

# **CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT**

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Cadet life at West Point by Hugh T. Reed

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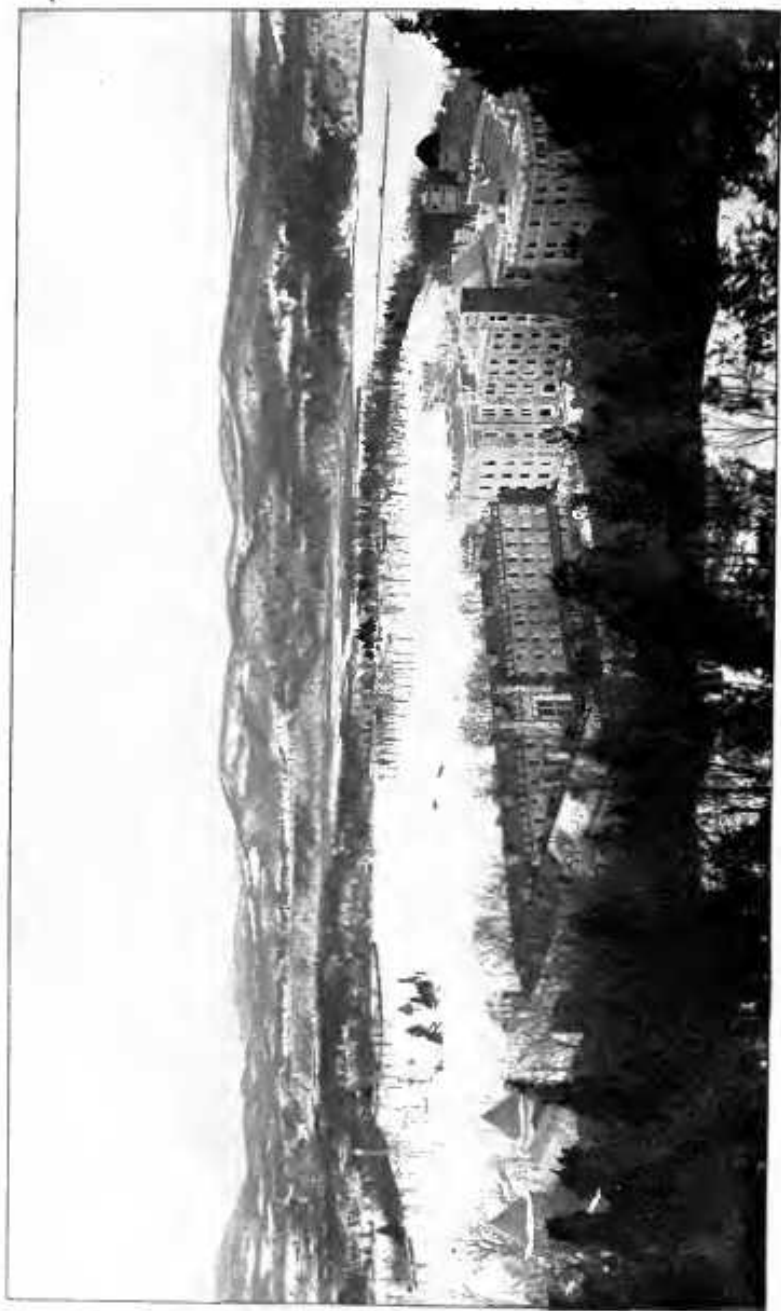
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**HUGH T. REED**

**CADET LIFE  
AT WEST POINT**





BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WEST POINT.

# CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT

BY

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*Military Science and Tactics, Etc.*

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**ILLUSTRATED.**

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CHICAGO:  
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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## **Dedicated**

*TO THE DEAR GIRLS WHO ADORE THE MILITARY, ONE OF  
WHOM HAVING PAID THE PENALTY OF HER AD-  
MIRATION, IS NOW MY SUPERIOR OFFICER.*





## PREFACE.

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I believe it to be well established that the mental habits are fully as strong as the physical habits of man. That is, thought moves in grooves day after day and day after day as walks in life do. The habit of retrospectant thought fastened itself upon me several years ago, and the habit confined itself largely and almost irresistibly to my life at West Point. My reflections became almost realisms; I was to all intents and purposes oblivious of the intervening years; oblivious of accumulated griefs and sorrows, of successes and of contemporaneous ambitions—I was indeed a boy again, and at West Point, living over and over and over again all the scenes leading up to and creating my life at the Nation's Military School.

In one of these moods, it occurred to me, entirely for my own gratification, and possibly to dispossess myself of the habit of thinking upon the subject, to write a little sketch of those days. I became interested in the work, and the pages grew in number as memory served me with inspiration for my narrative, until I had at last completed what might be called a volume of reminiscences.

As an amusement for him, I read chapter after chapter, as it was written, to a favorite nephew,

and when the manuscript was written and in a temporary binding, I loaned it to this young relative, who, in turn, with my consent, loaned it to friends of his, and it was read by these youngsters and passed from hand to hand. I could not help but realize the interest that was taken by these young readers in what I had so carelessly and indifferently written, but at the same time, I should never have undertaken the publication of my notes if my nephew had not attended a military school and bombarded me with appeals to send him the old manuscript, so that his comrades might read about life at West Point.

The old manuscript wouldn't do, so I edited what I had written, re-wrote some of the pages, added a few lines here and there, and finally concluded to publish it without the least expectation that it will interest very many persons, or bring me any material reward.

I have tried to write it naturally and without any attempt at literary excellence, and beg most respectfully to offer it to the public as a grateful tribute to my happiest years.

For valuable data in the "table showing disposition of graduates," I am indebted to Captain Wilber E. Wilder, 4th Cavalry, Adjutant of the Military Academy, and to his efficient clerk, Mr. William Ward, who has had charge of Cadet Records for forty-five years.