CHAPTER III

Soldiers' and Sailors' Day

June 17, 1919

The College Chapel, four o'clock

President Howe: Friends, at this time of the year, at the end and the beginning of things, our thoughts are wont to leap lightly back. Today we are taking a little time out of the busy, hurrying world, to think of some things that ought to remain forever fresh in our minds and to influence us as we go down through the years.

I think, today, of those happy June days—those beginning June days—five years ago, when all the world was at peace—or seemed to be—when all was fair, and no one thought of anything else than the common troubles of every-day life. That was a long time ago. That was in the days of the old world. Today we are in the new world, and between the two there lies a great and flaming gulf—between those June days of 1914 and these of 1919, there is a wide and terrible chasm. Little did we think of what could come to us; little did we dream of the changes that would find their way into our lives; and I wonder if we should have had the courage, had we known just then what was ahead of us, to meet the issues that have faced us since those bright June days of the olden time?

There came a great flash and a summoning of all the world to arms. We had thought, sometimes, as we
theorized and philosophized, that the days of real love of country had passed; that we no longer had such patriots as in the days of the Civil War, when those boys went out from this college, well-nigh two hundred strong, at the call of the country’s need, ready and willing to make the supreme sacrifice if need be.

It seems like a horrid nightmare, and we wonder as we recall the days through which we have lived how we have endured them. There is not one of us into whose life anxiety and care and grief have not come. But, I think that we would not be willing to have it out of our life. Terrible as it is, I am sure we are better men and better women because we have lived through it and have survived. It has burned the dross and the earth out of some of us. We have appreciated certain things that seemed of little worth in former times, and we have come nearer to understanding the real values of life.

In the colleges boys, and girls too, were perhaps forgetting what their country meant, how precious its liberties, the meaning of human life, and what justice signified in the world. But when the call came, it was from the colleges of our land that the greater number, relatively, went than from any other place. And that was as it should have been. Because, my friends, if the picked boys and girls in the colleges and other places of learning do not respond to the call of service and of duty, then there can be little hope for the world; and it is the glory of this nation today that those colleges and universities that have been fostered by the prayers and the sacrifices of those who founded them have not proven untrue to what was expected of them. They have shown themselves worthy to survive, as they did in the days of the great struggle between the brothers of the North and the South.
And so, this afternoon we may say to ourselves "Is it possible that we have gone through all this, and that it seems to be well-nigh over?" We have come together here—friends of the college some, and some others of those who answered the call and went out in the service of the Nation. And this, soldier and sailor-boy friends, is your day! We have come here to hear some words from you; we have come to feel, together, the thrill of the common love that we have for our Alma Mater; we have come to fix a little more clearly in our minds a real picture of what this one little college, out of almost six hundred, has done as its share in the great world struggle.

It was a goodly number who went out from this college to take their part, who took the oath of allegiance to our flag, and who committed themselves to the task assigned to them, whether it was to stay right here and study, whether it was to go into the training camps, whether it was to go onto the ocean with its dangers seen and unseen, or whether it was to go to the fighting front, through shot and shell and deadly gas and all the rest of that hell-front—doing their duty wherever sent.

We welcome you back this afternoon, we welcome you home. There are some who can not be here. There are others who are far away, even across the sea; there are others whose business would not permit their coming in person, although we know that their hearts are with us. Those of us who are here must feel and speak for all. We, who have been the stay-at-homes, have gone with you in affection and in prayers by night and by day, and we welcome you back. We hope that you will not regret, as the years come and go, the sacrifices you have made and the part that you have played.
This afternoon we are to have talks by some of the boys.

**Sergeant Herman James Sheedy, A. B., '20**

"The Students' Army Training Corps"

President Howe, and Friends: I confess that I feel rather out of place this afternoon. I feel that I have done so little, while these other men, who are next to speak, have done so much.

However, I am very glad that the S. A. T. C. is to be represented, because I feel that it has been generally misunderstood. The fact that it was not a raving success was not due to its purpose, its management, or its organization. Nor was it due to the character of the men who were in it. It was due merely to the fact that it did not have time to prove itself. Had the war continued another year, as everyone thought it would continue, the S. A. T. C. would have been recognized as one of the greatest branches of our army. It would have been recognized as the greatest source of officer material.

Our government realized that by July 1, of this year, it would need one hundred and fifty thousand additional second lieutenants, and it thought the best place to find them was in the colleges. For this purpose the S. A. T. C. was founded.

Training camps were established at Plattsburg, Fort Sheridan, and in California, and representatives from one hundred and fifty colleges in the United States were sent to those three training camps. Late in September those men were sent back to their colleges to act as assistant military directors.
There were about two hundred and seventy-five men who came to Butler to attend the S. A. T. C. For various reasons we lost a few of them, so that the final roster showed two hundred and sixty-four men, and of those two hundred and sixty-four men, every one was a high school graduate and was perfectly sound, morally, mentally and physically! That was as fine a bunch of men as you could get together at any time, or at any place; and every one of them came here realizing that at any minute he would be subject to call, and that when he took the oath, he became a member of our army, just as surely, just as completely, as any man who was wearing the uniform.

Of course it took a few days to settle down, but, after the first week or two, the unusual life, the living in barracks, and the drilling had become an old story and we got along very well.

It seemed to be the ideal combination, just the right proportion of brains and of brawn, and at the time we received our discharges, things were running along smoothly.

We had our share of the influenza, of course, but due to the good medical attention that we were given, we had but one loss—Russell Mercer, of Anderson. He made many friends while here, and everyone who knew him was truly grieved to hear of his death. However, I am sure that we were very fortunate, indeed, that out of this two hundred and sixty-four men, just one man was lost.

The aim of the S. A. T. C. was high, and I do not believe it was a failure. I know that I am proud to have been in it, and every man who was in the organization should be glad that he was allowed to wear the uniform—the same uniform that was worn by every man in the service.
ARTHUR JAMES PERRY
Major, 77th Infantry

HOWARD CLAY CALDWELL
Ensign, United States Navy

HERMAN JAMES SHEEDY
Sergeant, Students' Army Training Corps

HARRISON CALE
Corporal, 6th United States Marines
If the war had continued another year, these men, drilled out there on Irwin Field, might now be in France. That was the purpose for which they came here, and they realized that they would be sent across just so fast as they were prepared.

Major Arthur James Perry, '15

"The Home Camp."

President Howe, and fellow members of former times: Glancing down at this mark on my arm, I was reminded that while there were, perhaps, two million men in France, entitled to be decorated with the blue chevron and the gold chevron and some of them, now, with three gold chevrons, there are about ten million of us, more or less, who are still wearing the silver chevron.

I would like to relate a story that my last Division Commander was very fond of telling, and it may be some consolation to those of us who stayed on this side. The gentleman to whom I refer, Major-General Hutchinson, joined the army back in the days when the Indians were in the habit of having festivities of their own, and it was necessary, at intervals, to despatch troops of cavalry out to subdue the Red Man. It so happened that General Hutchinson, then a new second lieutenant and, in the language of the army, known as a shave-tail, had joined his command down in New Mexico, only a few days before the occurrence, which I shall relate. One of the troops was to be sent out to look after some of the Indians and the General was very anxious to go. Having had four years of West Point, he debated whether he should go directly to the captain and ask to be permitted to go. Well, he
thought he would do what he could. It so happened that it was his time to stand stables and look after the grooming of the horses and all that, and he made sure that the work of the sergeants and the corporals was exceedingly well done, and when they were about through, the captain, who was a typical officer of the old school, came around [of course, the young lieutenant clicked his heels together and gave a very elaborate salute], and said, "Yes, I see that the picket line is, indeed, in very fair shape," and he looked around. Lieutenant Hutchinson remarked, "Captain, I understand they are going to send a patrol out after those Indians." "Yes, yes, I understand they are. Yes, this picket line is in very nice shape." Finally Lieutenant Hutchinson mustered up courage to say to the captain, "Well, Captain, I would like to take that patrol out," and the old captain looked down at him and replied, "Well, my boy, let me tell you one thing. When Uncle Sam wants you, he knows where you are, and he will come and get you. So go ahead and keep your picket line in good shape, and that is all you are to do."

Now, that is exactly the situation in which we all found ourselves when we had to stay here at home. It reminds one of a game of chess, in which each individual member is nothing more than a pawn.

Some of my good friends here were among the few who were sent across. But there were a lot of good men, and units of the regular army, who were kept on this side.

The only consolation that comes to me is the thought that perhaps some of these units were retained at home owing to the situation in which England found herself, due to the lack of British officers. England was abso-
lutely stripped, because she sent over practically all of her trained troops in the very first advance. We were advised to keep some of our trained men on this side, to drill and to instruct the new units as they were brought in. Whatever consolation that offers, we must take it.

My own experience in this war, I am forced to recall, was had within three hundred miles of my home. Just think of putting in twenty-three months within three hundred miles of your own home, and feeling that at any minute you might be called to go across!

I have been in four of the largest training camps in the country, and I want to say to you that the government has handled the units in such a way that I don't see how anything could have been done to improve that work. The government erected enormous plants in a very short time.

There were some mighty black days back there in 1917. Even in the fall of that year, I saw men drilling in overalls, instead of uniforms, and sleeping under comforts of every kind, confiscated from department stores or anywhere they could get them. But they lived through it all, and I think that every man, whether he got across or stayed near his own home, feels that he is a broader and better man for this service and experience.

**Ensign Howard Clay Caldwell, A. B., '15**

"The United States Navy"

Mr. President, I recall, when I used to be a regular attendant here at chapel not very many years ago, that it was always keenly disappointing to have a missionary from Africa, or some other place, come and
give us a talk on the general broadening influence of English History, or something like that. I always figured that I would have been much better satisfied had he talked a little about his own experiences. That is one of the reasons that I shall confine what I have to say to the "Battle of the Great Lakes."

I wonder how many sailors happen to be here this afternoon. I would like to see your hands. Well, there are so few of you that I ought to be able to get away with almost anything.

Had I been nine pounds heavier when I enlisted in the navy, I might have been a fireman. They were needed pretty badly at that time. But standards are standards, and they finally decided to pass me up. I eventually got in as an apprentice seaman. I didn’t know much about the job at that time, but I learned a good deal a little later on. The apprentice seaman, you know, is the fellow who makes the navy such a clean, desirable branch of the service!

I suppose that every man who has been in camp recalls very vividly the first reveille. I am sure I do. It was at that time that I was introduced to that often to be repeated and never to be misunderstood summons, "Hit the deck, you’se birds!" When we heard that we always tumbled from our hammocks, scared to death, for fear we hadn’t got out quickly enough. One of the men in our company wanted to know what he was to hit the deck with! Well, he soon found out. They handed him a mop. The fact of the matter is that we became very expert in the use of the mop. That is a very indispensable article about the ship, as some of you men may know. Well, I began by scrubbing down the so-called decks, three times a day, and then when we ran out of anything else to do, we scrubbed
them down some more! They had to keep us busy those days.

Since seeing other rookies, just after they had made their transformation from the cities to the apparel of the Gobs—and, by the way, that is what the sailors prefer to be called—Gobs—not Jackies—I was rather glad that they didn’t permit cameras in those days, whereby the spectacle that I made of myself might have been perpetuated, because, like most of the other boys, I would have wanted to send a picture home to my family, just to show them how their boy looked!

There were about a thousand or more men coming in to the Great Lakes station, and the clothing was issued in cafeteria style. We marched along and some hard-boiled gentleman on the other side of the counter would throw us the size of clothing that he happened to think we needed, and it didn’t make much difference whether we got blouses, or handkerchiefs, or hats, but we had to be on the lookout when boots and shoes came over! The worst tragedy, and one that frequently happened, was when a fellow got clothes that were intended for the six-footer just behind him. Of course the salty individuals on the other side of the counter didn’t always throw where they intended, and they didn’t have time to rectify mistakes. Naturally, there was a good deal of swapping after we came from the outfitters, and what swapping failed to take care of, the tailors fixed us up on. I am glad to say that the navy would not tolerate ill-fitting uniforms.

But why is the sailor’s uniform, anyway? Most people wonder about that. Really, I don’t know, unless it is because England had specialized on her navy so long and with such success that it was well to emulate her in that respect. But there is really a reason back
of the peculiarities of the sailor’s uniform—even to the flopping trouser legs. They are mighty easy to roll up at scrubbing time. That is a universal reason. Most of the others are British. Take, for instance, the three stripes on the collar. They represent three of the world’s decisive battles, generally said to be the defeat of the Armada, the battle of the Nile, and the battle of Trafalgar. The handkerchief was first introduced, as I understand, upon the death of the great naval hero, Nelson. I don’t know that there is any particular reason for the style of the officer’s uniform, except punishment. This uniform isn’t very well known in Indianapolis, and I was somewhat taken aback, when, in Irvington, one of the venerable citizens looked up at me over his glasses, and said, “Well, young feller, what band might you be playin’ in?” The movies have played some part in making the naval uniform a familiar sight. The other day, going down the street out here, a youngster chanced to see me, and ran across to his mother and said, “Oh, mamma, look at the moving picture hero!”

For fear lest you may infer, from my remarks, that about all the sailor has to do is to scrub the decks, I might explain that the Gob, especially an apprentice seaman, is supposed to know a little of everything. First of all, he must learn how to sleep in a hammock without falling out. And, by the way, that is no little trick, as the hospital records of broken arms and legs will attest. He must be able to peel spuds, box the compass, and do a whole lot of things besides scrub the decks.

The navy sent five fourteen-inch guns overseas, and they put the sailors in marine uniform. Of course, they were pretty well back—twenty-five miles, I be-
lieve, was the average range. But you must give them a little credit for that, because they could have gotten back forty-two miles with that gun.

Some of you men may have heard of that very interesting piece of naval ordnance called the Davis Double Recoil Gun, which was used on aeroplanes during the war. That gun fired from both ends at the same time. The projectile that went to the rear was a dummy, while the one that went forward was a twelve-inch projectile, the two recoils neutralizing each other, so that there would be practically no shock to the fusilage of the plane. The shell was loaded in the middle of the gun, and, of course, there was a synchronizing gear employed that enabled the gun to shoot through the blades of the propeller. The handling of that Davis gun, and a great many other weapons, is being taught at Great Lakes, where they have organized the Naval Gunners’ School of the United States. In that school, there is a course for aviation mechanics. I was out at that plant this spring, and they showed me a sort of jewelry shop that they have there, where the fellows were tearing down watches and putting them together again. I asked them why they had that done, and they said that it was done to teach the boy the fine points of fine machinery, so that they would appreciate the fine points of the gasoline engine. Now, I don’t know whether they were kidding me or not.

I suppose the army has a lot of expressions that are peculiar to itself. That is true of the navy, I know.

In the navy you never go to the stern of the ship, you always lay aft. You never tie a rope to anything—you belay it. You never pick gear out of a box—you always break it out. You pipe all hands down, at night, to turn to. You never say boatswain—you say bos’n.
You never say gunwale, you say gun'l. And so on. The fact of the matter is you do and say a lot of queer things in the navy, besides "see the world and learn a trade!"

Before we entered the war, it used to be a favorite pastime of our Chautauqua orators to lambast the battleship program. You all recall how they used to tell us how many schools could be established with the money that it took to build one dreadnaught. Even now we see some signs of sinking back into the old rut. Before Secretary Daniels went to Europe he was talking about a big navy. Now he is back and is talking little navy.

I notice that England has never talked little navy. She has produced some very wonderful ships during this war. She has produced a type of battle cruiser that is beyond anything that we ever dreamed of. We were busy building six or eight battle cruisers that could make thirty-six knots an hour, when Balfour decided that he would visit us over here. Some folks have said that the ship that brought him came over at the rate of fifty miles an hour. But that ship was not brought down to New York; it was left up at Halifax and Balfour came down by train.

Before I received my commission somebody told me that I would be in until I was sixty-four. Well, I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps after I get to that point I can join the army.

But really, my friends, I am glad that I am in the naval reserves. I think a well organized Officers' Reserve is a good deal more practical in this country than is universal military training. I don't hear much enthusiasm about universal training among the men who have been in the service.
I don't want to let this opportunity pass without saying a good word for the Y. M. C. A. Even at the Great Lakes that organization was subjected to much criticism, which, to a great extent, I know was absolutely unmerited. The Y. M. C. A. up there worked under a great many difficulties. In the camp that I was attached to, it was not permitted to have a recreation room, but when it came really to doing things, I think it was the only organization that went out of its way to accommodate the men—speaking from my own experience. When the influenza came without a word of warning at the Great Lakes, the Y. M. C. A. secretaries were tireless in their work. Four of the secretaries in my own camp died as a result of their work among the boys during the epidemic of the "flu."

I am very glad to have an opportunity to express my thankfulness to Butler College. When I was here, plugging away at mathematics, Prof. Johnson, I didn't know that it would be such a short time until mathematics would come home to roost! If it hadn't been for that year of mathematics I would certainly have failed to obtain a commission. The navy insists on its men knowing navigation. You fellows have probably seen those men come out on the bridge and look through their little instruments along about noontime. I always have a great deal of respect for them. They figure a whole lot. That is all they do.

More than one individual has remarked that the college man had the edge on the other fellow in this war. Perhaps he did. Anyway it has been mighty good propaganda for the college.
Sergeant Clair McTurnan, '11

"The Ammunition Train"

I suspect that here is where the program begins to get bad for about fifteen minutes—if I can last that long! If I can't last that long, it will begin to get good just so much the sooner. I feel very much that I am spoiling the program, because I have listened to the things that have been said with vast interest, things expressed in a better way than I have heard them anywhere else, at any time—and I have heard a whole lot of people talk about the war, too.

The most that I know about the war, anyhow, is what I have heard about it. I don't know anything from personal contact with the war, of any consequence. I happened to get to take a nice ride across the water, which, by the way, came about by getting mixed up with that organization called depot brigade, which everybody wished he was out of, as soon as he got in.

I happened to fall in with a Butler man, who advised me that the ammunition train was a very safe place. Consequently, I made every effort to get fixed up in a place where no German could molest me. After I got through with my first three weeks, I decided if there was anything left for a German to do with me, I would be willing to take a chance.

I went through that, however, and I began to get heavy, and I wanted a change of uniform. But they didn't put anything more on my sleeve than I had when I started. The only change in my uniform was in the weight of it. When I began to intimate that I was pretty old and maybe it would look better if I had something on my arm, I was told that it was a thing
that shouldn't be mentioned, and if you did mention it, you would spoil your chances—and some people didn't have any chance, anyhow!

However, I was finally changed as to my uniform, and was inducted into the ammunition train service, and I expect I can tell you as much about the ammunition train as you know if you have ever seen a truck, or two, going down the street.

When I first went into the ammunition train service, one of the young men who had been in it for some time and had done the same thing that I was doing for six months after I got in—which was nothing—told me that the ammunition train was a place where they trained ammunition to shoot. Well, that sounded pretty reasonable, and so I got some ammunition and put it in my belt. All of us carried it in our belts, and I didn't have the advantage of anybody else, except that the fellow who carried a revolver carried twice as many rounds as the fellow who carried a gun.

Fortunately, I found several of my friends in the ammunition train service as I was going across. Nobody seemed to know why they were taking us across, and nobody else knew why he was going across.

Well, we got across and went into training—that is, some of them did. I didn't do much training, myself.

I will not tell you what I did—it is too simple.

I will tell you what the fellow said that I worked with most of the time. He was a sergeant, or something—maybe a corporal—I had got advanced away up to a sergeancy at that time—I think they did that because I smoked cigars, and they didn't give cigars away overseas. They did give a lot of cigarettes away, and all the men who smoked cigars were advanced, so that they could pay the difference. At any rate, the fellow that
I worked with—I will not say whether I was exactly in his class or not—said that if we ever distinguished ourselves, it would be with the typewriter. I knew it would be that way with me, because I never had learned to use more than one finger on the typewriter. I found out that skill in the use of the typewriter is one of the things that you have got to have in the ammunition train service. Then we were told that maybe if something happened to everybody else in the train, we would get a chance to take a truck and go up to the front. Not having had any experience in driving a truck I was very busy in contemplating how I would do that—how I would lead it up to the front.

Well, everybody is entitled to a scare—that is, in the army—and we got ours. I was coming back from Bordeaux, and I met a professor who had been in the Government class when I was in school studying law. I did want to hear one or two things that he had to say. I never knew the man, except that he would ask me to read things on the board every once in a while. When I got over to Bordeaux, I was meandering down the street one day and I saw a fellow who looked like this professor—he was nearsighted and he had on a pair of these thick lenses, and I knew he was my man, so I hailed him and asked him if he remembered me, and he said he did. He talked pretty good English, and we had quite a good conversation, and I arranged to do certain work for the ammunition train service. I don't know what it was, but by virtue of that arrangement I got to go into Bordeaux every day, and this man had a charming house, a charming wife and served charmingly, and I enjoyed my service in the army while I was at Bordeaux.

Now, I was coming back from Bordeaux one evening
à la truck—that is the way that everybody but the officers rode, and sometimes they too rode that way—a truck is just what it is here, only it has less springs over there. The roads are pretty good, however. Well, when I got into the gate of the camp, everybody seemed to be in quite a commotion—at least, down around our headquarters there seemed to be quite a commotion. Everybody seemed to be pretty nervous and it was rather hard to get any definite statement, or answer to a question—especially for a man who didn’t run any higher in sleeve decoration than I. But I finally found out what was going on. We were going to the front, and I proceeded to get as nervous and excited as all the rest of them put together, and we all proceeded to be lost for a period of half an hour. We didn’t go! It was another ammunition train that went. It seems that the order had become confused, and another ammunition train had been called out. But I did have the sensation, anyhow.

There is a great deal of humor about being in the army—providing you don’t take the matter too seriously. I really found out that if you go at it right you can speak to an officer! Of course, you have to be careful. But there was, really, a great deal of humor, and the officers appreciated humor—but they were not permitted to show it in public. I don’t know what they did in quarters—except on one or two occasions, which were privileged and confidential relations, to which I can not refer, of course.

But there were two observations which were really worth while that I can remember.

The first impression that I received was the wonderful vivacity, the wonderful fervor of the reception that was given us by what might be called the proletariat of
Liverpool. I can not imagine coming into New York harbor and receiving any more real, more definite, or more enthusiastic welcome than we received in Liverpool. And, the people were, more or less, of the proletariat type. I was very much surprised, because all Englishmen whom I had known were true to the traditions, and were extremely conservative in their manner. I would not have been so much surprised to have found so enthusiastic a welcome in Paris. I am sure that there was nobody in the ammunition train who did not feel that the line between the English common people and the members of the ammunition train was a very indistinct line. Old women who had sons in the army would greet us and urge us on. Of course that was bound to make us feel good. But even feeling as well as we did, we couldn't be entirely mistaken about analyzing the amount of enthusiasm that we found there.

The second thing that impressed me—and I think it impressed everybody else—was the amount of food and supplies that were stacked up over there. I supposed that we had an enormous quantity, but I hadn't the slightest conception of what was really there. I didn't get over there until 1918—just in time to come back—but I was told that conditions had been the same all along with reference to the food supply. I saw stacks and stacks of supplies in warehouses. It looked to me as if somebody had been doing an awful lot towards subscribing toward the carrying on of the war, over there, who were not doing it in the capacity of actual soldiering. If the supplies were as enormous as they looked to me, it was certainly a wonderful tribute to the work of the people at home, who were not in soldier uniform, but who were fighting the preliminary
and essential battles which must be fought in just that way to win a war.

If there was anything on earth that brought my heart back to the people at home, that made me see the relation between the poor, weak soldier, with a belt full of ammunition and nothing in his knapsack—it was when that broad expansive view of stuff appeared before my vision, and I knew that I could fill other things besides my knapsack as full as I pleased.

You can not fail to feel your heart thrill with thankfulness, when you are placed in the situation where you know you may be subjected to danger, and you realize that there is not one American who has not contributed to the welfare of the American soldier on foreign soil, and your heart goes back to those who are co-operating with you, who are supporting you in the United States, not in uniform, but by their earnings, by contributions to the Red Cross, to the Y. M. C. A., to the Salvation Army, and those other glorious organizations—your heart goes back to them just as surely, just as truly, as it goes forward to the boy in the trenches who is to give up his life.

With these two great bodies of soldiers and contributing civilians, drawn together in one harmonious effort, we could not fail to win the war.

Corporal Harrison Cale, '07

"The Turning of the Tide"

Mr. President, Soldier Brothers, and Friends: I am afraid that after hearing these talks this afternoon, if I should tell you some of my experiences I would cast gloom over the occasion. I volunteered in the Marine Corps immediately after war had been declared, and I
became a member of the Ninety-sixth company of the Sixty-first regiment. There were two regiments of marines assigned to the army in France. They composed the Fourth Brigade of the famous Second division.

These June days are the anniversaries of the series of engagements of the Chateau Thierry sector, known, officially, as the battle of Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. It was just a year ago this month, when the American marines struck the first smashing blow against the German armies which administered the first crushing defeat that those armies had experienced through four bloody years of war.

There is now a great deal of controversy in the newspapers, and often the question is raised as to how it was that the Marine Corps received so much credit for this action. In explanation of that, I would like to say that the Marine Corps left twenty-four hours ahead of the other units of the Second division, and when we arrived on the Chateau Thierry front and met the Germans on the Metz-to-Paris road, we were just twenty-four hours ahead of every other unit. So it is for that reason that we have been given the credit, which, in a measure, should go to the other units in our division, because if it had not been for their assistance, we would not have been able to have held the line after we had taken it.

Just a year ago last May the German army had finished a three-months' drive on the Somme front. The first British army had been completely routed and were on the shores of Flanders, the Belgian coast, while English ships stood out at sea, waiting to take them off, in order to save as many as possible from complete slaughter by the Germans. On the Picardy front all of the French reserves had been wiped out.
The marines had been in training in Verdun for sixty days and had met the Germans on several occasions, and had been dubbed by them "The Devil Dogs!" We were one of three units that were nicknamed by the Germans during the entire war. They called the Scottish troops the "Ladies from Hell"; the Alpine Chasseurs, the "Blue Devils," and the Marine Corps, the "Devil Dogs." When they did that, we felt we had passed our probationary period and could stand alongside the very best troops of Europe.

We were sent to the Somme front to stop the drive which was then threatening the Picardy front. For four days and nights we marched down the long, dusty, dreary road. Water was scarce. It was hot weather. All the horses hitched to our artillery train died along the road—walked to death. We had no more than arrived on the scene of action and prepared to go into the engagement, when word came that the Germans had struck and that their victorious army was advancing on Paris at the rate of twenty-five miles a day.

General Pershing then asked General Foch if it would be possible to place the American troops in the gap, and the Second division was ordered to Chateau Thierry. It was for about thirty hours that we were loaded on those trucks and most of us had to stand up with our heavy packs on our backs, but we rode across France just as hard as those trucks could be driven. In Paris, the trains were backed up in the railroad station, awaiting the evacuation of the civilian population.

We met the main body of the French army at the little village of Vaux, in full retreat. As we advanced down the Metz-to-Paris road we found it filled with thousands of refugees, driven before the advancing army of the Huns. It was a motley crowd of men, wo-
men and children, and cattle and carts and everything else mixed together. The people were all in despair and were sullen, their eyes flashing with hatred. They looked at us as though they were saying, "They are just like the rest of the men that have gone to the front and have never come back." There was no cry of joy to speed us on. They simply said, "Kill the Boche," passing their hands across their throats that we might understand their meaning.

This was the crisis that the marines faced when they passed down the Metz-to-Paris road on June 1, 1918. The Germans were then knocking on the gates of Chateau Thierry, and it was said in France that only a miracle could save Paris. About five o'clock in the evening we got off the trucks that had carried us over, and down the road we could see the long line of advancing Germans. After four years of bloody warfare, is it any wonder that they sang as they came down that road, which was as wide and as well built as Washington street, on their way to Paris? They had a battery of six-inch guns immediately behind their advance, so confident were they of victory. They were thirty-nine miles from Paris—thirty-nine miles from the heart of the allied cause; victory was in their grasp!

But suddenly there arose before them a stone wall of resistance. We swung out into skirmish formation, and the Boche line did likewise. We then saw that we were up against our old friends, the Prussian Guard—the finest troops in Europe. As we came closer and closer together, there was a flash of bayonets and the marines cast the die, to show them that we wanted a bayonet fight. On the Boche came, but when he got close to us, he wavered, and that was our signal for the charge that swept the Prussian Guard off of the Metz-
to-Paris road, and sent them hurtling back through the woods under the protection of their machine guns.

It was hard going through the woods. We had to crawl through the brush, and shoot the men that were in the trees, first, and then get over and bayonet the machine gunners. We couldn’t locate them when we first went into the woods, because we couldn’t see just where they were. We had to hunt them out. But we cleared the woods, finally, and took possession of the advantageous points along the road, and that night we effectually blocked the road to Paris for the Germans.

My company was ordered to take the town of Bouresches, which was the town mentioned in the despatches immediately after you received the word of the fight. It was necessary to cross a wheat field two hundred yards to get into the town. Before the town was a screen of trees and a kind of underbrush thicket. The leaves on those bushes vibrated and rattled under the crack of the concealed machine guns, as we started across the fields, and somebody called out, “Come on, do you want to live forever?” And so we started to rush forward, and in that American style of fighting we pushed on a little way, and then down, and then pushed on again, and down again. As we crossed the field I had charge of a squad of twelve men. Before we had gone a hundred yards eight of the men had been shot down. The bullets clicked and cut our clothing and shot the ammunition out of our belts. A shell passing close to me knocked me off my feet and stunned me for a second. The men thought I had been killed, but I leaped up and went on with them down through the woods. We cleaned out a machine gun nest and then went into the town. Out of one hundred and fifty men who started for that town there were but twenty-four of us who ever reached it.
There were three hundred Germans in the town when we came down the street. They had machine guns organized at every point of vantage. They had their sharpshooters in every doorway; they had one machine gun up in the church steeple, and it was just a question of accurate shooting, and quick shooting. Well, we cleaned those Huns out of that town. They had begun to retreat as we came in, leaving only the men who were organized on the strong points. But we took that town of Bouresches in less than one hour.

That was a hand-to-hand bayonet fight. It was cutting and slashing and sticking at every corner. A shell burst over the heads of myself and a lieutenant, and made big dents in both our helmets, but we escaped uninjured. As we passed down past the machine gun, of which we had just killed the gunner, we came to a number of Germans who had run into a cellar. By that time the German artillery was shelling the town so heavily that the Germans themselves were seeking shelter in the dugouts. As they went down, they called to us and asked if we would allow them to surrender; but, as you know, the marines took no prisoners, and the next thing we did was to give them a hand grenade, which finished the war for those Huns.

After we had taken that town the question was up to us to organize it. By nine o'clock that night we had something like fifteen hundred men in the town.

That evening the Germans began a counter-attack, and continued it from three o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the afternoon. They came over on us in their famous mass formation, which had worked so well with the British and the French. It was there that the training which the marines had received, brought forth the praise from the French colonel. So
accurate, so careful was the fire of the marines, at that time, that the French colonel exclaimed that it was the first time in European warfare that men had ever sat down and sighted their rifles and shot down men as if they were on a target range.

The taking of Bouresches caused the fight of Belleau Wood, which was a large clump of trees, and then came a wheat field, and then another clump of trees, and then another field filled with poppies and wheat. This series of woods it was necessary to go into, against an almost impenetrable fortress. Belleau Wood had been in the hands of the Germans, and they had organized it; they had filled it with machine guns, until almost every man in the place had one of those terrible machines of warfare. They had the treetops filled with German sharpshooters, so that when a man would crawl along on the ground, the sharpshooters in the trees would hit him. It was the sort of old Indian fighting which the American soldiers naturally fell into. But with the American initiative, the American grit and determination, against the organized German mass formation, we were able to take these woods.

After two days of hand to hand fighting in Belleau Wood, the marines were unable to pass what was called Death Gap, about fifty feet deep and about thirty-five or forty feet across. The marines were withdrawn immediately, and the artillery, which had arrived the night before, shelled the woods. One hundred guns operated on those woods, and the cannonading shook the ground like an earthquake; the bursting of the shells and the crashing of the trees, and the terrific lighting of the skies, as the shells burst over Belleau Wood, was a scene that defies description. But above it all you could hear the cries and shrieks of the Boche who was yelling and begging for mercy.
This artillery action lasted for almost three hours, and just at daylight, when the artillery fire ceased, the Germans started to attack, and the Americans came in. The marines swept the Germans entirely out of the woods. I was not in the fight itself, I was just on the right flank of the woods, as they came out, and we were able to turn our machine gun in such a position as to make it impossible for any more of them to come out of that section of the woods. They hunted another exit away beyond.

After this series of actions, at the end of twelve days, the Marine Corps withdrew. At that time, out of eight thousand men, we had less than two thousand alive. We lost, during the entire war, only twenty-five prisoners, for we saw it was either kill or be killed. We were pitted against thirty-five thousand Prussian Guards, in those actions. They were not only the crack troops of Germany, but of all Europe. Their specifications were that every man should weigh two hundred pounds and stand not less than six feet tall. Their five divisions, which were against us, had been resting at the town of Noye, north of Soissons, for over a month. They had received refreshments, and had been filled up to full strength, and brought down on a train and debarked close to where we met them. So that they were absolutely fresh troops, and they came down the road with orders to take Paris at any cost!

Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry will go down through history and will probably be classed with the fight at Thermopylae, because of the far-reaching effect that it had in the war. The action, itself, was really a local action, but it was the first smashing blow that had been struck by the Americans, and the fact that we had saved Paris, instantly brought new hope
and new energy to the entire Allied armies. From that time on the British and the French took fresh determination and swept on in great drives, which brought us, eventually, to victory.

I would like to say that we owe a great deal to the womanhood of France. There has been very little said to you about what the French women did in the year during which we had declared war and were trying to get our men to the front. It was almost impossible for the French army to hold on until we could get our men up to the front line, and in condition to get into action. And it was only through the morale of the French women that it was really made possible that we could win the war.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to the Red Cross, and particularly to the Red Cross nurses—the women who went over there and experienced all the hardships that they had to undergo as nurses.

And about the Salvation Army—the girls who came right up to the trenches and served doughnuts—that is an absolute fact, my friends, and not newspaper propaganda, because I was there and saw it myself.

You have, no doubt, wondered if, with it all, there might have been some humorous features connected with our service. There were some amusing things which occurred. They had some colored troops in a New York division, and they were sent up to the Toul sector. While they were in the trenches, waiting for attack, the officer, thinking that he would build up their morale, told them that there was a company of white men behind them, and he said, "Now, I don't want any of you black boys to get scared because you are going over the top, but when you get the signal, jump and go. There are five thousand white men im-
mediately behind you, and they will come in right after you, and will support you in this attack.’’ One of the darkies turned to his friend and said ‘‘George, what do you reckon the headlines in the New York papers will say tomorrow morning, when they read about us niggers going over the top?’’ ‘‘I don’t know,’’ replied his friend, ‘‘but I ’spect it is going to read ‘five thousand white men tromped’, because I’m going to the rear right now.’’

A HYMN

IN HONOR OF THE PART PLAYED BY BUTLER MEN IN THE GREAT WAR

By Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, A. B., ’97

I—THE BITTER YEARS

Now June comes ’round again—the golden sun Falls all too warmly on the waving grass: The air is heavy with the scent of flowers. Across the campus, freed from tedious hours, In cap and gown the grave collegians pass. Ah, Youth and June!—the poets, every one, Have hymned these themes since history was begun, And still will sing them till their race is run.

A year ago, the sun as brightly gleamed, Perhaps—the rose her fragrance shed, And yet, our skies were overcast—it seemed As if a part of summer’s bloom had fled. We did not heed the robins’ cheery notes, But strained to hear the drum-beat from afar.
The old gay songs were stilled in all our throats,
And on our lips was one grim phrase—the War!
One aching thought was all we dwelt upon,
"The boys! the boys! our lovely boys are gone!"

How does one live through anguish? Bear the load
That seems too heavy for the burdened mind?
I know not—yet there is an end to every road,
No matter how its weary course may wind.
Those wise Greeks of the olden time would say,
Bowing their heads with Stoic calm, "Today
You suffer. 'Tis the lot of humankind.
Endure, endure. This, too, shall pass away."

And so the bitter years dragged on. It seemed
Sometimes as if the war would never cease,
And that those silly, happy days of peace
Were only something we had idly dreamed.
Monotony, despair—when suddenly
A thrill of hope ran through the tired old world,
And flashing came the word across the sea,
"Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! for Belgium's free!
France sings her Marseillaise exultantly!
Behold, the Britons ride through Bagdad's gate!
The Hohenzollern to the ground is hurled:
No more he shouts his lusty hymn of Hate!"

"Our boys?"—we questioned, wild with joy and pride.
Back came the winged call across the tide,
"Those glorious lads? Look in the dark Argonne,
Look in the bloody nests of Belleau Wood.
See where the haughty Prussian legions stood,
The foul imperial eagle and his brood . . . .
It's always darkest just before the dawn,
They say: and in the world's most tragic hour,
When Prussia sneered in arrogance and power,
Then, in the darkness of a whole world's pain,
The Yanks came laughing through the mud and rain,
And lo—the clouds of deep despair and doubt
Were scattered, and the sun of Joy broke out!"

II—THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS

Ring, ye bells, the night is gone,
Peal your happy carillon.
Ring, exultant bells of earth,
Laugh and dance in easy mirth,
Ye people—keep your carnival
In lowly home, in stately hall.
Proud ships, sailing through the foam,
Bring our boys in triumph home!

Across the land we see them go—
Sun-browned face, thoughtful eyes,
(What has made them all so wise,
Care-free boys we used to know?)
Bring them safe, ye roads of steel,
Even senseless iron must feel
Sting of pleasure almost pain,
That Youth returns to us again.

Soldier jokes—"Oui, oui, Marie,"
"Beaucoup mud," and "gay Paree"!
Laughter, with a hint of tears,
"Mother, see!—my souvenirs."
Tattered flag and empty gun,
Tin hat, shining in the sun,
Gas-mask—staring bogey-face,
(All its tubes and disks in place)
Belts and ribbons, Croix de Guerre,
Bits of shrapnel here and there,
Hob-nailed boots and funny cap,
Trim puttees and polished strap,—
"Listen, dear. I hear the tap
Of a crutch."—"Yes, poor old chap,
Lost his leg at Vimy Ridge—
Went through fire to save the bridge."

Now I know why you are wise,
Sun-browned lads with thoughtful eyes,
Eyes of gray and eyes of blue—
Grave young soldier-lads, you knew
What a hell the world passed through,
What it cost in blood and pain
That Belgium might be free again.
Price these paid to set us free,
Free from basest treachery,
Cruelty, deceit and lies:
Death that drops from out the skies,
Death that lurks beneath the sea.
Free from terror, free from fears,
Down the blessed future years.

III—MEMORIES

The drums are stilled, the flags of war are furled.
So, June comes back again, and o'er the grass
In cap and gown the serious seniors pass—
How does it seem, the little college world—
Its peaceful round of duties, lessons taught,
Its sweet companionships, its talk of class,
Of budding love-affair 'twixt lad and lass,
Its mild concerns and philosophic thought,—
To those who bore the war, who marched and fought?

I fancy, 'mid the joy of safe return,
The kiss of greeting and the warm embrace,
Their stubborn thoughts revisit many a place,
And crowding pictures on their memories burn,
And yet—the years that come will blur awhile
The sharpness of those pictures: peaceful cares,
The love of home and wife, the baby's smile,
Will steal upon those memories unawares.

THE TRENCHES

But one will never quite forget the night
He waited with his comrades in the dark
Until the zero hour, his fingers cold and stark
Upon his bayonet.—A gleaming light
On the horizon's edge—the low command,
The gallant scramble over No-Man's-Land,
His pal beside him—then a shrieking ball;
He looked around and saw his comrade fall.
A smile, a farewell word—“Good-bye, old top,
The best of luck—you carry on—don't stop
Until you reach—Berlin!” And that was all.
Between him and his busy work, some day,
That face will come in memory, and that gay
Heart-breaking smile he'll see till memory's gone,
And hear that voice, “Good luck—you carry on.”

THE BIRDMAN

Another will recall, as years go by,
Those days he rode triumphant through the sky:
Looked far below him, saw the world outspread
Like bits of children's toys—all green and red
With funny little towns—while overhead
The fleecy clouds were shot with gleams of gold.
He laughed in sheerest rapture to behold
The wonder-bird beneath whose shining wing
He rode.—Ah, death were such an easy thing
If it could come when one is young and bold,
Instead of waiting till a man grows old!

DEVASTATED FRANCE

And in the memory of this other lad,
Will linger, like an etching sharp and deep,
A pitiful French village—little, steep,
With ashes where the village homes had been—
(Such harmless houses, too, when men were glad,
And happy love and laughter entered in,
Before the war came, and the world went mad).
The village church was but a shattered shell,
With twisted roof, and altar all awry.
He saw no tears—the fount of tears was dry.
But day by day, the people straggled back,
With broken sabots, and a ragged pack
For all their wealth—old miserable crones,
With sunken eye-balls, little racks of bones
That once were children—never sight of maid,
Or stalwart youth, or any child that played
As children should. He asked, dismayed,
Of one old wistful creature, "Grandam, tell
Me where the other people are."
She raised
Her eyes to his—he shrank from their despair.
(In them he saw reflected France's pain.)
"'The dirty Boches came here when life was fair,'"
She said. "They took the maids away, but where, We know not. They will ne’er come home again . . . They say we’ll have once more Alsace-Lorraine. The Boche’s day is done. Well, God be praised!"

**THE SEA**

And there’s a sailor. How his thoughts will soar, (As he, immured amid the city’s roar, Cons dreary figures)—where the sea-gull floats, And mariners sail out upon their boats— Those daring ships that carry precious freight, Defiant of the skulking foes that wait Beneath the water, out there in the blue: Those crazy ships, with many a puzzling hue Of gray and green and white, against the skies. Poor sailor! He shall dream, with half-closed eyes, Of tossing white-caps, tumbling, madly-free, Of lonely vistas, only clouds and sea. His nostrils once again shall strive to know How rude, and cold, and sweet, the sea-winds blow. Perhaps a prayer will linger on his lips, "For those that go down to the sea in ships."

**THOSE WHO ‘‘NEVER GOT TO CARCASSONNE’’**

And these shall ponder, in the days to be, On fate’s caprice, that kept them fretfully In camp and barrack—though the eager heart Yearned to be gone across that death-strewn sea To France. Expectantly, each did his part, Endured unwonted discipline, restraint That irked young shoulders, all without complaint. To them the day of peace brought no relief,
But disappointment, and a boyish grief
That theirs had been the harder, quiet task
To wait, and learn, and dream, and vainly ask.
Yet as they journey down the passing years,
Remembered faces, fun-alight, shall glow
In happy fancy—ringing in their ears
Shall echo boyish accents. Long ago,
A dying Scotsman voiced a hopeful plea
That man and man, the whole world o’er, might be
For a’ that, brothers. So these boys shall grow
In power and love, and make reality
The poet-prophet’s dream of true democracy.

IV—THE AGELESS ONES

And so the years shall go, and each returning June
Shall bring the grave young Seniors in the cap and gown.
Returning Autumn, with her leaves of gold and brown,
Shall bring new children, all with jest and merry tune,
To academic halls. We shall, alas! grow old,
And all these soldier lads, as seasons shall unfold,
Shall note how this time is passing, and shall say, each man,

‘Eheu, fugaces, Postume, labuntur anni’
Just as gay old Horace did, in ages sped.

But in these halls shall linger, ever strong and young,
A timeless Youth, about whose shining head is hung
An aureole of glory. We go out at night,
And see, far sparkling, up through all the heavenly space,
Those glistening stars that never fade, whose wondrous light
Comes radiant to the aging earth. And so the bright
Remembrance of those gallant lads whom we call dead
Shall through the years bring clear each glowing
youthful face.
No more shall young Joe Gordon, on the chapel wall,
Against his starry banner, hang aloof and lone.
Around him group his comrades. And I think at night,
When all is dark and silent here, young Joe will call,
"Where are you, boys? It's roll-call"—and they'll
answer, every one,
"I'm here! Here's Bruce and Tuck and Charlie, Mer-
er, Toon,
Here's Michael, Elliott, Leukhardt—here are Bob,
MacCrae,
And Marsh and Marvin!"—Then I think the kind old
moon
Will look in through the chapel window, and will say,
"Ye are a worthy part of that vast company,
Ye Butler Boys. Behold, it wings from sea to sea!
Your comrades call to you from trampled Flanders
plain,
From Servian mountains, fields of ripe Roumanian
grain,
From France and Russia, from Italian snows—for ye
Are those who gave your All, to set the nations free!"

President Howe: There are two presentations to
be made to the college at this time, one by the Rev.
Carey Cleo Dobson, of the class of '19, and the other
by Lieutenant Henry Michener Jameson, of the class
of '19.

Mr. Dobson: President Howe, Returned Soldiers
and Sailors, Fellow Students, and Friends of Butler College: You have been accustomed to hear people from this platform say that it was a pleasure to be here. Perhaps you have thought some of them made the remark merely as a matter of formality. But I want to assure you that it is a great pleasure for me to be here; that it is not merely a formality; and that there are many reasons for my pleasure on this occasion. One of those reasons is the purpose for which I am here.

I have no stories of the battlefield to tell you. Some eighteen months ago it was my privilege representing the organization here in the college known as the Sandwich Club, to present in its name to the college a large service flag upon which were one hundred and sixteen blue stars and four red triangles. That flag was assigned a place on the wall of the chapel and has been there almost continuously since.

At the time of the presentation of that flag the boys were leaving home and college and going away, we knew not where. But, today, it is an occasion when the boys have returned, some of them—while others are on the way, and others are making preparations to leave the camps.

At that time, we were looking to victory through the eyes of faith. But today, we are trying to look to victory through the eyes of reality. On that occasion, it was the pleasure of the Sandwich Club to present that flag with its blue stars and red triangles, representing one hundred and sixteen living men—men who had gone forth to answer their country’s call; but today, it is the pleasure of that club through me to present to Butler College another service flag, one not representing one hundred and sixteen men, but seven hun-
dred and ten men, twelve of whom gave their lives for their country, the world, and for humanity.

Lieutenant Jameson; Mr. President, and Friends: It seems only yesterday since we were all together. The past assumes the aspect of a picture; the trivial incidents are forgotten; the great moments of our lives are romanticized. One of the favorite playgrounds of our memory is our college. This is proven by the fact that we are here today. It is a great pleasure to meet those with whom we had experience during the days before the war. There isn’t one of us who was in the service, who has not looked forward to the great day when we should all gather together here, who has not regarded old friends as the best, and who, no matter how far away, was not anxious for some news from the college.

There isn’t one of us who didn’t make his peace with the Almighty on the day he enlisted, and commend his soul to God in the firm belief that it was God’s purpose to use us in the protection of our country. After that we were not responsible except to do as we were bidden.

Our paths led in various directions, and in some cases, where there was no hope or joy, and where the only compensation was the satisfaction gained from work well done. In other cases men’s souls were burned white by fire, and a few faced the Supreme Test.

It was the privilege of all of us to resign ourselves to God. It was the privilege of a few to be selected for extreme danger. It was the privilege of some to pay the supreme price for ideals.

The class of 1919 is honored with the memory of a boy who was once a member of our class, a boy who
was killed in action "over there." I refer to Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown who fell in the Argonne.

Not often is one so near to us taken away at the supreme moment of his life. Had he lived through the fight, he would have been regarded as one of those men of sterling qualities, tested and proven by the rigors of war. As it is, we regarded him as a human approach to perfection, because he attained to the point of what would have been the aspiration of each of us, had occasion demanded.

War has revised our views on the meaning of life. Life is no longer to be considered in terms of years, but in terms of accomplishment.

Here was one who lived so true to his ideals that he was willing to die for them. As Lieutenant Brown expressed himself, "I have often thought what a Godsend this war has been to our country. We will have been the gainer in the end, if it costs us a million men; and here is one who is willing to be of those, if the Germans are completely defeated and subdued, and a lasting peace is assured!"

It is one thing to be a speaker, but it is a greater thing to say these things, knowing well what they might cost, and, having said them, to live up to them.

We, who are here today, must bear in mind that our absent classmate looked forward to this day as much as any of us. Whether on the drill field, or at the front, in the hospital, or in a far-advanced position with the great forward moving army, in the Argonne, he dreamed of home. He lived and died in the belief that this homeland, this state, and this college, would be richer and stronger and finer because of his striving.

There is an historical marching song that has been
used in the American army for more than one generation which lightens the way of every soldier, "His Soul Goes Marching On." Sung originally of old John Brown, it may be sung again of Hilton Brown.

If there is anything in the belief of the hereafter, and the testimony of humanity through the ages has been growing toward that belief, as a flower grows toward the light, then there is no reason to believe that Hilton is not right here with us today, hoping and praying that we will see the same light he saw and ennable our lives by the example that he has set, hoping that we will take what he has given for the greatest good, hoping that we will "carry on," in the same spirit of devotion in which he carried on, thereby reaping the greatest benefit possible from the seed that was sown in the Argonne.

In order that we may not forget readily that such nobility once lived among us, and that it was our pleasure and honor to walk with him, and that we may all live in the presence and spirit of our old classmate, we, the class of 1919, present to Butler College this portrait of Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown.

Hilton Brown, we salute you and resolve by word and deed to carry forward the ideals for which you laid down your life.

President Howe: Members of the class of '19, Mr. Dobson and Lieutenant Jameson: The college president has some pretty hard things to do, sometimes, because college presidents have, like all other human beings, human feelings. I have been the president of Butler College for twelve years, and you have set for me now the hardest task I have ever had put before me, to say a word at this time. Words are such hollow,
mocking things now and then. They can not express what lies down in the bottom of one's soul.

First of all, the college has some things that are simply beyond price, and this service flag is going to go down as a treasure whose value can not be estimated.

Six hundred and ninety-three men in the service of various sorts! Think what that means in the aggregate of anxiety, of heartaches, of joy of achievement! Seventeen in the noble service of the Y. M. C. A.! And those other stars! Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Lieutenant Kenneth V. Elliott, Lieutenant John Charles Good, Lieutenant Robert E. Kennington, Sergeant Henry R. Leukhardt, Private Wilson Russell Mercer, Corporal Guy Griffith Michael, Sergeant Marsh W. Nottingham, Private Marvin Francis Race, Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison, Lieutenant MacCrae Stephenson, Apprentice-Seaman Henry Clarence Toon. Five killed in action; seven die in service! Friends, there isn't anything that can be said about that. It speaks for itself. That is one of the things in our possession of which we may well be proud.

Now, this portrait. The man who painted this said to me a little while ago as we came down the street together, "I had known this boy all his life, and it was a labor of love—the painting of this portrait." He added, "We have all loved him."

Well, I should like to know who didn't love him! I, too, have known him all his life, and he seemed like one of my own. We were all so proud of him! That boy was typical of all that is good and noble and true in American life; of all that makes the Declaration of Independence worth while. That was what the war of '61 to '65 was fought for—to produce such as
this. But what else would you expect him to be? From his early childhood he was in a home where love and respect for father and mother, where devotion to country and its service, where reverence for God and Jesus Christ, were fundamental things. He typified the best of Christian civilization. I don’t suppose he was thinking about being a hero. He just was one. Think of what he did. Twenty-one days, sleeping in those dug-outs, in that shell-pitted field; running out and back again to rest; and hearing that his men were without food, going back to bring food to them, to succor those hungry men—and giving up his life as he did it. Is it any wonder that he achieved the Croix de Guerre, and that the Distinguished Service Cross is to be his? To whom should they go, if not to such as he?

My friends, his portrait is worthy to be hung beside the other lad for whom also we shed our tears this afternoon. But we are not shedding tears for Hilton; the tears we shed are for our selfish selves. His work is done—well and nobly done. His fame is secure. We weep, of course, but it is because of the loss we have sustained.

How many of us are going to have the courage to go on and to do our duty, day by day, as we face the tasks that are before us in the spirit in which he did his duty, so that when the time comes, whether it be by shot and shell, or lingering sickness, we may say “It is well with us, for we have done a man’s part?”

The man who painted this portrait has said one of the finest things I have heard said, the best possible thing that could be said:

So you are dead in far Argonne, and the lovely land of war-swept France you fought to save holds you at last in close embrace.
IN THE WORLD WAR

We who knew you, saw you grow from childhood into perfect youth, straight, clean, and tall, looking life in the face with clear, untroubled eyes and joyous smile—challenging unafraid the brooding shadows that ever hem us round about—we might have known or guessed the hero spirit waiting for its call.

Boundless our pride to know such youth has walked among us. While waters run, clouds blow, and earth is green, need we have fear for our dear motherland that breeds such men?

Dead in Argonne? Nay—but in the glorious throng innumerable of heroic souls joyously triumphant, radiant new shriven, from the fields of sacrifice—flower of our youth sweeping past the great archangel—he the dragon slayer of the flaming sword saluting greets them: Hail, brothers mine! for ye have slain your dragon. Welcome to your glorious rest! Lo, even as Christ died for men, so have ye died for Christ.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Day Dinner

The Claypool Hotel, Seven-Thirty O'Clock

President Howe, as toastmaster, introduced the speakers of the evening, who in part responded as follows:

President Butler, A. B. '68: Butler College has been a great part of my life. I grew up with it. As a student I passed many years within its walls; as professor I served a long, long term, for I taught Latin in the college, beginning in 1871, until 1907. During part of that time I served, also, as its president. Now, I want to say that most of you here are not personally known to me. The generation of my day have found their later interests, as you all in time will find yours, outside the reach of our influence here. They rarely
come back. A few I see, year by year, but most of them
do not come, so most of you in these days are strangers
to me. But I do want to say that the inspiration in
later life that I get out of my college days, is that that
came to me in the class room. I remember the faces of
those who sat in the seats before me years and years
ago, whose names, perhaps, in these later years, I have
forgotten. I remember the interest I felt in my stud-
ents then. Those memories of the old days are very
sweet to me now. I loved some of the students I have
known, even as I have loved those of my own blood.

I have the honor, and I esteem it a very great honor
I assure you, of addressing the soldier-students of
Butler College—the soldier-students in the Great War.
We have been introduced to each other. I have heard
all of your names, and President Howe has told you
my name. But you don't know me, except on his word
—and you know what he is!

What do I think of the soldier-students of Butler
College today? You remember, I am an old soldier,
myself, and I could talk a long time, just about my-
self, but I will dismiss that. I have a more interesting
subject.

* * * *

I suppose that the proper thing for me to do, on this
occasion, is to give you some advice, drawn from my
own experience. I shall have to do it briefly. What
did I derive,—what quality of mind, what purpose of
soul, what fear of the Eternal God did I derive from
my service in the army? Believe me, I derived much.
Oh, I know there are dangers in camp life; there are
dangers in the reckless life of the soldier. And is it not
peculiarly true of boys about the age of eighteen or
twenty or twenty-two years, that they are susceptible
to the influence of dangerous surroundings? You know how true that is. But with all, I think a man grounded in right purposes, reared in the midst of a favorable environment, is bound to receive immense good from service in the army. It is commonplace to say that we are benefited physically. It is not so common to believe that we are benefited morally and intellectually. But I believe it is true—under right guidance—true with the best of the men.

I didn't do much in the war, of course. I went into the service before I was fully eighteen years of age, and I served three years as an enlisted man. I got back home, and I wasn't met with a brass band, either—I got back home before I was twenty-one years of age, after three years' service. When I went into the army, I went in among strangers. I had tried to enlist the previous summer, but had been rejected by the mustering officer in Indianapolis. But I was bound to make it, anyhow, and I heard of a regiment down in Kentucky, that had suffered severely from an epidemic, and had lost many of its men, and wanted recruits. I remember that I got up early one winter morning, at four o'clock, and that my mother was up and gave me breakfast. I don't believe any of the rest of the family got up. I ate my solitary breakfast—but there are some things that I can not tell you about, young men! Well, I walked four miles to the Union Station and got on the train and went down into Kentucky, before I was eighteen years old. I had never been away from home before, and I went up to that camp and enlisted. I was put into a company of men the names of whom were absolutely unknown to me, and not one of them had ever known anything of me. But I was a little fellow, and perhaps that explains
why I made good with them. They all wanted to take care of me. I had that kind of a time all the way through the service. Well, I came back at the end of my term, and started in again at the college.

Now, boys, I got this out of the life that I had led: this mingling with all kinds of people, from all parts of the country—for, later, I was in the service that drew its recruits from every loyal State in the Union—and making friends from far and wide, gave me an acquaintance with human nature. Then, too, I got visions out of the war. At times, when, in my later years, I have been put to sore stress, I have listened for the bugle call that summoned us to duty, and I have never failed to hear it and it never failed to rouse me to action. There is this thing about it all: I believe that in war a man’s faith in the Power not ourselves is developed, is strengthened, to meet whatever fate life brings.

Now, among you young men there are differences in terms and kinds of services, I understand. Some of you have been retained at home and have not been successful in being sent abroad. I know that you regret that, as for your sakes, I do. Other of you young men have gone beyond the seas and have seen fiery work at Chateau Thierry and Saint Mihiel and other places that we have heard all about here at home. I congratulate you young men who have returned, and with you I mourn those who have returned not. Last fall I called to see some friends of mine—a family from which three boys had gone to the war. We talked about that, and I remember the quiet optimism of the mother. She said, ‘Oh, they will come back! They will come back! We shall all be together again.’ Ah, me! What did I say? What I said I deeply regretted after I left
there for one of those boys did not come back. I said, "If they don't come back, they will have died gloriously, and that were a great reward."

Oh, God of infinite pity, oh, God of infinite love, bless the souls that have been offered up in sacrifice upon the altar of their country; and bless with tender love the hearts that mourn tonight for those gone, never to return. Amen.

**Judge Ira W. Christian, '80:** I come to you tonight with a heart full of feeling, with a mind stirred with many memories. Let me say to you that the meeting this afternoon in the old College Chapel was a great inspiration. I come to you to speak on this subject, "The War's Recompense."

Whence came our wonderful army no one can tell. It was not the product of a single race, but of many races and every stratum of society sent its sons. Prowess is the gift of the soul, and therefore a possession of every race. The sons of the Mayflower and the immigrant of yesterday fought side by side. The lofty and the lowly, the college boy and the boy from the slums, were striving together for the destruction of the forces of tyranny. They were sharing the pup tent, the mess hall and the dugout. They were marching, fighting, toiling, hungering, together; accepting the rain, the snow, the sticky mud and the deadly trench with the same cheerful indifference. It was an army that could not be discouraged or beaten; its indomitable spirit was unconquerable. All were anxious to go overseas. That was the goal of their ambition. It was a mixing and mingling that was an education for brotherhood and it brought out the best that was in those who thus shared the hardships, danger and death.
Were there aliens in the ranks? Yes, thousands of them, loyal to the colors for which they fought. As an illustration of the spirit shown by the aliens in our land I mention but one example which is one among many. The draft had in one city called 1,500 aliens to the colors and when they were told by the officers that the government had no legal right to hold them,—that the doors of life and freedom were open to them, less than 200 availed themselves of the privilege of leaving the army; more than 1,300 remained to fight for the flag to which they swore fealty in the face of death.

Listen to an extract from a letter written by a Croatian boy to his brothers: "I am young and life seems very attractive. I love my home and the temptation to go home is very great, but none of my fathers ever had a chance to fight for democracy—I am going to take that chance."

* * * It was a serious and solemn occasion when the last camp was reached, when the tents in the company street were down, when belongings were packed and the boys and their loved ones, who had come to bid them good-bye, were gathered around the campfire. All were brave, even the wives and mothers shed no tears; there were some songs and some jokes, but there was seriousness, an earnestness of purpose shown by all. When the word came that the train is on the siding and that the boys are to entrain at midnight, a thrill and uplift was felt by all—even anxiety could not quench that feeling.

Going on the transport at Hoboken, doubtless, was more impressive to the new recruit than even entraining for the sea-board; there were none here to bid him good-bye and Godspeed; he was going for the first time on the ocean where submarines lurked and storms
raged, but there was no flinching; he went on board singing, "We won't come home till its over, over there." Out on the ocean the soldier, for the first time in his life, touched hands with the infinite. The blue sky had been his friend from boyhood and the dawn had thrilled him with joy; but the ocean had been to him an irregular, dim, blue picture on a map in his old school geography—but when he met it, he found it a mighty force, vast, overwhelming, mysterious. In the war days it had become a mighty loom, ships of peace and war were the flying shuttles going back and forth across the Atlantic, weaving the story. It was a war unsought by us, but a war that met us at the seaport towns, at the harbor's head and in the offing; met us at the sea gates and on the open ocean. And thus our ships sailed away loaded with fighting men.

That was a great day in the history of the world when General Pershing, in the city of Paris, laid a simple wreath on a hero's tomb and said, "Lafayette, we are here."

Belgium, France, England and Italy were well-nigh exhausted and were in sore need of our help. It seems to me that it was left for America to write that final imperishable page of history. It was splendidly written, simply and without ostentation, and yet so unselfishly and with such fine spirit that even the enemy was compelled to admire.

When our soldiers stood on the far-flung battle front there was no disguising their fell purpose, they came to conquer and not to be conquered; they came to drive the invader out of France and Belgium, and when the battle was on the enemy recognized the awful fact that they had at last an antagonist that was more than master. They were impetuous and determined; their
spirit is shown by the words of the doughboy up in the Argonne Wood, in the thick of the fight, when death was all about him and hell breaking loose overhead, who, when his unit was ordered to fall back, shouted, "That isn't what we came over here for!"

For such an army no heroic bugle shall ever sound retreat. Belleau Wood, Chateau Thierry, and the forest of Argonne tell the story more eloquently than any words of mine.

The American Expeditionary Forces, combined with the United States Navy, made it possible for the French, English, Belgians and Italians to force the Germans to capitulate in November, 1918. The armistice followed close upon the completion by the United States Navy of its mine barrier thrown across the North Sea from Scotland to Norway, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles. Our ships began sowing the sea with mines in June, 1918, and by September had planted and anchored 70,117 sea bombs, making it next to impossible for a German submarine to break through.

It took the unterrified American Army to finish the job. Without the Americans that grand, aggregated World War victory could not have been achieved. What we like about the victory best of all is that our boys are bringing home with them something more than the laurels won in battle, something more than the aroma of heroic deeds. They are bringing home with them lessons of faith and hope, lessons of love and courage—memories of dead comrades, loved and lost. Shall not these things be and abide with us as a precious inheritance? Shall not these lessons be handed down to our children and our children's children? Shall not the spirit of those brave, young lives inspire
us to strive harder and more manfully for the better things? Shall not their example cause the youth of our land to go forward with greater zeal and quickened steps toward the mark of life’s high calling? For did they not fight for life’s eternal verities? These are some of the things our boys are bringing home and with these things a larger vision of life and its responsibilities.

Battlefields are our monuments, and dot, like imperishable periods, the pages of history. They are the grim and mighty milestones that register on life’s road the high tide of heroic endeavor. The nations of the past climbed up a ladder of swords, and today, no less strange but more terrible, they are defending their holdings with the same weapon. It takes life and valor to sanctify. Battlefields become hallowed ground only when men die that others may have life and have it more abundantly. At first it is hard to reconcile ourselves to the vastness of the fact that our soldier sons are not all coming back. Yes, it’s hard to realize that awful thing we call death and when we think how they crossed the sea, were landed at an unfamiliar port, transported hundreds of miles across country in freight cars and when unloaded, hurried into a sector where shell and shrapnel fell in torrents and where they were the targets for the Hun’s terrific gun fire, and fell like grain before the sickle—we agree with Hamilton in his observation made after a visit to the battle regions that nothing can ever be more impressive—not even gathering the bodies into one vast American cemetery with markers of stone—than are the groups of mounds with white crosses at the head and each man’s name and identification tag, and often his gun and helmet to mark his resting-place.
As we think on these things the mystery of life and death are brought to our minds and we realize as never before how ennobling to man's soul was the courage that faced out bravely to such a fate. He who met the foe and gave his life in this great struggle not only saw life at its high tide, but has also contributed to his uttermost for the good of the world.

Everyone whose son rests over there is glad to have borne a son who has rendered such a splendid account of himself at such an hour. You do not ask God to bring him back to you, but rather you ask God to make you worthy of such a son and to consecrate your life to the unfinished task he so nobly began.

The war is over and those who fell, are they not at peace? Are they not in possession of eternal life? Are they not at home with the immortals? Tomorrow will come and with it a new song upon its lips. A new day will dawn and will it not be better and richer for the achievements of yesterday? Is not all life one mighty generous tide sweeping ever onward towards the eternal gates of the Holy City? Do not the longings of the human soul echo the longings of the human heart in its reaching out for the better things? Beauty is ever young, it can not grow old, it can not die. The good, the brave, and the true are always beautiful. These young lives have not gone out, they have gone on. They are with us here tonight and should the roll be called, I'm sure they would answer to their names.

To the Butler soldier boys who are present and to those who fell on the far-flung battle front over there, the words of Beranger, the French poet of the Revolutionary period, seem most fitting: "God give you, my children, a glorious death." Permit me to add to the thought therein expressed the further thought, may
God give to you, who were so fortunate as to survive, a glorious life. By so doing you will not only honor yourselves, but your dead comrades whose guardians you have become for all time; and at the same time you will honor those who bore you and gave you as a priceless offering to the high and holy cause of freedom.

From a letter by Clair McTurnan, '11, written in November, 1919.

It is difficult for a man to find words for feelings and impressions that are at the very tips of consciousness in his finer sensibilities. This I know and can say: While all service men were awakened by a sense of duty to the Flag and the ideals and principles by it represented, they took a special delight in the thought that they were serving and representing and in part repaying their friends, their instructors and advisors and the institutions of which they had once been a part and to whom and to which would come a certain degree of honor and credit if the service were meritorious; and to whom and to which would come a shame and humiliation if the service failed to meet in character the expectations and hopes of those who were entitled to and did indulge in personal expectations and hopes. Thereby hung the personal element in service, and it touched and inspired men as generalities and abstractions could not. The men who waged battle for mankind as it was typified by their mothers and sisters, and the men who waged battle for preservation of institutions and the traditions of institutions as typified by those with which they were most familiar, felt themselves to be the particular servants of those mothers and sisters and institutions.
The greatest encouragement and inspiration for service lies in the support and confidence of one’s friends, and the greatest compensation for service lies in the approval and appreciation extended by friends. Desire for approval may be a weakness of human nature. And when Butler College planned and held the reunion of service men last June and paid tribute, by program and presence, to the service men, there was rendered and paid the highest form of compensation for service, a form that stimulates and perpetuates the desire to carry on in the service of citizenship. And because I can say what an inspiration the spirit of the program was to one who had rendered no particular service, I feel that I can understand what a wonderful source of compensation it was to those who had rendered actual service, fired by a kindred inspiration. And I know, too, that the consideration, approbation and interest of the college are very stimulating and very precious to the service men. They are tributes to the loyalty and service that make soldiering well worth the cost. I don’t know whether you can understand how much these things mean to the service men, but I know enough of the men who went “over the top” to believe that their greatest desire was to render the service which those who were interested would desire, and that the crowning glory of such service was to receive from the hands of their own friends recognition of their faithful effort.
IN THE WORLD WAR

OUR DEAD

There must be Wisdom in Great Death
— Tennyson

Lieutenant Carl Christian Amelung
Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr.
Private Conwell Burnside Carson
Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott
Corporal Dean Weston Fuller
Lieutenant John Charles Good
Lieutenant Robert Edward Kennington
Sergeant Henry Reinhold Leukhardt
Private Wilson Russell Mercer
Corporal Guy Griffith Michael
Sergeant Marsh Whitney Nottingham
Captain Victor Hugo Nysewander
Private Marvin Francis Race
Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison
Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson
Apprentice-Seaman Henry Clarence Toon