

When his body was laid to rest in the graveyard at Bryn Mawr, close to his birthplace, amid all the wealth of flowers from officers and friends, no tributes were more significant and none would have touched him more than the many bunches of faded flowers, arranged by the loving hands of his men, in symmetrical order on the cover of the steel coffin, in which he had been brought home.

One might speak of traditions of his young boyhood; of his growing up in the family atmosphere, which made his record at St. Paul's School and his service to his Country inevitable; of his diligent application to the technique of his profession; of the charm and sweetness of his personality; of his perfect bearing in his home life as son, brother and husband. All these were the indices to his character. They made it not only possible, but natural, for him to forget self and act instinctively for others, even when such act was the last of his life.

A gallant officer and gentleman was Dickie Elliot; an aristocrat in every instinct, but in every act and thought a democrat.

The Navy Department has honored his memory by naming one of the destroyers the *Elliot*.

By his life and death, he has added luster to the Honor Roll of St. Paul's, of the Navy and of his Country.



ROBERT HORNER HOGG

1898-1902

ROBERT HORNER HOGG was born in Worcester, Mass., on September 2nd, 1883, the son of William James and Frances (Happoldt) Hogg. He entered St. Paul's School in 1898 and graduated in 1902.

Bob, while not neglecting his studies, devoted every moment of his spare time to athletics and school activities. In his Sixth Form year he was captain of the Delphian football team, fifth oar on the Halcyon crew, a member of the Hockey team and the Banjo club; was president of the Missionary Society and participated in numerous minor activities. He received the Gordon Medal for being the best all-round athlete in the school. Those in his Form will always remember his unfailing cheerfulness, his indefatig-

able enthusiasm and his ingenious conception of schoolboy pranks. His was a nature which necessarily led others, but without the appearance of leading them.

In 1902 he entered Harvard University, remaining but one year. At the time the United States entered the World War he was with the Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y., with which he had been connected for about eight years. It was inevitable that Bob should be among the first to enlist, which he did on April 7th, 1917, the day after Congress declared a state of war existing with Germany. He joined the First Corps of Cadets, which later became the 101st Regiment of U. S. Engineers. On September 1st, 1917, he received his commission as Sergeant, 1st Class, and served as instructor at Wentworth Institute, in Boston. On September 26th, 1917, he sailed for France and there performed the regular work of engineers until February 3rd, 1918, when General Edwards selected Company A to go to the front-line trenches. On March 18th Bob volunteered and was one of ten men chosen from the 250 members of A Company to lay a bridge over a canal northeast of Soissons, Ostel. At 5:15 that morning he made the supreme sacrifice. A Worcester paper has described the operations of the little group as follows:

"It was their duty to span a canal with a bridge, a canal which was under constant fire. Through shot and shell, over ground drenched with gas shells, crossing trenches in which gas lurked thickly in the low ground, the group safely reached their objective. Overhead screamed the shells of the American barrage and the shells of the Hun intermingling. The bottom of the canal was studded with barbed wire, but the group worked bravely preparing the bridge. Their work was completed, the bridge had been thrown across and when the barrage lifted then death

stalked into the brave group as a Hun shell exploded and three of the brave boys gave their lives, while six others were severely wounded."

In a letter written home the night before he was killed, he said:

"We are going out with the French and H. Co. of 101st Inf. U. S. to make a raid. Ten of us from A Company are to build a raft and transport the American and French Infantry over a canal, so that they can make the raid and capture some Germans for purposes of information. The French Engineers do the same about eighty yards below us on canal, for another party. Sgt. W. and I go over first and paddle raft to shore and pull raft over each time (back to Boches), till entire gang of 35 Infantry are over, R. & J. L. pulling raft back to refill. We wait till they (Inf) return and I am last to jump on raft, so I wanted to say a few last words to all of you . . . in case of accident. At least you will know I 'went out' doing my duty as I saw it and that it may be of help in this war to right matters and bring peace even though we ten are playing a very small part in it by so doing. . . . It is hard to go, but, if God will, so be it. I will go bravely, knowing that I have your love and trusting that I did my duty to my Country."

Col. Bunnell, of the 101st Engineers, his commanding officers, wrote of him:

"His courage, heroism and devotion to duty as a true soldier, even to the giving up of his life, will always remain as an example to the officers and men of this regiment, and help them to do their part as nobly as he did his."

The Croix de Guerre was awarded to him posthumously, and he was cited for "showing unusual bravery, courage and devotion under fire, doing a very hazardous piece of work on the enemy lines, in the course of which he lost his life."

Our schoolboy companion lies in Laurel Hill Cemetery at Philadelphia, in the family tomb. His boyish enthusiasm, ripened into devotion and sacrifice worthy of the highest traditions of St. Paul's, will live as long as those traditions themselves.