

THE QUARTO

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FROM THE FRONT

The emotional and psychological importance—the morale value—of communication between

family members and friends separated and at a distance can hardly be exaggerated. All the more so during wartime among men and women fighting for their countries and putting their lives on the line in very foreign places. Although today's technology can, in an instant, link a soldier in Afghanistan with her family in Kentucky, the cry "mail call" and the tangible heft of a letter or package can still whip soldiers and sailors into a state of frenzied anticipation.

The Clements Library is known for the quantity, variety, and quality of its collections documenting the military aspects of American history. Many of these are official documents, the writings of Thomas Gage, or Henry Clinton, or Eyre Coote and their subordinates. But what of the thoughts and opinions of the men and women of lower rank that were seldom

expressed or written down? What of the recollections and feelings of the Marine light infantryman who marched to Lexington or the

so that fear, frustration, and loneliness are minimized. Truly personal letters are the documents most likely to contain unvarnished information and pointed

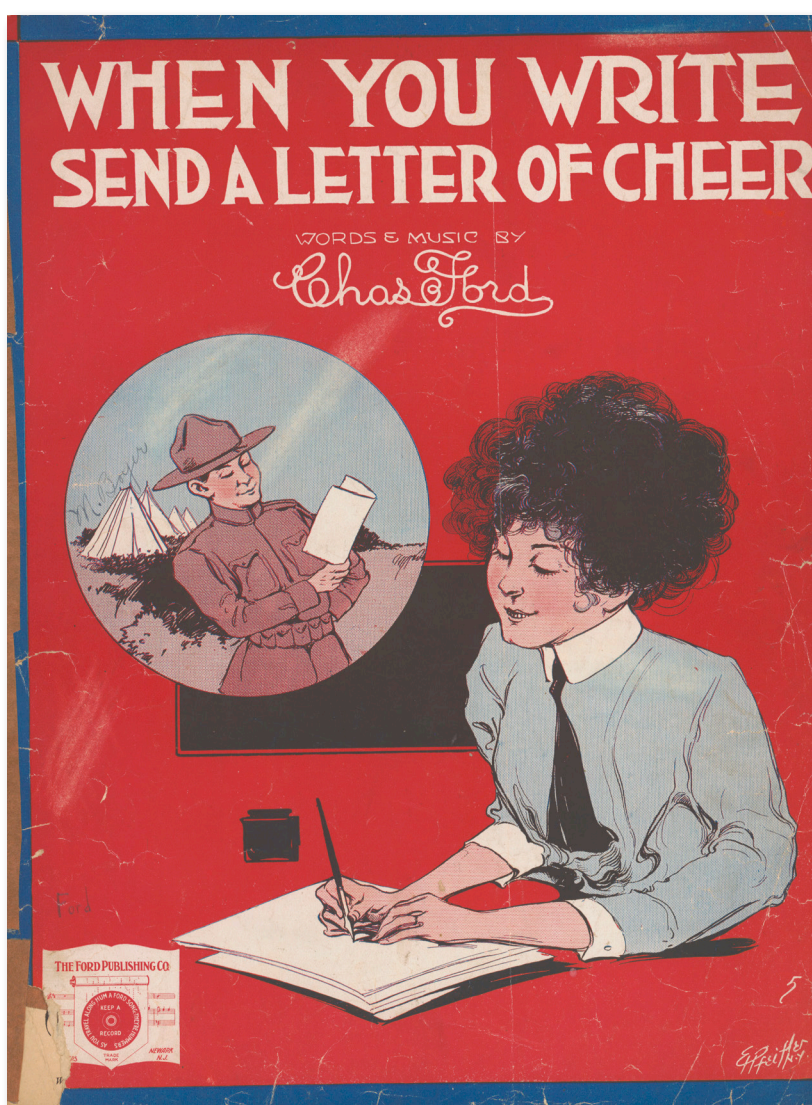
opinions.

This issue of *The Quarto* explores some of our unofficial correspondence between the war and the home front. Sara Quashnie and Jayne Ptolemy discuss letters to and from home; Brian Dunnigan looks at a pair of maps produced by a soldier at the front in 1812.

Jakob Dopp and Louie Miller examine more unconventional sources—news of wartime atrocities in the Philippines and a remarkable project to demonstrate the appalling casualties of the First World War. And, once again, Clayton Lewis shows how drawn images, whether of cavalry troopers or aircraft carriers, can do the work of hundreds of words.

This issue of *The Quarto* also exposes an anomaly in the Clements Library's collecting practices. Officially, we collect primary source material (in its original format) that supports

the study of the history of the Americas from the Age of European Discovery to 1900.



The Ford Company of Newark, New Jersey, published this colorful piece of Great War sheet music. It expresses personal patriotism and encourages the practice of writing to U.S. service personnel in France.

Michigan trooper who rode with Custer at Gettysburg? These do not often appear in official documents and, if they do, are often tempered



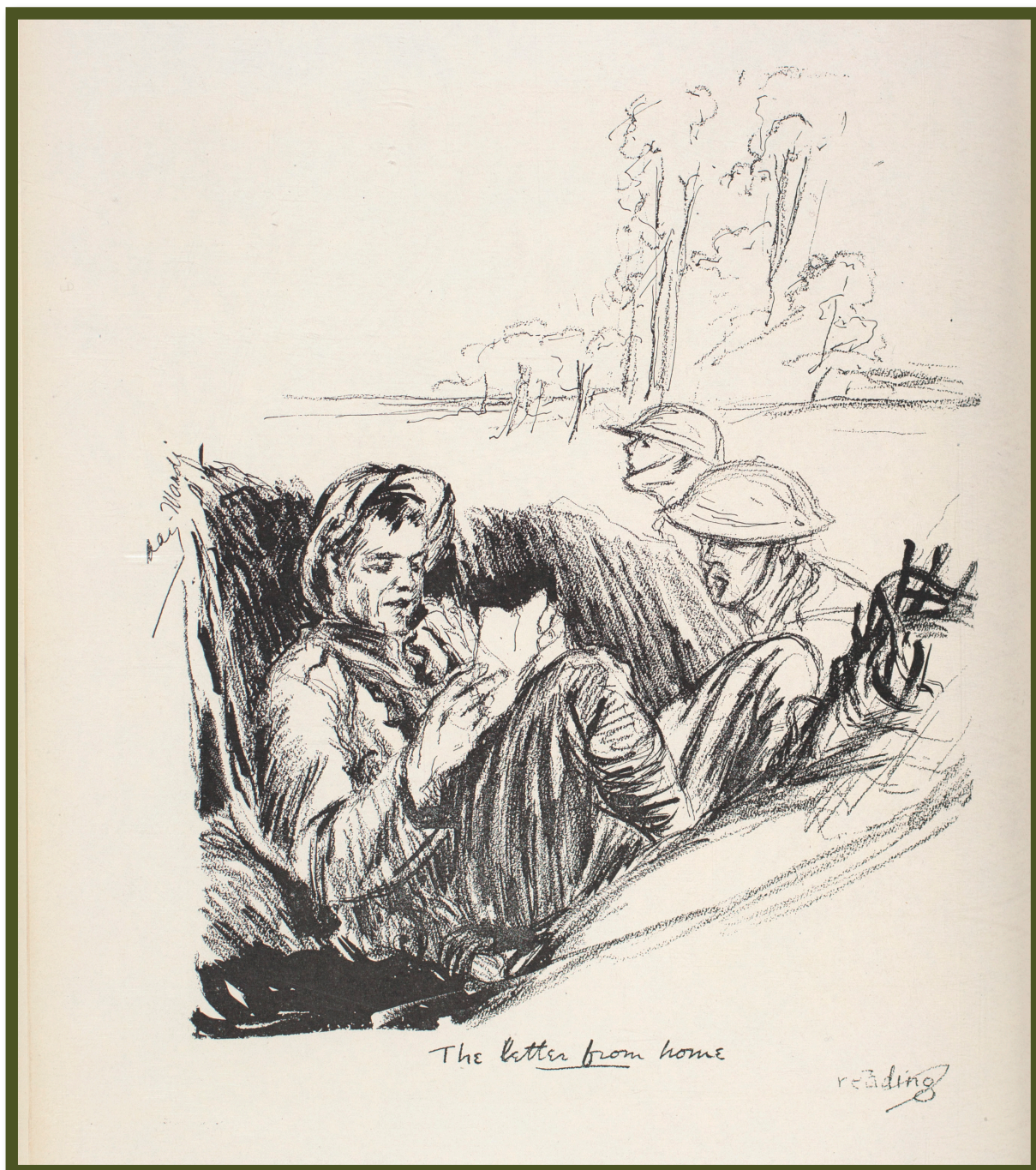
However, our manuscript holdings on the World Wars, Korea, and even Vietnam, are extensive (some 350 collections). Normally, we do not purchase items in that date range, but we are happy to accept them as gifts in kind so they can be comparatively studied alongside letters from earlier conflicts. So, if you are interested in ensuring the preservation of the post-1900 military papers of a relative or friend, I hope

you will consider the Clements Library an appropriate repository. In addition to being carefully preserved, the collections will be consulted by scholars from across the globe.

In closing, my final and much-regretted responsibility is to announce that this issue of *The Quarto*, its 50th, will also be my last as editor. I plan to retire on June 30, 2019. Most fortunately,

Terese Austin, our very capable Head of Reader Services, will pick up the reins for number 51 and subsequent issues. We look forward to *The Quarto*, the Clements Library Associates' official publication, remaining as handsome and informative as ever.

—Brian Leigh Dunnigan
Associate Director &
Curator of Maps



"The letter from home" – read under uncomfortable conditions at the front.
Drawing by C. LeRoy Baldrige (1889-1977).

THE ONLY CONSOLATION LEFT ME

The American Revolution is usually remembered for its most dramatic moments: Washington crossing the Delaware, the critical victory at Saratoga, or the British surrender at Yorktown. Between these momentous battles, however, were considerable lulls in the action. Continental Army soldiers found themselves in camp much of the time, particularly during the winter when eighteenth-century armies usually withdrew from active campaigning until after the spring thaw. Valley Forge, the most famous of these winter encampments, typifies the brutal cold, rough environment, and shortages of supply encountered by the troops. Life in the army was often a dull and miserable existence far from home. As well as a desire to keep in touch, soldiers wrote letters to distant loved ones to alleviate boredom and provide distraction from their harsh living conditions.

The North American colonies had swiftly adopted a documentary culture in the eighteenth century due to the need to correspond with family, business associates, and faith leaders not only along the eastern seaboard but also across the Atlantic. Booming trade fueled an emphasis on mercantile education, including reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as the growth of a middle class that embraced letter writing for both business and personal affairs. Equally important was a postal system to deliver these letters. While the colonial post was rudimentary at best, with correspondence often lost or significantly delayed, it served as a vital lifeline for the Continental Army's success.

Thus, the need for a letterbook. Letterbooks first gained popularity in the

business world as a method of documenting correspondence in a single, orderly place. Correspondents soon adopted them as a means of keeping track of personal and official mail. Bound volumes

Captain Minne Voorhees of New Brunswick, New Jersey, kept one such letterbook. Voorhees, who served as a commissary and quartermaster with the Flying Hospital and Quartermaster

General's Department, recorded letters he sent and received from 1776 to 1793 in a small bound volume recently acquired by the Clements. Throughout his correspondence with various family and friends, Voorhees provided accounts of battles and caring for the sick and wounded, along with frequent complaints of boredom and romantic troubles. He also pleaded repeatedly for his recipients to send replies (which might not arrive due to British and Loyalist efforts to intercept and destroy Continental Army mail). Letters

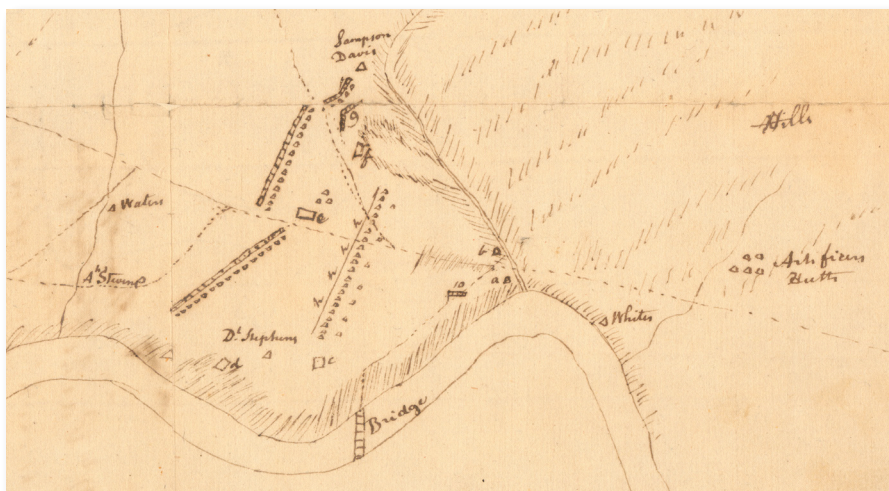
provided a welcome distraction from the mundane and difficult life of a soldier and were also crucial for maintaining connections with loved ones far away.

Voorhees was prolific in his letter writing, aided by the fact that soldiers



General Washington and his aide, the marquis de Lafayette, visit their troops at a snowy Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, during the bitter winter of 1777-1778. By 1874, when this print appeared, Valley Forge had become synonymous with the sacrifice and suffering of the poorly supplied Continental Army.

of blank pages were especially practical for soldiers who required a means of securely recording copies of the myriad letters and orders they were receiving and sending.



Loyalist James Parker (1729-1815) is believed to have surreptitiously drawn this plan of the American winter encampment at Valley Forge in 1778. His sketch map was found in the Sir Henry Clinton Papers.

From G. W. in Providence
 Dear M— you can't expect any news from this virtuous
 part of the world (as it's commonly call'd) but news overcast
 with the most gloomy aspect— The effects of the
 late unfortunate affair, is still visible on the countenances
 of all ranks of people except the General himself—
 who to do him justice bears the whole with a degree
 of philosophy hardly to be credited— Health and
 cheerfulness are his constant companions—he loves
 and is belov'd by his army— In short he's a great,
 good, but unfortunate man— Our late retreat from

"He loves and is belov'd by his army," George Wilson wrote of George Washington in a 1778 letter from Providence, Rhode Island. Voorhees or a clerk then copied the original text into his letterbook to save it for future reference.

in the Continental Army could send mail free of charge. His correspondents ranged from siblings to young women back in New Brunswick, as well as fellow soldiers (many of whom were relatives or friends from home). As he noted about the hardships of army life, "there is perhaps none greater, than being depriv'd of the conversation of our old and intimate friends." Homesickness was constant, especially after his return from leave ("the length of time that I have been at home—makes my absence from it—seem the more tedious"). Far from loved ones and the comforts of home, Voorhees struggled with meager rations, harsh terrain, and isolation. "[M]y habitation [is] nothing but a sheeting roof and walls," he wrote, "the only consolation left me, is thinking over the agreeable scenes I've past."

Life in the army was not entirely miserable though, and Voorhees had much to keep himself busy. As a member of the Flying Hospital, he attended to those wounded in battle or ill with diseases such as dysentery and typhus. Many of his letters discuss the doctors and medical personnel at the hospital and provide insight into their education, including a friend's attendance at lectures in Philadelphia. His work securing supplies on behalf of the Quartermaster General's Department also occupied much of his time as common shortages were often accompanied by rising prices. However, morale appears to have been on the rise when Voorhees noted in the summer of 1778 that the soldiers "gain strength daily from discipline as well as numbers."

subjects has preoccupied young men throughout history—women. Voorhees's letters are full of observations, musings, and requests for information about various female acquaintances. Not always the most successful in romantic affairs, Minne Voorhees at times vowed to swear off women altogether. More often than not, however, he expounded upon the virtues of the "Angels and Goddesses" he encountered. His friends were preoccupied as well with comments ranging from advice to avoid prostitutes ("vile Jades") to cheerful accounts of "such a frolick—I have turn'd country buck." Of course, it was all fun and games until someone actually fell in love. In one letter, Voorhees lamented the plight of his friend Campbell after he "reciev'd a fatal wound by some of cupid's mischievous darts . . . he is transform'd into the wild fickle buck." His sentiments ring true today.

Perhaps the most moving of the letters are those concerning the death of Voorhees's cousin, Captain Peter Voorhees

(1758-1779). Away from the front lines of the war, Captain Voorhees was home in New Brunswick on October 26, 1779, when Loyalist forces attacked.

Devotion to their Commander-in-Chief is also evident, and he remarked upon the deep regard the troops had for General George Washington (1732-1799). "Your character of the General gives me great pleasure, as it must every friend to America," he wrote his friend, George Wilson, with hopes for a time when "fortune herself will be oblig'd to do him justice."

One of the most frequently discussed

Reportedly incapacitated in the midst of battle and killed, Captain Voorhees's death left the town reeling, none more so than his fiancée. Minne Voorhees's letterbook contains a series of letters related to the incident. The first were from Voorhees's sisters describing the attack and the local militia's response, followed by a short exchange between Minne and Peter Voorhees's fiancée.

The grief over Captain Voorhees's death is evident throughout the letters, as well as the fact that the attack brought the war home to New Brunswick in a way it had not previously. Before local militia routed the Loyalists in the surrounding woods, the attackers burned several prominent buildings, ransacked homes, and destroyed a number of boats in neighboring towns. In the midst of battle, Captain Voorhees was "brutally murdered and butchered." "My heart was united to him by all the ties of love" wrote his heartbroken fiancée, "[b]ut in the height of my afflictions it is a beam of comfort to my distressed soul, that he fell in defence of his bleeding country—covered with honours, and lamented by all that knew him." While utterly devastated by the loss of her betrothed, there still remained the comfort of her patriotic sentiments.

Minne Voorhees's letterbook provides valuable firsthand accounts of life as a Continental Army soldier. Battles may occupy the spotlight but the goings-on behind the lines play an equally crucial role. Thus, documents that reveal the preoccupations of these soldiers and their social circles afford historians the opportunity to realize a fuller understanding of our nation's past.

—Sara Quashnie
 Library Assistant

Minne Voorhees wrote in one letter that the greatest hardship of his current situation was being "depriv'd of the conversations of his old and frequently most valuable friends." Only a "steady correspondence" could ease the problem.

a soldier—that he is depriv'd of the conversation of his
 old—and frequently most valuable friends—this at
 least is among the greatest hardships of my present
 situation—tho it might be greatly alleviated by a
 steady correspondence—for certainly next to conversing
 with—writing to a friend is the greatest pleasure
 can enjoy—But unhappily for me, a letter from
 Brunswick is almost as rare as the sight of some of
 its inhabitants—By this time I suppose you
 will wonder that I have not yet thought of

I HAVE DREW A SKETCH

In the early summer of 1812 the United States declared war on Great Britain. Years of friction at sea and in the forests of Ohio and the Great Lakes set off a conflict that would continue for more than two and one half years. The outcome was, at best, a tie, and no territory permanently changed hands. But the United States had asserted itself on the world stage, and the war sent Canada off on a course independent of her neighbor to the south.

The fighting called for a major effort on the part of the United States, and the country greatly increased the size of its regular army, made use of volunteer units, and relied, sometimes too heavily, on militia. The Clements Library has many examples of personal correspondence from the War of 1812, not just by officers but by enlisted men as well. They fought on many fronts, and those who could write seem to have kept up a lively correspondence with wives, mothers, fathers, and more distant relatives as well.

The writer/mapmaker of these two examples of folk cartography

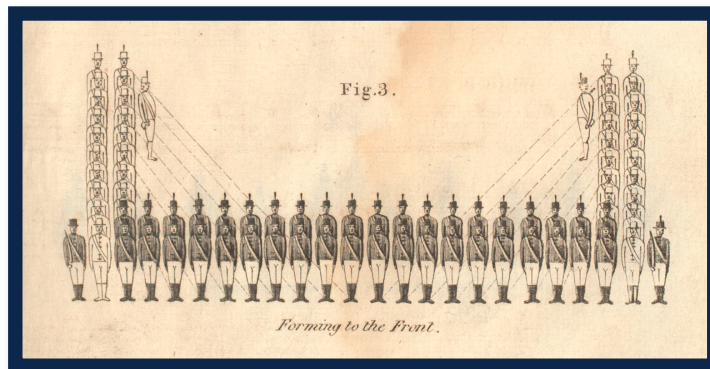
was a fellow named John Widney of Concord, Pennsylvania, who volunteered with "Captain Harper's company of infantry," a unit of Pennsylvania volunteer militia, during 1812. Our soldier might have been the John Widney who was born in County Monaghan, Ireland on November 10, 1779, and died at Concord, Franklin County, Pennsylvania in August 1837. Widney mailed the first of his two letters from Meadville, Pennsylvania, on October 3, 1812, to his

cousin Samuel Williams of Chillicothe, Ohio. Other than some family issues, Widney primarily sent news relating to the disastrous Northwest campaign of that summer which had left Detroit in the hands of the British. The letter does not mention either map. Widney reported only some militia politics and that the march from Pittsburgh to Meadville had been over "Very bad roads." Meadville was on the route to Lake Erie and its two port towns, Buffalo, New

York, and Erie, Pennsylvania. John Widney's term of enlistment probably expired with the year 1812. There is no evidence that he spent the winter in either Buffalo or Erie, so he most likely returned to Concord and ended his military adventure.

Widney penned his second surviving letter on May 10, 1813, this time as a citizen in Concord. He had some unfinished business with his cousin, Samuel, in Chillicothe: "Agreeable to my promise and your request," he wrote, "I send enclosed a map of Black Rock and its vicinity and on the opposite side I have drew a sketch of Presque Isle on Erie." These are done but roughly as my Materials were none of the best and I have neither dividers nor scale, nevertheless it will serve to give you a tolerable good idea of their Situations."

The two maps are actually quite



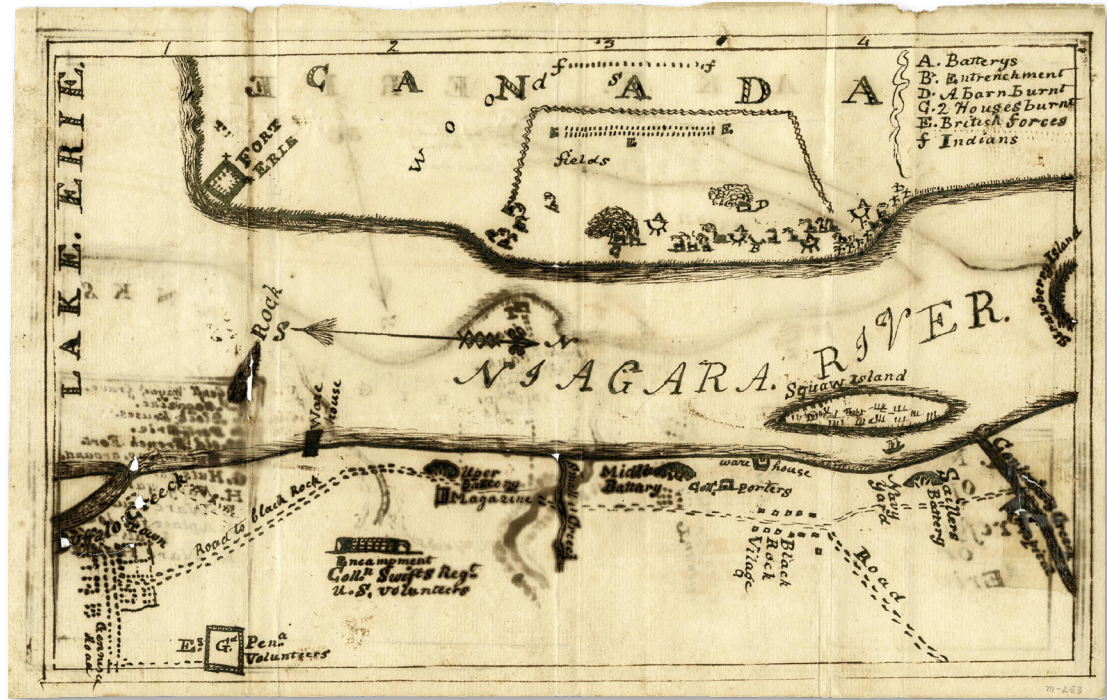
Both in camp and in the field, troops drilled regularly to perfect their tactical skills. Repetition was necessary, but it provided very little news to write home about. Here a company is "forming to the front [going from column to line]" in an illustration from William Duane's A Hand Book for Riflemen (Philadelphia, 1813).



John Widney's plan of Erie, Pennsylvania, 1812-1813.

good, showing geographical and topographical details plus some positioning of military units. The map of Black Rock, which is untitled, shows the head of the Niagara River, encampments, fortifications, and opposing batteries. The British hold the Canadian side. At lower left Widney drew Buffalo Creek and the ten-year-old town of the same name. Just to the right of Buffalo is a square encampment labeled “Pena. Volunteers,” no doubt Widney’s bivouac.

John Widney’s other effort, “Map of Presque Isle or Erie” shows similar details. Our soldier probably passed through Erie on his march to and from Buffalo. He did not identify the encampment of the Pennsylvanians, perhaps because Erie was only a quick stop in each direction.



John Widney sketched the topography and fortifications on opposite sides of the Upper Niagara River as they were during the winter of 1813. Niagara Falls is to the right, and Buffalo is at lower left. On the verso Widney drew a map of Erie, Pennsylvania.

The two maps, drawn by a Pennsylvania soldier and sent to enlighten a cousin in the State of Ohio, might well be the earliest renderings of Erie and Buffalo in their roles as U.S. naval bases on Lake Erie. These fresh-water naval ports would provide the support, later in

1813, to allow Oliver Hazard Perry (1785-1819) to build the fleet that would be victorious at the Battle of Lake Erie on September 10, 1813.

—Brian Leigh Dunnigan
Associate Director & Curator of Maps



David Bates Douglass (1790-1849), a trained engineer, drew the most accurate plan of the American position during the 1814 siege of Fort Erie. It was engraved and appeared in Port Folio magazine in 1816. Fort Erie appears at upper left in Widney’s Niagara River map (top of page).

THE ARTILLERY OF LOVE

By May of 1777 Major General Nathanael Greene (1742-1786) had already been serving in the Continental Army for two years. Camp life was tiring and he missed his wife, Catharine (1755-1814). "I returned last Night from Peaks Kill after a long tedious and hard Journey," he wrote, describing his recent experiences in New Jersey. "To crown all I fell from my Horse upon the Top of an exceeding high Mountain, cut my lip through and otherwise bruised myself exceedingly." It was not a good day, but upon arriving at his night's lodging he caught word that Catharine was on her way to see him. "O how my Heart leapt for Joy; notwithstanding I was sure it was impossible yet the thought was so pleasing I could not help indulging the sweet delusion." Nathanael knew that the trials of travel, the state of the Revolution, and health concerns would delay his wife (which they did, keeping her from him for another month), but homesickness and the fatigues of conflict amplified his desire to be reunited with her. Renowned for his skill in supplying the army as quartermaster general and later leading his men to victories as commander of the Southern Department, Nathanael Greene was also quite simply a man deeply in love. "My heart pants to see you," he wrote to Catharine, missing her all the while they were apart.

For all the technological factors that distinguish one war from another, there are always striking similarities that unite soldiers' experiences. Accounts of the brutality of battles, marches, and camp life are often tempered by sweet recollections of loved ones at home. During the War of 1812, David Bates Douglass served as a lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, and in the summer of 1814 he made a difficult trek from West Point to the Canadian border. En route he purchased a locket to hold entwined clippings of his and his fiancée's hair. "It hangs round my neck by the cord you made—a charm to shield me from danger and spur me on to noble deeds." He wore that locket while fighting in the Battle of Lundy's Lane (July 25, 1814), one of the bloodiest engagements of the war. Four days after the pitched battle that ended an American invasion of



*Many soldiers' letters contained small mementos such as these pressed flowers.
Photograph by Austin Thomason, Michigan Photography.*

Upper Canada, he wrote to Ann Ellicott (pet name "Ellen") to tell her he had come through unscathed, if exhausted from constant service. "I have been three weeks in Canada & have had the ground for my bed & sometimes the heavens for my covering the whole time," he complained. "I have lain

down often drenched with rain in my boots spurs & even my leather chapeau & never without the main part of my dress—Yet my dearest girl all this fatigue, vexation, & danger, has continually endeared my Ellen to me more & more."

The worse the conditions, the more tantalizing thoughts of home became. Ann weighed heavily on David's mind, even while the harrowing demands of war loomed all around. Letters played a large part in keeping the lovers connected. In the thick of the siege of Fort Erie in August 1814, as the Americans defended against a protracted British assault, Douglass clung to letters from his beloved. "When your letter of the 9th came to hand I had just crept under an old tent that leaned against the ruins of a stone house in rear of my gun." Rest was coveted, but men knew that letters from home were even more so and they awakened Douglass to deliver the note. "After Dark every thing here is transacted in silence & darkness, however I had a dark lanthorn burning under the gun to which I hastened & broke the seal. It was with difficulty I could read by the dim light I allowed myself and one of the bombardiers observed it in a whisper which I overheard—'Ah let him alone' said another 'the Lieut knows the



David Bates Douglass (1790-1849) in the uniform of a U.S. topographical engineer, ca. 1815. Oil portrait owned by his descendants.



Soldiers of an Illinois regiment relax in camp. Several of the men hold letters from home, though many more seem to have been without.

hand writing d—d well I'll warrant you." The men were not only united by the shared drudgeries and traumas of war but also by the joy brought by letters from sweethearts and loved ones. They would not prevent another soldier from treasuring that moment.

Letters from the Civil War document the same excitement about receiving mail. Joseph Field wrote to his wife Kittie while serving in Virginia with the 2nd Massachusetts Artillery in 1864, describing the moment her letter was delivered. "You don't know how quick it came open and the contents were eagerly and perhaps greedily devoured. You ask me how often I think of you. Darling, I am thinking of you all the time." Soldiers repeatedly stated how important missives from home were to them, punctuating the intermittent tedium and terror of war. However, the vagaries of mail delivery during active campaigning, combined with less than enthusiastic correspondents, could leave soldiers disappointed when they did not receive letters. C. Frank Shepard of the 1st Michigan Calvary chided his wife, Amanda, for not fulfilling her promise to write every other day. "If you knew my heart as I know it, and loved me as I

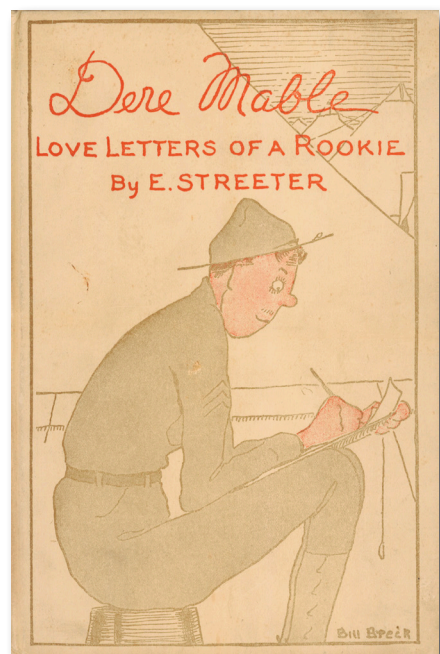
while stationed in Lebanon, Kentucky, in early 1862, P. V. Fox argued with his wife Ida: "Perhaps you cannot appreciate the difference between sitting down at the desk when everything is ready to write at any time,—and pitching tents, unpacking everything, getting wood, cooking meals, drawing rations for men & animals, looking after the welfare of all—stationing guard, and attending to innumerable calls & questions . . . How much could you write being comfortably situated? & how do you think I could write often wet & cold with a muddy ground & a cloth tent?" Love expresses itself not only through sweet remembrances and tender words but also with cranky reprimands and snide remarks. Both speak of a heart full of love and worry, longing for reunion and reassurances that all is well.

Of course, not all mail contained welcome news. While stationed at Camp Hamilton, Virginia, in October 1864, Charles M. Heath received an unpleasant letter from a young woman with whom he had been corresponding. "We have been quite *intimate* for the last eight months, and so *much so*, that she has written me as often as every *week almost!* and by the way, we *exchanged*

love you, you would make it a grand object and aim to write almost if not every day . . . It is true as the fact that I exist that amid all the excitement of the army I am lonely very lonely, because I am deprived of your society. And in the still hours of night my dreams are with you continually." Loved ones back home just as frequently rebuked soldiers for failing to write. Defending himself against one such allegation

Pictures . . . She has been very affectionate until the last time she wrote, *then*, she told me, that she has for some time, been engaged to a young man by the name of *George H. Willard?*" Upset by this revelation, Heath requested the return of his photographs, to which he received no reply. "I told her in my *last*, that if she did not send them, I should send her letters that she has *written* me to her *Mother*, but it dont seem to *scare her much*, and I wouldnt do *that*, not for my right *hand*, and you know my right hand has been gone, over a year now! and here I am, writing to *you*, with my left *hand*." While still caring for the woman, refusing to scare her even for the return of his amputated hand, the soldier was clearly miffed. Getting such a romantic rebuff could sting even more while on the battlefield.

Corresponding soldiers, seeking comfort and care from home, could misinterpret kindly letters written by female friends. Mary Conant found herself in such a tricky situation. She was devoted to her fiancé, Doctor Tarbell, wrote to him frequently, and expressed her love often. She was simultaneously writing to another soldier, as her mother had promised she would. However, after receiving a valentine from him and seeing that he "subscribed himself my 'dévoué ami-' my devoted friend. I have coolly used with my signature Respectfully _____. Thinking it was best to inform him to stand back." The



A doughboy writes from camp.

ardors of war, mingled with those of the heart, could be a combustive combination. This proved true for both Union and Confederate soldiers. Maria Davis of Richmond, Virginia, wrote to a Captain Anderson, noting his service at the Battle of Ream's Station during the Siege of Petersburg. "You have really been unfortunate in being exposed to *two fires*; that of the enemy, and of another scarcely *less dangerous* from the 'artillery of love.' And so the shattered remnants of what was *once* your *heart* have been burned up by sparks from dazzling eyes!" Anderson appears to have been courting a woman, and the agony of the battlefield was compounded by the agony of heartache. Wartime could amplify both the joys and hardships of being in love.

Much of the poignancy of soldiers' love letters stems from their unwritten urgency and awareness that safety was not guaranteed. The contrast between combat and home, death and tenderness, kept thoughts of loved ones foremost in soldiers' minds, no matter when or where they served. Robert S. Martin, based in the Philippines during the Second World War, wrote frequently to his recent bride, Pat. He wrote about his days and his colleagues, sharing what he could and always emphasizing his love for her. In late November 1945, he described his surroundings: "Here in a tent on the island of Leyte is a man, a soldier. The tent is a 12 x 14' permeable tent, and it is occupied by five men. The cots are arranged around each side and one cot is placed across the back. Above the cots hangs a mosquito bar, and above that a shelf that is piled high with Junk and equipment.

"Friendly arguments from the next tent are unintentionally overheard. A radio is playing in the distance. Someone repeats the latest rumor that has been heard . . . It is getting late and the lights in other tents flick off. The murmur around camp slowly fades, the moon rises and floods the camp with pale light. The drone of the diesels in the power plant sing a lullaby to tired ears and bodies.

"The men drop off to sleep, and if their dreams could be read one would see a thousand towns in America, a thousand wives or sweethearts, a thousand cars and trips, and the peace and freedom of a civilian."

Pat Martin recently donated her husband's wartime correspondence to the Clements Library. We are honored to be the caretakers of his letters, the historical information they provide about the Second World War, and the enduring love story they represent. Letters such as these show how love transcended distance and war, and now as they rest in the archive ready for scholarly research,

they transcend time too. Even as we study all the historical contingencies and minutiae that impact change over time, love is a constant that interweaves through it all. From the Revolution to the Second World War, a common refrain comes through in soldiers' letters. They were thinking of home, longing for loved ones, and wishing for peace.

—Jayne Ptolemy
Assistant Curator of Manuscripts



Some of the World War II correspondence between Robert S. Martin and his recent bride, Pat. Robert served in the Philippines in 1945. The newlyweds are seen in the photo at left and Pat in the right-hand image. The collection is now in the Clements Library. Photograph by Austin Thomason, Michigan Photography.

NO MORE PRISONERS

The Philippine-American War, often considered in many ways America's "First Vietnam," resulted in the deaths of 4,200 American soldiers, 20,000 Filipino insurgents, and anywhere from 200,000 to 1 million Filipino civilians. American soldiers experienced extreme physical and psychological hardships fighting against a guerrilla army that concealed itself not only amongst the dense tropical jungles, islands, and craggy mountain passes of the Philippines, but also amongst the archipelago's civilian population. Unfortunately, a large portion of the war's civilian casualties met their fate at the hands of American troops seeking vengeance for fallen comrades. The Clements Library possesses a number of manuscript collections containing

letters from American soldiers that provide compelling primary source evidence of what made the fractured combatant-civilian relationship during the Philippine-American War so deadly.

According to the terms of the treaty ending the Spanish-American War in 1898, Spain was compelled to transfer ownership of the Philippines to the United States. However, the Filipino revolutionaries that had been rebelling against Spanish rule rejected the treaty. Under the leadership of Emilio Aguinaldo, Filipino patriots continued their struggle for self-determination against the United States in February of 1899. While many American soldiers did not think the Filipinos would be able to sustain a prolonged resistance, the stubbornness of Aguinaldo's warriors would

soon surprise them.

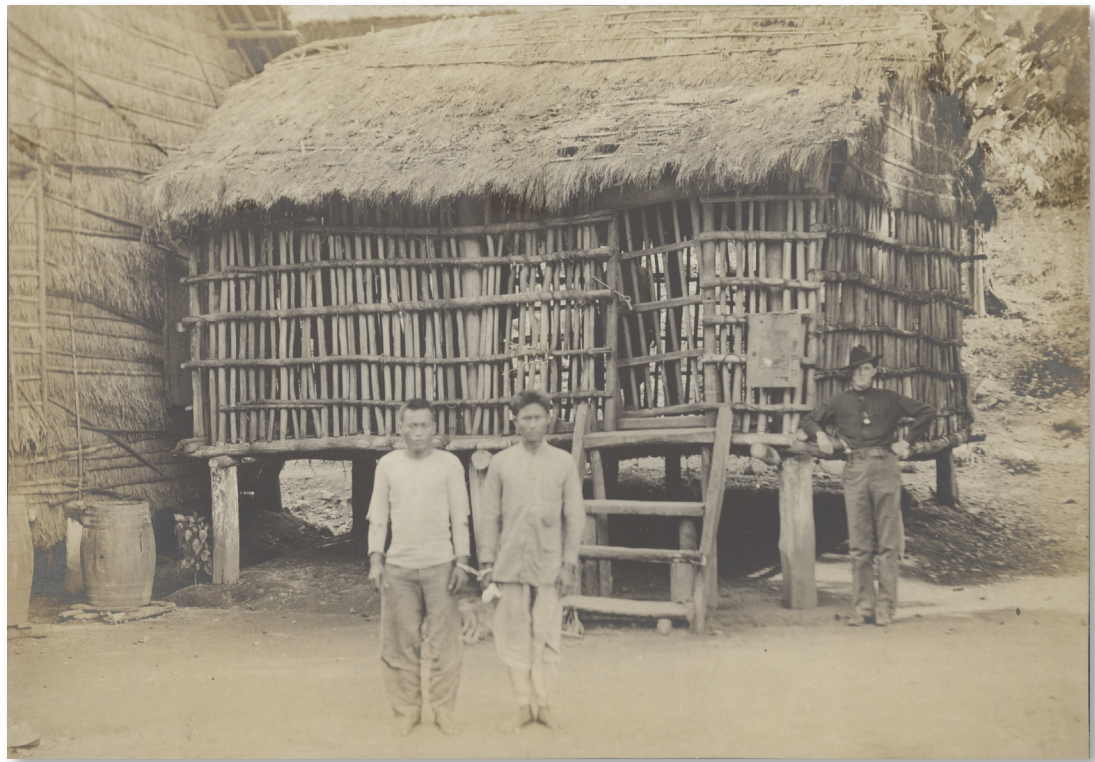
The correspondence of Andrew S. Wadsworth of the 1st Nebraska Infantry Regiment in the Hussey-Wadsworth Family Papers provides an excellent source of information regarding early American perceptions of the conflict. Six months prior to the war's onset, Wadsworth described natives of the Philippines in a July 1898 letter as "bright and intelligent as the average run of people," inundating Americans with fresh fruits and other goods while telling the Yankee soldiers that once the Spanish were defeated they "will be home to eat Xmas dinner." However, by mid-February of 1899 Wadsworth and his fellow soldiers found themselves instead on the front line of a brutal war that would last another three and one



Upwards of 100,000 Filipino soldiers (regulars and irregulars) took part in the war with the United States. Some combatants were only children. In the aftermath of the Balangiga Massacre, American soldiers were reportedly ordered to kill any male Filipino over the age of ten to prevent him taking up arms.

half years. Difficult fighting conditions coupled with the prevalence of deadly tropical diseases resulted in nearly half of his regiment being knocked out of commission within a month, and subsequent letters from Wadsworth displayed a marked increase in hostility towards Filipinos, combatants or otherwise. In a March 19, 1899, letter, Wadsworth wrote that after his captain and a private were wounded and another man killed, his regiment “charged [the enemy] and captured a large number of rifles and left a good lot of niggers right there.” Wadsworth’s pointed and oft-repeated use of the N-word when describing encounters with Filipino combatants clearly indicated the extent to which he came to detest his adversaries.

As the war progressed, many Filipino civilians found themselves trapped between the warring armies. With both American and Filipino forces seeking to garner crucial civilian support, many local populations found themselves playing both sides in order to survive. In a letter dated February 20, 1899, from Private Wyatt Hagen of the 20th Kansas Infantry Regiment to his sister Cordelia, Private Hagen noted how the headquarters in Manila were “busy all the time makeing [sic] out identification papers for the native that isn’t hostile against the Americans.” Yet many native Filipinos could not publicly side with the Americans for fear of reprisals from the revolutionaries and so tried their best to appease both parties. A number of letters in the Edwin A. Rowe Papers help illustrate just how maddeningly difficult it was for American soldiers to determine true friend from foe in the Philippines. Corporal Rowe, a member of the 43rd U.S. Volunteer Infantry Regiment, wrote to his Aunt Jennie on February 14, 1900, about a recent skir-



Individuals suspected of aiding the insurgents were regularly imprisoned, tortured, and executed under martial law.

ish that ended with the enemy “scattered over the surrounding country in hiding, and if we should have met any of them on the trail later, they would have been of course ‘amigos,’ having previously hidden their bolos and fusileiros.” In another letter dated September 7, 1900, Corporal Rowe described an attempt to capture rebel general Ambrosio Mojica that yielded surprising information about a supposed ally. Although Rowe’s unit failed to capture General Mojica, “they got all his clothes, letters, arms etc and a number of men. Among his letters was one from the Heffy Locall’ of Abuyog, who wrote Mojica that although he had taken the oath of allegiance to the U.S. he was still loyal to him.”

Under such trying circumstances and as casualties mounted, American soldiers sometimes developed a murderous hatred of Filipino natives. Reports of American corpses found mutilated added more fuel to the fire. The troops took out growing frustrations on Filipino civilians by confiscating resources, destroying property, and exacting brutal collective punishments. In a letter dated May 3, 1900, Corporal Rowe described the raid on Villareal on the island of

Samar, which was thought to be hostile to the Americans. Having just barely missed out on capturing a sizeable rebel contingent, Rowe’s party received orders to “go over to the village lying along the river about a half mile away and burn all houses and sheds . . . to destroy these ‘shacks’ meant to destroy hundreds of tons of rice very probably used as ‘chow-chow’ for the insurrect ‘amigos.’ We left a trail of blazing smoking and loud crackling bamboo huts for a long distance . . . the chances are that the natives of that district will remember our visit for many a day.” In another letter dated December 16, 1900, Corporal Rowe summed up his sentiments following an attack that left several American soldiers dead with the chilling statement that “I am afraid many innocent natives will suffer for this as it is very well understood that no more prisoners will be taken; you can guess what that means, and only guess once.”

Incidents such as this, as well as the 1901 Balangiga Massacre (an ambush on the United States 9th Infantry carried out by Filipino guerillas purportedly reinforced by local townsfolk, which claimed the lives of 48 American sol-

diers) eventually resulted in retaliatory raids, massacres, and torture being sanctioned by high-ranking American officers such as General Jacob H. Smith (1840-1915). Some Filipino historians have estimated that on Samar Island alone as many as 50,000 Filipinos may have perished as a result of American retribution.

Individual natives caught or even assumed to be aiding the rebellion were regularly imprisoned, beaten, and in many cases executed by American forces. Among the correspondence of Jacob Klein, a soldier of the 17th U.S. Infantry, a letter to his cousin on April 17, 1901, described how three Filipino men were hanged on February 15 on suspicion of killing two American soldiers and having “cut them all to pieces.” In a July 7, 1901, letter, Klein estimated that since his arrival in the Philippines nearly a year earlier American forces had publicly hanged at least 12 to 15 natives. Regarding his having recently witnessed the hanging of three Filipino men in person, Klein wrote “it looks pretty tough to see them

black basters [sic] walk up on the scaffold for there [sic] last time.”

Despite the abuses carried out by American forces, there was no shortage of native Filipinos still desperate to prove their loyalty to the United States. That being said, natives outwardly loyal to the United States often met with violence from their revolutionary countrymen. Another letter from the Rowe Papers dated October 31, 1900, described an incident involving the death of a Filipino policeman who was murdered by a “gang of seven who attacked and butchered the game little policeman . . . A volley was fired and taps blown over the little ‘amigo’s’ grave Saturday morning.” The violent nature of such reprisals led Corporal Rowe to conclude in a December 18, 1900, letter that “when a native once takes up, and materially aids the American cause, he is from that time on a marked man among the insurgent and guerrilla bands . . . A native who deserts the Filipino ‘cause’ receives a worse punishment than a traitor to the U.S. by far.”

While atrocities perpetrated against

civilians during warfare are something that should never be tolerated or justified, it is clear to see how such tragic incidents transpired during the Philippine-American War. On the one hand, you can sympathize with what American soldiers had to endure. They witnessed the gruesome deaths of countless friends and fellow soldiers caused by adversaries that blended themselves so expertly amongst the local civilian population that it became nearly impossible to trust anyone. It is hard to imagine the cocktail of paranoia, fear and anger weary American soldiers must have felt travelling through village after village of Filipino natives that might very well have been lending material assistance to the enemy right under their noses. On the other hand, one can also take pity on the tens of thousands of innocent Filipino men, women, and children who had but little choice to partake in the war and were simply caught in the crossfire.

—Jakob Dopp
Curatorial Assistant



United States soldiers of 1900 seen on a romanticized sheet music cover and as they appeared in the field after some weathering. Both units carry the national colors, but that in the photo displays its regimental color as well.

OVER THE TOP, 1918

*F*ew collections at the Clements Library are as emotionally powerful as the “American Red Cross, 91st Division Death Reports,” part of the D. N. Diedrich Collection. The work of a single man, Colin V. Dymont (1879-1928), these “death reports” detail the deaths of 781 soldiers within the 91st Division of the American Expeditionary Forces in France during the First World War. Dymont, a Canadian immigrant who served as a Red Cross searcher with the 91st Division in France, was able to obtain information via his Red Cross role that otherwise would have been impossible to compile.

The 91st, a division made up of draftees from the western states, arrived in France in July 1918 and did not see combat until the Meuse-Argonne Offensive on September 26, 1918. In twenty-five days of front-line service in both France and Belgium, the 91st Division suffered over 1,400 men killed and 4,500 wounded. Each report composed by Dymont focused on a different unit within the 91st Division and included information such as where, when, and how death occurred, as well as any last words. Typescripts of these reports were then sent to the families of the deceased in 1919. The frankness and honesty about the nature of a soldier’s death in battle was unparalleled. While regimental chaplains would often write letters to the families of deceased soldiers, they understandably avoided giving graphic details. Dymont, on the other hand, was a journalism professor by trade, and took a reporter’s approach to telling the stories of the 91st Division’s dead. The deaths described in the following excerpts all occurred on the single deadliest day that the 91st experienced, September 29, 1918, as they attempted to take the village of Gesnes, France.

“**Mechanic Alfred L. Nichols** [362nd Infantry Company D], known in the company as ‘Nick,’ was wounded about 4:30 p.m. on the flat in front of Gesnes. He was digging in when a shell frag-

ment struck him in the stomach. He exclaimed, ‘Oh, God, am I going to die?’ And when he was carried back he kept asking how badly he was injured. He was carried back by Sergeant William Swetfield, Corporal George E. Lutton, Private Elmer Connor, and one other. Mechanic Nichols was wounded also in the legs, and complained of his feet and legs as well as of his stomach. The carriers told him he was not so badly hurt as he seemed, and tried to cheer him up. When they left him they propped up his knees to ease the pain in

his legs. They carried him back through numerous wounded men who were calling for help, but to whom they could not go as it was necessary to leave everyone and advance on Gesnes. Mechanic Nichols was carried on back that night, however, being one of the wounded men whom the regiment took with it when it retired after dark. Apparently he died of wounds the following day. His grave is near Epinonville.”

Alfred L. Nichols was 27 years old when he died.



The gallant 91st was nicknamed the “Wild West Division.”

“**Corporal William H. Booth** [362nd Infantry Company B] was first struck in the right shoulder, late in the afternoon in the valley just before Gesnes, beyond the third ridge. He started for the rear and on the way met Sergeant Becker and Private Norman H. Hughson . . . He asked them to bind up his shoulder and they told him to lie down until they had finished digging a foxhole, at which time they intended to put him into the foxhole and attend to his wound. Corporal Booth did not lie down, however, presumably on account of his injured shoulder, and presently a shell exploded close by, a fragment blowing off a part of his right leg. Private Hughson had already put a first aid pack

on the shoulder, and after the corporal was wounded again, they pulled him into the foxhole and Sergeant Becker took off his gun sling and wrapped it around the corporal’s leg to stop the bleeding. Private Hughson gave him a drink from his canteen. Corporal Booth said to him, ‘I am not bleeding very badly, am I?’ and the two men told him he wasn’t, although he was. They were there half an hour with him, but had to advance. They think he died where he was, which is probable as his grave is on the hill just south of Gesnes. During the half hour the corporal kept saying that he was thirsty. He thought at that time that he would be able to make his way back to the hill.”

William H. Booth was 24 years old when he died.

“**Private David Solari** [362nd Infantry Company G] went over the top at 3:40 in the first wave of company G. As Corporal Clarence Weasea of Leavenworth, Wash., was advancing to Gesnes, he met Private Solari hurrying back. Private Solari sank down at Corporal Weasea’s feet and begged for first aid. The men had orders to stop for nothing, but Corporal Weasea felt that he could not decently shake the wounded man loose, so pulled up his shirt and found that a machine gun bullet had gone through his stomach from front to back. Private Solari said, ‘My, God, I am shot through the stomach. Put me in a shellhole and give me first aid.’ The corporal told him that he could not do much for a wound of that kind, and Private Solari then asked the corporal to stay with him until he died. Corporal told him he had a good, clean wound and would be all right, but the stricken man was sure he would die. Corporal Weasea put him in a deep shellhole as requested, then was compelled to advance. Private Solari died on the field.”

David Solari was 28 years old when he died.

“**Corporal [Thomas V.] O’Hara** [362nd Infantry Company L] was struck just after 3:40. His last words were to call ‘Down’ to the squad, and he was shot through the chest as he went down himself. Death was instantaneous: he did not utter a word. Not knowing he was dead, his squad waited for a command from him. He had fallen with his head on his arms. Finally a man crawled over and found he was gone. He had a gold wrist watch that had been given him by his sister and he had left word with the company that if anything happened to him the wrist watch should be sent to his sister, and so that night when the boys came from beyond Gesnes, they looked for the wrist watch on the corporal’s body but it was gone.”

Thomas V. O’Hara was 28 years old when he died.

FORM NO. 256

NATIONAL OFFICERS
 WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT
 ROBERT W. DE FOREST, VICE-PRESIDENT
 JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS, TREASURER
 JOHN W. DAVIS, COUNSELLOR
 STOCKTON AXSON, SECRETARY

RED CROSS WAR COUNCIL
 BY APPOINTMENT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
 NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
 WASHINGTON, D. C.
 BUREAU OF COMMUNICATION
 W. R. CASTLE, JR., DIRECTOR

EX OFFICIO
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EX OFFICIO
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 CORNELIUS N. BLISS, JR.
 GEORGE E. CASE
 GEORGE E. SCOTT
 JESSE H. JONES

Bonnie's Week

Seattle, Washington, April 30, 1919.

A REPORT ON THE DEATHS OF:

Private George O. Barnick, 2,788,614,
 (Emergency Address: Philip H. Barnick, Wells, Minn.; brother.)

Private Clinton A. Copeland, 2,260,368,
 (Emergency Address: Mrs. Mary Copeland, Cheyenne, Wyo.; wife.)

Private Edward Dalman, 2,260,370,
 (Emergency Address: Carl Dalman, Chinook, Mont.; father.)

First Class Private George E. Dean, 2,260,748,
 (Emergency Address: Mrs. Grace J. Dean, 11166 E. 11th St., Spokane, Wash.; mother.)

Private John Eliason, 3,132,999,
 (Emergency Address: Andrew Eliason, Pelican Rapids, Minn.; father.)

Private Albert J. Felix, 3,127,555,
 (Emergency Address: Edward Felix, Norcross, Minn.; father.)

Private Lawrence E. Fleming, 2,260,202,
 (Emergency Address: Francis M. Fleming, Gridley, Kan.; father.)

Private Charles Gifford, 2,260,205,
 (Emergency Address: Mrs. Carrie B. West, Yerington, Nev.; sister.)

Corporal Howard J. Hales, 2,259,377,
 (Emergency Address: George Hales, Spanish Fork, Utah; father.)

Private Leon Haws, 2,259,403,
 (Emergency Address: George Haws, Scotland, S. D.; father.)

Private William C. Layton, 2,259,409,
 (Emergency Address: Charles Layton, Layton, Utah; father.)

Sergeant Henry F. Marsh, 2,259,419,
 (Emergency Address: Mrs. Nellie F. Norton, Vya, Nev.; mother.)

First page of a completed death report.

“According to Private Manuel M. Robertson of 223 Front St., Salinas, Cal., **Sergeant Omer R. [Omar S.] Norgaurd** [361st Infantry Company G] lived about 15 minutes. Robertson, who was knocked down by the shell that took the other four lives, gave the writer the following account of Sergeant Norgaurd’s last moments:

‘Bugler Cecil Draper of Centralia, Wash., and I were the last men with Sergeant Norgaurd. The sergeant was struck in the right side, which was torn out, several ribs having gone. In addition his arm was shattered. I was right behind him when the shell fell. We were all waiting to cut through the patch of barbwire, which was about 45 feet long and had been placed to protect German machine guns and rifle snipers on top of the second ridge. Machine gunners and snipers had been driven back before company G reached the barbwire. Sergeant Norgaurd gave the order to cut through the barbwire and the shell came a few moments later.

‘The sergeant as he lay wounded wanted Bugler Draper to send a picture of Mrs. M. Norgaurd (the sergeant’s mother) back to her in Seattle, and

pulled it from under his shirt pocket on his left side. When he got it out, however, it was scarcely recognizable because of blood, so he said, ‘I’d like to send it home but it’s full of blood.’ He seemed to feel no pain, although his wound was so large that it could not be bandaged. Evidently

his nerve centers had been paralyzed.

‘He then said, ‘I’m tired. I want to go to sleep,’ and in a few minutes he gave a little gasp and rolled over on his face. I turned him right back but he was already dead. We had previously moved him to the shelter of a bank. I



The iconic doughboy trench helmet was based on a British design. The divisional symbol and number (91) have been added in paint. Private collection. Photograph by Austin Thomason, Michigan Photography.

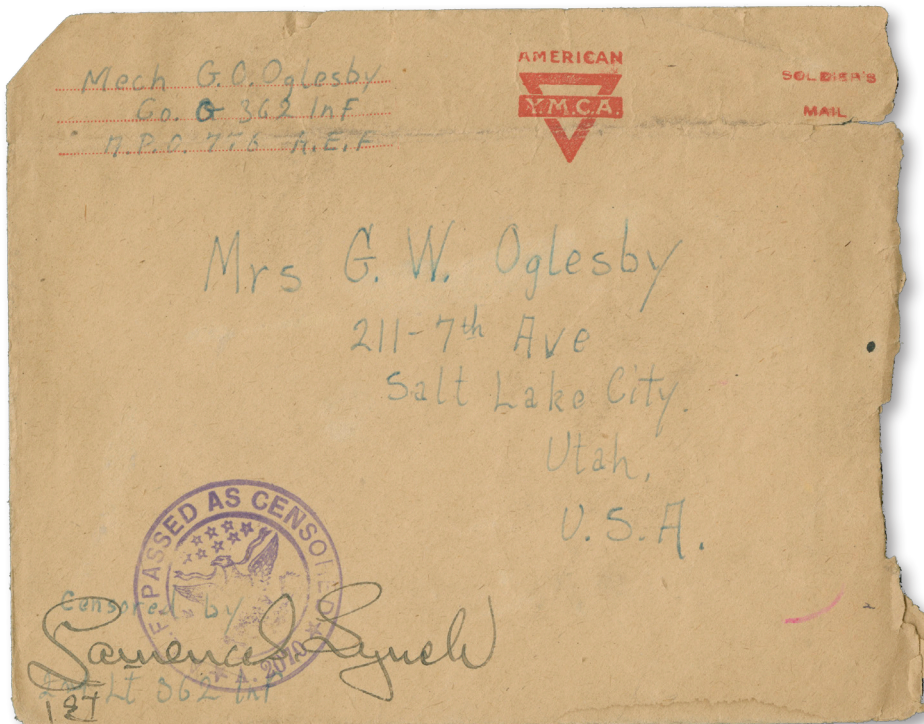
then put a German overcoat over him and went on ahead. I was Sergeant Norgaurd’s scout.

‘The sergeant seemed to know that he would not survive. He remarked ‘I’m breathing through my side. I know I’ll never live.’ I tried to assure him that he would and that I would get first aid for him as soon as possible.”

Omar S. Norgaurd was 26 years old when he died.

Within weeks of Dyment’s return to the United States in March 1919, the reports he compiled were published in serial format in both Portland’s *Oregonian* newspaper and the *Seattle Daily Times*. This serial was broken up into 47 parts, no doubt mirroring the 47 days it took Germany to surrender from the first day the 91st Division saw combat. Unfortunately, we do not know Dyment’s motivations for undertaking this huge and potentially controversial project. Nevertheless his efforts to bring comfort and closure to the loved ones of fallen soldiers is truly one of the most remarkable memorialization efforts of the entire First World War.

—Louie Miller
Curatorial Assistant



Letter sent by George Oglesby of Company G, 362nd Infantry, “passed” by censor Lt. Laurence S. Lynch of the 91st. Thanks to Dyment’s work, we know that Lynch was fatally wounded by a German sniper on September 27, 1918.

BEARING WITNESS

Military activity represents a large proportion of the topical resources of American history preserved at the Clements. The Library has amassed documentation in many forms, including the visual. Paintings, drawings, engravings, lithographs, posters, photographs, all illustrate the events and describe the experiences of combat as well as life in camp and in barracks. The original function of these images varied from tactical planning and military engineering to the glorification of participants, the cementing of events in national histories and folklore, and the raising of financial and emotional support for warfare.

Artwork created by the soldiers and sailors themselves gives us another perspective. Hardened by proximity to carnage and without the eyes of the nation upon them, amateur soldier-artists provided posterity with an unflinching, personal look at wartime experience.

Most cadets of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century military academies received training in topographical drawing. Some were quite skilled and brought artistic sensibilities to a perfunctory task. A pencil sketch of the burned-out remains of Charlestown, Massachusetts, after the Battle of Bunker Hill, attributed to British Major General Sir Henry Clinton, documents the achievements of the British army on June 17, 1775, and the devastation of

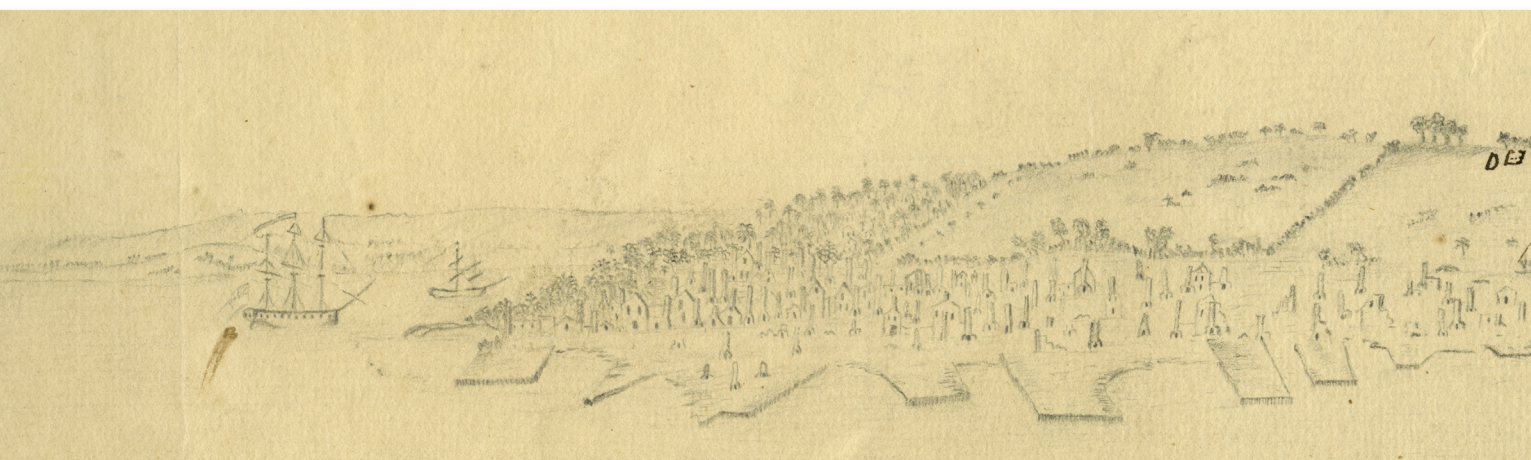
what today would be called “collateral damage” that shocked both sides. Perhaps more than the “Shot Heard ‘Round The World,” the casualties and destruction of Bunker Hill and the leveling of Charlestown awoke Britain and America to the totality of the war. Charlestown, a typical colonial community of wooden structures, was reduced to little more than charred brick chimneys by British incendiary bombs.

Eighty-eight years and several national conflicts later, Stanton P. Allen (1849-1901) of Berlin, New York, age 14, was impressed by the attention that men in blue uniforms were getting from local women. Allen ran off to enlist in the 21st New York Cavalry in 1863, sending his enlistment bounty home to his father. His outraged parents reported this act by their underage son. Allen was subsequently discharged,

arrested and fined for obtaining the enlistment bounty under false pretenses. Undeterred, the young man headed north where he found Massachusetts recruiters either less discriminating or more gullible than those in his native state. He was accepted into the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry.



Trooper Stanton Allen leads his mount as his regiment is on the march. This was done to keep the horse fresh.



Little remains of once-prosperous Charlestown, Massachusetts, but charred brick chimneys and blackened cellar holes. Pencil sketch (1775) attributed to Sir Henry Clinton (1738?-1795).



"Old Stone Row," the barracks complex at Madison Barracks, Sackets Harbor, New York. Watercolor attributed to Alfred Sully (1821-1879), about 1840.

Allen started the war as a fan of the "special artists" at the front who illustrated magazines of the day including Alfred Waud (1828-1891), Winslow Homer (1836-1910), and Edwin Forbes (1839-1895). Allen loved the heroic battle scenes of soldiers in full dress uniform marching in measured step with their gallant officers at full gallop leading the charge. The scales fell from his eyes when he witnessed the chaos of a skirmish with the commanders safely in the rear. Waud, illustrator for the *New York Illustrated News*, received particular scorn for depicting himself in the line of fire, bravely sketching an artillery barrage at Bull Run. After the war, Allen published his memoirs in the *Troy (New York) Weekly Times*. Allen collected these columns in scrapbooks

embellished with his own original sketches of the Civil War, intending to produce a monograph on the war.

Allen's experiences depict the daily realities of an everyday soldier, including the presence of African Americans in uniform. Accepted into the armed forces after

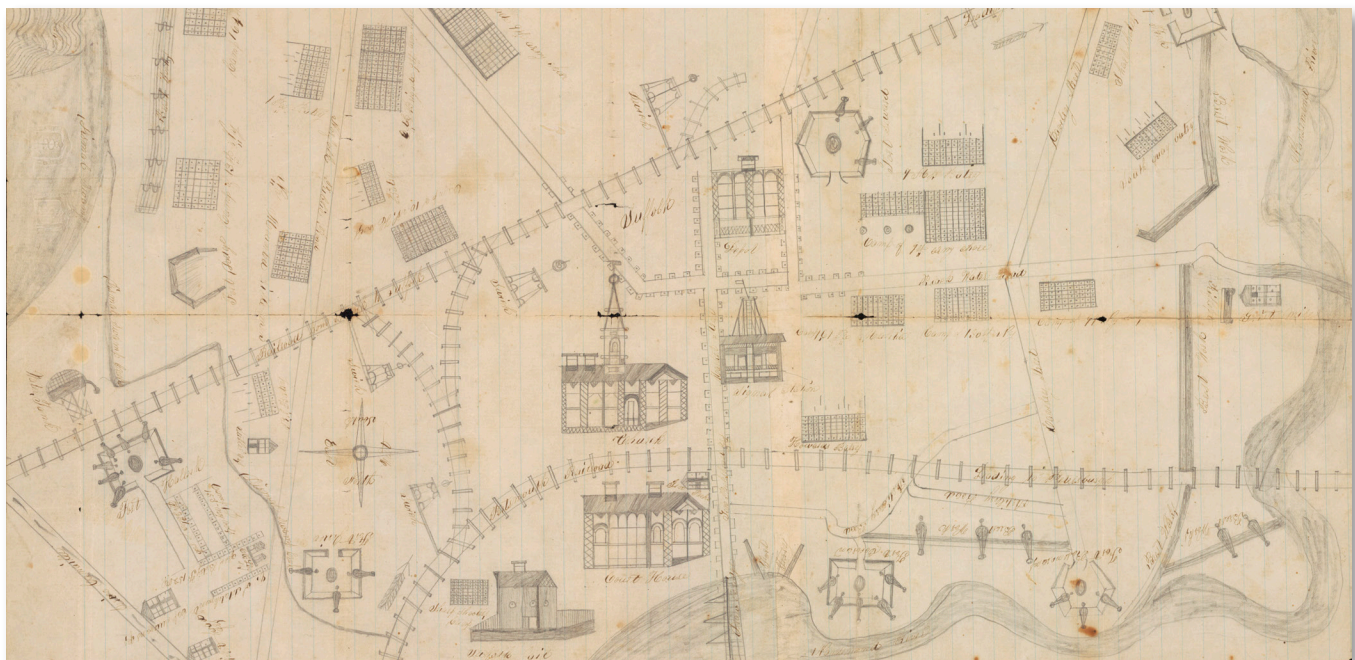
Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, black soldiers impressed Allen with their disciplined drilling and how "proud they were and how straight they stood."

Perhaps unremarkable, but nonetheless disappointing, is the absence of the uniformed black participants who appear in Allen's scenes but not in the illustrations for Allen's 1893 book, *Down in Dixie; Life in a Cavalry Regiment in the War Days, From the Wilderness to Appomattox*.

Stanton Allen could tell a great story through words and pictures. Another gifted narrator-artist served in World



The location of this view of a U.S. Army camp is unidentified, but the terrain suggests that it is in the American Southwest or Mexico. Probably done in the 1840s, details included in the composition suggest that it must have been sketched by eye.



Many Civil War soldiers sketched or mapped their locations into the bodies of letters home. This is part of an incredibly detailed bird's-eye view of the Union encampments around the important rail junction of Suffolk, Virginia, in 1863.

It was drawn by Henry Oswald.

War II. Looking towards a career in advertising, John “Jack” Keenan received art training at the Meinzinger School of Art in Detroit. The outbreak of war in Europe and the attack on Pearl Harbor interrupted his career plans but did not stifle his creativity. Keenan kept a visual diary from basic training to his return home. He credits his rapid rise to the rank of master sergeant to his ability to play the bugle, type, paint signs, and his willingness to volunteer. In charge of a mobile communications post in the 7th Armored Division, 3rd Army, under General George C. Patton (1885-1945), Keenan took every opportunity to scavenge paper and art supplies in the field. The advantage of commanding a vehicle and trailer gave Keenan a place to store his artwork and supplies.

Keenan’s quick, confident hand and ability to spontaneously shift styles give vitality to his remarkable vision. Subjects included troops staging in England prior to D-Day, the landing at Omaha Beach, thundering across France and Belgium, the chaos of the Battle of the Bulge, and the eventual collision with Russian forces. In the face of the massive German counter-offensive during the winter of 1944,



Artist Jack Keenan paused at a roadside shrine while his companions dig fox-holes and eat c-rations.

Keenan had to hastily abandon the trailer containing his artwork in deep snow. Fortunately for him (and for the Clements), the trailer also contained something unknown but of value to a senior officer. High enough in value that the recovery of the trailer suddenly became a tactical priority. As the Allied

armies regrouped and recovered lost ground, the trailer was found intact with Keenan’s art still onboard.

An acquaintance of Jack Keenan’s, William Lewis, entered the University of Michigan as a student of engineering and naval architecture in 1940. Lewis transferred to Art and Design after discovering that he was really more interested in how ships looked than how they were built. After the war he was hired to teach at the school and advanced to associate dean before retiring in the 1980s.

Lewis joined the U.S. Naval Reserve in 1938. Activated in 1942, he documented his career onboard small patrol vessels and the Essex-class aircraft carrier USS *Shangri-La*. In the navy, tedium and idleness came in large doses between actions. This was perfect for a gifted watercolorist when that idle time was on picturesque Pacific islands and atolls. A shipmate assured him that because of his constant drawing “you won’t go crazy.” Lewis sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, on the Atlantic Ocean, squeezing through the Panama Canal to the Pacific, visiting San Diego, Seattle, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, Ulithi and Leyte, arriving at Tokyo Bay shortly after the surrender in 1945. Not trusting the mail service, Lewis carried his artwork with him in his shipboard locker, then in his sea bag when the rare occasion to return home was offered.

Lewis’s spontaneous depictions capture the massive strength and firepower of the U.S. Navy of 1945. Given several days of relatively idle time waiting for a fleet rendezvous in the late stages of the war, Lewis created a detailed 360-degree panorama of the assembled 3rd and 7th Fleets at Leyte in the Philippines, carefully recording the identity of each vessel. His post-surrender scenes of a devastated Yokohama are reminiscent of General Clinton’s Charlestown view and a further reminder of war’s inevitable cost.

It has been my privilege to steward these remarkable materials and curate the views of these artists (from Clinton to Lewis) with the respect and sensibilities ingrained from my remarkable father and 100-year-old Clements donor, William Lewis.

—Clayton Lewis
Curator of Graphic Materials



*Bill Lewis took shelter behind the island of the aircraft carrier USS *Shangri-La* to capture the fury of a Pacific typhoon.*

DEVELOPMENTS

My father Gerald Moggo served in the U.S. Marine Corps during the Vietnam War. Although he never quite worded it this way, it was clear that it was at once the best and worst experience of his life at the time. As a child, I remember sitting with him as we paged through his photo albums as he described his “buddies” and his travels while in the service. When he died suddenly in 2016, I became the caretaker of those photo albums and other mementos of his time in the Marines. I recently donated the photos to the Clements.

This issue of *The Quarto* is filled with the everyday stories of American soldiers. Families often say to me, “You wouldn’t want my family papers because they’re not worth anything.” This is not true! The research value of those honest and unique stories fills in the framework of what life was like for a wide swath of people from dif-

ferent perspectives. While it is true that some of our primary sources have high monetary value because of their rarity or the name recognition of the author, what is more important is the research value of the item.

To help answer questions about historical objects in the care of individuals, we instituted our first annual “What’s in Your Attic” event in the fall of 2018. The day brought together curators, serious collectors, and interested members of the public to view or display materials, ask questions, and learn from each other. A few attendees even donated their materials to the Clements. Mark your calendar for Sunday, September 15, 2019 to join us for this fun event!

We have received a large number of interesting donations of materials this year. Donors not only enjoy knowing that their items will be well cared for in a secure and climate controlled space, but they also know that our in-house conservator will recommend the proper housing and treatments if necessary. Sometimes people



Gerald Moggo in Vietnam

worry that family members will not be able to view the materials, however, they can still access the family papers here at the Clements. In addition, researchers and students have the opportunity to learn from these gifts!

Another critical form of support is outright financial giving to bolster our programs encouraging the use of the collections. Recently, the Clements Library Associates Board of Governors founded the Brian Leigh Dunnigan Fellowship in the History of Cartography to honor our long-time associate director and curator of maps. We kicked off a fundraising campaign for the Dunnigan Fellowship during Giving BlueDay on November 27, 2018. This is our first endowed fund supporting researchers using the Clements Library map collection. To date, we have raised over \$60,000 toward our \$100,000 goal. Funds like these are so important in furthering historical research. If you are interested in participating in this effort or want to hear more about ways to help, please reach out to me.

We will be honoring Brian at an event in the spring. You can view all of our upcoming lectures, discover series, tours and events at <http://myumi.ch/650X8>. Please join us as you are able!

—Angela Oonk
Director of Development



Cavalry troopers frolic at a “Stag Dance” while in winter quarters. Note the barrels used as giant chimney pots.

ANNOUNCEMENTS STAFF NEWS

Welcome to Tracy Payovich, our new marketing and communications assistant. She will also be responsible for graphic design of Clements Library publications. Sara Quashnie is now a full-time reading room supervisor. We are also pleased to greet Erin Berger who has been with us since last May but who now staffs the south reception desk and assists as a reading room supervisor. Finally, welcome to Theresa Dowker, the Library's newest south reception desk attendant.



DUANE NORMAN DIEDRICH (1935-2018)

The Clements Library is deeply saddened to share news of the death of Duane Norman Diedrich on October 25, 2018. Readers of *The Quarto* who did not know Dr. Diedrich personally will recognize his name from the frequent inclusion of illustrations and references to Diedrich Collection manuscripts in this publication. Professor Diedrich was a collector, CLA board member, donor, and friend, and he is missed.

Edward Grubb offered an explanation of philanthropy to the *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* (New York, 1917), in which he outlined the importance of giving in individualistic societies like the United States. He wrote, "While charity concerns itself in the main with the present needs of individuals, philanthropy looks further, to the future as well as to the present, and seeks to elevate human life on a larger scale."

The late Dr. Diedrich embodied both ends of this spectrum, helping and supporting individuals in the present, while simultaneously build-

ing a legacy that will benefit future generations. He employed his talents and skills as an academic professor and administrator, supported the education of young scholars, and contributed time and money to philanthropic, military, and civil organizations. Over the course of his life, Professor Diedrich sought out and acquired original handwritten manuscripts, partnering with the Clements Library in the construction of an eponymous collection, which supports scholarship on wide-ranging but deeply intertwined topics in American history from the seventeenth to the twentieth century, such as religion, education, government, literature, art, music, business, science, and philanthropy.

The Clements Library published *One Hundred Selections from the Duane Norman Diedrich Collection of Manuscript Americana, 17th-20th Century*, in conjunction with an exhibition of the Diedrich collection, May 25 - October 26, 2018. It contains biographical notes and details about the composition of the Duane Norman Diedrich Collection. Copies of the booklet are freely available upon request by calling 734-647-0864.

HELEN C. HALL (1942-2018)

We are further saddened to mark the passing of another active member of the CLA Board of Governors, Helen Hall, on October 12, 2018. Helen was an active member of the membership committee serving as an ambassador at events and lending her time and expertise in planning our public programming and increasing the visibility of the Clements. She championed planned gifts by sharing her own story with others about the benefits of charitable gift annuities. Through her estate gift, she established the George N. and Katharine C. Hall Clements Library Endowment in honor of her parents. Because of this generosity, her legacy will live on at the Clements.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

November 2, 2018 – April 26, 2019: Exhibit: "Over There' with the American Expeditionary Forces in France During the Great War." Fridays, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

May 3, 2019 – October 25, 2019: Exhibit: "What I Like Most About the Clements." Fridays, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

May 7, 2019: Clements Library Board of Governors Meeting. 10:00 a.m.



Clements Library Director
J. Kevin Graffagnino

Committee of Management
Mark S. Schlissel, Chairman;
Gregory E. Dowd; James L. Hilton; David B. Walters;
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