



HOWARD LILIENTHAL, JR.

1910-1912

ON the side of Jerry Hill there is a certain spot, whether in leafy summer or snowy wintry months, where I stop and happily commemorate Howard Lilienthal. For it was there, in company with Dr. Richards and a group of friends, that Howard, as a little boy, spent happy days cutting a special path to the summit. One can see now that delicate, agile figure, sensitive to every breath of influence, yet maintaining fine personal independence in all his contacts. Though he did not finish his course at St. Paul's, he made a definite contribution of refinement and fervor to our life. A pellucid faith in the Unseen dominating such a character, is bound to count in a boys' school.

To his masters and school friends it is difficult to picture

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the delicate boy as enduring the hardships of a military camp and the physical roughnesses of war. To his valor of spirit, which we all recognized, we proudly add the honorable record of his valor in arms.

Howard Lilienthal, Jr., was born on January 18th, 1897, in New York City. He was at St. Paul's School from 1910 to 1912. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1919 from Harvard University, awarded after his death as a war degree.

As far back as November, 1915, when he was but seventeen years old, he had served in the First Corps Cadets in Boston. In April, 1917, he joined Company E, of the Seventh Regiment of Infantry, New York National Guard, enlisting as a private. His organization was federalized in July, 1917, as the 107th U. S. Infantry, when he was given the rank of first-class private. He went into training at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. On May 10th, 1918, he embarked aboard the *Antigone*, landing at Brest on May 25th. The simple record says that he served continuously with his company until, on September 29th, 1918, he was killed in action. No one saw him fall. He reached a casualty clearing station before he died. His division had been brigaded with the British and his death occurred on that glorious field in which the Hindenburg line was first broken by the English, the Americans and the Australians. His body lies at St. Emilie, des Villers-Faucon, Somme.

When at the altar in our Chapel service and by the monument on Memorial Day school boys and their masters will hear the name of Howard Lilienthal, let them remember the fine, fragile boy who, by the valor of his spirit, forged ahead as a soldier and gave his life to help break the Hindenburg line. Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long time.