

[Hervey, William A.]

William A. Hervey

William A. Hervey, Deputy Superintendent of the Combustibles Bureau in the Brooklyn Fire Department, and for a long time prior to that a member of the staff of the Eagle, died on Sunday night at a private sanitarium in Brooklyn. Mr. Hervey had been ill for a long time. He was born in Southbridge, Mass., on September 8, 1864, a son the Rev. Dr. A. B. Hervey and the late Sarah E. Andrews. He prepared for college at Bristol Academy, in Taunton, and later entered Harvard, where he graduated in 1887. Almost his first and thereafter, his only newspaper work was done on the Eagle. His connection with the paper began soon after he left college and continued until the end of 1899, when he left to accept an appointment in the Fire Department. During that time Mr. Hervey was engaged in almost every branch of reportorial work. He was particularly well known as a writer on military matters and was considered an authority on the National Guard. His interest in this subject was personal, as well as professional, for he became a member of the Twenty-third Regiment soon after his coming to Brooklyn, and continued his connection there for several years. Later, during the Spanish-American War, when the One Hundred and Fourteenth Provisional Regiment was organized, he became a member of Colonel Britton's staff, with the rank of captain. In politics he was a Democrat and was actively identified with the Brooklyn organization. He is survived by his father, the Rev. Dr. A.B. Hervey, formerly president of St. Lawrence University, at Canton, N.Y., and by his brother, Charles S. Hervey, of the Department of Finance. To-night funeral services will be held at 15 Greene avenue, at 8 o'clock. The interment will be at the convenience of the family. The Rev. L. Ward Brigham, of All Souls Universalist Church, will conduct the service. There will also be a Masonic service by the Hill Grove Lodge, F. & A.M., of which Mr. Hervey was a member, and many of Mr. Hervey's friends are expected to attend, for he was a man who made friends and held them. Probably no man in Brooklyn in recent years had a wider circle of acquaintances than he. His illness was long, and at periods a painful one, yet he bore it with a cheerful courage that was characteristic of him.

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