



Summer 2009

VOL. 23, NO. 2

Lieutenant Alvin H Sydenham, a Great-Uncle of Marion S. Ball who is an honored member of the Friends, was commissioned in the U. S. Cavalry following his graduation from the Military Academy in 1889. During his initial posting at Fort Keogh Montana, he began keeping a daily Journal, which his heirs subsequently donated to the New York Public Library. One entry of that journal is of interest to our history in the Pacific Northwest, and here follows:

“Camp on Tongue R., Oct 31, 1890”

“Gen Miles, with Commissioners Smalley & Aid D. C. Maus, Artist Remington, Indian Scouts Lt. Casey & Getty & Miles arrived 3:30 p m. Remain one night and go to Lame Deer tomorrow to arrange disposition of the Cheyennes”...”This is a red letter day. I have met the artist Remington and he is a good natured smooth faced fat blonde original good fellow. He has a family, lives in New Rochelle Westchester Co. N.Y. and is a staff correspondent of the N. Y. Harpers, pubs.”

The following supplement to the Journal of Lt. Sydenham describing Fredric Remington is copied from the files of *The New York Public Library*. He served in the Northwest until his death at Ft Canby, WA in 1893.



Graduation Photo of
Lieutenant Alvin H. Sydenham
1889
(Courtesy of Marion Sydenham Ball)

If in America there is one artist distinct among the rest for the fact that his horses are drawn upon the paper full of life and vigor and spirit and accurately moulded anatomy; whose soldiers are dust-grimed warriors as well as stalwart men; whose cowboys pose with all the true devil-may-care swagger of the prairies; whose Indians are wild, and stern-featured, and statuesque: that artist is Frederic Remington.

One glance at his work is sufficient to impress upon the eye his individuality and vigor of expression. Wherever action, vigor, and animation are concerned he revels in his proper element, and his figures start from the canvas with a life and fullness that causes the observer fairly to stand aside while they dash by. Herds of buffalo charging madly at the cut-bank chasm that yawns ahead, concealed by the bristling sagebrush; Indians urging their hare-backed ponies in the chase, with muscles tense and lances poised overhead; grim, ragged cavalymen, astride of gaunt, hungry-eyed horses, climbing wearily up the mountain trail after renegade Apaches in a chase so stern and unyielding that it knows not the name of rest; fields of the dead, transfixed with arrows, and of the living

Cont on page 3

**The Friends of the Fort Lewis Military Museum
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The Banner is printed four times a year and is mailed to all members of The Friends of Fort Lewis Museum. Articles may be submitted to the Editor or left with the Curator of the Fort Lewis Museum. The Friends assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or other materials submitted for publication.

Editor.....Paul Knoop
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President’s Report

The Fort Lewis Military Museum has a new curator. Mr. Myles Grant was selected by the Center for Military History to replace Alan Archambault, who, it’s hard to believe, departed almost a year ago. Myles did not have to move very far, because he comes to the Museum from the Directorate of Plans, Training, Mobilization and Security (DPTMS) right here at Fort Lewis. DPTMS is the Directorate with responsibility for the Museum, and in his previous position as the chief of Plans, Operations, Mobilization and Museum (POMM) at the DPTMS, Myles was Alan’s supervisor. Myles is very familiar with the Museum and its operations. Myles, welcome to your new assignment as Museum curator. The Friends look forward to a close and cooperative relationship, and to supporting you and your staff as you carry on the important mission of the Museum. The Museum invariably leaves a lasting, positive impression on most visitors, and continues to be one of the great assets of Fort Lewis.

We also want to say “thank you” to Mr. Greg Hagge for keeping the Museum functioning as acting Curator these past several months while the process of selecting a new Curator pressed onward. Greg, The Friends Board members appreciate the cooperation and support you provided during this period of transition.

On a somber note, it is with sadness that we report the passing of Louise Fenili, the widow of the late BG Vasco (“Flip”) Fenili. Louise and Flip, who was President of the Friends for many years, were long-time members and strong supporters of The Friends. Louise Fenili died peacefully on Saturday, July 25, 2009, three weeks short of her 92nd birthday. May she rest in peace.

Cont on Page 6

Curator’s Report

First, I would like to express what an honor it is to be on board as the new Fort Lewis Military Museum director. I would like to thank the museum staff, the special duty soldiers and The Friends for their assistance and making me feel welcome as I assume the responsibilities of operating this wonderful historic place. I look forward to working closely with the current command, the Center of Military History, the museum staff, and The Friends to continue to maintain and improve our historic home.

As most of you already know, our building, the historic Red Shield Inn, is long overdue for a renovation. Over the past two years, the museum has undergone several major studies to determine the scope of the refurbishments needed - but funding for the project has proven problematic to date. At present, the plan to renovate the museum is currently approved as a federal stimulus project with a contract award date set for late 2009 or early 2010. It is my sincere hope that this much needed renovation will be accomplished so that the Fort Lewis Military Museum will continue to be a grand symbol of heritage and pride for Fort Lewis and the United States Army.

Again, it is an honor and a privilege to be here and I look forward to serving with all of you in the years to come. Please feel free to drop by for a visit at any time!

Respectfully,
 Myles Standish Grant



dashing madly in victorious pursuit — such are the scenes which he alone has painted. He has brought them out of the heart of the wilderness, and has written them on the pages of our history in the language of lines and shadows. In a few years they would have been known no more, and without him would have been forever forgotten.

He has gone out over the frozen snows into the pine-grown wastes of Northern Canada, the land of the Northwest Fur Company, and has returned to educate us with pictures of the French half-breed Indian in his native forests, and with the haunts of the moose and caribou. He has sweltered in the dust and heat of southern Arizona, where the luxuries of life fade into salt pork and hard bread, and the water is full of mud and monsters and alkali; and yet comes cheerfully back to paint the native Tonto on his trail, and the Apache in the act of lifting scalps. Again we find him mounted on a cayuse pony clad in furs penetrating the heart of the badlands; and in a few days we have before our eyes the ghost dance — not an imaginary sketch, but a genuine production — with all the gruesome concomitants of ghost dances, slaughtered Indians, and dead cavalymen. The cowboy shelters and feeds him, and helps him on his way, and thus we know how the cowboy looks, and feels, and swears. Even now he is in the cold heart of Russia with Poultney Bigelow braving the insults of a superstitious peasantry and the arrogance of the frontier police, trying to find out for us what it is to be a Russian, with famines, and Cossacks and Jewish oppressions, hatred of the Czar, and preparations for war. Such is his life work; such he has done and such he is to do.

The prudent biographer waits until his hero is dead before he unveils his life to the scrutiny of the world, and persons who write biographically are obliged to conform to this wise caution. Therefore I feel that some apology is due for writing of Mr. Remington, and that it will profit me to invite attention to the fact that as he has not yet visited the Pacific Coast where these notes appear, he may never, without them, become known to some people. Then, too, he is at present buried in the heart of the Czar's empire; consequently he is sufficiently dead for the purpose at hand.

My first personal introduction to him took place on the dusty, alkaline banks of the Tongue river, among the Montana foothills of the Big Horn moun-

tains, to which place Mr. Remington had penetrated in company with General Miles and an Indian Commission. The Cheyennes, not content with the proportions of the government ration, had taken to their usual diplomatic method of enforcing adjustment by going out into the timber and killing a few citizens together with divers of their choicest beeves; wherefore it became necessary to send the usual commission to reason with them. Mr. Remington recognized the opportunity and accompanied the expedition.

We first became aware of his existence in camp by the unusual spectacle of a fat citizen dismounting from a tall troop horse at the head of a column of cavalry. The horse was glad to get rid of him, for he could not have trained down to two hundred pounds in less than a month of cross-country riding on a hot trail. Smoothed down over his closely shaven head was a little soft hat rolled up a trifle at the edges so as not to convey quite that barren impression which you get from inspecting the head of a Japanese priest. Tending still more to impress the observer with the idea of rotundity and specific gravity was a brown canvas hunting coat whose generous proportions and many swelling pockets extended laterally, with a gentle downward slope to the front and rear, like the protecting expanse of a brown cotton umbrella. And below, in strange contrast with the above, he wore closely-fitting black riding breeches of Bedford cord, reinforced with dressed kid, and shapely riding boots of the Prussian pattern, set off by a pair of long-shanked English spurs. As he ambled toward camp there was abundant opportunity to study his figure and physiognomy. His gait was an easy graceful waddle that conveyed a general idea of comfortable indifference to appearances and abundant leisure. But his face, although hidden for the time behind the smoking remainder of an ample cigar, was his most reassuring and fetching feature. Fair complexion, blue eyes, light hair, smooth face — would probably have been his facial description if he were badly wanted any place by telegraph. A big, good-natured, overgrown boy — a fellow you could not fail to like the first time you saw him — that was the way he appeared to us.

By his side a tall, cadaverous Indian Commissioner shambled along. My first lieutenant essayed the formality of an introduction, but his effort was not destined to meet with the usual success. Mr. Remington shook my hand vigorously.

Cont on ppage 4

“Sorry to meet you, Mr. Sydenham. I don’t like second lieutenants — never did. Captains are my style of people — they lend me horses. Eh? Yes. Where do you live? Well, don’t care if I do.” And thus we met. Notwithstanding his acknowledged predilection for captains, commissioners, and generals, we occupied the dust at the rear of the column in company several times after that.

In the evening we wandered among the tents of the commissioners and the aids, trying to get acquainted, and partaking of the government ration, and of the strong water which does not bubble out of the rocks at the foot of the pines. Casey came in with his scouts after the moon rose. The little Indian



Lt “Ned” Casey
by Fredric Remington

Ed.note: Lt Edward Casey, (a son of Lt Col Silas Casey, Commander of Fort Steilacoom) a member of Lt Sydenham’s party was also the Commander of Casey’s Scouts, a group of Cheyenne Indians. He was subsequently killed in 1891, and is acknowledged to be the last white soldier to die in the Indian Wars.

ponies could not keep up with the big horses of the cavalry, and in the sixty-five mile march of that day they were left far to the rear. Which caused Mr. Remington to observe, as he looked at the moon: “They say an infantryman can’t keep up with a cavalryman, but General Miles is an infantryman and he came into camp to-night half an hour ahead of that cavalry troop.”

The General appeared to be proud also, but the

cavalrymen noticed that he “didn’t feel like sitting down” that evening, and much thoughtful walking around with his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth, appeared to harmonize better with his post-prandial meditations.

Without noticing this first meeting with much detail, it is enough to state that in the interests of the world I watched this fat artist very closely to see “how he did it.” My stock of artistic information was as great when he went away as it was before he arrived. There was no technique, no “shop,” about anything that he did. No pencils, no notebooks, no “kodak,” — nothing, indeed, but his big blue eyes rolling around at everything and into all sorts of queer places. Now and then an orderly would ride by, or a scout dash up in front of the commanding officer’s tent: Then I would see him look intently for a moment with his eyes half closed — only a moment, and it gave me the impression that perhaps he was a trifle nearsighted.

One morning, just as the grey of dawn was about to brighten the east, there was a prolonged scratching upon the fly of our Sibly tent. It awoke the ever-watchful captain; the captain kicked the first lieutenant; and the first lieutenant took it out of the deeply slumbering subaltern.

“Who’s there?” growled the captain.

It’s me.” The voice was Remington’s.

“What do you want?”

“Breakfast,” was the laconic response.



A Cavalryman’s Breakfast on the Plains,
by Fredrick Remington.

(Image copyright by Amon Carter Museum)

“It’s too early for breakfast; you had better go back to bed” and the captain rolled over to his slumbers.

“Well, can’t you give a fellow a cavalryman’s breakfast, anyhow,” pleaded Remington.

Cont on page 5

What's that, old man?" I ventured on my own account out of the depths of my bed sack.

"A drink of whiskey and a cigarette."

Ah-h-h! Certainly!" After which he went away happy. But I could not see the logical side of his matutinal demand until the sentinel at the picket line informed me at reveille that, "The fat gentleman as was sleeping with the general was roaming around among the horses since daybreak, sir; and I didn't challenge him because I seen him talkin' at your tent, sir."

Two weeks later everyone saw the chief features of that Cheyenne Commission in *Harper's Weekly*, and the world learned how badly we had treated the fat staff artist. I only refer to the matter again by way of challenge to any artist who can take a week's march with a column of soldiers, and then reproduce the same again as faithfully in black and white as did Mr. Remington on that occasion.

Not many months ago I met him in the Grand Hotel in New York City. His crowning glory was a tall silk hat that took the place of the skull cap; and a dark blue coat of graceful model occupied the position formerly filled with credit by the expansive garment of brown canvas. Tan kid gloves, patent shoes, and a portly stick with a buckhorn handle combined their effect to enforce the disguise; but in vain, for nothing could hide his broad good-natured face and laughing blue eyes. He wanted to know something more about saddles and stirrups and curb bits. He wondered if I had heard why the Indians didn't hit him the day he rode into their advance guard in the Bad Lands. As far as I could see he was different only in the surface covering from the weighty party who had descended from the horse at the head of the troop that day on the Tongue River. The next day I watched him spread India ink and pencil marks over a piece of academy board that afterward challenged admiration as a full-page illustration of Garza's minions on a raid into Mexico.

Whether you meet him on a bony troop horse jogging along a mountain trail, or astride a well fed hunter taking the hedges of the Rosetree Hunt, you are forced to admit that he understands the horse and how to ride it; and this knowledge is not more the result of training than of a natural sincere love of the animal. Those in his own stable are of the kind you are familiar with in his pictures — fiery, limbed, striding roadsters. One day as we were starting for a ride on the road he said, patting one of them on the flank, "I know the shape of every muscle in his body."

It is because he is preeminently a soldier's artist that I presume to offer these few lines concerning him. Stephen Bonsal has been introduced to the public as a newspaper man's man. Rudyard Kipling is



certainly a soldier's author. Similarly Frederic Remington is a soldier's artist, and the world is learning so to regard him. Let those who hereafter look upon his horses and his Indians and his soldiers remember that they are the creations of a young American born no longer ago than the Civil War, who paints them because he loves and feels the wild strange scenes they represent. And let these lines bear witness that he is not unhonored among those whom he has contributed so much to honor.

(Ed. Note: photos and images were not included in original manuscript.)

Greene Park

Major General Henry A. Greene, Post Commander of Camp Lewis 1917-18, worried over Seattle's "diverse and open dens of vice", where troops from the camp might spend off-duty hours. The General made Seattle off-limits in the fall of 1917 and did not lift the ban until early 1918.

As an alternative, he formed the Camp Lewis Amusement Company to design and build a recreation center with theaters, restaurants, billiard's hall, ice cream parlor, tailors, and a bank. Located across the Pacific Highway from the camp, it would be named in his honor, Greene Park.

Greene Park (cont.)



Main Street, Greene Park under construction.
(WA State Historical Society)

To accommodate relatives visiting soldiers, a Salvation Army hut providing about 19 rooms was built. When the demand for accommodations out-paced the hut, a 150 –room Salvation Army hotel, The Red Shield Inn, was built across the street and opened on Dec 7, 1919.

The Red Shield Inn is the only surviving feature of Greene Park and today serves as the Fort Lewis Military Museum. During the 1920's, as the Camp Lewis population declined, Greene Park declined as well, with a number of businesses burning down or closing.



S & W Café in Greene Park
(WA State Historical Society)

This month's Member Meeting will cover more about Greene Park and other ongoing archeological projects contributing to the long and interesting history of Fort Lewis.

Bret Ruby, PhD, from the Public Works Division here at Fort Lewis and the Cultural Resources Manager, is the featured speaker.

President's Report (cont.)

The summer has been busy for the Museum and for the Cannon Shop. In addition to the normal summer spike in visitor numbers, the deployments of the three Stryker brigades have brought an influx of families and friends, usually accompanied by their about-to-deploy soldier. Visiting groups included the educators from the colleges and universities of the ROTC cadets attending summer camp, and veteran's organizations – most recently a group from the 505th Airborne Infantry Regiment with some veterans who participated in all four combat jumps made by the regiment in WWII. Some of these heroes were in their 90's and still going strong!

Hope to see you at our Member Meeting on the 27th of September!

Ian Larson

WANTED

Stories, photos and remembrances of your days at Fort Lewis. Also any ideas for articles you would like to see, or things you would like to know more about. Please send submissions to the Museum or email us.



Editor's Corner

Many of our *Friends* are now receiving this issue of **The Banner** using our new online, Email version. We have begun this to do our part in conserving our precious natural resources and to reduce the mailing cost of the publication. I hope that this new feature works well for you, both as an individual and a member of *The Friends*.

If you would like to change the way that you receive **The Banner**, please let us know; either drop a note, or email to friendsmuseum2@gmail.com. We will be happy to accommodate your desires.

Another new feature for you is past issues of **The Banner** are now available on our website. Presently, only issues from 2000 are posted, but there is also an index of all issues, and if you are interested in a specific topic, or a particular issue, please contact us and we will be happy to send you a copy. Our web site is www.fortlewismuseum.com, and you may contact us by email at friendsmuseum2@gmail.com.

One last item; please advise us of changes in your contact information to ensure that you continue to keep up with what is happening in the Fort Lewis Military Museum.

List of Links to Articles of Historical Interest Online

Camp Lewis: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=8455
Fort Lewis: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=8493
Gray Army Airfield: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=8623
General David L. Stone: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=9100
General Mark Wayne Clark: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=9004
Dwight D. Eisenhower: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=8930
Mount Rainier Ordnance Depot: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=9028
Fort Lewis Golf Course: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=8922
Olympia's USO Club: http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?displaypage=output.cfm&file_id=9102

FRIENDS OF THE FORT LEWIS MILITARY MUSEUM GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 2009

Place: Patriots Landing
Time: 1145-1230 Social Hour
1230-1330 Brunch
1330-1415 Program

Program: The Friends are honored to have Dr. Bret Ruby, Cultural Resources Manager at Fort Lewis. He will present a fascinating briefing on archeological work being done at Fort Lewis and specifically the discovery of archeological artifacts that led to research on Greene Park, a 100 acre town center / amusement area that was built in the early 1900's. The Red Shield Inn, completed 90 years ago in August, was included in the area of Greene Park. The original building is pictured here.



Please return your reservation form and check by Friday, 25 SEPTEMBER 2009. Last minute reservations may be made by calling Paul Knoop at (253) 279-2598 or email to friendsmuseum2@gmail.com

Return this form or a copy to LTC (Ret) Donald A Simpson, 6615 79th Street W
Lakewood WA 98499. Make checks payable to "The Friends".
Cost of Brunch for members and Guests: \$16.00 each.

Number of Reservations: _____ Total Amount Enclosed: _____

Name of Member: _____ Telephone Number: _____

Names of Guests: _____

Residents of Patriot's Landing do not need to make payment for the meal, but should make reservations for seating.

August marks the 90th anniversary of the completion of the Red Shield Inn, which is the home of the Museum. Inside we have provided a number of links to articles written by Dr. Duane Colt Denfeld, the architectural historian of the Cultural Resources Program here at Fort Lewis. And, beginning on Page 5 is an article about Greene Park, built for the soldiers and their families in the early days of Fort Lewis. The Museum is the only remaining building of this 100 acre facility. Our member meeting program on September 27th presented by Dr. Bret Ruby, Cultural Resources Director in the post Public Works Division, will focus on archeological and conservation programs regarding this area of the Post, about which little is known.

**Help Us Defend Our
Military Heritage-
Please Continue to be a
Friend of the Fort Lewis
Military Museum**

www.fortlewismuseum.com

*Friends of the Fort Lewis
Military Museum
PO Box 331001
Fort Lewis, WA 98433-1001*



The proud Hurley-Mason workers of Tacoma who built Camp Lewis donated money to construct, in November 1917, an impressive gate to span the road to the 91st Division Headquarters. Named "Liberty Gate," the structure was built of fieldstone towers topped by squared logs to resemble Northwest block houses. On the sides were sentry stations for foot travel. This gate would stand at the post entrance for 40 years and then be moved to its present location with the construction of Interstate 5.