

Gentlemen of the Common Council:  
"To our human hearts full to  
overflowing with love of home  
and Country, ever the constant source  
of love and sympathy, nothing is so  
sacredly dear as the last resting  
place of our Nation's departed  
heroes. It has been termed desolate  
but desolation has no place there,  
for it is enshrined in the Nation's  
heart of hearts, the holy of holies,  
whither rest those who have  
been the very bulwark of our  
defense in time that is past —  
for the boys are the hope of the  
world — and whose lives and  
magnificently heroic deaths are ever  
a perpetual inspiration and in-  
centive for patriot lives to come.  
"It was my priceless privilege as a  
representative, self appointed as it were



of this ~~year~~ legislative branch of  
our municipal government, to join  
with a great concourse of American  
men and women on far Point Loma,  
yesterday afternoon, in a heartfelt  
but all too feeble tribute of loyal  
sympathy and loving respect to our  
Nation's valiant defenders, who in the  
pride and promise of Early Man-  
hood, met their death at their posts  
of duty in that scalding hell of  
steam in the hold of the ill  
fated Bennington; Heroes and  
patriots were they to the death!  
Crossing, in company with the Mayor and  
the heads of the various departments, the  
blue waters of San Diego harbor, sparkling  
in the brilliant sunshine of a perfect  
California Sunday, <sup>noon</sup> no human tongue  
or pen can fitly begin to describe the  
matchless beauty of the war widening scene



That after we left the precincts of  
Fort Rosencrans ~~we~~ held the delighted  
soul and eye spell bound as it  
unfolded to us as we climbed gradually  
in the conveyance most thoughtfully and  
courteously provided <sup>for the city officials</sup> by Capt. Scott, the  
Commandant, the rugged slope of  
Old Point Loma clad in all the  
primordial beauty of countless different  
shrubs and flowers until at last  
on the very crest of the slope, kissed  
by the first bright glance of dawn,  
and the last slanting rays of the  
setting <sup>sun</sup> lies the charming little  
National Cemetery looking down  
upon the mighty Pacific breaking  
in ceaseless <sup>silver</sup> surges upon Coronado's  
sandy shore, and the calm, beautiful  
bay of San Diego encircling as with  
turquoise the city. And over all  
the rock ribbed and ancient mountains  
rise in hazy grandeur for an



Eternal background. No one  
could wish for earthy Couch more  
beautifully restful after the agony  
and strife of life <sup>is</sup> over than  
was prepared in this ideal spot  
for those brave boys who were  
there laid reverently and lovingly  
<sup>to rest,</sup> comrades in life and death on that  
Sunday afternoon, committed to the  
tender care of God and Country.  
May the Almighty rest their souls  
in peace and the Nation and this  
our City in particular the scene  
of their last fearful struggle, <sup>Christ</sup>  
their gallant lives, deaths, and last  
resting place in perpetual <sup>& fond</sup> memory.

Respectfully Submitted,

John B. Osborne.



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J. I. Butler

City Clerk,

By

Deputy.

Report  
President, John D. Osborne,  
In re, Funeral and  
burial, Sailors killed  
on U.S. battle ship  
Pennington.

Presented and read to Council,  
July 24<sup>th</sup> 1905, and on motion  
ordered spread upon Minutes. *13*