

Generous to a degree and a great sportsman, we can imagine his feelings in regard to outraged Belgium in the early days of the war, and though his campaigning was brief, we know that he did his duty well, and that he freely gave his life for a grand cause—noble example for the boys of to-day and worthy of the great name he bore and of the great School he represented.



EDWARD CARTER SORTWELL

1902-1905

EDWARD CARTER SORTWELL was born in Cambridge, Mass., on March 25th, 1889, and was one of three brothers who attended St. Paul's School. One of the most outstanding characteristics of Edward Sortwell was his aggressive fearlessness. Endowed with a fine physique, he was keen about all sports and ready to face any risk, no matter how hard the play. Sortwell was only at St. Paul's for three years, where he was not distinguished as a student, but where he showed great promise in the physical life of the School, and made many friends, endearing himself to his companions by a sunny, genial disposition.

After leaving St. Paul's he studied at Harvard for three years, then entering the employ of the Ludlow Manufactur-

ing Associates. In 1916 we find him in Paris on his way home from Calcutta, where he had been in business for three years. In Paris the opportunity presented itself to him to join the American Ambulance Field Service and he enlisted for a term of six months. From May until September he served with Section 8 of the service in France. Late in September he volunteered to join Section 3 and go with it to Salonica, and he was accepted for this duty. Writing home on November 3rd, 1916, he described his journey to Salonica and his arrival there.

"We sailed from Marseilles on October 21st on the worst old transport imaginable. There were eight hundred Indo-China troops on board, and they were the dirtiest crowd I ever hope to see. We slept in the smoke-room nights, and in the day time we had no place to go but the deck. There had been no arrangements made to feed us, but after the first day it was arranged to give us two meals a day in the dining-room. We were eight days on that old boat and they were about the worst eight days I have ever spent. The only good part about it was that we had good clear, calm weather the whole way.

"We have been here now five days, waiting for our cars, which are on another boat, to arrive. There is no word about them at all as yet, so we cannot tell how long we will be here, but as soon as we get our cars and they are uncrated and in running order, we are to be sent right away to the front.

"We are living here in tents, eight in a tent, just on the outskirts of the town. Half the section is free every day, and I am down town writing this at a very attractive café, right on the water front, where we are going to have luncheon in about an hour. It is very nice, as the street cars run very close to where our tents are.

"This is a very funny place, and I have never seen so many

cafés in my life. The main street is all along the water front, and nearly every place on it is either a café or a 'movie.' There are troops and officers here from about every army on the Allies' side and you never saw such a conglomeration of uniforms in your life."

Eight days later he was struck by a heavy motor car, crossing a dark street at night in Salonica, and received a concussion from which he died the following Sunday night, November 12th, 1916. He was buried in the French cemetery, having a military funeral with an escort of eighteen soldiers, with bayonets fixed. Four of his American associates in the Ambulance Service acted as pallbearers at his funeral, which was conducted by a Protestant minister. Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, Director General of the American Ambulance Field Service, wrote to Sortwell's mother as follows:

"Your son has left in the memory of all of those who were associated with him, both in the section with which he first went to the front and the section to which he was transferred, as well as with us of the base staff, a fine record of arduous and, in many cases, dangerous work, eagerly and courageously performed; an example of manly endurance in the performance of duty which will not be forgotten. He was always ready for whatever task was assigned him. He never hesitated and never shirked before a dangerous mission.

"He is the third of our American volunteers to give his life in the service of France in her great hours of peril, and in his sacrifice he has added one more link to the bonds of friendship which have bound our two countries since their earliest days."