

crossing overseas, John was a center of cheerfulness and bright companionship and he seemed animated by an exalted spirit. As he was cheerful and strong and courageous in life, and in his preliminary steps toward the great conflict, so he met his fatal illness in that same calm, undismayed spirit, which becomes a good soldier and a consecrated Christian. John McVickar was both. We remove our hats and bow our heads in thankfulness for his example and his work. Lads like this who are known intimately only to the few should have their names inscribed in letters of gold and be enrolled among that noble company who love so much that they lay down their lives for their friends.



STEPHEN WHITNEY DICKEY

1910-1914

STEPHEN WHITNEY DICKEY was born in New York City on January 2nd, 1897, the son of Charles Dunston Dickey and Louise Whitney Dickey. Of his boyhood little need be written, save to say that at the very beginning he showed those characteristics of cheerfulness and kindness which grew so strong in him as he became older.

His school years, prior to his entrance to St. Paul's in 1910, were spent at the Allen Stevenson School and were marked by the same warm liking among his fellows which was his lot at St. Paul's. He took a successful part in the varied activities of the school, stood well in his studies, was a good, though not remarkable athlete, and did his finest work by his unconscious friendliness and standards of life.

With both boys and masters he won a place not merely of high regard but of real affection, for he had a charm of manner and an unaffected good fellowship which could not be resisted. He exerted an influence which was far-reaching in its fine effect, all the finer because he had no realization of it himself.

From St. Paul's he went to Harvard, where his career was interrupted, like so many others, by the outbreak of the war, and on January 2nd, 1918, his 21st birthday, he enlisted as a private soldier at Camp Upton, N. Y. He at once attended the Officers' Training Camp and was recommended for a second lieutenancy at its close, but hurried sailing orders prevented his immediately receiving it. He went abroad as a corporal and it is a tribute to his natural cheerful democracy that he always was accepted as one of the men whom he commanded. This ability to put himself on a level with his men continued through his sergeantry and, later, his lieutenancy, to which he was promoted on July 15th, 1918, on the field of battle.

No man could have been a finer, more loyal companion to both fellow-officers and men. It is under such circumstances of danger and discomfort that a man may best be known and his courageous cheerfulness and never-failing care of his soldiers were an inspiration to all who were privileged to know him in those trying days. His major wrote of him, "We were all of a cheerful nature but none more so than Dickey. He was always smiling. He was loved and respected not only by his fellow officers, but by his men. The latter is the true estimate of an officer. The men seldom make a mistake." And I may add that no officer had more willing followers than he, with the result that on more than one occasion he succeeded where others failed, for he never asked his men to do what he would not do himself.

Time and again, through August and September, his quiet ignoring of personal risk placed him in positions where none could understand how he escaped and we began to believe he bore a charmed life. During the first day and a half of the Argonne Drive he could be found wherever the fighting was hardest, setting an example of endurance and cheer which kept his men wonderfully in hand.

About noon of September 27th the regiment entered the little village of Montblainville and began the arduous task of mopping up. It was here that Whitney fell, shot by a sniper from a cellar doorway. It was the death of a valiant soldier, a loyal friend and one of whom St. Paul's School must be most proud.