

# YALE ALUMN WEEKLY

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## DEATH OF T. W. MILLER '97.

**He Fell at San Juan—Some Descriptions From His Diary of His Experiences with the Rough Riders.**

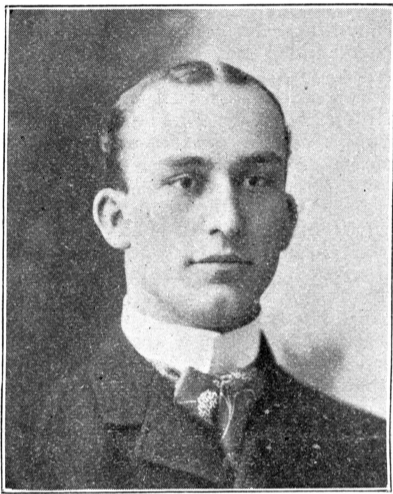
Theodore Westwood Miller, of the Class of Ninety-Seven, a member of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, died at Siboney, July 8th, 1898, from the effects of wounds received during the assault on San Juan hill on July 1st.

Mr. Miller was born at Akron, Ohio, January 30, 1875. He prepared for College at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., where he rowed on the Halcyon crew and played on one of the football teams. He entered Yale with the Class of Ninety-Seven, where his interest in athletics was kept up throughout his College course. In Freshman year he rowed number two on the Class crew, and played substitute tackle on the Class football team, while the next year he was one of the substitutes on the University Crew. In Junior and Senior year he acted as Captain of the Ninety-Seven Crew. Athletics alone did not claim his attention, as he was active in all branches of College life. He was a member of the College Choir for three years, and in Senior year led the Apollo Glee Club. Mr. Miller devoted considerable time to the Y. M. C. A. work, serving on several committees and in Senior year acting as Superintendent of the Bethany Sunday School. In the Fall of 1896, he was sent to Princeton as one of Yale's representatives at the Sesquicentennial celebration. He was a member of Kappa Psi, Delta Kappa Epsilon and of Wolf's Head. During several Summer vacations Mr. Miller had charge of the rowing department at Chautauqua, and assisted in some of the other branches of its work, being closely connected with the institution through his father, Mr. Lewis Miller, the founder. At the close of Junior year he went abroad to Henley with the Yale Crew, and acted as the correspondent of the Associated Press there.

After graduation Mr. Miller entered the New York Law School, and was studying in New York at the time the war broke out. He felt at first that it was his duty to go, and delayed only until the 28th of May, when he left to join the Rough Riders at San Antonio. The Regiment left Texas just before his arrival, so he went on and joined them in New Orleans. He secured the necessary equipment at Tampa, and was included in the first expedition to Santiago, being assigned to Troop D. The Rough Riders, as is known, were among the first troops to land on Cuban soil. Mr. Miller took actual part in all the work done by his regiment, and received his wound in the shoulder at the front on the first of July in one of the charges at San Juan hill.

He was at first taken to a field hospital, and then to the hospital at Siboney, where he was cared for by Dr. (Monea) Lesser, the head of the Red Cross Society in America, and by his wife, who had volunteered as a nurse. While he had all the care and attention which could be given under the circumstances, he was unable to rally from the wound which he had received in his shoulder, and died there on July 8th. His brother, John V. Miller, also a member of Ninety-Seven and Assistant Engineer on the Vulcan, arrived off Santiago on the 9th and sent the first word to his friends. Efforts were

made at once to have the remains sent home, and he succeeded in gaining the necessary permission. Some delay was caused by the quarantine at Siboney, and it was not until Monday, August 15th, that the "Grande Duchesse" with Mr. Miller's body on board reached Montauk. Here John Miller was again quarantined until August 20th, and then the body was taken at once to Akron, Ohio, and the funeral was held at 2 P. M. on August 23d, Bishop Vincent conducting the services. The burial was private, but the services at the grave were in charge of the G. A. R. The pall-bearers were E. S. Harkness, William Darrach, J. P. Lineaweaver, C. R. Hemenway, J. R. Judd and B. Kohler, all classmates with the excep-



THEODORE WESTWOOD MILLER, '97.  
KILLED AT SAN JUAN, JULY 1.

tion of the latter, a graduate of Ninety. R. S. Brewster and A. F. Judd were present at the burial.

By the death of Theodore Miller Yale has lost one of her best and noblest sons. He was admired and respected highly by all in his Class at College for the quiet earnestness of his life and devotion to duty. His loss is felt most deeply, for all who knew him loved him.

Shortly after the news of his death was published in the papers, a meeting of Ninety-Seven was called at the Yale Club in New York. A temporary committee consisting of W. Darrach, J. S. Wheelwright, C. R. Hemenway and W. L. Goodwin was appointed to write and express sympathy informally to the family in behalf of the Class, and to notify them that in the Fall, when larger numbers of the Class were gathered in the city after the Summer vacation, suitable action looking toward erecting some memorial on the Campus, or founding some scholarship in his name, would be taken.

The three letters which follow were written from the hospital at Siboney, and need little explanation. The letter from Theodore Miller to his mother,—his last letter—was evidently dictated. The Rementine referred to is probably Frederick Remington, the artist. A magnificent tribute to the qualities of the dead soldier is paid in the letter of David V. McClure to Mr. Miller's father:

DR. LESSER TO MR. LEWIS MILLER.

SIBONEY, CUBA, July 7th, 1898.

Mr. Miller:—In behalf of your son I write to you. He wishes me to write to you and tell you about his wound. He will be all right I think. He is shot in the left shoulder and the ball came out the right one. We will bring him to New York as soon as possible. His wound is a bad one, but with his nerve and his strong will he will come out all right.

THEODORE MILLER TO HIS MOTHER.

\* \* \* \* A rather narrow escape but feel sure I will pull through all right. Teddy Burke and Mr. Rementine have done all that was possible in getting extra things. Mr. Whitney offered to write you but Mr. McClure had offered before, so he did so. You must not worry about these things, for Doctor Lesur, who is here just now, who is at the head of the Red Cross of America, said I would come out all (right?) soon. He said he was going to write to you himself. They are doing everything that they can for me. I remain your most loving son and will be with you soon; goodbye.

DAVID MCCLURE TO MR. MILLER.

Mr. Miller:—Allow me to write these few lines; I formed your son's acquaintance some time ago when he joined our regiment. Allow me to say he is one of the most noble and brave boys I ever met. We slept together and fought together. You have one of the most noble boys. He was shot on a charge we made and did not fall out till it was over with. He never flinched from the Spaniard's fire. I think of your son as a brother. We have formed a friendship that cannot be broken. I love him for being so brave and loyal to his country. I will close for this time with all regrets of the one so brave. I remain with him until he is sent home.

Very respectfully,  
DAVID MCCLURE.

I live at Oklahoma City, O. T.

### Mr. Miller's Diary.

The WEEKLY has been allowed to pick passages from Mr. Miller's own diary of his very eventful month. It was put together purely for a personal record and most hurriedly composed. Mr. Miller himself had no opportunity to see it after it was sent from camp. The suggestion is hazarded that Yale men will not regret that it is so purely informal and spontaneous in expression. Below are the extracts:

On Thursday, May 26th, Richard came to New York, and asked Bill Jud' Bill Darragh and me to breakfast at the Holland House with him. This was the day after the second call for troops; and as I had decided to wait only that long, which gave me time to complete my year at Law School, I needed only this call to make me go. Richard suggested, at breakfast, my joining the Rough Riders, so we telegraphed to Dade Goodrich. That night I went to New Haven for "Slap Day," and on my return, Friday morning, found message from Dade saying that there was a place for me at once. I lunched with Richard, Mina and Grace at the Normandie, and then hustled about telegraphing, writing, purchasing tickets, packing, etc. Finished at about nine o'clock P. M., and then with Charlie Hemenway, who accompanied me as far as Jersey City, went to Orange. Rode horseback before and after breakfast at Mina's, and left about eleven for New York to take New York Central for San Antonio.

Richard and Grace saw me off; and I met some man on train who said that Bob Wrenn was to leave for New Orleans directly that P. M. I telegraphed Dade from Poughkeepsie, and went on to San Antonio. Father and Ed. met me in Cleveland, and father joined me on my trip. At St. Louis the Koenig boys, with their father, were down to meet us; and we took supper

and I made my will there. Left St. Louis after an hour, and took the Iron Mountain Route for San Antonio, but rumors and papers led us to think that the Regiment had left San Antonio; so we telegraphed at Houston, and received word at Marshall, Texas, that the Regiment had passed through Houston en route for Tampa. I had forty minutes to wait, so bid farewell to father, who went to Dallas, Texas. I exchanged my ticket for San Antonio for one to New Orleans, with 85 cents to boot; and after a shave, shampoo and general refreshing, took the train for the southern metropolis. My anxiety was at its height all night; and it was a chase for a prize I greatly coveted.

CATCHING THE REGIMENT.

Arrived at New Orleans at about nine o'clock, crossed the ferry, and hurried by a cab to the place where I had learned the Rough Riders had arrived. I almost yelled for joy when I saw the yellow canvas suits, and the soldierly appearance of many men getting on and off cars, for I felt sure I had caught the Rough Riders; for they can't beat the locomotive, if they can ride a horse. I pushed about, feeling greatly out of place, and appearing much more so, on account of my civilian garb, looking for Dade. Ran across Jerry Eward, whom I scarcely recognized, and he showed me how to find Goodrich. Soon ran across him, hurrying about on very important mission, I supposed; but he seemed glad to see me, and looked up officers and introduced me to Captain O'Neill and Lieut. Frances. He finally got permission to have me examined, and, if satisfactory, to allow me to join the Regiment en route, to await formal enlistment at Tampa. I was examined by Chief Surgeon La Motte in the smoking department of the officer's sleeper; and, after a very easy examination, my physical condition and requirements were found satisfactory, and I went with Dade to the baggage car, the only place which could be found for me. He introduced me to Holt and Wills; and I soon became acquainted with Burgess, Love and Sergt. Hunter. The place assigned me proved to be the Hospital car, and I was exceedingly lucky to get there, for the other cars were ordinary day coaches, and the men slept curled up on two seats, with two men in each set. This car of mine was also the Commissary Department for Troop D, so we managed to get all we wanted to eat—as far as quantity, at least, went.

MEETING COLLEGE FRIENDS.

We left New Orleans shortly after noon; and I found travelling in a baggage car in civilian's clothes, with a dress suit case and a derby hat, not so very comfortable; but upon further acquaintance with the men, and after throwing off unnecessary clothes, I got along nicely. The large door in the car furnished a splendid window for view and ventilation; so we felt quite fortunate as compared with the men in day coaches. I soon discovered an old friend in Troop A, end of car,—Hollister of Harvard,—and we soon struck up quite a "joll." Before we left New Orleans, Teddy Burke, Bob Wrenn and Bill Larned appeared on the scene, and we were all on the anxious seat until assigned. Teddy Burke knew me before, so we met in good shape; and he introduced me to Wrenn and Larned. Companions by necessity, we soon became acquainted, and finally found that Bob Wrenn was to come into my car, and Teddy Burke and Larned went into D Troop car.