us, though short, expressed but a page in the good life that he led and that he would have achieved success in any calling had he been longer spared to you."

Though full of the promise of great things, his was already a life singularly complete. The fire of high purpose, the strong power of leading along the right road, heroic deeds, the love of friends, the joy of life, all were here. His soldiering was the perfect fruit from the flower of his school days.

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Citation.

1. "For distinguished and exceptional gallantry at Bois de Belleau on June 8th, 1918, in the operations of A. E. F., in testimony thereof and as an expression of appreciation of his valor, I award him this citation June 2nd, 1919.

   JOHN J. PERSHING,
   Commander-in-Chief."

2. "For extraordinary heroism in action near Belleau Wood, France, June 17th, 1918. During the advance of the 43rd Company of Marines, Sergeant Reath, with great coolness and devotion to duty, attacked an enemy machine gun nest, killing three of the enemy, captured the two remaining members of the crew, thus enabling his company to continue the advance. This heroic deed was performed by Sergeant Reath under intense machine gun fire and greatly inspired the members of his company."

3. "On June 23, 1918, in Belleau Wood, France, his company was under a heavy and devastating fire of artillery and machine guns. The Company Commander was endeavoring to send an important message to his Battalion Commander. Several messengers had been sent, none had returned, all having been killed or wounded in the endeavor to pass the intervening open ground. Knowing all this, Sergeant Reath volunteered to try to get the message through. In the performance of this duty he was killed."

DAVID EVERETT WHEELER
1887-1890

David Everett Wheeler was born in New York City, November 23rd, 1872, the son of Everett P. and Lydia L. (Hodges) Wheeler. The environment of David's boyhood days was entirely metropolitan, which is strange in view of the great love for the wilderness and the out-of-doors that so strongly marked his more mature years. David attended the Berkeley School in New York for a number of years, going from there to St. Paul's School in 1887.

From the School records his membership is shown in the 3rd, 4th and 7th Forms. From 1889 to 1890 he was a member of the Fifth Form (Scientific) and lived in the Farm House. During the same year he was a member of
the Executive Committee of the Scientific Association, and
chairman of the Ornithological Section of the Association.
In athletics he competed in the School "Hare and Hounds"
in 1887, 1888 and 1889, taking 3rd, 5th and 1st places
respectively. In 1889 he played on the third football team
of the Delphians. On leaving St. Paul's School he entered
Williams College, remaining there until 1893, when he
entered Columbia University and graduated in 1894, win-
nig his "C" in the mile walk. He then entered the college
of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University from
which he graduated in 1898. While in Williams College
he became a member of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

On June 10th, 1898, he married Mabel B. Whitney, of
Boston, Mass. For several years he actively practised his
profession in New York, giving his interest primarily to
the surgical side of it. Later Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler re-
moved to Buffalo, where Dr. Wheeler continued in surgical
practice for nine years and achieved a position of note in
his profession.

In spite of his birth amongst the paved streets and brick
and stone houses of New York, David Wheeler showed,
from his boyhood, a great love of the out-of-doors and a
keen interest in all that pertained to outdoor life and wild
creatures. In physique he was comparatively small, but of
a strength and hardihood beyond that of men greatly ex-
ceeding him in height and weight. After college days this
love of the out-of-doors attracted David into the wilder-
ness. On one of his first trips he met the famous New
Brunswick guide, Henry Braithwaite, and for a number
of years spent his vacations in the New Brunswick forests
with this famous guide, than whom there was no better
woodsman and hunter, and from him learned the art of
woodcraft and the ways of the wilderness, and assimilated

IN THE GREAT WAR

a deeper love for the wilderness with all of its hardships,
and yet wonderful return to those who love it.

Following his New Brunswick hunting trips the lure of
the silent places attracted David to the great north, and
several trips into the Canadian wilds followed. On some
of these trips Mrs. Wheeler was his enthusiastic com-
panion, enduring the hardships and enjoying the beauties
of winter in the great woods of the north. A winter's
vacation was spent, without guides, in penetrating the
Canadian forests north as far as the railroad then ran.
From there it was snow shoes and toboggan until a little
snow shelter was built. Here Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler spent
what they both said was one of the most delightful vac-
cations they ever passed, and all this in the month of January.

During the winter of 1910 David spent three months
in the lodge of Germania, chief of the Edge-of-the-Woods,
Dog-Rib Indians. For this whole period he never heard
a word of English spoken, or had a pound of food except
what he and the Indians killed for themselves. An account
of this trip and of the studies made was published in the
Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, of
April 1914 (Vol. XII, No. 2). The region covered was
near old Fort Rae, which stands near the head of the
north arm of Great Slave Lake. Later David was able
to accomplish a long desired quest, namely, that of studying
and finding the musk-ox on the Northern Tundra. It re-
quired two winter trips to bring this about. The first year,
going out over the Barren, across the Coppermine River,
resulted in a failure. No caribou were met with. The
Indian guides were reluctant, the dog teams gave out, and
after great hardship and danger, David made his way back
on foot, and for the last few stages of the journey, hungry
and alone. Not daunted by this experience the next winter
found him again in the north country and again travelling over the frozen lakes with his own dog team and, finally, with an Indian guide, he reached the musk-ox country in the Barren northlands, and there accomplished his long cherished desire of seeing the musk-ox under the northern wintry skies and he succeeded in bringing back a splendid specimen as a fit trophy for this long and hard trip.

Much of David's travel in the north country was alone with his dog team. One incident which he described was an experience on one of the frozen lakes, where the success or failure of his whole trip was dependent upon his reaching the line of caribou migration. He was alone with his dog team with scarcely any food, but finally in the dim light of an arctic day he saw the first out-posts of a great herd of caribou crossing the lake. Fastening up his dog team to his overturned tobogan he managed to intercept the migrating line and, lying in a hollow made in the snow, he opened fire on the bands of caribou passing and obtained food sufficient for his dogs and himself, but at an expenditure of such a number of cartridges that it was a serious item. As he pictured, however, the bitter cold, the driving snow, the dim light of the arctic day, the shadowy forms of the caribou as they drifted by before the wind, one could realize that here were difficulties for the hunter far beyond those ordinarily met with.

At the commencement of the war the spirit of the explorer and the adventurer compelled his steps to the east and October, 1914, found him in France, as one of a corps of surgeons whose services were offered by the Duchess of Talleyrand to the French government. He was stationed for some months at a British Red Cross hospital, established in the Chateau Annel at Longueil Annel, three miles from the German trenches. It was here that he saw the first use of poison gas by the Germans. To some of us he has described this experience, the pitiful struggle of the Canadian soldiers for breath, unable to stand, unable to lie down, coughing, coughing, coughing, and finally choking to death, with nothing to aid them. There was no knowledge then of any treatment that could alleviate their suffering, or help them in their crossing of the Great Divide. It must have been, and was, a terrible and bitter experience. It was this experience that made him reach the determination to give his services in actual warfare, and in February, 1915, he enlisted in the Foreign Legion of the French Army and was sent for training to a camp situated in the valley of the Rhine, near Lyons. The old well known and picturesque element in the legion was, at that time, only a nucleus for enthusiastic men who, for love of one or the other of the Allies, aligned themselves in her ranks to be almost annihilated in each great battle which she entered. David Wheeler was sent to the front as a soldier of the second class soon after the hard fighting in Arras in July, and was almost immediately plunged into the battle of the Champagne. A description in his own words of the charge in which he fell, severely wounded, is as follows:

"I jumped the pile of bodies and looked around for my place in the line, but I no longer had any place. There was not one man of our squad left—not one face in the line I knew. I followed the Commandant and Captain who were the only men left that I could recognize. It seemed like a 'Hare and Hounds' cross country race. As the field dropped out the prize seemed sure. We crossed the trench of the Archduchess at an oblique angle, at a point where it was held by Trailliers. The fire was so hot they dared not put their heads up to shoot, but they
crouched down completely concealed by the breastworks. When we reached the cover of a little wood there were only about five men in sight, following the few officers who were left. As many more had broken ranks and reached the woods ahead of us. They were lying in a barbed wire entanglement or were trying to pry, with their rifles, the strands from the stakes. As we entered the wood a spall of bullets separated us from our officers. It ruffled the earth as a cat’s paw of wind ruffles still water. I think a machine gun must have come to rest and sprayed all its bullets on this one spot. We privates hesitated as one hesitates at the edge of a brook, seen unexpectedly across the path. ‘Jump’ called Tortel. I was the only one who made the leap safely, and in doing so I got a bullet graze on the left leg and a coat tail torn by a ricochet. One of the men fell in the track of the bullets and was rolled over and over by them. Pack, pack, pack! they sounded on his body, which they drove six feet along the earth before it came to rest. I took my pipe out of my mouth, presented arms, as the regulations required when speaking to an officer, and said to Captain Tortel, “Mon Capitaine, je n’ai pas de cravate! Est il assez chaud?” His rather expressionless face relaxed, in the dry humorous look which usually presaged his remarks, but before he could say anything he dropped on his back, apparently dead. I believe a bullet, deflected by hitting chalk first, cut the great veins at the base of his heart. (Major) Declée ordered one of the men lying in the barbed wire to tear at the obstruction, but the private was hit just as he was obeying the order. One of the wounded called out, “Couchez! Couchez vous, mon Commandant,” but Commandant Declée paid no attention to this advice. He remained standing motionless, leaning on his sheathed sword and waiting for death. The official report says his body was found riddled with bullets. The next moment I found myself lying on the ground ...

After a crawl of several hours, refusing aid himself and helping many by the way, David reached a dressing station. He was given the Croix de Guerre with citation which reads, “Etant blessé lui même a avec le plus grand calme, panse sous un feu violent de mousqueterie un de ses camarades grievement blessé.”

Many months in the hospital, and a convalescence in America, found him discharged from the French Army and ready again to take up work.

He made a contract of six months with the British War Office and was sent for duty to the Reading War Hospital. Near by was the estate of his chum, also a private in the legion, Col. Elkington, with whom many pleasant hours of reminiscence were spent, when off duty. In September, 1917, he crossed to Paris, obtained an American Commission almost immediately, as 1st Lieutenant in the Medical Officers’ Reserve Corps, and was attached to the Sixteenth Infantry. This regiment was from that time continuously in service, first in the Toul sector, then the Montdidier-Noyon defensive, where he took part in the 4th of July raid at Cantigny, and the Aisne-Marne offensive. Here he fell, before Soissons on July 19th, 1918. He received division and army citations for gallantry in action. A fellow officer sums up his especial place in the regiment: “We had other surgeons but he was the only one who hunted up the wounded, without their seeking him. In an assemblage as notable for bravery as the Sixteenth Infantry, he was eminent for courage, and among officers whose pride was their attention to their men, he was foremost. His conduct was the standard to which the infantry desired medical officers to conform and none in my experience came near him.”
In the Kappa Alpha Fraternity Lodge at Williamstown, there has been placed a bronze tablet to his memory and to that of three other members of the fraternity. It bears the words

QUI FUERUNT SED NUNC AD ASTRA