

**DICK PRESCOTT'S SECOND  
YEAR AT WEST POINT  
OR, FINDING THE GLORY  
OF THE SOLDIER'S LIFE**

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Dick Prescott's second year at West Point or, Findng the glory of the soldier's life by H. Irving Hancock

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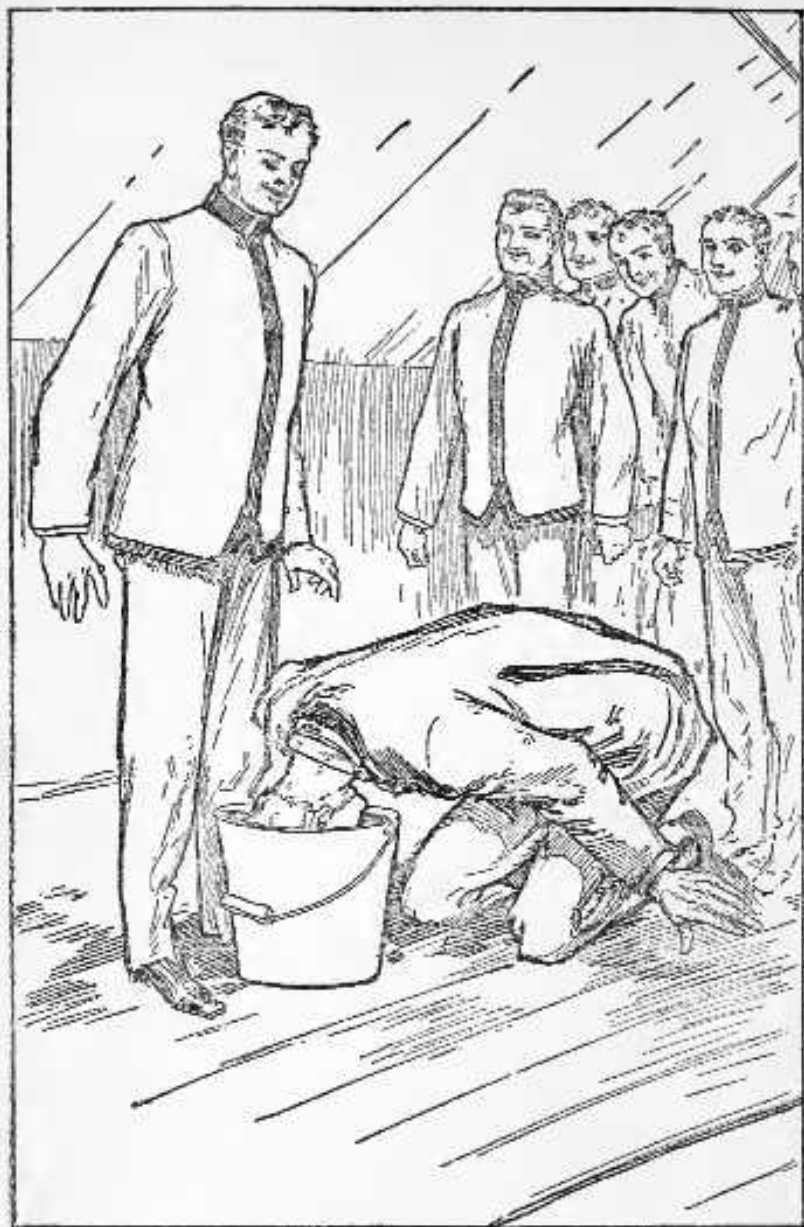
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**H. IRVING HANCOCK**

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“Continue With Your Head in Soak, Mister.”

*Frontispiece. West Point No. 2.*

# Dick Prescott's Second Year at West Point

OR

Finding the Glory of the Soldier's  
Life

By

<sup>series</sup>  
H. IRVING HANCOCK

Author of *The Motor Boat Club Series*, *The High School Boys Series*,  
*Dick Prescott's First Year at West Point*, *Dick Prescott's*  
*Third Year at West Point*, *Dick Prescott's*  
*Fourth Year at West Point*, Etc.

Illustrated

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# Dick Prescott's Second Year at West Point

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## CHAPTER I

### THE CLASS PRESIDENT LECTURES ON HAZING

**L**EAVING the road that wound by the officers' quarters at the north end, turning on to the road that passed the hotel, a hot, somewhat tired and rather dusty column of cadets swung along towards their tents in the distance.

The column was under arms, as though the cadets had been engaged in target practice or out on a reconnoissance.

The young men wore russet shoes, gray trousers and leggings, gray flannel shirts and soft campaign hats.

Their appearance was not that of soldiers on parade, but of the grim toilers and fighters who serve in the field.

Their work that morning had, in fact, been strictly in line with labor, for the young men,

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under Captain McAneny, had been engaged in the study of field fortifications. To be more exact, the young men had been digging military trenches—yes—digging them, for at West Point hard labor is not beneath the cadet's dignity.

Just as they swung off the road past the officers' quarters the young men, marching in route step, fell quickly into step at the command of the cadet officer at the head of the line.

Now they marched along at no greater speed, but with better swing and rhythm. They were, in fact, perfect soldiers—the best to be found on earth.

Past the hotel they moved, and out along the road that leads by the summer encampment. The brisk command of "halt" rang out. Immediately afterwards the command was dismissed. Carrying their rifles at ease, the young men stepped briskly through different company streets to their tents.

Three of these brought up together at one of the tents.

"Home, Sweet Home," hummed Greg Holmes, as he stepped into his tent.

"Thank goodness for the luxury of a little rest," muttered Dick Prescott.

"Rest?" repeated Tom Anstey, with a look of amazement. "What time have you, now, for a rest?"

"I can spare the time to stretch and yawn," laughed Dick. "If I am capable of swift work, after that, I may indulge in two yawns."

"Look out, or you'll get skinned for being late at dinner formation," warned Greg.

There was, in truth, no time for fooling. These cadets, and their comrades, had reached camp just on the dot of time. But now they had precious few minutes in which to cleanse themselves, brush their hair and get into white duck trousers and gray fatigue blouses. The call for dinner formation would sound at the appointed instant and they must be ready.

Sound it did, in short time, but it caught no one napping.

Nearly everyone of the young men in camp had just returned from a forenoon's work, and hot and dusty at that.

But now, as the call sounded, every member of three classes stepped from his tent looking as though he had just stepped from an hour spent in the hands of a valet.

Not one showed the least flaw in personal neatness. Moreover, the tents which these cadets had just quitted were in absolute order and wholly clean. At West Point no excuse whatever is accepted for untidiness of person or quarters.

With military snap and briskness the battalion was formed. Then, at brisk command, the bat-