompson* in India now. Rumored that he is Lt. Col. *Major Butch Rising*, C.E., Silver Star and Purple Heart in New Guinea fighting. *T. R. Lawson*, *Hank Boswell*. *Clen-denning*, *O'Brien* doing swell jobs in India.

Pete Crow still in India recently received two large pearls and star ruby from his close friend the Maharajah of Bharatpur.

Major Wray White has silver star and air medal with nine oak leaf clusters. *Jack Norton* in air borne Infantry has seen quite a bit of action in Sicily. *Carney* is operating a flying P.X. over Africa. *Atterbury* and *Grygiel* in Alaska. *J. C.* himself *Lee* in same locale. *Gribble* on the Alcon Highway. *Herb Richardson* in Africa. *Frank Gerig* returned from New Guinea now teaching Physics at dear old U.S.M.A. *James H. Carroll* married and somewhere overseas. *Laddie Green* in North Africa with Silver Star. *Ed Rowney* has oak leaf cluster for Legion of Merit. From *Jack Kelsey*—*Brier*, *Travis* and *Corbin* are due for a cluster on their air medals but I am due for a spare cluster on my T.S. ticket—one raid and seven abortives. *Jack Thigpen* building airfields in South Pacific jungles. *Ed*

Keisel, same area, has C.A.—A.A. Battery, with four planes to its credit—3 Japs and one of ours. *Clint Ball* has air medal, two clusters and D.F.C. He has squadron of B-17s in England. *G. S. Curtis* reports from Iceland that living in a Quanset hut is like living in a barrel with blind staggers.

Home Front:

Dick Rastetter and *Sam Magruder* are both at Camp Campbell, Ky. *Win-free* transferred to A.C. *J. O. Green*, *Bill Petre*, *Thomas Maxwell*, and *Charlie Busbee* all at Camp Campbell. *Bill Clapp*, 10th A.D. *R. C. Borman*, 345 Q.M. Co., *Walt Woolwine*, same address as *Borman*. *Major Graham Waite* at Camp Livingston, La. *Billy Mitchell*, *Matheson* and *Hicks* are in Alaska. *Babe Hendrickson* and *Adje-main*, 159th Inf. *Jim Carroll* and *First Lieutenant Joe Grygiel*, are on their way to where *Babe* is. *Boggs*, *Poff*, *Vaughn* and *Linnel* just left Ord for Hawaii. *John Richards* saw *Ace Tyndall* at Letterman, nothing seriously wrong. *Wally Lauterbach*, Presidio of San Francisco on a staff job. *Ren Keleher*, at Camp Campbell, Ky. *Major Mills Hatfield*, at Ft. Benning. New arrivals at Benning include *Major Cannon*, 7th A.D. Camp, taking F.A. paratrooping. *Dixon* and *Wells* for advanced course. *Cleary* and *Purdy* also instructing. *Kromer*, *Dilts*, *Regan*, *Plume*, *Troy*, *Chavez* and *Male* students. *Sykes*, *Harwell*, *Adams*, *Riley*, *King* and *Canella* just in from Shelby. *Len Faulkner*, 1st S.T.R., Benning says *Butch Kaiser*, fugitive from the Q.M. is a Bn. Exec. in a paratroop outfit with a new wife. He fell into the empty swimming pool, breaking a leg—guess he forgot his chute. *Dick Scott* is also at Benning. *Driscoll* and *Von Schrittz*, Camp Roberts, Cal. *Pete Tanous* C. G. Staff School. *Felchlin*, Ft. Riley, Kans. *Charlie Cannon*, *Mike Green* and *Tansey* are Majors in the 7th A.D. *Vic Campana* a paratrooper. *Loring* is a civilian and *Schultz* is reclassified. *Stern* is at Sill. *Ben Spiller*, Camp Stewart, Ga. is taking 25 mile hikes and infiltration courses with the doughboys, has a battery of 90's and wants to try them out on Jap or Nazi bombers. *Burtchell* also at Stewart, *Joe Reed* and *Wendy Knowles* at Maxey, Texas. *Major Fitzpatrick*, Maxey, Texas. *Benny Hoge* is in Alaska. *Clinton* at the Cav. School as are *Mac*, *Jones* and *Stormy Clark*. *Fred Ascani* has a B-17 Squadron at A.A.F.S.A.T., Orlando and *John Atkinson* is there also. *First Lt. Sam Parks* is at Mountain Home A.A.B., Idaho. He was stuck in a



By Joe Cahill

In spite of the fact that the 1943 Army team lost to Notre Dame and Navy, it was considered one of the best to represent West Point in many years. For the benefit of those who did not have the opportunity to follow the team either by radio or the press, a brief resume of the games played follows:

In the Villanova opener, the anticipated Army attack was stalled throughout the greater part of the first half until Joe Stanowicz, 215 lb. tackle, recovered a Wildcat fumble on the Villanova 39. In eight plays the Army tallied, the touchdown being made on an end sweep by Glenn Davis. From this point on the impending onslaught was inevitable. TD's by Bud Troxell on a buck through center from the half yard line and a thirty-one yard pass by Tom Lombardo to Carl Anderson in the third period gave the Cadets a 20-0 lead going into the fourth period. Culminating a fifty yard sustained drive, Charley Daniels drove over from the three making the final score 27-0.

Running wild around, through and over a stunned Colgate team, Army's powerhouse overwhelmed the Red Raiders by a 42-0 score. Plebe Glenn Davis again ignited the necessary spark to fire this Cadet team. After scooting forty-one and thirty-seven yards for TD's, Davis pitched a perfect pass to Carl Anderson for a third tally. Also figuring in the scoring were Troxell, Mackinnon and Ed Murphy who booted five perfect extra points from placement.

Counting double figures in each period and scoring in every possible manner, Army simply outclassed an inferior Temple aggregation in the first game played between the schools. Registering two touchdowns in each of the first three periods and another in the fourth, in addition to

a safety and a field goal, the Cadets raked up fifty-one points while holding Temple scoreless.

After a scrappy Columbia underdog held the vaunted Cadet attack to two touchdowns in the first half, Glenn Davis began to run wild in the third quarter. Scoring three touchdowns, the first on an 82 yard sprint down the sidelines, Glenn turned an otherwise interesting ball game into a parade of touchdowns. His speed and agility in running the ball from scrimmage has placed him among the top ten ground gainers in the country. Maxon, Minor, Troxell, Woods, Chabot and Lombardo all had a hand in the scoring. The final score, 52-0, marked the worst beating that a Lou Little team has suffered since Lou's first year at Columbia.

Outside of the brilliant play of Ray "Scooter" Scussel, Eli left halfback (who personally picked up most of Yale's 111 yds. gained, besides executing the games longest run of 73 yards) the hard-fighting Yale Bulldog was never a serious threat to the Army caissons. In the six touchdown barrage, Coach Earl Blaik used practically every man on the squad. Credited with touchdowns were Anderson, Maxon, Mackinnon, Troxell, Rafalko and Daniel.

In search of their sixth successive win of the season, the Army caissons led Penn all the way until the last four minutes of the game when a desperation forward pass good for a TD gifted Penn with a 13-13 tie. Dominating the play from beginning to end, Army rolled up 12 first downs to Penn's 5 while the backs were running up a net 181 yards gained from rushing as against 61 for Penn. In the first period, Maxon, Davis and Anderson moved 53 yards in 11 plays to score midway through the quarter. In the third period a 34 yard march

was culminated by Maxon's plunge from the one yard line for a score.

For fully three periods a gallant band of underdog Army footballers fought off the famed attack of the undefeated Irish of Notre Dame. Maxon, Davis, Anderson, Lombardo, and Kenna ran the ball through the heavier Irish forward wall for 114 yards—the most yardage any team had rolled against the giants in green to date. The score 26-0, was the lowest figure the Irish attack had been held to up until this game. For two and a half periods it was anybody's ball game but untimely fumbles coupled with Notre Dame's superior wealth of reserves spelled disaster for the Cadets in the last twenty minutes of the game. This was Army's first defeat of the season but Notre Dame, through its nine consecutive victories, was in a class by itself. Definitely the leading collegiate combination roaming the gridiron that season.

Army returned to its home field and to the victory column when they met and defeated the Sampson Naval Training Station. Behind 7-0 at the half, Army quickly evened the count on a 30-yd. touchdown pass from Carl Anderson to Tom Lombardo. In the final quarter, Sampson was unable to complete a forward pass thrown from behind its own goal line which gave Army an automatic safety and the margin needed for victory. To make the score more convincing, Bob Woods intercepted a Sampson pass and raced 27-yds. to the end zone. Final score: Army 16, Sampson 7.

With Max Minor bounding across the goal line for three touchdowns while Maxon, Anderson, Davis, Hennessey, Dobbs, Chabot and Murphy added to the laurels, Army punished Brown by a score of 59-0, one of the largest scoring sprees in recent Army football history.

For the first time since 1892 and the third time in the history of the series, the Army-Navy game was played at West Point. Before a crowd of 15,000, taking up hardly more than half of the seats of Michie Stadium, in contrast to the gatherings of 100,000 that normally turned out for the game, Lt. Colonel Earl Blaik's eleven held the upperhand throughout a fast and furious first half. On two occasions during the first half, the quick opening thrusts of Army's T-formation carried them to Navy's 33 and 34 yard lines and it appeared as though our forces were on their way. But once inside the Middie's 35 the attack bogged down. The two teams seemed hopelessly deadlocked until the middle of the third quarter, when Hal Hamberg got off a 50-yard kick that went out of bounds on Army's 8-yard line. This kick put Army in a hole from which it could not recover. Two plays after Army punted, Hamberg, in a play to his right, appeared to be trapped behind the line of scrimmage. Hume, in motion in the same direction, took a lateral pass from Hamberg as the Navy back was about to be tackled and sped 23 yards around Army's left end. The hard charging forwards of the Army stopped the Middies in three successive thrusts from the 5 yard line. On the fourth down Jenkins, the biggest back on the field, plunged over for the TD barely crossing the last white stripe. Army fought its heart out in desperation to win even after Navy had scored. But another sheer power drive netted the Middies a second TD after the Army forward wall had been worn down by the vast supply of Navy reserves. The final score: Navy 13, Army 0.

Myslinski All-America

Practically the unanimous choice of sportswriters and coaches the nation over, Cadet Casimir J. Myslinski, captain and center of the 1943 Army eleven, was selected to the All-America. Hailing from Steubenville, Ohio, the 23 year old, 186 pound leader finished up a brilliant six year career on the gridiron, having played three years at Steubenville High School, one year on the Army Plebe team and the past two seasons with the Cadet Varsity as the No. 1 center. Myslinski holds the rank of Cadet Lieutenant and merits the sincere friendship and respect which the men of West Point confide in him. The Military Academy's loss will be our Country's gain as Cadet Myslinski takes his place in "the long, gray, line".

Minor Sports Successful

The other Fall sports gained their share of prestige as the Soccer Team, under the tutelage of Lt. Colonel G. L. Roberson, defeated Swarthmore, Bucknell, Temple, Penn State and Brown while losing to Cornell and Navy. The cross-country harriers ran with considerable success losing one dual meet to Navy, while coming home ahead of Princeton, Columbia, New York University and Cornell. In the Heptagonal meet Novak's team took second while at the IC4A Dartmouth and Navy outsped the Cadets giving Army a respectful third in a field of twelve of the East's leading collegiate cross-country teams.

The Junior Varsity grid team went through undefeated in three contests while the Plebes were winning four, losing one and tying one.

Captains-Elect

Monday morning following the Navy game, every letterman of the football team ambled over to the locker room of the Gymnasium for the purpose of electing a captain for the 1944 season. Selected to fill the shoes vacated by Casimir Myslinski was Thomas A. Lombardo of St. Louis, Mo. A reserve fullback on last year's varsity, Lombardo took over the first string quarterback post this season by his smart field generalship and deceptive ball handling in Army's first season with the intricate T-Formation. Throughout last season, Lombardo showed strong potentialities in his passing ability and will be an important cog in next year's grid machine.

Rated as the outstanding linesman on the Soccer Team last season by Coach Roberson, Stanley G. Calder of Montclair, New Jersey, was elected captain of the Soccer Squad succeeding Ralph Sciolla of Philadelphia, Pa.

Winter Sports

In the course of the past four weeks more than eight hundred cadets aspiring for positions on the ten Winter sports teams at the United States Military Academy have been earnestly preparing themselves for the acid test of varsity competition.

Starting the first week in January and continuing each Wednesday and Saturday until early March one or more Army teams will be actively engaged in intercollegiate competition against the leading college squads throughout the East and South.

How well these teams will go against strong competition even the

coaches themselves hesitate to predict. Each Corps Squad has its share of veteran and experienced material and should provide keen competition for any opponent. These Winter teams will be working under the same handicap that shadowed the football eleven last Fall. Many of the experienced personnel, scattered among the various sports, are flying cadets of the First Class who will not be available for practice twice weekly due to flight training at Stewart Field. This lack of consistent practice coupled with the long hours of flying tends to dull the competitive edge of the athletes giving a distinct advantage to the visiting schools who are not impeded by this type of training. Nevertheless, everything considered, some fast and furious action is in store for the athletic enthusiasts who visit the various arenas of sport during the next few months.

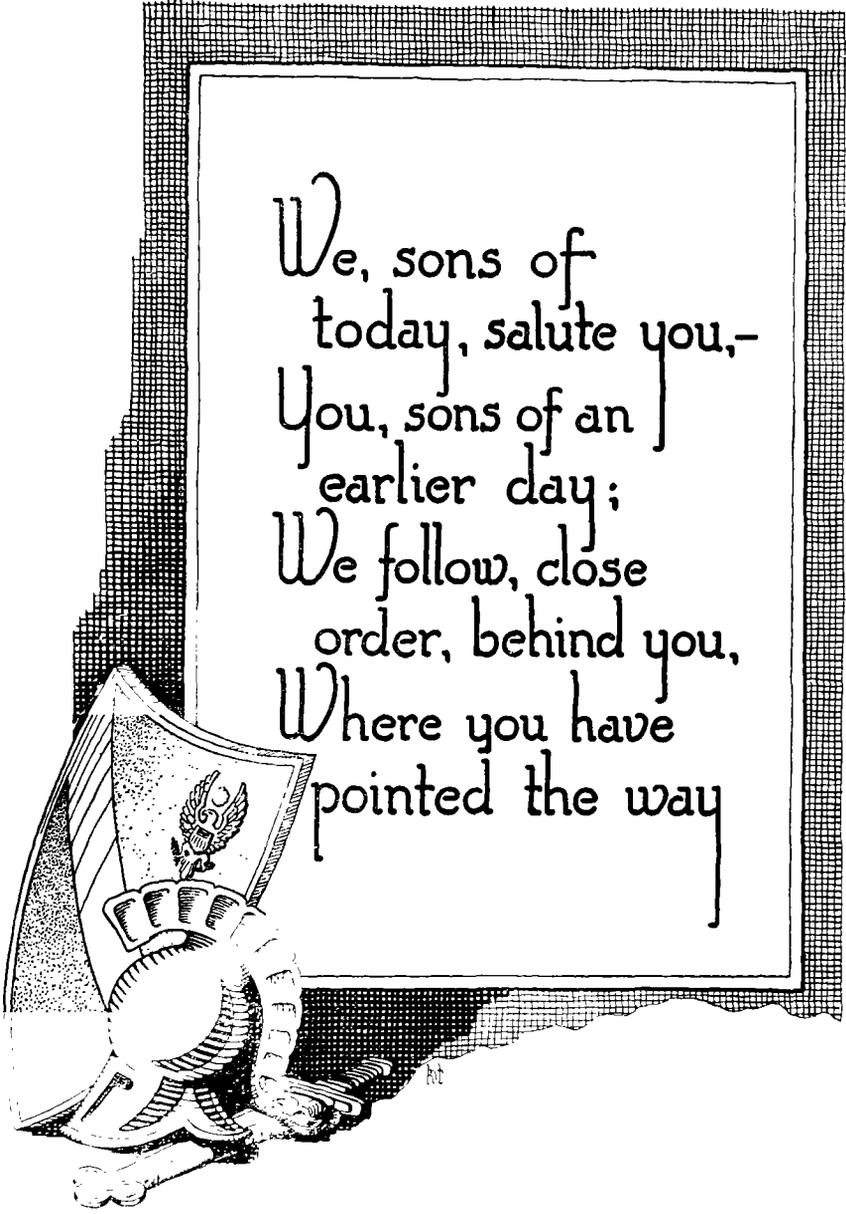
New Coaches Take Over

In announcing the impressive array of sport contests, Colonel Lawrence "Biff" Jones, G.M.A., indicated that several changes in the coaching ranks have been made for the 1944 season. Replacing Captain Valentine "Dutch" Lentz as mentor of the basketball squad will be Mr. Ed. Kelleher. Ed comes to West Point from Fordham University where he coached for the last nineteen years gaining many Metropolitan, Eastern and National titles for the Rams. "Dutch" is now serving with the U.S. Army in Sicily and has been decorated for bravery in that theatre. Other changes include Captain R. L. Starr who replaced Mr. Joe Nill as coach of the tankmen; Lt. Colonel J. B. R. Hines who will guide the destinies of the Hockey team filling the post vacated by Mr. Ray Marchand; and Major H. N. Moorman has taken over the Pistol team after Colonel L. A. Vickrey's transfer to another station. Major L. F. Hood, the expert horseman, is in the strange predicament of being without a team as Indoor Polo has been abandoned for the duration.

These new names will be added to the list of veteran coaches of Army's Winter Sports teams who have carved their reputation deep in the annals of West Point athletic history. We are thinking of Mr. Billy Cavanaugh, Mr. John Dimond, Lt. Lloyd Appleton, Mr. Tom Maloney and Colonel C. F. Leonard of the boxing, fencing, wrestling, gym and rifle teams respectively.



In Memory



We, sons of
today, salute you,-
You, sons of an
earlier day;
We follow, close
order, behind you,
Where you have
pointed the way

*Assembly
January
1944*

“Be Thou At Peace”

	<i>Class</i>	<i>Died</i>	<i>Page</i>
BARTH, C. H., JR.	1925	MAY 3, 1943	14
BEAVERS, G. W.	1908	NOVEMBER 23, 1941	12
BRENNAN, F. M.	1917	JANUARY 8, 1943	13
CAIN, J. A., JR.	1932	JANUARY 26, 1943	16
CARLETON, G. E.	1901	JULY 16, 1943	11
CROZIER, WILLIAM	1876	NOVEMBER 10, 1942	3
CRUIKSHANK, W. M.	1893	FEBRUARY 23, 1943	10
CUNNINGHAM, J. H., JR.	1932	JANUARY 26, 1943	16
DAVENPORT, J. B., JR.	1935	JULY 17, 1943	18
FULLER, L. A., JR.	1928	JUNE 29, 1943	15
GRAY, ALONZO	1887	MAY 17, 1943	8
HAMILTON, JAMES	1890	AUGUST 30, 1943	10
HAMPTON, F. M.	1941	DECEMBER 26, 1942	21
HOPKINS, R. C.	1935	FEBRUARY 8, 1943	17
JONES, W. K.	1887	JANUARY 19, 1943	9
MITCHELL, S. C., JR.	1935	MAY 13, 1943	20
PEDLEY, T. A., III	1942	MARCH 15, 1943	23
PRICE, MAX	1941	MAY 25, 1943	20
ROOT, E. A.	1883	APRIL 1, 1943	6
ROWAN, A. S.	1881	JANUARY 10, 1943	4
RUSSELL, G. W.	1942	DECEMBER 15, 1942	22

William Crozier

NO. 2597 CLASS OF 1876

Died November 10, 1942, at Washington, D. C., aged 87 years.

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM CROZIER, of the Class of '76 of the U.S. M.A., passed away at his home in Washington, on November 10, 1942. A brilliant career ends in time-honored distinction. It was exceptional in its variety for he was not only a distinguished and gallant soldier, but also a publicist and an authority on national and international affairs, a scholar of note, and a gentleman of rare charm.

General Crozier was the son of Judge Robert and Margaret Atkinson Crozier and was born and brought up in the old McCook house in Carrolton, Ohio. This old home has been preserved as a public memorial. It might be noticed that he was appointed to the Military Academy from Kansas. Thereby hangs the tale of his father as an early settler and the first printer and editor in the Territory of Kansas, who was also one of the first Senators from Kansas. In knowing Crozier one naturally harks back to the Huguenot ancestry which so often in our history has betokened in American families a certain characteristic flavor, whereas his staunch habits of mind and character I like to trace back through his mother to one of the well known Scotch-Irish families of the Juniata Valley in Pennsylvania.

It is a pity that no man of his own time was available to write of him for the Graduates Magazine to cover those early cadet days when he was outstanding in his class and graduated, in a scholarly sense, at the head; or those early campaigns when, as an Artillery officer, he was in the field against the Sioux Indians in '76 and '77 and, later on, in the Bannocks campaign in the far Northwest. Two years ago he received the review of the cadet corps as the oldest graduate present, and at that time he was the only survivor of his class. Even so, his service is so well known throughout the Army that it is easy for a graduate of twenty years after to tell the story and to hold forth in happy memory.

After his service in the Indian Wars, General Crozier entered into that élite group of Ordnance officers which so well served the Army at large in preparing for war and in furnishing the best arms and equipment for the battlefield. Even amongst these fine officers he was of marked originality and conspicuous for his engineering ability and creative talents. For some twenty years as a junior he made many contributions to the science of ordnance engineering. He published a long and most important series of technical and constructive papers and pamphlets having to do with ballistics and gun construction.

During this period, in collaboration with General Buffington, he designed the most successful of all disappearing gun carriages which remained the

standard carriage for our large caliber seacoast guns until after the World War.

Upon the death of Professor Michie at West Point in 1901, the young Captain was tendered the appointment as his successor as Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, which he declined, with a look ahead into the broader field of public affairs.

It was Mr. Elihu Root, Secretary of War, who was so impressed by the young Captain that, despite the opposition of the Senate Military Committee to the selection of such a junior officer, he overcame the opposition by positive opinion and proof of service. Thus began the longest and most notable tenure of office in the history of the Ordnance Department, seventeen years of constructive service which was ended by his appointment as Major General of the line in 1918 upon his return from service in England, France and Italy. He was then assigned the command of the Northeastern Department, from which he retired January 1, 1919, at his own request.



From time to time during his service, the professional attainments and the unusual character and personality of General Crozier were recognized in many exceptional and distinguished assignments, such as Military Delegate to the International Peace Conference at The Hague in '99, Admiral Mahan being the naval delegate. He made many visits abroad and was present officially at maneuvers in France and Germany. He served in the Philippines during the Insurrection and was Chief Ordnance Officer for the relief expedition to Peking in 1900. Due to his stimulating interest in the broad policies of the Army, he was constantly consulted by the Chief of Staff. He was known better than anybody else in the Army by different committees of the House and Senate, before whom he was frequently called on questions of national defense as well as details of ordnance appropriations. General Wood, as Chief of Staff, detached him for service as president of the Army War College. During this period he was prominent in discussions with the General Staff on the organization of the Land Forces of the United States. He prepared for the Chief

of Staff reports on promotion by selection and programs of training and many other peculiarly General Staff problems. He had a habit of initiating in his own department progressive policies which were later adopted throughout the Army. In the years of conflict on the Mexican Border, he was the only one I know who attacked the troubles at the root and wrote soundly on how to keep the peace on that frontier.

General Crozier's reports advocating promotion by selection were deep and studious. He felt that selection was being followed only until a cadet graduated from West Point and that the more able and proficient officer should be picked for early advancement and thus placed in a position of greater service to the country, and not be discouraged in his ambition and energy by having to wait for promotion under a system that recognized length of service but not merit.

During most of his years in the War Department he was a bachelor and the most sought-after dinner guest in town at a time when dining out was so very much a part of official life in Washington. Due to his charm and intelligence he was the friend of all of our Presidents of his time, and of Secretaries of War, Ambassadors and Justices of the Supreme Court. During a part of his bachelor days he lived with a Justice of the Supreme Court, and a prominent Congressman, afterwards Speaker and Senator. He was the soul of hospitality and during his Washington days had a yacht on the Potomac on which he entertained widely and well. He was married in London in 1913 to Mary Hoyt Williams by special license of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and for the remaining thirty years of his life it was the Croziers who were hospitable together and known the world around.

To get a picture of the Croziers abroad, I have asked the former Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Hu Shih, to tell about them in Peking, where the General was looked upon as a sage and philanthropist. He writes:

"General Crozier was with the American forces in China during the Boxer war of 1900-'01. After his retirement from active service, he and Mrs. Crozier made almost annual visits to Peking until the Japanese invasion and occupation of that historic city made it impossible for Americans to go there.

"Both the General and Mrs. Crozier were very fond of Peking, where they always stayed in a suite on the southwestern corner of the Grand Hotel de Peking, overlooking the Imperial Ancestral Hall and a large part of the Forbidden City, with the Western Hills in the distant background. They made many tours to the historic and scenic sites in the city and in the surrounding areas. They were beloved by the ricksha coolies, street peddlers and art dealers as well as by their many American and European friends.

"The City of Peking, however, was not entirely kind to him. In 1924 he met with an accident while riding horseback and one of his legs was badly broken. In 1932 Peking gave him an almost fatal case of Asiatic cholera from which he was rescued and restored to

health only through the most patient and resourceful care of Mrs. Crozier.

"In spite of these dangerous troubles, the Croziers always regarded Peking as one of the best places in the world to live in. One year they gave a large sum of money for the repair of one of the Towers of the Forbidden City.

"Both the General and Mrs. Crozier were lovers of Chinese art, and their fine collection of Chinese porcelains best attests to their artistic appreciation and understanding, acquired through wide observation and fond handling of the objects.

"General Crozier was deeply interested in the international situation of the Far East. As a great soldier and engineer, he was naturally impressed by the material progress and military efficiency of Japan, where he had many admirers and friends among the military and political circles. He often talked very frankly to his Chinese friends about the grave dangers which a weak and disorganized China must encounter in the event of a breakdown of the framework of international peace. It often depressed him to witness the civil strifes in China, the many failures in China's effort to put her own house in order, and the apparent incompetency of the Chinese youth in the political sphere.

"Yet the Croziers never concealed the fact that they always felt far more at home in China than in Japan. They loved the Chinese people just as much as they loved the city of Peking. And his Chinese friends loved to hear the General tell his fears and hopes for China. He thought with them and shared their worries with them.

"For many years there was known 'the Quartet' of the Hotel de Pekin, frequently seen dining on the roof garden or in the dining room of the Hotel and carrying on their earnest discussions until midnight. The Quartet consisted of the Croziers, V. K. Ting, the geologist, and Hu Shih, the philosopher, with Ambassador Nelson T. Johnson alternating for one of the absent Chinese members.

"The General was never tired of leading the discussions with penetrating and sometimes embarrassing questions. He was always a patient and stimulating listener. He retained full mental vigor to the very end of his long life. He had a wonderful memory for details as well as a masterful grasp of fundamentals. Some of his favorite theses were that good and competent men must take an active part in the government of the country and that the only justification of political power is the betterment of the lot of the people. 'Even Tammany Hall', he would say, 'has built up its political power by catering to the needs of the poor people of New York City.'

"When his scientist friend V. K. Ting decided to take an active part in Chinese political affairs, the General was much pleased and gave him most enthusiastic encouragement. He was deeply interested in watching the rapid scientific progress in China during the last quarter of a century. And he was most sympathetic toward the movement of language reform and lit-

eracy renaissance in China. The success of such evolutionary movements seemed to have justified and strengthened his great faith in the future of China.

"When, in 1932, General Crozier learned that a few of his Chinese friends were publishing a weekly magazine of liberal opinion by taxing their salaries and contributing their time to its editing and writing, he came to them one day with a check of three hundred dollars, requesting them to use the money to send free subscriptions to all missionary schools, Catholic and Protestant, throughout China. The magazine was published in Chinese which he could not read. But he had confidence in his friends and wanted to help spread their ideas among the people."

I end by this Resolution of the Ordnance Association which so well summarizes General Crozier's distinguished career:

"WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has gathered unto Himself

*Major General William Crozier
Chief of Ordnance, United States
Army, 1901-1918*

a gallant soldier, a distinguished scientist, an eminent engineer, a loyal comrade-at-arms, and a lovable and beloved friend, and WHEREAS, The Board of Directors of the Army Ordnance in annual meeting assembled now sense the full impact of the absence of a wise counsellor of broad vision and sound judgment, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Officers and Directors now pause in their deliberations and here record, in behalf of the Ordnance Department of the United States Army, The Army Ordnance Association, and the engineering professions dedicated to National Defense, the irreplaceable loss and deep sorrow felt by all patriotic Americans at the passing of an officer and gentleman who devoted all of his long life to selfless service to his country.

Yet, in a sense, he has not passed. His principles still live—and truly guide the thinking of his successors in solving the grave problems of a world-wide War of Survival. His illustrious example will always shine—and inspire continuing emulation by Ordnance Officers, ceaselessly exploring the unknown and determinedly pushing back the frontiers of the impossible.

"An expert artilleryman, courageous in combat, his coolness under fire was a tradition of the old Regular Army of the Indian Campaigns, the Philippine Insurrection, and the China Relief Expedition. A brilliant engineer, he labored unceasingly to arm the millions of the First World War. A soldier at heart, as Chief of Ordnance he visited the front-line trenches on the British, Belgian, French and Italian Fronts—to assure himself that the weapons he designed in peace were fully equal to the demands of war.

"Hating war, General Crozier felt deeply that industrial prepar-

edness was the best available guaranty of peace, and he devoted his great talents to building the Army Ordnance Association as an effective agency in furtherance of this worthy purpose. His success was marked by the award of the Association's Gold Medal for Merit, and the establishment of the Crozier Gold Medal for meritorious accomplishment in the field of industrial preparedness.

"And further BE IT RESOLVED, that the Army Ordnance Association here and now dedicates its activities anew to the attainment of those high ideals and practical objectives to which General Crozier gave in full measure his unflagging energy and his undying loyalty."

Andrew Summers Rowan

NO. 2920 CLASS OF 1881

Died January 10, 1943, at Presidio of San Francisco, California, aged 85 years.

ANDREW SUMMERS ROWAN died at San Francisco, California, January 10, 1943. His remains were interred with full Military honors in Arlington National Cemetery, May 14, 1943.

He was born April 23, 1857, at Gap Mills, Va., the son of Hon. John M. and Virginia Wirt Summers Rowan.

He was affectionately known to us as "Corp", and when writing to his classmates he added after his signature "Corp to you." On graduation he was assigned to the 15th Infantry and served with his regiment and on various special duties. Just before the outbreak of the Spanish American War he was on duty at the War Department in the Bureau of Military Intelligence, of which Colonel Arthur L. Wagner was the Chief. At that time war with Spain was considered inevitable. Due to the sinking of the battleship MAINE in Havana Harbor, on the night of February 15, 1898, relations between the countries had become more and more strained.

On the morning of April 8, 1898, President McKinley sent for Colonel Wagner and said he wanted to send a message to General Calixto Garcia of the Cuban Revolutionists, and asked Colonel Wagner if he knew a man who could get the message through. Wagner replied that he had a young lieutenant named Rowan, on duty in his office who could do it if any one could. The President said, "Send him." Colonel Wagner returned to his office and invited Rowan to take lunch with him at the Army and Navy Club. They had been seated but a moment when Wagner asked Rowan when the next ship would sail for Jamaica. Wagner had a reputation for being an inveterate joker and Rowan suspected a joke, but asked to be excused and in a few minutes returned stating the "Adirondack" would sail at noon the next day from New York for Kingston, Jamaica. Wagner then asked Rowan if he could take that ship. Rowan still was un-

certain in his mind as to whether there was a joke in the proposal but said he believed he could. Wagner then told him to get ready to take it, saying the State Department would make the necessary arrangements for his landing in Jamaica and the Quartermaster General would furnish the transportation. He then told him of the President's instructions and outlined the nature of the information he was to secure from General Garcia. He was to carry no papers and after his arrival in Kingston, provided war was declared with Spain, further instructions would be based on cables received from him. He sailed as directed and arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on or about April 20, 1898, and cabled his arrival to the War Department.

On April 23 he was directed by cable to join Garcia as soon as possible. War was declared as of April 21.

Arrangements had been made meantime for the Cuban Junta in Jamaica to furnish guides and transportation from Kingston to Cuba and to Garcia's headquarters. Special haste was necessary in getting out of Jamaica, as it was possible the Spanish authorities might learn of Rowan's presence there and make protest to the British authorities, with uncertain results. So Rowan was driven at breakneck speed with several relays of animals across Jamaica to the north shore where a small fishing boat was in readiness and sails were set for the hazardous trip across the 100 miles of open sea to Cuba. Spanish patrol boats were numerous and one actually bore down on them and came within hailing distance. Rowan concealed himself as well as possible in the bottom of the boat, while the Cuban guides calmly fished. The commander of the patrol boat evidently was satisfied that this was only a party of poor fishermen and merely called out asking how the fishing was, and on receiving the reply that it was poor went on his way. Landing was eventually made under cover of darkness near the spot which became, a few months later, the watery sepulchre of the Spanish battleship "Cristobal Colon", reputedly among the mightiest battleships then afloat.

The journey through Cuba to Garcia's headquarters was more hazardous than the sea trip, for Spanish troops mercilessly hunted down Cubans and little mercy was shown by the forces directed by Weyler, the "butcher." Constant vigilance was necessary, but the Cuban guides, by long experience, had become adept at detecting the proximity of the Spanish patrols. Roads or trails could not generally be followed, so progress was slow, and frequently the way had to be hacked out through the jungle. When camp was made at night the natives would sometimes appear, and one night Rowan noticed there were some men in a dress strange to him. He inquired who they were and was told that they were deserters from the Spanish army. They gave lack of food and harsh treatment by their officers as reasons for deserting. Rowan became suspicious, however, and gave instructions that they should not leave camp during his stay there. He was awakened after midnight by the chal-

lenge of a sentinel, quickly followed by a shot, and almost instantly he discerned a shadowy form close to his hammock. He tumbled out on the opposite side and instantly a second shadowy form appeared and struck down the first with the stroke of a machete. The first form proved to be one of the deserters. He was mortally injured but lived long enough to confess that he and a comrade were spies and had agreed to attempt to get away from camp, and that if one was killed in the attempt the other would kill Rowan and thus prevent the carrying out of whatever project he was engaged in. The sentinels shot and killed his comrade. The alertness and loyalty of the Cuban guides in carrying out Rowan's wise instructions had saved him from assassination.

After many hairbreadth escapes from Spanish patrols and almost incredible hardships in crossing streams with vertical banks and hacking their way through the jungle, General Garcia's headquarters at Bayamo were finally reached, and the message to Garcia delivered. A royal reception was given Rowan and after consultation, it was decided, at Garcia's suggestion, that three or four of his aides should return with Rowan to the



United States, as they could give the needed military information in detail with first-hand knowledge. The return trip was to be made from the north shore of Cuba, involving the same kind of hazardous land journey across Cuba and an even more dangerous sea trip. War was now on in earnest and Spanish soldiers patrolled every mile of shore and their boats, every bay and inlet. The land trip was successfully accomplished and the trip across 150 miles of open sea to New Providence, Nassau Island, was made in a cockle-shell of a boat, capacity 104 cubic feet with sails made of gunny sacks spliced together. No Spanish boats were sighted, but the little boat was tossed about by the sea in a terrifying manner, and all hands had to bail almost constantly. The cockle-shell boat with its gunny-sack sails stood the test, however, and New Providence was finally reached, where passage on a schooner to Key West was obtained and they reached there May 13. The party went by train to Washington, where Rowan

reported with General Garcia's aides to General Miles, commanding the Army.

After receiving Rowan's report, General Miles wrote to the Secretary of War as follows:

"I also recommend that 1st Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan, 19th U.S. Infantry, be made a Lieutenant Colonel of one of the regiments of Immunes. Lieutenant Rowan made a journey across Cuba, was with the Insurgent Army with Lt. General Garcia, and brought most important and valuable information to the Government. This was a most perilous undertaking and, in my judgment, Lieutenant Rowan performed an act of heroism and cool daring that has rarely been excelled in the annals of warfare."

Rowan was appointed Lieutenant Colonel, 6th U. S. Infantry, May 31, 1898. General Miles subsequently wrote to the Secretary of War as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT
Washington, D.C.,

June 22, 1922.

To the Honorable,
Secretary of War.

Sir:

I regard the achievement of Major Rowan as one of the most hazardous and heroic deeds in military warfare and I earnestly recommend that he be granted the most distinguished decoration authorized by Congress.

I have the honor to remain with great respect,

Very truly yours,

NELSON A. MILES,
Lt. General U.S. Army.

The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded Rowan after Congress had authorized this class of award. The President invited Rowan to attend a Cabinet meeting where he was congratulated and thanked by the President for the manner in which he had communicated his wishes to General Garcia and for the value of the work, stating he had performed a very brave deed. Rowan was embarrassed by the many congratulations he received, insisting with his innate modesty that he had done no more than his simple duty as a soldier.

The Republic of Cuba expressed its appreciation of Rowan's deed as shown by the following:

REPUBLICA DE CUBA
Consulado En San Francisco,
California

July 27, 1938.

*Colonel Andrew Summers Rowan:
Many years ago, with faith in God, and having for your only guide determination and courage, you performed a deed which has become a classic all over the earth. You have set up an everlasting lesson for the youth of your country. You have covered with prestige and glory the Army of this great nation. And that is the reason why they are here today, to honor the man that honored them before. Recognition usually comes late,*

the world forgets; but what a reward! Here, alongside with the Army, with your companions of yesterday, with your companions of today, dreaming of your dangerous excursions through the Cuban jungles, of the perils which you defied, feeling that you helped a small country to attain its Independence, you can rest, and go on dreaming all the beautiful things of the spirit, because looking up to you the younger generation, and the generations to come, will forever learn to love, to admire, and to emulate your example. The statue of deathless bronze which Elbert Hubbard wishes to set up in every school is already engraved in the heart of every American. And the words of President McKinley will resound in your ears until your last moment: "YOU HAVE PERFORMED A GREAT DEED."

Far from here, my people, the Cuban people, whom you contributed to liberate, filled with gratitude, pray for you.

In the name of my people, and in the name of the Government of Cuba, I have the unexpected privilege and the undeserved honor to bestow upon you our highest decoration: the Order Carlos Manuel de Cespedes.

J. J. ZARZA,
(Jose Joaquin Zarza),
Consul for Cuba.

This is a very beautiful and artistic medal of gold and silver, incrustated with precious stones. Bronze plaques and tablets suitably inscribed have also been placed in high places of honor in Havana and Bayamo, Cuba, and arrangements have been made to place a bronze bust of Rowan in Maine Park, Havana.

Rowan's heroic deed was given nationwide acclaim by Elbert Hubbard's classic account of it, entitled "A Message to Garcia," millions of copies of which were sold and many more millions of reprints were distributed by commercial houses. The gist of this account is well summarized in the following extract from it:

"The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter (Editor's note: the message was really an oral one) to be delivered to Garcia. Rowan took the letter and did not ask 'where is he at?' By the Eternal, there's a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land. It is not book learning that young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do the thing—carry a message to Garcia."

Rowan was prevailed upon to write an account of his trip, and the foregoing is mainly a condensation from his own story, published under the title "How I Carried the Message to Garcia."

He served for nineteen years in the 19th Infantry, where his memory is revered, and on each annual Field

Day, a Review or other suitable exercise is held in his memory.

Subsequent to the Spanish War he served mostly with his regiment, including two tours of duty in the Philippine Islands, and he received the S.S.C. for gallantry in action in the attack on Sudlon Mt. Cebu, P. I., January 8, 1900.

He was retired from active service December 1st, 1909, at his own request after 30 years service. He settled in San Francisco, California, where his widow still lives, at 1036 Vallejo Street. His family life was ideally happy, and Mrs. Rowan and his many friends mourn their loss and cherish the memory of our beloved, "Corp".

One of his friends dedicated to him a short poem, as follows:

San Francisco Chapter

RESERVE OFFICERS ASSOCIATION
OF THE UNITED STATES

From the Desk of the President
Major Herbert D. Walter, Spec-Res.
1045 Vallejo Street

Colonel Andrew Summers Rowan, M. H.
Once in my younger manhood
There came to me the command:
That I carry my chieftain's message
To one in a hostile land.

Over sea, past guarded coast line,
And through fevered jungle I won
Until I delivered my message
And returned with my Duty done.

For that I deemed it my Duty
Not for reward or for fame,
I put my life in the balance
And my Country gave me acclaim.

Living the words of the motto
Of the School where I learned War's art,
The words that are borne upon her shield
As I bear them in my heart.

Throughout a life of service
With patience and courage and skill
I have carried my Country's message,
I carry that message still.

So that we do our Duty,
So that our Honor be clean,
So that we serve our Country
Then nothing can intervene.

For as long as ye bear them in your hearts
And faithfully serve these three:
Duty and Honor and Country,
The Nation shall be free.
Herbert David Walter,
Major, Spec-Res. O.R.C.,
National Defense Week, 1940.
—J. T. K.

Edwin Alvin Root

NO. 2993 CLASS OF 1883

Died April 1, 1945, at Indianapolis,
Indiana, aged 82 years.

ON THE last day of March, 1943, there were eight of us scattered over this vast land of ours: one in Maine, another in California; one in Washington City, two in Virginia;

one in Indiana, another in Florida; one in North Dakota. It was the year of our 60th anniversary, and we all wanted to go to our Alma Mater and sit at a table in Cullum Hall together; but owing to the difficulty and discomfort of travel in this parlous time of war, not one of us was planning to go.

When the 12th of June, our anniversary date, arrived we were only seven. On the first of April the cold hand of death had taken one of our scattered eight. How quickly the months pass after four score years! God grant that our little band of seven may all live to see another anniversary.

Our classmate, Edwin Alvin Root, retired colonel of infantry, died on the 1st of April, after thirty-nine years of service on the active list of the army, and twenty-one on the retired list. No other graduate of the Military Academy ever gave a life of service more faithful and devoted to our army and our country; few ever accomplished more of important, expert



work; fewer ever received less reward for their work than this faithful, useful classmate of ours.

A brief account of his active career will not be out of place here—as brief as can be made of thirty-nine years of crowded achievement. For graduating at the top of his high-school in his native town of Kentland, Indiana, the youth was awarded a scholarship at Purdue University; but before time for him to avail himself of the scholarship, a competitive examination for appointment to the United States Military Academy was announced in his Congressional district. He entered the competition with twelve other boys, won the appointment, and joined the class of 1883 in June 1879. Four years afterwards, under the maples in front of the old Library, he received his graduation diploma from the hand of General Sherman, Commanding General of the Army (not Chief of Staff). The next day, June 13, 1883, he became a 2nd lieutenant, 22nd Infantry, and his first commission bears that date and the signature of President Arthur. After graduation leave he joined his regiment at Fort Lyon, Colorado.

It was to this frontier post that he brought his bride two years later. Born Florence Eddy, like himself a native of Indiana, as wife she shared with her soldier husband all the hardships, and the joys, of frontier army life; changed station with him thirty times in thirty-five years; lived constantly with him at many different stations in the States; crossed the Pacific Ocean with him six times; was with him at various stations in the Philippine Islands, in China, in Hawaii, in Puerto Rico. In a letter from Mrs. Root she tells the writer that they "were stationed all over the Island of Mindanao" And those were troublous times with hostile Moros. No finer, braver, nobler women breathe the breath of life than those wives of officers in the "Old Army", that army twenty-five thousand strong, which rid our vast Western Plains of the danger and the fear of Indians, and at the same time guarded our thousands of leagues of land and ocean frontier, and won independence for the patriots of Cuba.

Probably one of the most lively and interesting duties that Colonel Root had as a 2nd Lieutenant was performed in Indian Territory. That forbidden land, which later was to become the rich State of Oklahoma, was to be thrown open to the whites for settlement. The day and hour and second for the gunshot to announce the opening was appointed. Thousands of eager, honest landseekers stood, each with a foot on the boundary line, like college footracers, tremblingly awaiting the signal for the great rush. But weeks before, other hundreds not honest but more eager, sneaked into the Territory to get ahead of the legitimate rushers. It was in guarding the boundary line against those rascals, rounding them up and ejecting them, that Lieutenant Root performed active and interesting duty.

At the time when Colonel Root was a 2nd lieutenant, professional culture in our infantry and cavalry was at a low stage. True, the lieutenants were mostly West Pointers and a few of the captains; but there were almost no graduates of the Military Academy or of civilian colleges among the field officers. If there were schools for junior officers in some of the garrisons, the studies were not concerned with advanced military education. There were no service associations with their special periodical magazines. The only service journal was the monthly magazine issued by the Military Service Institute, long ago defunct. The only professional books seen in an officer's quarters were the little drill books, blue backs for infantry and yellow for cavalry, incorrectly called "Tactics", the *Army Regulations* and the few primers in the art of war brought by graduates from the Military Academy. Most of the officers subscribed for one of the two service news weeklies.

The great service school at Fort Leavenworth was just casting off its kindergarten swaddling clothes. Lieutenant Root was one of the first officers in the Army actually to apply for detail as a pupil at the "Infantry

and Cavalry School" (first of the series of names the school has had). The course was two years; he graduated at the head of his class, and his name still appears in the *Official Army Register* as an "Honor Graduate of the Infantry and Cavalry School". Two years after his graduation he was, by War Department order, detailed as an instructor at the School, and was assigned to the Department of Military Engineering. One of the most serious handicaps in his department was the lack of suitable textbooks; so Root set to work to write his book entitled "*Military Topography and Sketching*". In collaboration with two other instructors he wrote another textbook entitled "*Military Field Engineering*." These two books were used in the School at Fort Leavenworth and in the garrison officer's schools in the Army for many years.

Colonel Root got his promotion to 1st lieutenant and assignment to the 10th Infantry, and later as captain to the 19th Infantry. With the latter regiment he sailed for the first of his three tours of duty in the Philippines, in March 1902. In the meantime, however, the Spanish-American War had taken place, and with the temporary rank of major he had served as Chief Engineer on the staffs of General Schwan and General Brooke in the Puerto Rican campaign. Afterwards he was given charge of the harbor works at San Juan; and to this day he is remembered by elderly folk of San Juan for his fine work on their harbor.

His first tour in the Philippines took him to the Island of Mindanao. There in command of his company, he took part in a campaign against a hostile band of Moros. Afterwards, thanks to his reputation as an engineer, he was put in charge of road construction, and made through tropic jungle and over rugged mountains the first military road across that great island. In two other tours in the Philippines, and as he rose to higher grades in the slow promotion of that day, Colonel Root served at various stations on two continents and on several islands under the Stars and Stripes, and commanded several of our largest garrisons.

For example: In 1912 he was lieutenant colonel of the 15th Infantry stationed in Manila; revolution broke out in China, and the 15th was ordered to Tientsin; its colonel was ill, so Root went to Tientsin in command of the regiment. He remained there three years. Returning to the United States he was commandant of Plattsburg Barracks, New York, and later of Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. In 1918 he was ordered to the Philippines to command Fort McKinley, and in 1920, as colonel of the 27th Infantry, he took that regiment to Hawaii and became commanding officer of Schofield Barracks.

It was as commandant of Plattsburg Barracks in 1918 that the tragedy of his life began—tragedy that culminated two years later. The writer of this obituary, of his own makes no criticism nor comment upon the act of any person quick or dead, high or

low in authority; but he believes it would be unfair to the memory of this faithful officer not to tell, in an obituary of him, his own conviction of the tragedy of his life, conviction that he harbored to the end, more than two decades.

Everyone remembers the Citizens Army Training Camp of World War I, at Plattsburg Barracks, New York. Everyone remembers that General Leonard Wood, then commanding the Department of the East, got all the credit for the Plattsburg experiment. Everyone remembers that about that time ex-President Theodore Roosevelt went about the country making bitter speeches against President Wilson for his failure to prepare for war. Colonel Root was in command of his own regiment and the Citizens Training Camp at Plattsburg Barracks. One day General Wood brought his friend and sponsor, ex-President Roosevelt to the camp, and the ex-President proceeded to make one of his bitter speeches to the Citizen soldiery. The speech, in the words of Colonel Root, made President Wilson "furious". The President blamed Colonel Root for allowing the ex-President to make the speech. In the presence of his Department Commander, and in view of the prominence of the speaker, Colonel Root could do no other.

Colonel Root was told by a general officer of the War Department in a position to know, that his name was sent three times to President Wilson by the Department with its recommendation for his promotion to the grade of brigadier general, but each time it was bluepenciled by the President. Root was not even given the temporary rank of brigadier general in the National Army during the World War—that time when stars fell on the shoulders of our colonels, "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa"

Followed Colonel Root's "banishment" to the Philippines and his enforced retirement at 62. In 1918, as colonel of the 10th Infantry, he was in command of Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, with 18,000 recruits training for the World War. It was a fine command, and fine progress was making with the new officers and men. The Colonel worked by day, studied, planned, worried by night to improve the discipline and instruction of his command. He was inspired and heartened by the expectation that soon he should be sent in command of his own fine regiment at least, of full strength and with complete equipment, across the sea to take its place in our front line. But that was not to be. Only another disappointment awaited him, another frustration. With the unexpected suddenness of lightning out of a clear blue sky, comes an order from the War Department sending his regiment across seas, but detaching him and sending him to Manila. This disappointment consummated the tragedy of his life.

Colonel Root lived twenty-three years thereafter and died with and of a broken heart.

The rest of Colonel Root's frustrated career can be told in a few lines. He was a graduate of the War College,

and served two years on the General Staff. He was detailed on a number of important special missions, some of them confidential, by the War Department. He was a constant reader and student of history and scientific publications. He belonged to no clubs, took little part in civic affairs. He played neither golf nor bridge, nor indulged in any outdoor sport for pleasure or health.

The Roots were a congenial and devoted couple, and as soon as practicable after his enforced retirement, which they believed to be another item of "Presidential persecution", Mrs. Root persuaded her husband to take her for a trip to Europe. She hoped it would bring him some relief from his broken spirit, lighten his weight of grievances. And it did. They spent the first year abroad motoring over practically the whole of Europe, including the island of Britain. In their travels they visited Palma, on the island of Mallorca, the largest of the Balearic Islands, and they were so intrigued by the mild, balmy climate and the quiet, peaceful atmosphere of the place, that they bought a home and settled there. They fitted their house with antique furniture and surrounded themselves with all sorts of curios and things of virtue, old and beautiful. Colonel Root had kept and increased his class-room knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, and found it very useful with the natives. He and Mrs. Root acquired a circle of American, English and native friends, and lived there quietly, peacefully, happily until they "were bombed out of their home" during the recent revolution in Spain.

That providential occurrence drove them back to their native shores to await the final call. Colonel Root was an Episcopalian, loved his church, and found in death the peace which had been snatched from him at the zenith of his active career. With a beautiful military funeral and the simple impressive ritual of the Episcopal Church, the escort of officers saluted and taps were sounded over his open grave, and a mass of flowers was laid on the sod above. His body lies in Indianapolis.

—M. F. S.

Alonzo Gray

NO. 3213 CLASS OF 1887

Died May 17, 1943, at Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C., aged 81 years.

ALONZO GRAY was born in Janesville, Wisconsin, September 7, 1861, and died in Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., May 17, 1943. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery by the side of his wife, who died September 1, 1931.

The Gray family had moved to Iowa and Alonzo won an appointment to the Military Academy by competitive examination in that State, entering the Academy July 1, 1883. As oldest man in the class he was dubbed "Dad".

As a Cadet he was noted as a hard worker and was prominent in wrestling and similar sports, and as a horseman.

After graduation he was stationed with the 5th Cavalry at Fort Sill, as an "additional"; his permanent appointment to the 6th Cavalry, at Fort Bayard, N. M., followed in November, the same year. In 1890 that regiment participated in the Indian campaign at Pine Ridge Agency, S. D. In 1894 it was on duty in Chicago, Ill., during the famous "railroad riots". Promotion to First Lieutenant, in 1895, took him to the 5th Cavalry at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Preparatory for action in the Spanish War, the 5th was assembled at New Orleans in the spring of 1898, but after shifts to Mobile, Alabama, Tampa, Florida, and Huntsville, Ala., finally reached Puerto Rico in February, 1899. Gray's Troop H had a prominent part in relief work after the hurricane of August 8, 1899. December 1900 found him with his troop at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and his promotion to Captain on February 2, 1901, took him to the 14th Cavalry at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.



In 1903 the regiment went to the Philippines, where Gray was stationed at Malabang, Mindanao. There he participated in a number of affairs with hostile Moros, was cited for gallantry in action, and received the Silver Star. The regiment returned in 1905 and was stationed at Walla Walla, Washington. The next year Gray was sent with his troop to duty in San Francisco when that city was leveled by earthquake and fire.

In 1907 Gray entered the Army School of the Line, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, making "Distinguished Graduate" in 1908, thus qualifying to remain there as a member of the Army Staff College where he graduated in 1909. Following this he went with the regiment to the Philippines, stationed at Camp Stotsenberg. On his promotion to Major, June 12, 1911, he was sent to China on Intelligence Service. Some months later he was detailed in the Inspector General's Department, serving at San Francisco and Fort Sam Houston, Texas. In 1915 he rejoined the 14th Cavalry at Fort McIntosh, Texas, and in 1916, with two troops of his squadron, had a smart engagement with Mexican

outlaws at San Ignacio; the Mexicans lost eight killed, twenty-two wounded and six captured; Gray's loss was three killed and four wounded.

Gray was promoted Lieutenant Colonel July 1, 1916, and Colonel, August 27, 1916, but remained in command at Fort McIntosh until November, 1917, when he was assigned to command the 6th Cavalry and ordered to prepare it for service overseas. The regiment arrived in France in April, 1918, but was immediately broken up and assigned to various Remount Depots. There followed two months duty in the office of the Provost Marshal General at Tours, two and a half months duty in command of the General Depot at St. Sulpice D'zon. On September 17, 1918, he reported for duty with the 70th Division and on October 4 received command of the 356th Inf., 89th Division. On October 11 he was detailed as Liaison Officer, 3rd Corps, at Mont Faucon, Argonne, but three days later was again given a combat command, the 140th Infantry Regiment, 35th Division. Part of the time from then on he commanded the brigade of which his regiment was a part. In March, 1919, with other brigade commanders, he made a tour of Occupied Germany. Returning to the United States in April, 1919, he was assigned to command of Fort Sam Houston, then the Arizona District. From October 1920 to January 1922 he commanded the Army Base at Norfolk, Va. Shortly thereafter, while on duty at 3rd Corps Area Headquarters, Baltimore, Md., he was taken ill, sent to Walter Reed, and on July 1, 1922, retired for physical disability in line of duty. He became a resident of Washington, D. C.

Alonzo Gray married Josephine Drew of Highland Falls, N. Y., on August 17, 1887. Their oldest daughter, Olive, is the wife of Colonel Herbert R. Odell, (U.S.M.A. 1910). Their second daughter, Alice, is the wife of Lt. Colonel Roscoe B. Woodruff (U.S.M.A. 1915), (Major General, A.U.S.), and mother of Captain Roscoe B. Woodruff (U.S.M.A. 1941). A third daughter died at the age of six, in Puerto Rico.

He was a Mason, member of Wm. R. Singleton Lodge No. 30, F. & A.M.; a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants and of the Sons of the American Revolution.

He wore the following service medals: Indian Wars; Spanish War; Philippine Insurrection; Mexican Border; World War; French Legion of Honor; Order of the Black Star; Silver Star.

His military service is very well epitomized in the following, taken from the History of the Class of '87— "Alonzo Gray's career shows that he has been a live, active, virile man of more than average ability and unquestioned integrity. Uncle Sam's investment in him has paid large dividends. No emergency ever arose in his presence that he did not meet it with good common sense and solve the problem with dispatch, ability and nerve."

Fishing and golf occupied much of his time until two years before his death, when his heart began to give

him trouble. He was always cheerful and kindly, and had a whimsical humor much appreciated by his friends. He occasionally put his humor on paper—notably at the “Despedida” given by his class at Leavenworth. It kept his audience in roars of laughter and recalls chuckles at this late date, though the words have long been forgotten. He was a model husband and father, a fine soldier, a trusted friend.

—E. D. S.

William Kinley Jones

NO. 3227. CLASS OF 1887

Died January 19, 1943, at Palo Alto, California, aged 80 years.

Ancestry

SON of Scottish parents, Thomas Jones, a sea captain, and Sarah Kinley Jones.

A family tradition states that his ancestry included a fugitive Scottish king, Alexander, who assumed the common name, Jones, to avoid recognition. Our W. K. Jones' courtly manners would have supported such a legend.

Marriage and Children

While a student at the Fort Totten Army Engineer School in 1891 he married Mary Edith Schuyler Crampton, daughter of the prominent physician, Henry E. Crampton, III.

Their only son, Henry Crampton Jones, was born in 1893, graduated from the U.S.M.A. in 1916, served with Gen. Pershing's Mexican Punitive Expedition and in World War I and is now a Colonel of Field Artillery in the U.S. Army. He married Harriet Howze, daughter of the late Major General Robert Lee Howze, U.S.M.A. Class of 1888, famous in Indian and Philippine Campaigns, Commandant of Cadets, Commander of Third Division. They have three children; Henry Crampton Jones, Jr. (21) Electrical Engineer; Anne Alicia Jones (19); and Robert Howze Jones (14). Colonel Jones now commands a field artillery group of corps artillery in the present war.

Their first daughter, Sarah Dorothy, born in 1897, is a graduate of University of Washington. Married David M. Fisher at the Presidio of San Francisco in 1919 and has two children—the daughter, Sally Dorothy married Mr. Donald Sellars, U.S. Mountain Troops, and David M. Fisher, Jr. also with Mountain Troops.

Their second (last child), Mary Edith, was born in 1910 at Omaha—graduated from Stanford University in 1931—married Mr. Chas. Clifford—and has one daughter Carol Ann Clifford.

Education

Public and commercial schools of Dubuque, Iowa; U.S.M.A., Fort Totten Engineer School and Fort Leavenworth School of The Line (1909).

Prior to entering West Point he attended commercial school and worked in a bank. These experiences doubtless gave him the accuracy of detail

that were strong characteristics throughout his army life.

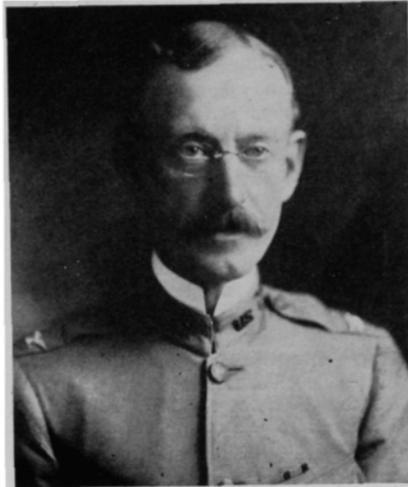
Eager for knowledge, he was never selfishly so. That quality caused him to be respected and liked by classmates. In the public schools he always received report cards showing “Good Behavior.” However, it should be noted that at least one of them contained the caution—“Be not hasty in time of trouble.” During his army career that caution always seemed to be remembered.

Army Service

Graduating from West Point in 1887 to become an army lieutenant he served with fidelity and honor in the: 14th Infantry (Regimental Quartermaster); 6th Infantry (Regimental Adjutant); 5th Infantry; 8th Infantry; and 44th Infantry (commanding).

His financial promptness and honesty caused him to be frequently detailed for responsible staff duties in service organizations of the army.

He served as: U. S. Army Paymaster at Omaha, Nebraska, and Washington, D. C.; instructor of the National Guards of Nebraska and Missouri;



Regimental Adjutant at Fort William Henry Harrison, Montana; Post Quartermaster at Vancouver Barracks, Washington; Post and Constructing Quartermaster at Plattsburg Barracks, New York; Transport Quartermaster on the U.S. Army Transport Indiana in the Philippines; and Commander of Trains and Military Police of the 8th Division in World War I. These details away from ordinary troop service gave him a wide, first-hand knowledge of and experience in executive and staff duties. They greatly helped him later in successful commands of companies, battalions and regiments in many states of the Union and in warfare in several Philippine Islands (three periods of duty in P.I.) and foreign countries.

His army life was active, varied and interesting — early Indian disturbances; strike duty; trips around the world, including visits in many countries of Europe, Africa and Asia.

His fine record in campaign and his gallantry in battle brought him the Silver Star and many commendatory letters from officers of high commands.

Civic Services

After retirement from active army service he gave fifteen years of faithful, painstaking services as a member of the Palo Alto, California, Planning Commission.

His pointedly brief comments and recommendations on important public matters always received careful consideration by the Commission. Upon his retirement from public activities, shortly before his death, letters from the County Board of Supervisors and from the Trustees of the Maladoro Abatement District demonstrated the appreciation of his associates of his long and efficient services in non-profit public organizations.

Upon retirement from active service he subordinated his personal life to that of his family by locating within walking distance of one of the great universities of the world. Thus his children could receive the best of educations and be in an invigorating and encouraging environment.

Having known him for nearly sixty years, having roomed with him at one station, having served with him at several stations, having observed his habits and his family life, having noted his fine ideals of official and personal honor, the author of this article feels qualified to corroborate the many statements of his commanding officers as to his qualities.

The prime factors that moulded his life and fixed his character were: gentleness, trust, generosity, minuteness, perseverance, fairness and intense performance of duty.

Those qualities were shown in his voice and smile; in his courtesy, religion and long-lasting friendships; in his ever-readiness to acknowledge and tell about the achievements and successes of his associates; always magnanimous, never jealous; in large, open, clear handwriting; in his excellent marksmanship which requires studious attention to details, calmness of body and spirit and frequent practice; in the cooperative work and discipline of his troops which demands keen observation and justice to all.

Early in the first World War, ordered to divide his regiment into two equal parts to form cadres for two regiments, he played fair by assigning equally goats and sheep to the new regiment. The excellent non-commissioned officers, transferred from his regiment, enabled a quick formation of a fine new regiment. About three years later it fell to his lot to command, until his retirement, this crack new regiment. Fairness, one of his admirable traits, thus came home to him to roost.

Ease, luxury, indulgence and recreation were not among his life aims. He seemed to ever have in mind the precepts of his Alma Mater—“Duty well performed,” “Honor ere untarned.” His life will continue to inspire men to “follow where he has pointed the way.”

His departure leaves us sad but proud that our Alma Mater has added another name to the long list of its respected alumni.

—C. S. F.

James Hamilton

NO. 3339 CLASS OF 1890

Died August 30, 1943, at Washington, D. C., aged 76 years.

LIEUTENANT JAMES HAMILTON was born at Hamilton's Baron, County Armagh, Ireland, November 5th, 1866. His father brought him to the United States in 1870, and settled in Holyoke, Mass., when Jim was less than four years old; so that, his recollections of his native land were very dim. He grew up in that New England town, where most youths were recruited for factory work in their teens. Many of them, for economic reasons never went beyond grammar school; and it is doubtful if the great mass ever finished that, or were able to take advantage of the excellent High Schools, for which Massachusetts is so noted.



Young as he was, he observed the loss suffered by many of the boys of his acquaintance, many with brilliant minds and whose future was stunted, because the family came first and had to be supported by the low income their labor would bring. That he never forgot those youthful companions, nor the handicap that changed their destiny, is evidenced by his will made fifty-seven years later.

That Hamilton himself had been trained in those high grade Massachusetts schools was apparent from the day the Academic Year began at the West Point Military Academy in 1886. His appointment as a cadet, directed him to report in June of that year and by August 28th, he had passed through plebe camp, was a well trained soldier, and was ready for the first year's course in studies, in which so many of his classmates were doomed to failure.

As a student, Jim took his studies very seriously. Good natured and fond of fun, he never forgot that his graduation depended on close application to the tasks laid down by the Academic Board, and while other cadets were devoting their spare time to out of door sports, he applied himself to

the difficult problems constantly presented at the Military Academy. The result was that Jim took a high stand in all of his studies. He had a remarkably tenacious memory, which once having recorded a fact it remained there and was always reproduced when required.

His class rank at graduation enabled him to select the artillery, the branch of the service he preferred and in which he served with credit till 1898, when his health broke down. He retired for disability contracted in the line of duty.

This disappointment, however, did not retire his active mind. Turning from military studies to the profession of law, he entered the Boston University Law School, and in one year completed the three year course, graduating at the head of his class, with a LL.D.

Intending to specialize in Patent Law, he went to Cornell University and was graduated there, receiving the degree of Mechanical Engineer. With this excellent preparation, he opened offices in Washington, D. C. and devoted all his time to patent law. He was successful from the start. He became a lecturer on Patent Law at the Boston University and was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

In all those years, he never forgot the needy boys with whom he grew up, always planning a way by which he could make it possible for the worthy ones in his own home town to overcome the difficulties that blocked their way to progress. As far back as 1919, when he made his will, there was in it the provision for those needy boys and in the revision of his will in 1922, that provision remained unchanged.

His will provided a Trust Fund of over \$200,000.00, the revenue of which, after the death of Mrs. Hamilton, will be devoted to the common school education as distinguished from a college education for needy boys, under 21 years of age, who are members of the Protestant Episcopal Faith. The fund is to be administered by St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Jim Hamilton's military career was a short one. But for his physical disability, he was destined to achieve high rank in the army. He had to begin all over again and prepare himself for an entirely different profession. That he did so and made a great success of it by becoming one of the foremost in his profession, demonstrates the worth of the man.

No monument can ever be erected, no epitaph can ever be written that speaks more eloquently of this member of the Class of 1890, than the provisions of that will. It breathes good will and provides material assistance for needy boys, unknown to him, who, but for his timely aid will never reach the goal of their life's ambition. Jim Hamilton had a deep love for his fellowman. His name and his memory will be treasured by all who knew him and especially by those needy boys, many of whom, no doubt, will follow his illustrious example.

—J. A. R.

William Mackey Cruikshank

NO. 3517 CLASS OF 1893

Died February 23, 1943 at Emergency Hospital, Washington, D. C., aged 72 years.

ON February 23, 1943, we received the distressing news that our beloved classmate "Cruik" had left us forever. Just as he arrived at his apartment house entrance, three days before, he suffered a stroke and did not recover consciousness ere death came. The only consolation is the knowledge that the end came without suffering.

To say that losing Cruikshank saddened us does not begin to express the effect of his passing. The lack of his genial companionship at '93's fiftieth anniversary of our graduation from the Point brought home to his classmates the great loss sustained.



William Mackey Cruikshank was born in Washington, D. C., November 7, 1870. His father, John Cruikshank, was a native of Georgetown, and his mother, Margaret Antisell Cruikshank, was born in Dublin, Ireland.

Cruikshank attended grammar and high school in Washington. In the fall of 1888 he entered Cornell, taking the freshman course in civil engineering. Receiving an appointment to the United States Military Academy ended his connection with Cornell and on June 15, 1889 he entered the Academy with the Class of 1893. Upon graduation, June 12, 1893, he was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant of Artillery. He remained an artilleryman throughout his life, even after retirement. When the Field Artillery was separated from the Coast, he got his heart's desire, permanent assignment to the Field.

He was promoted through the various grades, receiving appointment to the rank of Brigadier General in the Regular Army September 1, 1925. During the First World War he held the rank of Brigadier General, National Army, from June 26, 1918 to August 31, 1919.

General Cruikshank had a long and distinguished Army career. As a

cadet he was outstanding both in academic work and athletics, graduating sixth in his class and winning his "A" in baseball. He was a stalwart of the nine then representing the Corps of Cadets. His service brought out his great and varied abilities. He was a graduate of the School of Submarines, the Signal School, and the Army War College. In addition to his work as an officer of artillery, he served details in the Signal Corps, the then Commissary Department, the Quartermaster Corps, the Adjutant General's Department, and the General Staff.

In June 1917 he went to Europe as Adjutant General of the First Regular Division,—the spearhead of the American Expeditionary Force. In January, 1918, he was assigned to the 51st Artillery Brigade, 26th Division, serving in the Soissons and Toul Sectors. Later, near Verdun, he commanded the 15th Field Artillery, 2nd Division. Upon being promoted Brigadier General, National Army, he commanded the 3rd Brigade, Field Artillery, 3rd Division, in the Chateau Thierry and Meuse-Argonne Offensives. He was Chief of Artillery, Fourth Corps, October 30, 1918, to January 2, 1919, and was then assigned again to the 3rd Field Artillery Brigade and brought it home.

He entered the Army War College in the fall of 1919, graduating the following June, and then served a detail in the G-3 Section of the General Staff. He later commanded the 2nd Coast Artillery District, Fort Totten, New York, and the Panama Canal Coast Artillery District. When he reached the statutory age for retirement, he was, and had been for some time, commanding officer of the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Few Army Officers have been so fortunate as to have such varied and interesting service as came to General Cruikshank, and in every one of the important duties assigned him he demonstrated outstanding ability and attained excellent results.

A characteristic instance of his fine record is the report of the Army Inspector of Field Artillery,—Major (later Major General) Leroy S. Lyon,—of his inspection, in Hawaii in 1914, of the 2nd Battalion, 1st Field Artillery commanded by Major Cruikshank:—Quote "the most efficient battalion, considering accuracy of adjustment, speed and effect, was the 2nd Battalion, First Field Artillery, commanded by Major Cruikshank."

This was his report after visiting all the Field Artillery units in the United States. At the close of the inspection Major Lyon personally congratulated Major Cruikshank and his battery commanders on having made the best showing of all those included in his inspections.

On April 30, 1904, William Mackey Cruikshank and Cornelia Baird Holabird were united in matrimony. Her father, an eminent architect, was the son of a late Quartermaster General of the Army. Her mother was the daughter of General Christopher C. Augur of the Army.

This marriage proved one of those enduringly happy unions and one

child was born,—Mary Holabird Cruikshank. She has grown into a splendid woman and cast her lot with the Army, marrying Lieutenant (now Colonel) Olaf H. Kyster, Jr., May 7, 1932. Colonel Kyster is now serving overseas.

For his war services General Cruikshank received from the United States the Distinguished Service Medal and the Victory Medal with five clasps. France honored him with "Officer, Legion d'Honneur". He enjoyed membership in the Loyal Legion, American Legion, Military Order of the World War, the Army & Navy Clubs in Washington and New York and the Chevy Chase Club, Washington, D. C.

The undersigned had the good fortune to be several times stationed near the Cruikshanks, permitting intimate social contact with them and affording opportunity to observe his professional work. He was a most devoted husband and father and the family life was ideal. With his command he was a strict but eminently fair disciplinarian, corrective measures always being tempered by kindly understanding of human nature and real sympathy for those who were unfortunate. He was an officer and a gentleman in every sense of those terms, and a close friendship with him was highly prized by the writer.

After retirement, General and Mrs. Cruikshank settled in Washington, D. C., a location permitting him to satisfy his interest in the progress of the Army, and to maintain relations with many of his boyhood and service friends. While not called for active service in the present war, he did his full part in measures for home defense.

In General Cruikshank's death his family has suffered irreparable loss, the United States has lost a valuable citizen, and his friends mourn a genial and loved companion. He left a record of which relatives and associates may be justly proud.

—M. L. W.

Guy Elliott Carleton

NO. 4020 CLASS OF 1901

Died July 16, 1943, at Maplewood, New Jersey, aged 66 years.

GUY ELLIOTT CARLETON was born in St. Clair, Michigan on October 4, 1876, the son of Robert Henry and Ella Armstrong Carleton. When he was about six years old, his family moved to Neosho, Missouri, and there he received his early education. He was graduated from Scarrett Institute in Neosho in 1895, and, after spending a year working in his native state, he entered the University of Michigan.

At the end of his freshman year a chance was offered him for an appointment to West Point, from his Missouri district. He was successful in passing the competitive examination, and that fall found him enrolled in Braden's Prep School at Highland Falls. The next June he proudly entered the U.S.M.A. at West Point.

During his plebe year he had an accident which was to change the course

of his life. A fall in the Riding School injured his right knee, and from the effects of this injury he never fully recovered.

His class was graduated February 18, 1901, and a month later he reported for his first duty in the Coast Artillery Corps at the Presidio of San Francisco. A year or so here and at Fort Baker, then into Field Artillery at Walla Walla, and at Fort Snelling. His next move, August 1904, took him to West Point in the capacity of instructor in mathematics.

Three years were spent there, during which he decided to go into the Ordnance Department. Two years of work in Ordnance at Sandy Hook and Watertown Arsenal, at the end of which a Physical Examination for promotion ended his active army career—the old leg injury—and he was retired for physical disability on July 1st, 1909 with the rank of Captain. His retirement was a terrible blow to him, for he loved the army and his work. Then began his long and useful life as a civilian and retired army officer. Captain Carleton immediately found work



with the Bureau of Explosives, 30 Vesey Street, New York, under Colonel Beverly W. Dunn. This Bureau had been established three years before by the American Railway Association for the purpose of formulating regulations for the safe packaging and handling of explosives and other dangerous articles, and the education of railroad men, manufacturers, shippers, etc. in such safe methods.

Their work has reduced tremendously the number of accidents and consequent loss of life and property in the handling of explosives and has grown steadily in importance and scope; and to it Colonel Carleton devoted the rest of his active life, except for the period of the First World War.

When we entered the war, Captain Carleton was recalled to active army service in the Ordnance Department. Two promotions during this period made him a Lieutenant Colonel, and he served most creditably both in Washington and over-seas as evidenced by the following extract from his official commendation:—

"Lieutenant Colonel Guy Elliott Carleton;—for exceptionally meritori-

ous services to the government in a position of great responsibility, as Chief of the Artillery Ammunition and Trench Warfare Branch of the Inspection Division, Ordnance Department. To his energy, tact and ability is to be attributed to a large degree the successful inspection of metal components of artillery ammunition and trench warfare material during the war." This from a board headed by the Chief of Ordnance, Major General C. C. Williams who added his personal recognition of the "conspicuous value" of Colonel Carleton's war service to his country.

After the close of the war, he returned to his civilian status and immediately resumed his activities with the Bureau of Explosives as head of the Technical Department. Here, for twenty-two years he continued to carry on the work of technical research and inventive improvement of containing, packing and shipping methods which have proved of the greatest value to the Railroads and to numerous chemical corporations who have been grateful enough to express, frequently, their appreciation of Colonel Carleton's services in actually increasing their profits as well as safety by improved methods of handling dangerous products, to say nothing of the saving of life to passengers and "innocent by-standers" and the elimination of numerous suits against carriers and shippers.

In the Colonel's files are to be found expressions of great appreciation of his services by such well-known corporations as the Du Pont Company, the American Cyanamide Company, the Monsanto Company, and more comprehensively, from the Manufacturing Chemists' Association, and the Compressed Gas Manufacturers Association. These include such flattering commendations as "Splendid achievements in the advancement of compressed gas industries"; "his leadership as a member of the Bureau of Explosives played a vital role in the development of new and safer containers so essential in the rapidly expanding chemical industry"; "Colonel Carleton has made a notable contribution to public safety in the United States and Canada." Etc.

The Colonel was, without doubt, a "big man" in his working field but his modesty kept this fact pretty well a secret from those social friends not conversant with his business activities. His life was characterized by at least three outstanding qualities; Great Humility, which is said to be the beginning of wisdom; Forthright, militant honesty; and extreme selflessness, evidenced by a great generosity and helpfulness to others.

He was married in 1915 to Esther Gertrude Tonson, daughter of George William Tonson, of Toledo, Ohio. They had no children. From the time of his marriage except for the period of the war, he resided in Brooklyn until 1928 when he moved to Maplewood, New Jersey. He became a notable addition to that community, making many staunch friends who will continue to love and respect his memory during their lives.

Failing health for several years, during which time he was forced to give up all physical activity, including his great love, golf, culminated in a cerebral hemorrhage in July, 1941. In spite of devoted care and nursing, there followed two years of suffering and increasing helplessness. It was a tragedy that such a strong reliant soul should have been called upon to endure the stress of such an ordeal, but it brought out the steadfast courage and moral strength that all who knew him honored him for; and his gentleness and consideration for others, his nurses and his family, were outstanding characteristics and are proud memories for those who loved him.

His body was cremated, according to his wishes.

He is survived by his wife, living in Maplewood; and by a sister in Pomona, California, Miss Alice Carleton; and also a brother, Raymond J. Carleton, of Los Angeles, California.

He was ever a proud, loyal and worthy son of West Point.

—R. D. J.

George Washington Beavers

NO. 4701 CLASS OF 1908

Died November 23, 1941, at Albemarle, North Carolina, aged 56 years.

GEORGE BEAVERS entered the Military Academy on June 15, 1903, with the Class of 1907, and graduated in the Class of 1908. He spent his plebe year as a sort of practice heat in which he did not take life too seriously.

Promptly thereafter, however, Beave set his course for what became one of the most colorful cadet careers in the history of the Academy. His prowess in almost every field of Athletics became a tradition at the Military Academy. He was a member for four years of each of the following teams: Football, Baseball, Track and for one year of the Hockey Team. Beave won his "A" in Football, Baseball and Track Record, and at graduation was awarded the Army Athletic Association saber for all around excellence in athletics.

Throughout his last three cadet years Beave was a "Make"—Corporal—Company Q. M. Sergeant and, in First Class Year, the senior Lieutenant of "A" Company. He also qualified as "Expert Rifleman." For four years he was a member of the Cadet Choir, being Choir Leader in his First Class year. Beave was also a member of the Hundredth Night cast for four years and a member of the Howitzer Board of his Class. Upon graduation on February 14, 1908, he was assigned as a 2nd Lieutenant to the 2nd U.S. Cavalry. After a brief tour of duty as a member of the Tactical Department at the Military Academy he joined the 2nd Cavalry at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, where he served with it until December 1909, when he went with that Regiment to the Philippine Islands. The

next two and a half years were spent on duty with the 2nd Cavalry, mostly in Jolo, P. I. Beave was always a leader in regimental activities and an inspiration to the men not only in their athletic teams but also in inculcating in them a desire to excel in the various phases of their training. During the Philippine tour of duty Beave saw active service against the Moros in Davao in 1910 and in Jolo in 1911 and 1912. Upon relief from duty in the Philippines in May 1912 Beave took leave and returned to New York via Europe in company with two other officers. Shortly after his arrival in New York he resigned from the Service on October 21, 1912 to enter civilian life.

Not wanting to give up entirely his military interest, he promptly enlisted as a private in Troop "B", 2nd New York Cavalry on October 25, 1912; transferred to Seventh Regiment of N. Y. Infantry on January 15, 1913—served through the various non-commissioned grades and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of that Regiment on July 15, 1916 and went



with it to the Mexican Border. While serving on the Border he was commissioned a Major in the 69th N. Y. Regiment at McAllen, Texas. Upon the return of the 69th to New York he resigned his commission on November 27, 1916. In civil life Beave's activities were in the fields of engineering, sales and finance. To all of his work he brought that abundance of zeal and will to win which were so characteristic of him.

On December 15, 1939 Beave was elected President of the West Point Society of New York. Believing that participation of our Country in the War was inevitable, he promptly organized training and refresher courses for the Graduates of West Point who lived in the vicinity of New York City and who had resigned or retired from the service to fit them for return to active duty with the Army. During this period Beave sought to be again commissioned in the Army but without success as he was told that at his then age of fifty-five he would not be able to "take it." This was but a challenge to Beave who always took excellent care of himself physically. The

On August 2, 1940 he enlisted as a Private in Headquarters Battery, 71st Field Artillery Brigade, N.Y.N.G. and after a rigid physical examination was accepted. On the day following his enlistment he departed with his organization for three weeks of First Army Maneuvers in northern New York state. This period of Beave's service is best described in a letter subsequently written by his Company Commander to a fellow officer:

"Beavers was not under my command very long, but it was at one of the most important periods in the National Guard.

"Beavers was brought to me and presented as an ex-officer anxious to get back in the military service in view of the alarming world conditions at that time. Frankly, I was not impressed with the idea and viewed the whole thing with disfavor. I foresaw complications, having an ex-officer as an enlisted man. I told Beavers my policies in handling the Company and ended up with the statement that I would work his tail off the same as any one else. He replied, 'I ask no favors.' I assured him he would receive none and turned him over to the First Sergeant to be signed up.

"The duties of enlisted personnel are numerous and diversified. Beavers worked at many jobs and in every one was superior. It was admitted by the entire company that he was the best private in it. By no means an empty honor! Truly remarkable in a man of his age, since it meant he was superior in a multitude of small tasks, all of which required strength, agility and practice. He was the best K.P., the best latrine digger, the best tent pitcher, the best truck loader, the best operations clerk, the best scout, the best chauffeur (I have seen him polishing his car at night with a flashlight), the best wireman and always the first to volunteer for any detail.

"The men were quick to recognize a superior and his relationship with them was the strongest I have ever seen in my service.

"All the men addressed him as Mr. Beavers and he became in effect the father to the whole company. In the evenings that were free he would hold forth in front of his tent before an admiring group of youngsters and talked of 'ships and sealing wax; of cabbages and kings.'

"When General Mundy took over the Brigade, one of the first things he asked was 'How did Beavers make out? Could he take it?'

"I told him he was 'the toughest, most rugged man in the Company.'

"Shortly after he was discharged to accept a Commission."

On October 21, 1940 Beave was commissioned a Lieutenant Colonel in the 186th Field Artillery, N.G.N.Y., and was called into the Federal Service with that Regiment on January 27, 1941. Following training periods of

some months at Madison Barracks, New York and Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, the Regiment moved south, where it served as a Corps Artillery Regiment of the VI Corps, 1st Army. During the latter part of the 1st Army Maneuvers in the fall of 1941 Beave was attached for temporary duty with the 1st Army Headquarters as Liaison Officer of the VI Corps.

On a Saturday evening Beave took a room in a hotel in the nearby town of Albemarle, N. C., saying he would get a hot bath and a good night's sleep. When his orderly called him the following morning, November 23, 1941, he found that Beave had, during the night, answered his last Roll Call.

Beave's funeral services and burial took place with full military honors on Wednesday, November 26, 1941, at West Point, which he loved so well. This, in brief, is the story of George Beavers: — Soldier — Gentleman — lover of people—and ardent admirer of his Alma Mater, West Point.

"Well Done
Be Thou at Peace."

Francis Michael Brennan

NO. 5703 CLASS OF 1917

Died January 8, 1943, at O'Neill, Nebraska, aged 48 years.

His Army friends all called him "Mike", a nickname given him during his cadet days at West Point. He was born in O'Neill, Nebraska, on June 21st, 1894, and was graduated from high school there. He left in 1912 to go to a prep school in Annapolis, when he received an appointment to the United States Military Academy from his father's friend, Senator Kincaid.

He entered the United States Military Academy and was graduated on April 20th, 1917. He loved his Alma Mater; was one of her most loyal sons, living up to her high traditions throughout his entire career, always doing his best in whatever duty assigned him.

He would have been glad had he been given an active part in World War I, but the war was almost over when he was sent overseas in 1918. He served with the American Forces in Germany until January 1923, when he returned to Fort Screven, Georgia, with the 8th Infantry. From 1924 to 1928, he was Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Florida. He took the advanced course of the Infantry School at Fort Benning in 1929, and from there went to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, graduating with honors in June 1931. He went to the Tank School in 1932; and, was graduated from The Army War College in 1933. He then served a year with troops at Fort Howard, Maryland; and, was instructor at the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, from 1935 to 1938.

During his last year there he was told that he had Essential Hypertension and was sent to the Army Hospital at Hot Springs. The doctors told him to take it easy if he wanted to live more than four or five years. That summer on leave he went to Rochester to consult the Mayo brothers; he would gladly have undergone any operation or treatment to be cured. He gave up golf, riding, hunting, all the sports he loved so well, yet, he enjoyed the next two years with the 29th Infantry at Fort Benning, Georgia.

In July, 1940, he was ordered to Fort Knox, Kentucky, to duty on the staff of the First Armored Division. He served on the staff of the First Armored Corps during 1941, taking an active part in the maneuvers in Louisiana and elsewhere. Always a hard worker, he just could not "take it easy" when there was work to be done, and in January 1942, while serving on the staff of the Armored Force, his health failed and he was forced to quit. He was sent to Walter Reed Hospital for treatment, but there was nothing the doctors could do to cure him, so he was ordered home to await retirement in July.



Colonel Brennan died January 8th, 1943, at his home in O'Neill, Nebraska, and, was buried there on January 11th with full military honors. He is survived by his wife, nee, Mary Devine, whom he married in Brussels, Belgium February 2, 1922, and three sons, and two daughters: Neil and John now in the Army, Bert, Mary Devine, and Patricia still at school.

Colonel Brennan was very capable, conscientious, efficient, loyal; everyone who served with him looked upon him as a great soldier and a great leader. He had a wonderful personality, a keen sense of humor, was kind and thoughtful; he had many friends both in the Army and in civilian life who are sad along with his family at his passing.

There is a true glory, the glory of DUTY well done; there is a true HONOR, to do what is right at all times and at all costs; such was the glory and the honor that Colonel Brennan gladly gave to his COUNTRY.

Charles Henry Barth, Jr.

NO. 7626 CLASS OF 1925

*Died May 3, 1943, in an Airplane Crash
in Iceland, aged 39 years.*

"To know Charlie was to love him." "Charlie was what you and I always wanted to be." "Not Colonel Barth! Gosh, he was one swell guy." "My son-in-law? Why, I've always thought of Charlie as my son." "But what really matters is that there are so many of us who knew his greatness and are continuing to draw upon his wisdom and examples to help us in our daily problems. So few of us are privileged to leave indelible influences behind us." "I believe he was remembered by more men in the Corps as the 'helper of all goats' rather than the Honor Man of his class." ". . . a man who mixed idealism with realism and humor with efficiency." "He could make you happier when he said 'No' than other people could when they said 'Yes.'" "Charlie would make a far better General than I could ever hope to be. You see, he is 'superior' in every finer sense of the word." "He gave his best."

Wife, classmate, lad on the street, relative, fellow staff-officer, friend, acquaintance, office-worker — in the United States, England, Africa, Central America, from every meridian of the globe, from all walks of life—the words are different, the praise the same. For, unlike other men, Charles H. Barth, Jr. did not have to die in order to achieve greatness.

If you have ever met him, you haven't forgotten Charlie Barth, Honor Man of the Class of '25 . . . the man "Who gave his best," because he had nothing less to give. When he entered the Academy in July 1921 he was remembered as saying that one of the things he most wanted to do was to help re-establish the old traditions of West Point which he felt had lost ground during War's hurry-up classes. His goal was accomplished, for on Graduation Day, June 12, 1925, the Class' No. 1 man was, unknowingly, the living tradition of West Point. Upon entering his military career, Charlie carried with him a compass of his own making a compass whose Pole Star was Excellency—a compass whose needle never veered from that course throughout his life. During his Plebe year Charlie distinguished himself so much that he entered third class year as first-ranking Yearling Corp. He held first place during second class year, finally becoming "Captain" Charlie, Bat. Commander.

Like all good officers, Charlie went through the moulting period called second lieutenantcy. As such he reported for his first assignment at Fort Humphreys, Virginia for duty with troops.

A year after graduation, on the eighteenth of June, in Englewood, New Jersey, Charlie married Doris Speer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Speer. From that day forward, they were always known as

"the Barths." You never thought of them singly.

At the age of fifteen he had entered Princeton, a college student at an age when many lads are high school freshmen. Charlie was beginning to make his mark in the world. He already had made himself No. 1 man with Doris.

The same year of his marriage, in '26, Charlie went to school again, this time at Cornell where he received his degree in Engineering. Armed with a C.E.'s document, he returned to Fort Humphreys in June of '27 and in the winter that followed he studied Engineering à la Army at the Company Officers' school there. Thus, when Lieutenant Barth returned to the Academy in July of '28, he possessed outstanding qualifications for the post of Instructor, Department of Civil and Military Engineering. In 1930, the 19th day of July, by an alchemy of hard work mixed with grey matter, the bar on Charlie's shoulder turned from gold to silver. For five years Charlie taught Engineering. He excelled as a teacher, as he originally did as a scholar. The sixth year, from '33 to



'34 he taught Chemistry and Electricity. During these "prof" years at his Alma Mater we remember Charlie for himself rather than for his intellectual teachings. Of course, he garnered "E" flags for the manner in which he conducted his classes, but by now this was expected of him. . . . No, we remember Charlie in those years as a man—he was the "Man" in "Human." He seemed the most completely human and Christian person ever to grace our campus, and also seemed to lack all those faults and failings which are the heritage of ordinary mortals.

Yes, those who were at West Point from '28 to '34 will never forget the Barths. . . . What an irrepressibly gay, dignified couple they were. The door of their quarters had no key. The warmest of welcomes was always assured. Who can forget the parties they gave? Like Charlie, his home with its parties and entertaining was unlike anyone else's—it was a combination of gayety, perfection, originality, and dignity.

After leaving his indelible mark at the Academy, Charlie sailed for Hawaii in '34. There he soldiered with the 3rd Engineers and served as Adjutant. In '35 he regained his original title of Captain, this time with the additional letters of C.E., U.S.A.

By '36 Charlie had again packed, heading for Rock Island, Illinois, where he arrived in September. Here he was in his true element, dealing with people, for the large staff at the Clock Tower was manned in the main by civilian personnel—civilian personnel who came to love and esteem Captain Barth. Charlie remained at the Clock Tower three years as Military Assistant to the District Engineer, and once again was marked as an out-standing officer. His talk, "The Cost of Unpreparedness," which he delivered before many organizations there, was considered a scholarly military treatise. This talk is still remembered at Rock Island, as is Charlie.

In August of '39 Charlie returned to Leavenworth, Kansas, his home town, for it was there he was born, in 1903 on the first day of October. He attended the Command and General Staff School until February 1940, when he set sail once more for foreign duty.

Charlie landed in Panama on February 29th, 1940, and reported for duty to the Assistant Engineer of Maintenance. He was assigned to that gigantic project, building a third set of locks. As one of the key officers, he, as usual, made himself loved and esteemed by the hundreds of civilian employees who were in his charge. In fact, he became known as the "Commissioner of Public Irrks." When troubles came, whether these were business or personal, every one thought of Charlie. A path was beaten to his office door, a path beaten by harassed and discouraged people who found strength in his wisdom, who were encouraged just by talking with him. Charlie was well named the "Minister of Ills." He was one of those busy men for whom no problem was too small, for whom no problem was too great. Before he left, he was placed in charge of the whole project being named Supervising Engineer of the Special Engineering Division, as well as Director of Civilian Defense of the Panama Canal. What other man than Charlie to care for the defense of the civilians. To the people of the Canal Zone, as well as everywhere else, Charlie didn't die—he couldn't have, for too much of what he did is still living. As a tribute to his memory there is now a "Barth Road" in the Canal Zone.

General Andrews noticed Charlie, and remembered him when he arrived in the Middle East. He sent for Charlie and made him Assistant Chief of Staff, G-4, of the U.S. Army Forces in the Middle East. When the General went to London, Charlie went along as Chief of Staff for American forces in the European Theater of Operations; no small post for a Brigadier General at the age of 39. His outstanding work with General Andrews achieved him the award of the Distinguished Service Medal, which was posthumously presented to his wife by Major General Wilby, Superintendent of the United States Military Academy.

That Charlie distinguished himself in London, as he had done elsewhere, is verified by a classmate who saw him on the eve of his death—"I believe I am the only classmate who has been in close touch with Charlie during the last few months and who can

therefore record something of his achievements during that time. Surely he will be remembered in Alumni records but his sudden and untimely end will eclipse the role that Charlie was playing and would have played, and he will now never achieve the place that would surely have been his in history had he survived. It is my purpose here to try to get word to his classmates that Charlie lived up to every expectation of his classmates; and you and I know that in that respect he had plenty to live up to.

"Charlie came over here to England absolutely unheralded. Very few of the officers had ever heard of him. That was easy to understand because Charlie never played to the galleries. During all those years of peace, Charlie stayed on the job and did a thorough one. He came here by way of Panama and Cairo. General Andrews recognized his superlative character in Panama, when Charlie was digging the third set of locks. When the war came along, they gave him the job of Civilian Defense Officer,—'in addition to my other duties', as Charlie laughingly put it. In this capacity, General Andrews had ample opportunity to observe him at work. As a result, when General Andrews was sent to the middle east to take command, Charlie was taken along by him as G-4.

"When General Andrews was sent from Cairo to London, for a bigger job, he brought Charlie along as Chief of Staff. Probably no greater tribute can be paid to Charlie's ability than that. The facts speak louder than any words imaginable. This is particularly true when one knows General Andrews' ability to appraise human character and worth."

"As I said, Charlie arrived unheralded and definitely unsung. 'Who is this guy, Barth?' they used to ask and my answer was 'the best damned general in the American Army.' As time passed and each of the key officers got to meet and know him, there ensued a chorus of approval. On all sides I heard officers praising him. Not praise for being a good fellow at the bar or for in any way boning favor with them; but a healthy respect for his manliness, his obvious ability, and his fairness. In truth, I have never in my life seen a man come onto a scene without fanfare or previous publicity and yet so quickly leave his stamp upon the scene. For Charlie did just that.

"Charlie carried his new and heavy responsibility with dignity. For all his comparative youngness, his very bearing was that of the ideal general. Yet there was no swagger and definitely no egotism. Charlie simply meant business and his appearance mirrored it.

"The American public will probably never realize it and I am afraid that even West Pointers will never fully appreciate it, but America definitely lost one of her greatest soldiers when Charlie Barth fell. I don't think it any reflection on General Andrews to say that Charlie, his Chief of Staff, was by way of giving this theater of operations its finest administration and that his efforts would definitely

have contributed materially to the victory here to which American arms are dedicated. And that is perhaps the most tragic part of it; the impress of this man who was our classmate was only just beginning to be felt. If he could only have been spared to function, his record would certainly occupy an envied place in history.

"Charlie was no genius. He had none of the peculiarities of the crack-brained, cocksure guy with a cure-all. Rather was he the living embodiment of everything that West Point tried to make of the rest of us. That's probably why all the officers immediately recognized his sterling nature. No, Charlie was a plain, down-to-earth realist, with a logical mind and a sociable nature. Modest but with dignity, mentally keen but naturally affable, Charlie was what you and I always wanted to be.

"It's a long haul from the plains of West Point to the European Theater of Operations. It's a long haul, too, from 1925 to 1943. And most of us will remember Charlie as a cadet. It was my pleasure—no, I should say honor,—to serve with Charlie when he was a general, at the peak of his career, in 1943. I can never forget Charlie as a cadet and nobody in London now could forget him as a general."

Could more be said of Charles H. Barth, Jr., than he was born a soldier and died a soldier? Son of Brigadier General and Mrs. Charles H. Barth, and brother of George Bittman Barth, F.A. class of '18 he knew the Army from birth. His father was a graduate of the Class of 1881, and therein he gained his very great respect for West Point, for never were two people closer to one another than this father and son. Charlie had a father who was never too busy to answer all his unusual inquiries and never too proud to acknowledge that "he did not know" but that they would "look it up together" which they proceeded to do. Charlie went on three tours of the Orient with his parents, and before entering Princeton attended seventeen different schools.

Yes, Charlie was a soldier from birth. That he should die, ours is not to reason why, but "Surely, if life were any of God's free giving, He, seeing His gift, long since went blind with tears."

—Russell E. Randall.

Leigh Austin Fuller, Jr.

NO. 8393 CLASS OF 1928

Died June 29, 1943, at unknown Japanese Prison Camp, presumably in Luzon, P. I., aged 37 years.

LEIGH AUSTIN FULLER, JR., was born October 12, 1906, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, son of the late Col. Leigh Austin Fuller, U.S. Army Medical Department.

He attended Staunton Military Academy, Va., and as Honor Graduate he won appointment to the U.S.M.A., admitted July 1, 1924, graduated June

9, 1928, and promoted in the Army to Second Lieutenant of Infantry. Lt. Fuller's first Post was Ft. Ontario, N. Y. where he served September 10, 1928, to September 16, 1931; at Ft. Benning, Ga., as student officer to June 1, 1932; at Schofield Bks., T. H. Co. Com'dr. 35th Inf. (1st Lt. Inf. September 1, 1934,) to March 23, 1935; at Ft. Washington, D. C. to May 3, 1939: (Capt. Inf. June 9, 1938). Here he was Communications and Sig. Off. Co. Com'dr and took course at Edgewood Arsenal, C.W. School, Arlington Cantonment, Va. Co. Com'dr. 12th Inf. to March 30, 1940. May 20, 1940, at Manila, P. I. 34th Inf. Promoted to Major soon after Japanese attack on P.I. He took part in defense of Bataan Peninsula. In February, 1941, telegram from War Dept. reported him "seriously wounded". In March telegram reported him "restored to duty". After surrender of Bataan no word received for 9 months when reported by War Dept. as "prisoner of Japanese". On July 3, telegram of War Department reported Major Leigh A. Fuller died as Japanese Prisoner on June 29, 1943.



On December 26, 1933, Capt. Fuller married Margaret Hunter Ely, daughter of Major Gen. and Mrs. Hanson E. Ely. Mrs. Fuller was well-known throughout the Army. She was the sister of Com'dr. Hanson E. Ely, Jr., graduate of U.S. Naval Academy, 1917; of now Col. Louis B. Ely, Class 1919, U.S.M.A.; of Col. Eugene B. Ely, Class 1924, U.S.M.A. and 1st Lt. John A. Ely, Class 1942, U.S.M.A. Mrs. Fuller died at Walter Reed Hospital, October 1, 1937 leaving two sons, Leigh A. Fuller, III, and Dwight Hunter Fuller, now living at Annapolis, Md. Maj. Fuller married Alice Ball of Annapolis, Md. and they had a son, Philip Ball Fuller, now three years of age living with his mother at Annapolis, Md.

Major Fuller's only brother, George, a graduate of Annapolis about 1934, was killed by the Japanese on an Airplane Carrier sunk near Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, about 1941.

Major Fuller was an exemplary officer. His outstanding characteristics were loyalty, an extremely high sense of duty, unselfishness, dependability, devotion to his family and friends,

relied upon by his superiors, and respected and loved by his subordinates. Duty was his religion: he kept the faith of his Alma Mater, "Duty, Honor, Country".

—H. E. E.

James H. Cunningham, Jr.

NO. 9348 CLASS OF 1932

Died January 26, 1943, near Mobile, Alabama, aged 32 years.

JAMES HUTCHINGS CUNNINGHAM, JR. was born October 20, 1910, at Fort Washington, Maryland. Jim was the only son of Brigadier General and Mrs. James H. Cunningham, now stationed at Fort Worden, Washington. As the son of an Army Officer, Jim spent most of his life on Army Posts.

He attended Public Schools at Annisquam, Massachusetts, Washington, D. C. and Paris, France, graduating at the age of 16 from the American High School in Paris. He received a Presidential appointment to West Point, prepared at the Stanton Prep School at Cornwall, and passed No. 3 in the final examination. He spent much time when a boy with his grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Cunningham, at his father's home in Annisquam, Mass.

Jim made an enviable record at West Point. He wore stars his Plebe year and was a member of the Honor Committee. As a Cadet, he was unassuming and capable and held in high esteem by everyone who knew him. He ranked high in academics and graduated twenty-sixth in his class. In athletics he was no star, but worked hard as a member of the track and cross-country teams during most of his four years.

Jim's interest in flying and the Army Air Corps began at West Point. Upon graduation from West Point, and after a summer vacation, Jim entered Randolph Field in October, 1932. A year of flight training found him graduating from Kelly Field, Texas, with the aeronautical ratings of "Airplane Pilot" and "Airplane Observer." From Kelly Field he was transferred to Mitchel Field, New York, and was assigned to the 5th Observation Squadron of the 9th Observation Group. While he was stationed at Mitchel Field, Jim made many friends and established a superior record at his first duty station. His foremost desire was flying, but he also took advantage of opportunities for intellectual advancement. He completed commercial correspondence courses in electrical engineering, chemistry and accounting, with a view to attending the engineering school at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. His ambition was to become a designer of military aircraft. Jim's interest in athletics still persisted even though he was engrossed in his studies and flying. His favorite sports at Mitchel Field were football, tennis and squash.

After a year of Air Corps duty at Mitchel Field, Jim still had not received an appointment to the Engineer School at Wright Field because of his

yet limited Air Corp Service. He requested and received a transfer to the Engineer Corps and was assigned to Huntington, West Virginia, in May, 1935. A true flyer, Jim could not give up flying and in March, 1936, he requested and received a transfer back to the Air Corps.

On May 30, 1936, Jim was married to Miss Ruth Lutz, whom he had met at Miami during the time he was stationed at Mitchel Field. After the ceremony at Miami, Florida, and a short honeymoon, he was ordered to Randolph Field for a refresher course in flying. Upon completion of this course he was assigned to duty as Instructor of Chemistry and Electricity at West Point.

Jim was one of the youngest instructors at West Point. He was fond of his work and found pleasure in attending social activities and football games at the Academy. The doors of the Cunningham home were always open to friends, classmates, and visitors. The birth of his son, James Hutchings Cunningham, 3rd, on October 4, 1940, was another highlight in his life.



As the successful years of his instructorship at West Point passed, Jim kept up with his flying at Stewart Field. His promotions were normal and at the age of 31 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

He was then transferred to the West Coast, and assigned to duty as Operations Officer of the Second Air Support Command. It was in the performance of this duty that his successful career was ended. The tragedy occurred while he was riding as a passenger in a plane returning to Colorado Springs, from Tampa, Fla., where he attended a conference pertaining to a special training program. Although he did not lose his life in a theater of combat, he gave his life for his country in time of war, while performing his task of training the men who carry the fight for freedom to the door of those who would destroy it.

Jim was buried at West Point with full military honors, with classmates serving as honorary pall-bearers.

Left to mourn his loss are his wife, Ruth, and young son, Hutch, and his

father and mother, Brigadier General and Mrs. James H. Cunningham, and a host of friends who will always remember him as a courageous leader, a good soldier, and a true gentleman.

James Aloysius Cain, Jr.

NO. 9363 CLASS OF 1932

Died January 26, 1943, near Mobile, Alabama, aged 34 years.

JIM CAIN was killed in an airplane accident last January near Mobile, Alabama. It was the crash which also killed Jimmy Cunningham. Details of the accident should probably not be published here, but briefly it was weather. They suddenly hit a bad patch, and went out just as suddenly.

Jim was intensely human and personal; he was also my West Point roommate and dear friend, then and always. It is difficult, therefore, to write of him impersonally. It is easy enough to set down a list of his stations and activities, but expanding one memory evokes a dozen others, and of the lot the early days seem to come out clearest in retrospect. That makes it difficult to maintain a balanced account. The picture of him as you last saw him fades into one of ten or fifteen years ago. You start thinking of him bustling importantly around Washington, but thoughts wander and you end remembering the same bustle before a cadet Saturday Inspection. You think of him as colonel and the stable head of a home and family at Maxwell Field, and remember him as a new and nervous 2nd lieutenant on the afternoon of his wedding.

To be like Jim, his written history should be much more than an account of dates, events, and jobs well done. It should convey the warmth of an impulsive wit and a generous heart. You should be able to hear in it his short loud laugh and feel in it his enduring friendship. These things are largely beyond the formal page.

Jim was born and grew up on Staten Island where his grandfather, a soldier, was last stationed. He went through public school there, graduating in 1927. The year between high school and his entrance in West Point with the class of 1932 was spent partly in preparatory school in New York.

As a student Jim was well above average. His was basically a conscientious nature. His work was quick but unhurried, very thorough, never unfashionably eager. His academic preparation for the Academy, together with the application of a keen intelligence, kept him near the top of his class in most of the subjects where he cared to rank high.

He was an excellent athlete. He played first string ice hockey throughout his stay at West Point. His baseball and football were almost of Corps Squad quality. His health, strength, and vigor were outstanding in any group.

On graduation he chose the Field Artillery. Significantly, as it bears on his affection for organization and people, during his later service with the Air Forces and in the Ordnance, to which he transferred in 1942, his greatest professional love remained artillery. Thought of the efficiency and the internal loyalties of a Field Artillery battery never failed to animate him.

He was first stationed at Fort Ethan Allen with the 7th Field Artillery for two years, with three months out for duty with the C.C.C. in 1933. In 1934 he went to the 8th Field Artillery at Schofield Barracks for two years. Returning to the continental United States in 1937 he was assigned to the 1st Field Artillery at Fort Sill. He attended the school there with the class of 1938.

He was detailed in the Ordnance Department in June 1938 and spent a year with the 19th Ordnance Company at Fort Knox. He then went to Langley Field for a course in Aviation Ordnance, and graduating, was assigned to Maxwell Field for three years.

Considering the many influences which go to make a full life, this Maxwell Field interlude was probably the most contented period of his career. He was first Post Ordnance Officer, then Ordnance Officer of the Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center. At the end of this tour he was the close friend and Ordnance adviser to many high ranking Air Corps officers.

When he left Maxwell Field he had the choice of a number of assignments. He chose to head west with the Air Forces. He was stationed first at Spokane, then at San Francisco, and finally at Colorado Springs.

We were well into the war by then and the professional part of him had compacted rapidly. He was convinced that regardless of personal predilections he had found his most valuable spot and he put extraordinary energy into his service there. His constant goal was our eventual victory in the Pacific. Behind the rush of enormous detail, he was steadfastly most serious about that.

Jim married Mary Kuch, a Staten Island girl, on the day after graduation from West Point. They lost their first child, Thomas Darcy, at Fort Ethan Allen (Tom Darcy had been best man at their wedding). Patricia was born in Hawaii January 24, 1936. James A. Cain, III, was born in Montgomery, Alabama, February 27, 1940. Pat is now a large healthy school girl. Young Jimmy is getting well along too, as fine a child as you will want to see. As this is being written, Mary and the two of them are living with her family on Staten Island near Jim's father.

Jim and Mary were perhaps a typical close-knit Army family, but more widely known than most their age, and with more friends. His sense of responsibility to family and future, while not ostentatious, was beyond our ordinary standard. His love for his children was the guiding passion of his life, and on the occasions when the intimacy of his sentiment for his son

flashed briefly in public you glimpsed actual adoration.

Jim was gay and friendly and thoroughly kind. His occasional bursts of hot anger were largely directed at inanimate objects: golf balls, shoelaces, and such. His annoyance with people was reserved for deserving cases. There was nothing cold or calculating about him, and little of the methodical. His mind was quick and true; his dealings simple and direct. He was that way as a cadet and never changed. When he failed in a task which was not often, he blamed himself bitterly but briefly and then forgot it. In such instances he protested loud, of course, like many of us, but that was largely for amusement and forgetfulness.

Jim probably had no more sides to his nature than the rest of us but he did everything so wholeheartedly that seeing him in one environment you might be deceived into thinking you had seen all of him. His stone had many facets, each one of which at first glance was definite and bright



by itself but had to be considered in conjunction with others for true evaluation. On brief acquaintance he could almost be all things to all men, as he chose. To have known him well is to have seen him in a hundred lights. The sum of the resulting memories—many of them individually trivial, most of them tinged with humor—depicts a man of considerable proportions and genuine quality.

I think he never had a motive which was not based on either loyalty or justice. In fact, his possible weakness was that he sometimes allowed his loyalty to over-shadow all else. His instinctive reaction was to the side of a friend. If he believed in you, he believed in everything you did. But that, in Jim, was not weakness.

Jim was a soldier all the way. He had given what he considered his highest compliment when he called another man a good soldier. Using his own scale of values, therefore, we can do no better than say: a first rate soldier has gone.

Richard Cathcart Hopkins

NO. 10416 CLASS OF 1938

Died February 8, 1943, at Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia, aged 31 years.

RICHARD C. HOPKINS was born in Garden City, Kansas, January 27, 1912, the son of Judge Richard J. Hopkins, for seven years a Justice of the Kansas Supreme Court and since 1929, U.S. District Judge for Kansas.

In 1918 his family moved to Topeka, Kansas, where Dick or Hoppy, as his many friends called him, received his preliminary education in Topeka public schools and where he graduated from the Topeka High School.

Following his high school graduation, he studied at Leavenworth, Kansas, for entrance to the United States Military Academy to which he was appointed by the Honorable W. P. Lambertson, Congressman from the First Kansas District, and entered West Point July 1, 1931. Upon graduating in June, 1935, he was assigned to the Air Corps at Randolph Field until the end of the following January when a serious illness prevented his continuing in the Air Corps and he was assigned to the Infantry.

In March, 1936 he was assigned to foreign service in the Philippines where he was an officer of the 57th Infantry of the Philippine Division at Fort William McKinley. While at this station he met Elizabeth Susan Butcher, daughter of Col. Edwin Butcher (then Chief of Staff of the Philippine Division) and Mrs. Butcher, which culminated in their marriage on March 15, 1938. In May of the same year Dick and his wife returned to the United States where he took the course at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga. Upon graduating from the Infantry School, he gave as his choice the 29th Infantry at Fort Benning, at the time a demonstration regiment for the school, well knowing that this would mean long hours of work and the participation in many problems both day and night put on by the regiment for the instruction of the students. He made this selection as he felt that he would gain more professionally in this organization by reason of its location at the Infantry School and the fact that the 29th Infantry was also used as a test organization for many of the new projects being tried out by the Infantry Board. This he felt would keep him well abreast of the most modern trends in Infantry development both in weapons and tactics.

While at Fort Benning, two children—Susan Ann and Richard Edwin—were born to Dick and his wife, Betty.

While in the 29th Infantry, Dick served with a Rifle Company, a Heavy Weapons Company and as Assistant Adjutant.

Feeling that he wanted to get into more active service, he transferred to the Fourth Motorized Division as Assistant G-2. Shortly afterward, the

division was moved from Fort Benning, Ga., to Camp Gordon, Ga.

From the time he arrived in the United States until he joined the Fourth Motorized Division, he had been promoted to 1st Lieutenant and Captain. Shortly after being assigned to the division, he was promoted to Major. He succeeded to the position of G-2 of the division and was promoted to Lt. Colonel in December, 1942, at the age of thirty years.

Dick was known throughout his life for his indomitable energy and capacity for work and by his pleasant disposition, good humor and contagious smile.

He was stricken with a severe illness and within a short period of one week he died on February 8, 1943, at Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, Ga. He was buried with full military honors in Arlington Cemetery on February 11, 1943.

A West Point classmate wrote of Dick: "No man in the class was more beloved by his classmates. I can remember asking many times of those who served with him before graduation how he was doing. The answer was always that he was doing a swell job, that he was a fine officer. There isn't much more in the service that any of us can do than to win that kind of reputation."

Major General R. C. Barton, Commanding the Fourth Motorized Division, wrote to Dick's wife as follows:

"In my entire service I have never known a man to be so much missed and to see his organization so shocked as in the case of Dick's death. I am sure that he did not realize, nor do I believe did the rest of us realize, how much we all loved him nor how many friends he had.

I have looked forward to having Dick along with me in battle. I knew I could count on him for the greatest help and that his bright, cheery, courageous, able personality would be an invaluable asset to me under the stress of fire. Had he been snuffed out in battle neither he nor the rest of us could have done anything but accept it as the fortune of war. Going as he did, however, in the full bloom of his youth and with his star in the ascendancy, as it was, it seems so terrible and so hard. None of us can adjust ourselves.

I am enclosing a copy of the General Order announcing his death for you to file somewhere so that when the children are old enough to understand they can see for themselves in a small measure the very high regard in which their daddy was held, both personally and officially, in his outfit. Neither the order nor anything that I can say will do justice to Dick, but at least both will indicate the desire to express as much as we feel as we can."

Lt. Col. White Gibson, Judge Advocate of the Fourth Division wrote:

"I first met Dick in the early part of 1941 when he was a 1st Lieutenant and Personnel Adjutant of the 29th Infantry. Later, when he became Assistant G-2 of the Fourth Motorized Division, I saw him almost daily and got to know him quite well. He quick-

ly became popular with other members of the Division Staff and Junior Officers at Headquarters.

He was a very efficient officer, although when he acceded to the position of Division G-2, upon elevation of Colonel Rodwell to Chief of Staff, he became the youngest General Staff Corps officer on the staff. His efficiency, however, was never officiousness. In all his personal and official contacts, he exhibited no conceit and none of the arbitrary traits sometimes seen in young officers rapidly promoted in rank and responsibility. The result to him was the high esteem and respect of every officer or man I ever heard mention him, as well as the personal liking of all.

A few of his personal characteristics give a fair key to his character. Dick was absorbedly interested in his work. It filled his day-time hours as well as many of his nights, and was, naturally, the principal subject of conversation between us. He was very fond of



hunting. Once in a long while he played golf on a weekend, but usually he liked spending as much time as his work would allow with his family, of whom he was very fond. There was never any question, however, that his duty had first place in his life.

Insofar as personal traits are concerned, Dick had a keen mind, a ready grin and a fine sense of humor. These, combined with an innate honesty and sense of proportion, gave him a considerable charm which was felt by all who came in contact with him. For hypocrisy and ostentation I know he had a very active contempt, and he was an absolutely trustworthy individual, outstandingly devoted to his duty. Oddly enough, although he was by no means an inarticulate man, he seldom said anything derogatory about anyone.

Colonel James S. Rodwell was G-2 of the Division and was Dick's mentor when he first came to the staff, as well as later, and always his guiding spirit and close friend. I never heard him mention the 'Chief' in any other terms than those of the highest liking and professional admiration. Undoubtedly, Col. Rodwell was a very

strong influence upon his professional life. Dick's feeling for him was returned by the 'Chief'. It was plain that he was very proud of his pupil and personally felt like an older brother toward him."

It is difficult to understand and reconcile ourselves to the sudden taking off of a young life so full of promise for the future. Dick Hopkins was devoted to his family and to the Army and in his more than twelve years of service, as a cadet and officer, exemplified the spirit of West Point and its motto—Duty, Honor, Country.

John Blackwell Davenport, Jr.

NO. 10197 CLASS OF 1935

Died July 17, 1943, at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, aged 30 years.

ON JULY 17, 1943, Lt. Colonel Jack Davenport died at the station hospital, Fort Belvoir, Virginia. That simple sentence states the stark fact of the matter, but thousands of American soldiers throughout the world will interpret it to mean that the Army lost one of its outstanding young officers.

The military profession was the most important thing in life to Jack; more than that, it was life itself! His intimates cannot remember him—cannot even imagine him in other than a military setting. Born in Phoebus, in what he used to like to refer to as tidewater Virginia, he grew up in the shadow of Fort Monroe. His ambition was to be an officer; his chosen path to a commission was the Military Academy at West Point. As he attended grammar and high school in Phoebus, Virginia, each year of education was a step on the path to his goal, West Point and officership. He received the coveted appointment to West Point after one year at William and Mary College, entering the Academy on July 4, 1931, at the age of 18 years.

Jack was an exemplary cadet at the Academy; "Duty, Honor, and Country" became a way of life for him in a stern, uncompromising way. All of you who knew him will remember that the path of Right and Duty was to Jack a very narrow one. He obeyed regulations, not only in spirit, but to the most rigid interpretation of the letter. Whenever placed in a position of responsibility, he held others to observance of the same strict code. We who were with him in the last year of his life saw daily that Jack remained a true cadet not for a mere four years, but on into his eight years of commissioned service. More than most of us, he continued to apply to himself the strictest principles of personal integrity, devotion to duty, attention to detail, and observation of regulations in matters of uniform and deportment. Thus Jack was a born tactical officer. Senior officers saw that quality in him and placed him in the job of training officer candidates at the Engineer School. He did this work superbly;

the Army had placed the round peg in the round hole; the job had been given to the man who was "just right" for its accomplishment.

Immediately after graduation with the class of 1935, Jack served as a junior officer in the 1st Engineers at Fort DuPont, Delaware. In a year of uneventful garrison duty, he gained a first hand knowledge of tranquil peacetime service in the "old Army". As a carefree bachelor, he gained practical military wisdom under the sobering influence of old soldiers like General U. S. Grant, III and Colonel S. E. Nortner.

Jack was to have some more formal education, however. He was detailed in 1936-37 to attend Cornell University where he gained both a degree, a Master of Science in Civil Engineering; and more important—a wife.

Those who knew Jack only after he married will find it hard to visualize Jack without Betty. They were an inseparable pair who complemented each other like a right and left glove. They were friendly people, natural dispensers of hospitality, on whom their friends descended regularly. The "Welcome" mat was always out—and, more to the point, was always in use. Whereas most of us are forever indicating to our friends and acquaintances that we will accept that invitation to drop in sometime,—those who knew Jack and Betty were impelled by their warm friendliness to actually make the visit which is so often postponed for most of us.

Betty had been Elizabeth Lloyd in single life. She had been a student at Cornell University, graduating in 1936. Their courtship was carried on in the pleasant atmosphere of college life at Ithaca and something of that co-educational camaraderie carried over into their married life. Jack had the pleasant experience of having some friends and classmates as fellow students at Cornell, so that Jack Bristol, Dave Gregg, Henry Hille and other fellow West Pointers were on hand to lend a proper military caste to his wedding.

Jack's eight years of commissioned service were not so varied as those of some of his brother officers. He spent the last six of them at Fort Belvoir, from 1937 to 1943. However, the very continuity of his work there enabled him to play a most prominent and important part in the expansion of the Engineer School, as the impact of war doubled and redoubled the load on the educational facilities of the Engineer School.

Jack was promoted during his six years at Fort Belvoir through the grades of 2d Lieutenant to Lt. Colonel. He came to Belvoir as a student officer in the Engineer School, and during the school year of 1937-38, again demonstrated the qualities of conscientious industry and devotion to duty which were outstanding elements of his character.

When the school year was over, Jack stayed on at Belvoir, joining the 5th Engineers. It was with this regiment that Jack began the long association with General R. C. Crawford, for

whom he worked during the rest of his life. A strong mutual respect and admiration developed between the two; the high esteem in which Jack was held by General Crawford is evidenced by Jack's continuous service at Belvoir in a succession of increasingly important jobs. He was successively company, battalion, and regimental commander of school troops and officer candidates.

Jack was very proud of having organized the 31st Engineer Company which was formed during the early wartime expansion of the Engineer School as a demonstration unit. He ran the company like a military academy, with the strictest of discipline. His men ran demonstrations for the officer-students, and this opportunity to show their superiors something was utilized to the fullest extent by (the then) Captain Davenport to develop initiative and leadership in these men. The result was a superior unit, whose truly excellent demonstrations are still recalled by the older instructors at the Engineer School.



This company was expanded to a battalion and, later, to a group as demands upon it grew with the increased numbers of students at Belvoir. However, Jack was not to grow with it, for the hand of God singled him out—and he was retired for physical disability because of Hodgkins disease, of which he eventually died. His illness was detected late in 1941, and Jack spent some months in the hospital, undergoing diagnosis and treatment.

In January 1942 he, a Major at the time, was retired in his permanent rank of 1st Lieutenant. He returned to active duty the following day, however; and within the ensuing six months reached the grade of Lt. Colonel. Jack used to like to recall how his promotion record was meteoric in its abrupt descent from Major to 1st Lieutenant, and its almost equally steep rise from 1st Lieutenant to the loftier rank of Lt. Colonel, all within six months' time.

After the onset of his illness, Jack's work was exclusively with officer can-

didates. He was obliged to forego the physical hardships of field service;—but his qualities of leadership, tact, and fairness, his outstanding natural talent for judging character, and his flair as a disciplinarian contributed in a major degree to the production of good young officers in the officer candidate mill at Fort Belvoir.

As a matter of fact, he worked a bit too hard at his job. Remember that he was a sick man who had been told that he had about two years to live. He chose to carry on! He would not have been happy otherwise. He felt that he was able to contribute something to his country, and he made that contribution a notable one under the most difficult of personal circumstances.

His work with the Engineer Officer Candidate School was as a battalion commander and then, as the number of candidates increased, as a regimental commander. It was his duty to decide which candidates were worthy of commissions in the Army of the United States. In his thoroughgoing way, Jack Davenport saw to it that the best officers possible were sent forth to lead our armed forces. Also, in his typically honest fashion, he saw that misfits were ruthlessly eliminated.

As the months went by, Jack's health was failing. Early in 1943, he was again obliged to enter the hospital at Fort Belvoir. He fought back against this invisible enemy and continued to work at his assigned job, while undergoing bi-weekly medical treatment. However, by May, 1943, his condition was such that he required complete hospitalization and he was obliged to give up his active military work. As his friends visited Jack in the hospital at Fort Belvoir, they saw him fighting and hoping against hope for the opportunity of returning to the military work which was life itself to him. However, it was not to be! Jack, like the good soldier he was, was on his way to join the "long gray line" of his fellow West Pointers.

Throughout these last months, from May until his death on July 17, 1943, Betty Davenport behaved like a true soldier helpmate to the soldier she loved. She was with Jack daily, and took with him every step of the way to death. Our hearts go out to Betty in her loss; our admiration is hers for the noble manner in which she bore with the sorrow and inevitability of those last months of waiting by the dying form of her husband.

Jack was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, a soldier among soldiers in death as in life. Besides his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Davenport, he is survived by his father, John B. Davenport, and his two sisters, Mrs. Charles M. McClain and Doris Davenport.

As a last thought, let us say that we fellow West Pointers remember Jack Davenport as a model of the way a true soldier and man, in the complete sense of the word, must live—and die. May our lives be as full, in the accom-

plishment of all tasks assigned, as his! May we who knew him live up to the example he set for us in how to live fully every day, with each day's task accomplished, before our soldier's day is done!

—J. W.

Samuel C. Mitchell, Jr.

NO. 10365 CLASS OF 1935

Died May 13, 1943, near Biggs Field, Texas, aged 30 years.

SAMMY, or "Mitch", as he was called by many of his classmates, was always a fighter. Born in Opelika, Alabama, on February 12, 1913, he was deprived of his father while still a youth and quickly learned that only by fighting could the worthwhile things be achieved. This was the determined "Mr. Dumbjohn" Mitchell who stood



beside us on July 1, 1931, when the Class of '35 joined the Long Grey Line.

At West Point, Sammy neither excelled nor failed in his curricula activities, but distinguished himself by his ability to understand the relative values involved and to get the maximum benefits, commensurate with his zest for life, from all that was offered. This was the happy 2nd Lieutenant Mitchell who stood with us on June 12, 1935, and took his oath of office.

On September 2, 1935, he was married to Miss Jean Crabb from Staten Island and proceeded to Randolph and Kelly Fields where he received his flying training. Sammy was awarded his wings on October 7, 1936, and transferred to the Air Corps. He sailed for Hawaii on November 26th of that year and joined the 23rd Bombardment Squadron at Luke Field. While with this unit he completed the course for celestial navigators and successfully navigated the first mass Army flight to French Frigate Shoals and return. He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant on June 12, 1938, and sailed for the mainland in January 1939.

Upon returning to the states, Sammy was assigned to Mitchel Field, N. Y., where he concentrated on aviation engineering. It was here that his excellent work, lovable disposition, and outstanding military bearing attracted the attention of Brigadier General J. B. Brooks, and when General Brooks opened up Westover Field, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1940, he took Sammy along as his aide. On September 1st, 1940, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and in June, 1941, he moved to Geiger Field, Washington, where General Brooks took command of the 2nd Air Force.

In November, 1941, he received his majority, and shortly afterwards he was selected for the task of opening up the 2nd Air Force Field Training Detachment at Yakima, Washington. Here he acquitted himself with great merit in his work of training air combat crews. As Commanding Officer, he earned undying love and respect from his men. He could make decisions and employ hard two-fisted action, at the same time maintaining a balanced perspective of the rapidly expanding Air Forces. In August, 1942, Sammy was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and sent to Davis Monthan Field, Arizona, to take command of the 39th Bombardment Group. Here he conducted operational training for new combat Bombardment Groups and established such an enviable record at that station that he was recommended for promotion to Colonel and sent to Salina, Kansas, to intensify combat training at that station.

In February, 1943, Sammy took command of the 330th Bombardment Group at Alamogordo, New Mexico, and in April he moved the group to Biggs Field, Texas, for its final phase of combat training. It was while returning from one of these missions on the night of May 13, 1943, that his plane collided with another plane and Sammy was killed.

He leaves his widow, a daughter, Barbara Jean, aged three, a son, Sammy the third, aged two months, and a host of friends and classmates deeply mournful at his death.

This was the fighting, quick decisioned, hard-fisted Lieutenant Colonel S. C. Mitchell. This was the friendly, tolerant, lovable Sammy, whom we buried at West Point, on May 21, 1943.

*"—and the last man feels to his marrow,
the grip of your far off hold—"*

Max Price

NO. 12495 CLASS OF 1941

Died May 25, 1943, near Abilene, Texas, aged 24 years.

MAX D. PRICE—the D. being completely dropped the first week of plebe year,—Max Price as you know him—youngest of five sons and two daughters of Charles N. and Lota Price was born on a farm near Bourbon, Indiana, January 11, 1919. He spent his entire childhood on the

farm, where his one great joy was to take the sheep to pasture in the morning and bring them to their corral at evening time. This he did all through school years until he entered Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, in September, 1937, having been graduated from high school in May that year.

Max received his appointment to the United States Military Academy in March, 1938, while at Purdue University where he was majoring in Chemistry. He was so thrilled over the appointment that he didn't even want to finish his year at the University although he was persuaded to do so. His mother and father did not know that he was trying for an appointment until he had been accepted.

He entered the Military Academy in July, 1938. Many times he would say he was glad there was only one Plebe year. After that his well-trained mind had a way of getting things done with ease which carried him through the academic years. There was only one



man younger than Max in the Class of 1941. In class standing he was neither up nor down, just a happy medium.

Max wasn't very happy at graduation time. He had found the muscle of one eye too weak to make the Air Corps and at this he chose the Field Artillery. He entered Officers' training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in August, 1941. Later on, in November he served with the seventh Field Artillery at Fort Ord and San Jose, California. He was at San Jose when war was declared. On the first of February he was promoted to first lieutenant. On February 12th, he wrote to his mother that he had been accepted in the Air Corps and that it was such a nice feeling to know his sole ambition had been attained. He received his Basic Training at Santa Maria and Lamon, California, and advanced flying at Victorville. It was at Victorville, California, August 24, 1942, that he received his wings. The first of December, he was assigned to the Reconnaissance Division at the Army Air Base, Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, Colorado. He was ever so happy in that work and often spoke of the thrill it gave him to be upstairs where the air was so

cool, so clear, so clean. How he loved to be alone with the stars, play games with the clouds and watch the sunrise from out the upstairs window.

After being in Colorado eight weeks he was transferred to Alexandria, Louisiana, for air support command. He was made Division officer, directing the air maneuvers in accordance with the ground maneuvers. From Louisiana he was sent to Almo Field, San Antonio, Texas, then on to Abilene. It was while stationed at Abilene that the fatal accident occurred—although he met death at Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, May 25, 1943. On that morning at 10:40 Max was piloting an O-47 Observation Plane—an old ship—one used mostly for reconnaissance. This model was used very little in the early part of the war, being too vulnerable, too easily shot down. He was flying a low, strafing (simulated of course) mission, when suddenly one wing struck the ground and the plane turned over. Max and two other men were instantly killed. After death, his family found that he was in possession of captain's bars and had he not filled out the wrong form his promotion would have come through the first of May.

Lieutenant Price was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church at Bourbon, Indiana, at which city he also graduated from high school. There a military funeral was held and he was laid to rest in the country he loved, beside his father, in the Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

It is always sad when one so young, who has spent so many years of young manhood in preparation for his life-work, is snapped out so suddenly before he even has had a chance to test his life with living.

After war was declared two very common expressions of his were "Our lives are not our own" and Victory is never a victory."

In the death of Lieutenant Price the Military Academy and his many friends and associates have sustained a distinct loss. Max was all army, Duty, Honor, Country. These three words spelled for him a way of life and freedom for our nation's flag.

The army has lost a good soldier. Fellow officers and men of his command shared a mutual admiration for the promising future they saw ahead of him. He conducted organization with an ease which won him the respect of his superiors and the affection of his men. They express this thought "By the privilege of knowing and serving with him they can perhaps do their job a little better."

His father passed on December 27 while Max was at home on his first leave from the Military Academy. Few people ever knew what a blow that was to him. He is survived by his mother, four brothers, two sisters, thir-

teen nephews and nieces, who were all bursting with pride over Max.

No one could be with Max very long and not know that all his family, especially his mother, was very dear to him.

The following was written by Mrs. Hilles, a very dear friend of his mother's: Dear little lad I used to kiss goodnight and tuck in bed when you smiled up at me. A silent prayer I offered then, so bright and winsome were your ways—I cannot see why Thou dear Lord, hath need of him! With might and main he hoped that he would grow to be a soldier true, courageous in Thy sight. A man he was he comes home silently.

*You can feel proud of the one you loved
He had a life to give,
He gave it bravely and willingly
That freedom and truth might live.
He is honored today in all our hearts
And may our tribute be
The strength and courage to carry on
'Til the world once more is free.*

Fred Milas Hampton

NO. 12521 CLASS OF 1941

Died December 26, 1942, near Monroe, Louisiana, aged 25 years.

HONOR, DUTY, COUNTRY—those were the ideals uppermost in the life of Fred Hampton. When on December 26, 1942, near Monroe, Louisiana, a bomber crashed causing Fred's untimely death, the Service lost an extremely conscientious and hard-working officer. His numerous friends felt the loss of his extreme thoughtfulness—Fred was like that—thoughtful; about big things; about little things; and about those little acts and things which people are likely to cast aside as unimportant, as not having time to do, or which they forget entirely—those small deeds of kindness Fred always found time to do no matter how busy he may have been.

From the time of his birth at Cragford, Alabama, on February 4, 1917, Fred was quiet and reserved, but with a faculty for making friends—unquestionably due to his sincere interest in others. Also on that same day he was affectionately called "Boots" by his father and brothers, a nickname he carried throughout his childhood.

Fred passed through his normal boyhood attending elementary school at Sheffield, Alabama, and later high school at Cherokee, Alabama, graduating in 1935.

With the possibility in view of competing for a Presidential appointment

to the United States Military Academy, Fred joined the U.S. Infantry early in 1936, and was assigned to the Hawaiian Department where he entered preparatory school in August. Although he remained in the preparatory school the entire term and would have won an appointment, he was awarded a Congressional appointment as the result of a competitive examination, by Senator Hugo Black of Alabama.

Fred returned to the United States in June, 1937, and entered the Military Academy on July 1. He graduated from the Academy in June, 1941, and was assigned to the Quartermaster Corps with a temporary Air Corps assignment as a student pilot.

While on graduation leave, Fred was married to Florence Maxwell Pennington, daughter of Mr. G. F. Pennington and the late Mrs. Pennington of Sheffield, Alabama. A short honeymoon was spent visiting various places of



childhood interest to both. Thereafter, Florence accompanied Fred to all his assigned stations until the time of his death. In the summer of 1942 they lost their first born shortly following birth.

In August, 1941, Fred reported to the Mississippi Institute of Aeronautics at Jackson, Mississippi, to commence primary flying instruction. He was subsequently assigned to various flying schools and was rated as a pilot in March, 1942. Upon being permanently assigned to the Air Corps on April 9, 1942, he received his promotion to the grade of temporary 1st Lieutenant as of that date.

Following various other assignments, Fred was finally made commanding officer of the 489th Squadron, 340th Bombardment Group (Medium), with station at the Army Air Base, Walterboro, South Carolina. Fred's squadron reached a high degree of efficiency in combat tactics under his command, and he was respected and highly regarded by all the officers and men who

came in contact with him. He was promoted to the temporary grade of Captain in November, 1942, still the quiet, reserved, conscientious officer whom they called "Silent Joe" at West Point. In a letter to Fred's parents from the Hon. Hugo Black, he stated that Fred was the only appointee who had ever come to see him upon graduation to express gratitude for the appointment which started his career as an officer of the United States Army. Fred Milas Hampton was like that—

Glen William Russell

NO. 12799 CLASS OF 1942

Died December 15, 1942, near Spence Field, Moultrie, Georgia, aged 25 years.

*"... And when our work is done,
Our course on earth is run,
May it be said, 'well done;
Be thou at peace'."*

BUT some there are who die seemingly before their work is done—those who die "in line of duty". Such a man was Glen William Russell.

Born March 14, 1917, in the little town of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, he was destined to be a leader from the start. As soon as he was old enough he joined the Boy Scouts, quickly became prominent in scouting activities, and was the first boy in his home town ever to attain the rank of Eagle Scout.

After graduating from the Jersey Shore High School he entered Dickinson Junior College in nearby Williamsport. Here his love of music found outlet in the men's choir and his love of sports in the football team both while pursuing his quest for learning.

We cannot doubt his intense desire to enter West Point, a desire which began when he was very young, for he received appointments and took the entrance examination for three successive years. Once inside the walls of the Academy he applied himself with all the great ambition that was his. He had no trouble with academics, and military discipline did not grind too harshly upon him, therefore he easily gained a fair share of honors during his cadet life; acting as company athletic administrator, serving to help train the new plebes in Beast Barracks; on committees for Camp Illumination and Hundredth Nite Show; being corporal his second class year and first sergeant of his company his first class year, having the honor of carrying the guidon. Here again, his great love of music found deep satisfaction for he was a member of the Glee Club and the Cadet Choir during his four years.

When graduation rolled around two of Glen's ambitions were realized, for he acquired both a commission and a wife. His bride was the former Miss Mary Landon of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, whom he had met at Dickinson. They were married on graduation day in the Cadet Chapel which Glen loved so well.

Their honeymoon was short. Instead of the usual peace time graduation leave of three months Glen had just five days to get to his new post. He had chosen the Air Corps and was assigned to Hawthorne Field, Orangeburg, S. C., for primary flight training. And before the novelty of being a second lieutenant in the regular army had lost its edge he was sent to Shaw Field, Sumter, S. C., for basic training. Then followed advanced training at Spence Field, Moultrie, Ga. Here it was that, on December 11, 1942, he received his silver wings and the rating of pilot of the Army Air Corps.



After graduation Glen was assigned to the 75th Base Headquarters and Air Base Squadron at Spence Field and it was only five days later that the tragic accident occurred which brought to a close such a promising career. On his first flight in a P-39 the motor caught fire. Glen bailed out but his parachute fouled on the plane, resulting in his death—a shock so sudden and so great that all who knew him will never cease to be deeply hurt.

To Glen flying was genuinely thrilling. It gave him a feeling of kinship with the sun and stars, a freedom from the storms of earth, and a reverence for that world of the sky above, where shafts of sunlight create mystical cathedrals high above the clouds.

"Thou hast Thy secrets none may know
Save those whose hearts with courage glow;

And what, in ages past was sealed,
Thou hast to ardent men revealed
Where clouds, like billows white with foam,

Spread o'er the earth a moonlit dome."

From "A Prayer for Airmen,"

—The Rev. Thomas Tiplady.

Many letters of sympathy and tribute to Glen were received by his wife and family. General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces — "Lieutenant Russell established an excellent record in the Army Air Forces and was highly regarded by all the members of his command. I am informed he was conscientious, diligent, self-reliant, and an officer of high ideals."

And from a classmate, Lieutenant Pedro R. Flor Cruz—"Why are some people remembered and others soon forgotten? If you know the difference between a deathless symphony and a commonplace tune, or the difference between an immortal classic and cheap trash, you have the answer. For life is essentially an art, only secondarily an occupation. It is not how long but how we live that matters. This is the reason that Glen continues to live among us."

"No, Glen! You cannot die! We see you in the patient struggle of every young man to attain his goal; in every act of charity; and in everything genuine and sincere. You have set a pattern of life. You have made a masterpiece!"

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred years,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere;

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

—Ben Johnson.

Funeral services with military honors were held on December 19 at Jersey Shore, Pa. Lieutenant J. R. Elliott from Spence Field, Glen's roommate at West Point, was personal escort. "The Lord's Prayer" by Malotte, a favorite of Glen's was sung, and services were concluded with the reading of the Cadet Prayer which had always meant much to Glen.

As taps sounded through the stillness of the snow-covered hills Glen was laid to rest in the little cemetery overlooking the hometown, the place he would probably have chosen if he had lived to a ripe old age.

That Glen was called to that larger life just when a brilliant future beckoned was a distinct and irreplaceable loss to his devoted wife and family, his friends, and his country.

To his wife Mary, Glen was a devoted and loving husband, Glen and Mary were one in ideals, pleasures and ambitions, and Love's dream for them was a reality of perfect happiness. Though their life together was short, "They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it".

To his parents, who were so proud of his earnest sincerity, his love of truth and goodness, his eagerness to serve his country well, they can but feel that he has been called to some larger mission unknown by men.

To his friends, a combination of loyalty and understanding that is seldom equalled; and to his country, the services of an exceptionally capable and promising young officer.

Though Glen has left our midst for a while, never will we gaze upward to see the sunlight glancing off silver wings without knowing that he is still among us, inspiring us to strive onward toward the ideals he always followed. As he pilots his skyship Heavenward, surely the lament of those who mourn his passing is lost in celestial rejoicing as he is welcomed into "the Long Grey line".

—J. R. Elliott.

Timothy A. Pedley, III

NO. 12999 CLASS OF 1942

Died March 15, 1943, at Sea, off Coast of California, aged 23 years.

*"Perhaps we shall find at last that life and death
Are part of the same poem, rime
on rime,
With but a natural pausing for
the breath
As a sentence ends, that swinging
out from time
Into eternity will make no break
at all."*

THESE words from a poem by Grace Noll Crowell came to my mind as it awoke to thought again after the numbness that came with the news which seemed unbearable. The waters of the grey Pacific had yielded up mute evidence that another Pilot and his P-38 would not return to join the Flight from which he had been reported missing the night before. What was there in this youthful life swinging so quickly into eternity that left such indelible markings on the short earthly pathway he had walked? The simple greatness of an understanding heart which results in adaptability and sets a world at ease.

First Lt. Timothy Asbury Pedley, III was born in Chicago, Illinois, May 15, 1919, the first child of an army family

who gave him the gentle gallantry of the South and the warm friendliness of the far West. During early school years spent in San Francisco and Hawaii, family life was enriched by one sister and three brothers with whom he learned the great lessons of loyalty, justice and honesty, and a great love of home and family began to sink roots that were deep and firm. The return to the States opened to him new and varied treasures of New England, the South, and the Mid-West as his father's stations moved the family from Groton, Massachusetts, to Columbus, Georgia, and to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. During this time the decision had been made to follow in the footsteps of his father, and he was sent to Millard's Preparatory School in Washington, D. C. for a year.

In the Fall of 1938 he entered West Point by a Congressional appointment



of the Hon. Noble Gregory from Kentucky, where, according to the 1942 "Howitzer," "he maintained the even tenor of his ways—often tripping but always landing on his feet." Quick in mind and body his competitive spirit found joy in all sports requiring skill and action, his love of animals who sensed his kindly but firm command won him honors in horsemanship, and the wideness of his interests causes his school records to include also, "Glee Club", "Hundredth Night Shows", and "Pistol Expert". His classmates knew him as a fun loving companion and loyal friend, and here in the life of the Nation's great school, the seeds planted by parental training grew into ideals and convictions coinciding with its motto, "Duty, Honor, Country."

After graduation in June 1942, as an officer in the Infantry, he went to Phoenix, Arizona, to begin training for the Air Corps, and boyhood dreams of sometime going home to a farm in

the green hills of New Hampshire began to vie with visions of a ranch under blue desert skies or among rugged hills covered with sun-drenched pines. His second period of training was at Minter Field, Bakersfield, California and in late September he returned to Phoenix, Arizona, to be married to Mary Adele Newcomer, home from her Freshman year at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. The beautiful ceremony was held in Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, the church of his faith and hers.

The coveted "Wings" were won in Roswell, New Mexico, on November 26, and he then took his bride to Denton, Texas, for a visit with his family before returning to Phoenix for duties at Williams Field. During the two months there Tim's great capacity for friendship that knew no limits of age, creed, or country, endeared him to a wide circle where he will long be remembered by hearts into which he came so quickly and so deeply. He was an idealist who loved and served the best whether it was beauty of Nature, Music, or Literature; or the warm love of people expressed through friends, family, or the great love of one man and one woman; or the noble principles of life by which he lived and for which he died. And yet the great seriousness with which all decisions were made was ever buoyant with his mirthful delight in life itself.

Early in February he received his temporary promotion to First Lieutenant and was assigned to the 332nd Fighter Squadron at Santa Ana, California, a division of the Fourth Interceptor Command. It was from this Field on March 15, 1943, that he flew out to investigate unidentified planes off the Coast and failed to return. His unquestioned ability as a Pilot leaves those in authority at loss for an explanation of the accident which claimed the life of a promising officer in line of duty.

Besides his wife, Mary Adele, who is now with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John R. Newcomer in Phoenix, he is survived by his son, Timothy Asbury Pedley, IV, his parents, Col. and Mrs. T. A. Pedley, Jr.—a sister Mrs. Thos. J. Hayes, III, two brothers, John and Robert, of Denton, Texas, and his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Pedley, Sr., of Denver, Colorado. To them, his friends, classmates, and flying companions extend deepest sympathy.

"Tim"—a short name. Age 23—too short a life it seems, yet only his Maker can reckon the joy, the vision, and the courage that lives on in other lives today hoping to build the sort of world for which he died, because they knew and loved him.