

direct the stretcher-bearers. Howe was thus with his men when the enemy shell that killed him instantly exploded no more than a yard or two away. His body, sent back, was buried with full military honors in the British cemetery at Kleine Vierstraat, and has since been moved to the permanent British Cemetery at Lyssenthoek, near Poperinghe.

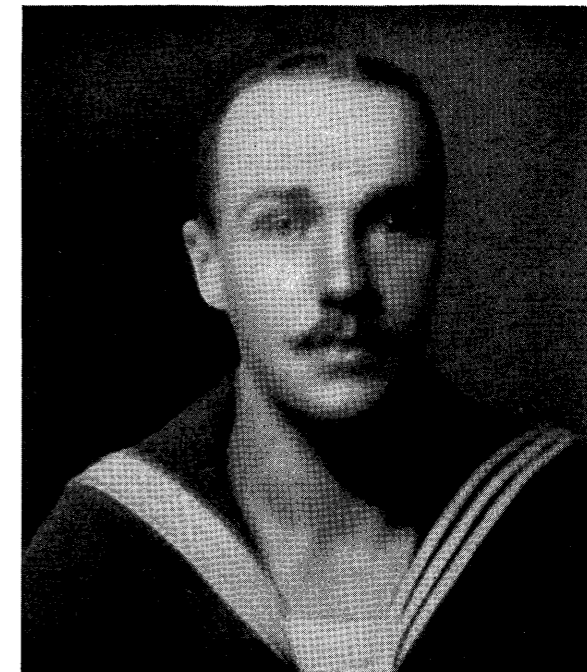
Howe's record as a fighting doctor is rounded out by General Pershing's posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross, in the following terms:

"Howe, George P., First Lieutenant, deceased. Medical Officers' Reserve Corps, attached to 37th Division, B. E. F. Although wounded in the head on the morning of September 28th, 1917, during the operation on the Tower Hamlets spur, east of Ypres, he displayed conspicuous courage and devotion in attending the wounded under very heavy and continuous shell-fire, refusing to leave and continuing to aid his post until killed by a shell."

Dr. Townsend W. Thorndike, his chief at the Boston City Hospital, writes as follows: "He found his last exploit in an environment in perfect accord with his ideals of life, dying the way he had lived, in the midst of adventure, useful to the last. His saddened friends may well envy this glorious termination of his career."

Howe had been, from the start, an earnest student of the war and was eager for service in the cause of his Country. In 1916 he attended the first Plattsburg Camp, and because of his interest in military affairs, he became a member of Battalion "C" of the Massachusetts Militia, while practising medicine in Lawrence, and was transferred to Battalion "A" when he moved to Cambridge.

*For many of the facts in this article we are indebted to the "Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany."*



JOHN VAN WICHEREN REYNDERS, JR.

1909-1913

JACK REYNDERS was born on June 21st, 1895, in Harrisburg, Pa. He entered St. Paul's School in 1909, where his career was a thoroughly satisfactory one. He was an all-round boy, good in studies, good in games, a good mixer and a good boy. He quickly took his proper place among his fellows and by his Sixth Form year he was a team leader, with honors of various kinds coming to him. He was excellent in football and he captained the Isthmians; he was captain and stroke of the victorious Halcyon Second Crew and was chosen a member of the School Crew; he was Vice-President of the Missionary Society; he won the Vanderpoel prize in Physics and to round out his fine

career, he was awarded the highest honor of the year—The School Medal.

Should the writer, whose intimate contact with boy-life at St. Paul's extended over a period of years, be requested to name ten boys who, in his judgment, most nearly approached what we call the "Ideal Schoolboy," he would include as one of that group the name of Jack Reynders; not because of his scholarship, for he was not one of our brilliant students, nor yet because of his athletic prowess, for he was not a noted athlete, but because he combined qualities more enduring than records in ranking sheets and more to be desired than challenge cups—he had a sterling character and a sense of duty and of service seldom found in a boy, while underlying all this was a vital spiritual life that governed all his actions.

He was a *real* boy, overflowing with energy, often the very centre of rough-and-tumble mischief. He was leader in innocent pranks, as he was leader on the football field, but with all his love of fun he knew, better than most boys, where the line should be drawn, and his example was generally followed by those less conscientious. His strength and his influence over others came from his being entirely unconscious of his power of leadership, which was natural, and therefore the more forceful. Few boys in school have been as independent as he and none has had more mature and charming manners. His high ideals, his true and brave stand for the right were often taken up by his associates, and so he left the School a better place for his having been there.

While at Princeton he was a member of the Ivy Club, he rowed on his Freshman crew and was on the Varsity squad when his college course was interrupted. In the summer of 1916 he secured a position in the Westinghouse Plant in Pittsburgh, and worked on the manufacture of

9-2 inch British shells. By September he had attained such proficiency that he was asked to remain, so did not return to college until January, 1917. He had not been back a month when war seemed inevitable and, without waiting for the declaration, he left college in February—along with other Princeton men—with the encouragement and personal good wishes of President Hibben, and enlisted in the Naval Air Service on April 6th, 1917.

In the service but a few months, Jack Reynders early exhibited those traits of leadership and initiative that had made him a power in St. Paul's. He was instrumental, with several others, in establishing the Naval Air Station at Bayshore, L. I., much of the equipment and early resources having been provided through private individuals.

Jack's record at the station was next to the highest in a body of eighty student aviators in the final examinations, and he was one of the eleven detailed, out of two hundred and fifty, for special service in France. It was in his eagerness to put in his last necessary hours of flight—in a plane of faulty design, but the only one available—that he gave his life for his Country on November 4th, 1917. His unselfish devotion to duty, his diligence and the high esteem in which he was held by those with whom he came in contact is attested by many beautiful letters written, before and after his death, by his associates at Bayshore.

As his commission was to have been signed three days later, the Secretary of the Navy directed that he be given an officer's burial and an appropriate guard of honor was detailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Samuel S. Drury, the Rector of St. Paul's School, and Dr. Ernest M. Stires, in the Chantry of St. Thomas's Church, New York City, and his body was interred in Woodlawn Cemetery.

The sacrifice of this life must have its message. Such

sacrifices by thousands were necessary to set right, for coming generations, a world run mad. The lesson will not be forgotten. It is well for us to consider the sacrifice of such young lives, that the message may not go unheeded. Their willing sacrifice will stand as a glorious example of patriotism and devotion to duty, and as an inspiration for those that come after, so long as St. Paul's shall last.