



JOHN BARD McVICKAR

1910-1916

THAT name recalls to mind a very unusual spirit. John McVickar came to St. Paul's School a shy, timid and retiring lad, and yet there was in him, to the discerning eye, a spirit so refined, so pure, so filled with lofty purpose and high resolve that when his Country called he hesitated not a minute, but dedicated himself—all he had and all he was—to a cause which seemed to him worthy of every human sacrifice.

John McVickar was born in Morristown, N. J., on December 4th, 1896. He was the only son of W. Bard and Louisa Miller McVickar. He entered St. Paul's School in September, 1910, and left there in 1916, to prepare himself for entrance into the Massachusetts Institute of Technol-

ogy. He successfully passed all his examinations and with keen interest looked forward to the profession of an engineer. When the call came and he offered himself in the Country's service, McVickar enlisted in the Aviation Section, November 3rd, 1917. He was in continuous training on the ground and in the air from that date until September, 1918. He received his training at the Princeton Ground School, Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, Camp Dix, Fort Sill and Talliafero Field, Fort Worth, Texas. He was attached to the Aviation Section, Signal Corps, which during his service became Aviation Section, Military Aeronautics. He held the rank of Cadet and 2nd Lieutenant with R. M. A. He sailed for France September 14th, 1918, was taken ill on the voyage, landed at Brest on September 25th and died early the morning of the 26th, in French Port Hospital No. 33, of bronchial pneumonia.

Such is the short and simple epitome of the earthly life of one of nature's most refined and courageous spirits. Long life consisteth not in length of years but in refinement of spirit. According to this test John McVickar lived longer than most of us, although he was less than twenty-two years old when he was called from the earthly to the heavenly service of his Master and Leader.

As a boy at School John McVickar led a blameless life. He was the type of boy with whom the casual observer would not associate any singular courage, nor the gift of leadership, yet when the call came for a decision which demanded sacrifice, straight thinking and a courageous spirit, McVickar fairly fought his way to be accepted for a service for which he appeared indifferently equipped. John was devoted to his home and to his relatives, and it meant more to him than feeble words can express to part with them, and yet he was supremely happy at the thought of being equipped to fight for his Country's cause. Aboard ship,

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.