CHAPTER IV
Our Dead

Lieutenant Carl Christian Amelung, '18, died on July 31, 1920, at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the age of twenty-five years. He was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky.

Carl Amelung was a soldier before April, 1917. He was made of fighting material—persistency of purpose, endurance when it cost to endure, forgetfulness of self. He was gentle and courteous and kindly; he was manly, brave and good; he was appreciative of fine things in literature and in life. Those who knew him best loved him most.

His military record, taken from his diary, was as follows: "Attended the Second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison which opened August 27, 1917. On December 15, reported to the Thirty-eighth Infantry, Third division, at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina and was assigned to Company D for duty; trained in the States with that Company until March, 1918, when ordered overseas. Arrived in Scotland April 3, 1918. A few weeks later reached the training area at Arc-en-Barrois (Haute Marne). Detailed to attend the Second Corps School at Chatillon-sur-Seine (Cote d'Or). Ordered to the front and went into the Loire east of Chateau Thierry. Remained here until the first of July when the divisional sector was moved on a few kilometers to the east. At midnight of July 14, company in support near Crezancy helped to stop the German rush. After holding the enemy for three days the counter attack started. At this time was gassed and evacuated to Base Hos-
pital Number 30. After ten days here sent to Convalescent Camp at Allery. Discharged and sent to Saint Aignan to first replacement depot. From here, as soon as able, sent back to the front, where fought until the armistice."

In July, 1919, Lieutenant Amelung returned to the United States. After a fifteen days' furlough spent with his parents and one day with friends in Irvington, he was sent to Base Hospital Number 21 at Denver, Colorado. On May 1, 1920, at his own request, he was discharged to fight at home his last battle. Succumbing to the dread disease brought on by the fatal gas, he was soldier to the end, true to his pledged word nor failing "that rendezvous."

**Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., '19, of the Seventh Field Artillery, First division, fell in action in the Argonne forest on November 3, 1918, at the age of twenty-four years. He was buried in the American Sedan cemetery near Beaumont, whence afterwards reburied in the Romagne cemetery.**

Hilton U. Brown, Jr., enlisted in June, 1916, at Indianapolis, in Battery A, First Indiana Field Artillery, and served on the Mexican border in the following fall and winter. In May, 1917, he was transferred to the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison where in August he was commissioned second lieutenant in artillery and designated for immediate service overseas. He sailed from New York September 7, by way of Halifax for Liverpool. Arriving there September 22, he proceeded to Southampton and then to Le Havre. After three days in a rest camp he was sent by way of Paris to the Saumur Artillery School. Completing his work here he was assigned to
the Seventh Field Artillery (United States Army), First division, then in the Toul sector on the Lorraine front, and was with this division on its unconquerable career. On May 12, in the Cantigny campaign, he was wounded and evacuated for three months to hospitals Number 1 and Number 34. He returned to his former unit of the First division in time for the Saint Mihiel drive, went through the Meuse-Argonne engagements until he fell at Nouart, near Stenay, on November 3, "dying," so wrote his brother, "the way all soldiers would like to die—quickly, while doing his duty on the far-advanced battlefield of a great drive." The Croix de Guerre was awarded him, with the following citation:

"Second Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown (Deceased), Seventh Field Artillery. Displayed unusual courage and devotion to duty during the Argonne-Meuse offensive, October 4th to November 3d, 1918, both as battery officer and liaison officer with the attacking infantry. His utter disregard for personal danger was an inspiration to his men and contributed to the effectiveness of his detail in maintaining this important communication, until killed while laying his guns during heavy shell fire on November 3, 1918."

Hilton Brown belonged to Butler College by right of inheritance. She followed him with affectionate interest from happy childhood into boyhood, on into young manhood. She saw the tall athletic youth, the bright cheeks, the merry twinkle of eye; and she saw even the promise of the heroism that was to be.

Lieutenant Brown’s soldiership was of a high order. He loved his men. He was their servant as well as their leader; at all times and in all places they came first in his thoughts, and until they were made as
LIEUTENANT CARL CHRISTIAN AMELUNG  
July 31, 1920

LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, JR.  
November 3, 1918

PRIVATE CONWELL BURNSIDE CARSON  
October 5, 1918

LIEUTENANT KENNETH VICTOR ELLIOTT  
August 31, 1918
comfortable as circumstances would allow there was never thought of self. He had a sense of protective-
ness for one younger or for one less equal to endur-
ance. He was honest in the finer way of absolute sin-
cerity of honor. His courage rose very high. His action won for him, posthumously, the Croix de Guerre, but it won for the college a still greater thing—a con-
crete expression of Americanism in finest form: hu-
morous, resolute, courageous, unselfish, willing to lay
down his life if thereby the agonies of war might be
eliminated from the world. "We will have been the
gainers 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 subdued and a lasting peace is as-
sured." So wrote he. Greater love hath no man than
this!

Hilton's nature had an artistic side. He was fond of
literature, instinctively he knew real literature. He
loved poetry and wrote verse that gave great promise.
His letters were often illustrated and his dugouts on
the battle front bore evidence of his humor as a car-
toonist. His friends had planned for him a journalistic
career, following in his father's honored footsteps.
They had pictured for him, as doubtless he had pic-
tured for himself, a life of usefulness and power in his
native and loved Irvington, in which Butler College
would not be wanting.

"His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day."
"Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep,
Where, in the yew-tree shadow congregate,
His fathers sleep.

"Was this the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.''

Private Conwell Burnside Carson, '15, died of pneumonia at the Red Cross Hospital, Camp Sherman, Ohio, on October 5, 1918, at the age of twenty-six years, and was buried near his native town of Boggstown, Indiana.

Conwell B. Carson was the only son of James M. and Winifred Burnside Carson, and was a descendant of General Ambrose E. Burnside. He entered the college with the class of 1915, but did not remain long. He graduated from the Indiana Law School in 1918. He was a close student, conscientious in all his undertakings, of high principle and devout patriotism.

He enlisted at Shelbyville, Indiana, June 24, 1918; was detailed to Camp Sherman; assigned to Headquarters Company, One Hundred Fifty-eighth Depot Brigade; on September 7, promoted to Adjutant Detachment Camp Headquarters, Camp Sherman, for the remaining weeks of his service.

Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott, '20, died August 31, 1918, in Base Hospital Number 23, of wounds received while in action at Chateau Thierry, at the age of twenty-three years. He was buried in the American cemetery at Vittel, France.
Lieutenant Elliott enlisted at Indianapolis in May, 1917, and entered the First Officers’ Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. In August he was commissioned second lieutenant. After training at Camp Colt, Pennsylvania, at Camp Greene, North Carolina, and at Fort Still, Oklahoma, he was assigned to the Machine Gun Battalion, Fifty-eighth United States Infantry, Fourth division, and sailed overseas June, 1918. He was commissioned first lieutenant on June 20. The division landed in England and proceeded to Calais, following which it, for the most part, trained in the Saumur area with the British. In July the division was sent to the front, and on August 7, Lieutenant Elliott received wounds from which he died.

Kenneth Elliott was a dramatic figure. He swung into the college vision, unknown, in the autumn of 1916. A dignified thoughtful bearing declared he knew his own mind and had a purpose in the coming. He made many friends. There was something superior in his manner, in his type of thought. One knew instinctively that his experience had been broader and deeper than that of most young men at his age. And so it had been. He had left his home town of Sheridan, Indiana, and for four years had been in the United States Navy, thus traveling around the world. As a boy he must have dreamed greatly. Scarcely out of boyhood he had converted those dreams into reality. Kenneth Elliott had that rare power of bringing things to pass. He knew he wanted a college education. He came to Butler. He was a leader of Freshman activities, alive to every interest and full of possible betterment. He knew fine literature, he loved it and made it his own. He was rare, so rare that when an Indianapolis townsmen met him on the train with troops of other soldier
boys en route to their training camp, he fell into conversation with him, and later converted that impression in his "Valley of Democracy" into the typical youth of the West. In a letter written by Mr. Meredith Nicholson are these words: "He made a deep impression upon me by reason of his simplicity, his wide range of interests, his fine ambitions. We talked a long time on the train that night, and mostly of the sea—of the rush of great waters and the stars and the way of sailor folk. He was like a good book. The poetry of the sea had entered into his soul, the mystery and the wonder of it. It was an inspiration to know him. The memory of his manliness, his high aims, his understanding of those things that are of good report, will always abide with me.

'Good lives do not go out, they go on!' And he has lived a full life and it is not for us to think that it is not complete and fully rounded, or that it perished in the thing we call death. He gave the most precious thing he had for his country and for the women and children of the world, and he is one of the heroes of this mighty war for freedom and justice and mercy. And I like to think of him as he said goodbye that night, hopeful, courageous, with no fear in his eyes of what lay before him. He sails somewhere beyond our knowing, upon a good ship in tranquil seas, with friends about him and happy isles ahead."

Corporal Dean Weston Fuller, '18, died in the Base Hospital, Palo Alto, California, on July 6, 1920, at the age of twenty-five years. He was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

His life was spent in his native Indianapolis, save for the twenty-one months in the service of his country,
and for a brief visit from home in his sixteenth year, interesting here because a letter then received from the mother he had loved and lost travelled in his pocket throughout the experiences of life overseas and in the West.

In Dean Fuller was a striking union of strength and gentleness. Not rugged in physique, he yet accomplished definite results surprising for one of his years. He had little to say of what to others might have seemed hard. He was modest and unassuming; industrious, aspiring, sincere, happy; at all times he was the gentleman in appearance and in manner—beautiful to look upon with his delicately carved features and winning smile. Everywhere he won friends.

It smote to the heart to see Corporal Fuller leave for the southern camp; but a much keener pang was felt when he returned from overseas with Battery F, One Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery, the best of life having departed. Death did not come to him short and sharp upon the field of action, but for many months his battle was fought in Base Hospital, facing and accepting without complaint or even regret the inevitable outcome of the too rigorous camp life. He was discharged at his own request from Camp Benjamin Harrison to seek a friendlier climate, and he "went West."

Lieutenant John Charles Good, A. B. '17, died of pneumonia on March 30, 1918, at Camp Dodge, Iowa, at the age of twenty-four years. A world of hope closed when this only son was laid in the Ebenezer Lutheran cemetery, Indianapolis.

Charles Good was a favorite with everybody, participating in general activities. He was captain of the football team and president of his class in its junior
year. He stood for the best things—things of "good report." He loved flowers and music, good fellowship and good books. He was forceful, and sympathetic. His kindliness and his smile linger, and he will long be held in affectionate memory.

He enlisted on August 27, at Indianapolis, attended the Second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, where he was commissioned second lieutenant, and was detailed to Camp Dodge as member of Company C, Three Hundred Thirty-ninth Field Artillery. He did not see the active service for which he longed, but his friends knew he would have met any crisis with a full measure of devotion. He did his duty and he did it well.

Lieutenant Robert Edward Kennington, '15, fell heroically fighting at Chateau Thierry on August 4, 1918, at the age of twenty-five years. He was buried in the American cemetery near Fere-en-Tardenois, situated on a hillside looking toward Chateau Thierry, and reburied, on July 9, 1921, in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis.

He was a student of the college during the years 1911-1913, afterwards graduating from the Indiana Law School. He had just entered with promise his chosen profession when the call to the Colors came. One need not be told that he was among the first to enlist in the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison that May, 1917, which saw so many Butler students offer their lives for the help of the world. Here he was commissioned second lieutenant and transferred to the United States Army. After training at Camp Colt, Pennsylvania, and at Camp Greene, North Carolina, he sailed over seas April 28
CORPORAL DEAN WESTON FULLER
July 6, 1920

LIEUTENANT JOHN CHARLES GOOD
March 30, 1918

LIEUTENANT ROBERT EDWARD KENNINGTON
August 8, 1918

SERGEANT HENRY REINHOLD LEUKHARDT
October 2, 1918
with the Fourth division, landing in England and proceeding to Calais, thence to the Saumur area for training. On July 15, he was sent to the front, having previously been commissioned first lieutenant. He was killed in action August 4, 1918, while leading his men through a German barrage.

The Chaplain of the Fifty-eighth Infantry wrote: "The afternoon of August 4, we commenced our attack, starting from a large farm near the town of Chery, northeast of Chateau Thierry. It was our second fight and naturally all felt like veterans and went at it with a will. Our battalion was on the left flank and had to pursue a course through a ravine covered by German artillery. It went through with few casualties in spite of a rather heavy barrage. There were a number of difficult positions to be cleared, but our boys were absolutely fearless. It was very evident that the enemy was retreating and depending exclusively upon artillery and machine guns to protect his retreat. The enemy took up a position at the River Vesle where we had some bitter fighting later and where he remained twenty days after our division was relieved. But in advance of that position, especially the first few days of the fighting, he had a number of outposts and snipers. Sometimes these were in large groups and as the country was hilly and woody and favorable to defensive operations there was plenty of work to be done.

Lieutenant Kennington had just taken up a position on the crest of the hill overlooking the ravine. He had with him a squad of automatic riflemen. They were barely in position when a high explosive shell of large calibre made a direct hit on their position, killing seven of them instantly. Lieutenant Kennington was
struck in the forehead by a small fragment which caused instant death. The Red Cross station was near at hand, but he had passed beyond human aid. Later when opportunity offered, I buried him in the cemetery at the Les Pres Farm, near Chery-Chartreuve, north of Chateau Thierry.

Lieutenant Kennington was an excellent officer, faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his duty. He was most popular with his brother officers and loved by his men. As a leader he was able and efficient and acquitted himself nobly in our first fight in which we took part in the beginning of the allied counter-offensive, July 18. It was then stern work for all of us, but the credit for all success was due to the platoon leaders like Lieutenant Kennington, who were shining examples of all military virtues.

It is no exaggeration to say we knew Lieutenant Kennington even better than his friends at home. Danger is the real test of a man, it shows his true nature and lays bare his very soul. He stood this test unflinchingly and gave an exhibition of fine manly heroic virtues. His memory will long be treasured by all who knew him here.

At the college, Robert Kennington was known as a man of action, intensely alive, simple, lovable, not troubled overmuch with brooding introspection and the pale cast of thought, but rich in a rugged common-sense philosophy and a breezy humanity that found outlets in many a pleasant way. Danger and hardship exhilarated him. Life had been full of sunshine; the future prospect was as bright. Plans far into the future years had been laid: professional attainment, useful citizenship, happy home. It was a costly sacrifice that laid all on the altar of freedom.
At a meeting of the Indianapolis Bar Association a former Butler man* said, in part: "Robert Kennington was a thorough student of the law. . . . . Unusual personal charm endeared him to those with whom he came in contact and won for him a host of friends. His ambition to succeed did not tempt him selfishly to crowd ahead of others. Straightforward manly ways, kindliness towards others, a winning smile that made one glad even for the most casual meeting, are qualities that we recall. To these should be added the high ideals that took him so quickly into his country's service, enabled him to face death and give 'the last full measure of devotion' to the cause to which his life was pledged.

Robert Kennington's career at the bar was like his career in arms, all too brief. At the bar, it was full of promise; in arms, a single month brought immortality. The torch he so bravely held aloft he has thrown to us that in his spirit we, too, may hold it high. It is his happy lot to be remembered always as one who by way of splendid death has entered into eternal youth."

Sergeant Henry Reinhold Leukhardt, '12, died of pneumonia on October 2, 1918, at Camp Pike, Arkansas, at the age of thirty years. He was buried in St. Joseph cemetery, Indianapolis.

Henry Leukhardt enlisted, December 7, 1917, in the Aviation Signal Corps. He trained at Fort Thomas, Kentucky; Camp Taylor, Kentucky; Kelly Field, Texas; Eberts Field, Arkansas; Camp Pike, Arkansas. On April 10, 1918, he was appointed Sergeant, One Hundred Twenty-fourth Aero Squadron at Eberts Field. At his own request he was transferred to the

*Charles W. Moores, '82.
infantry of the United States Army. At the time of his death he was teaching in the Development battery, Headquarters Company, One Hundred Sixty-second Depot Brigade, Camp Pike. The transfer from aviation to army reduced him from sergeant to private. This demotion he felt and was eager for a commission.

Henry Leukhardt was a star player on the football team of 1908, and was made of the stuff of which real athletes are made. All the energy and fire and skill of football were turned into the far nobler game in which, in 1918, the world was engaged. He was restive in the home service, eager to get overseas. To a friend he wrote: "What I want most of all is a chance to go across. I would be a fine big boob when it's all over over there and never to have had my hand in it. I know there is such a thing as doing my bit at home, but I'm full of pep and want to let it out where it will do some good. Also, I want a chance at a commission, as I feel capable of making good." The longed-for commission came the afternoon before his death, but he never knew it.

As one stood in that home, German by name, but finely American in spirit, one realized that the sacrifice of the young man lying there enfolded with the Stars and Stripes had peculiar significance, that a higher promotion had come and that a larger service was now his.

Private Wilson Russell Mercer, '22, died of pneumonia at the Base Hospital of the Butler College unit, on December 12, at the age of nineteen years. He was buried at his home town of Anderson, Indiana.

Russell Mercer entered the college in the autumn of 1918. He was of the Students' Army Training Corps
which on that memorable October 1, swore allegiance to its land and was inducted into service.

He was a man of athletic and scholastic promise. In high school he had been a basketball enthusiast and had taken part in general activities. He was fond of canoeing. He loved Nature and the country was always more attractive to him than the town. He was thoughtful and studious and earnest. Whatever his hand touched he did with his might. He loved whatever he was doing with a warm enthusiasm—his school, his studies, his teachers, his military life and its opportunity of service; he loved his friends and spoke only good of them. He was true to every trust committed to him. He had youth in his limbs, light in his face, hope in his heart.

Corporal Guy Griffith Michael, '11, died of diphtheria at the Base Hospital, Quantico, Virginia, on April 10, 1919, at the age of forty-two years, and was buried at Noblesville, Indiana.

Guy Michael did not remain long at the college, leaving to pursue his medical studies. As an oculist he practiced his profession in Noblesville. He enlisted in Cincinnati, June 1, 1917. On the following day he was sent to Paris Island, South Carolina, where he was promoted to corporal. Here he was detached from his company to become secretary to Chaplain Father McDonald. Later he was transferred to Quantico as warrant officer and chief reporter on the Marine weekly, known as “The Leatherneck.” He was discharged on March 25, 1919, and had hoped to reach home on the day he was brought home.
Corporal Marsh Whitney Nottingham, '19, was killed in action while leading a party across No Man's Land on July 31, 1918, at the age of twenty-one years. He was buried near Roncheres, France; reburied, on August 1, 1921, in Beech Grove cemetery, Muncie, Indiana.

Marsh Nottingham had, from childhood, been gifted with the use of his pencil, having received scholarships from the John Herron Art Institute while in the grades and at the Manual Training High School. His artistic sense showed itself, also, in a love of music. While he never made it a study, he played well the piano and several stringed instruments. A tiny banjo-mandolin was his frequent and loved companion over there. "It is battle-scarred," he wrote home, "but will make a tune. I hope to keep it and bring it back with me. It will be quite a relic." It was sent home, as "Mr. Britling" sent the pathetic object of the love of the young German tutor. But it was not only the gentler virtues which characterized Marsh; he had rugged force and determination, a fondness for athletic sports, and the strong manly qualities. He was tactful and thoughtful and very considerate of others; perhaps he was slow in forming friendships, but having made a friend he grappled him with hoops of steel.

As he looked forward to illustration as a profession, Marsh transferred, during his freshman year, his studies from Butler College to the Art Institute, and had planned to study later in New York; but when the bugles sounded war he cast aside his easel and threw his lot in with the agonizing world. He enlisted as a camouflage artist. His overseas service with the Headquarters Company of the Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, Third division was brief as it was intense. A comrade
wrote: "It was a great fight. Every time a man moved it seemed as though a thousand guns opened fire instantly. There we were in the midst of it all, not knowing what sorrow the day would bring forth. Information we had gathered in regard to the position of machine guns had to get back as soon as possible to the Major of the battalion; but we soon found our telephone communication had been broken. Then it was Marsh showed what stuff he was made of. He volunteered to carry the message forward through intense shelling. He started. Soon he was struck, a piece of shell must have pierced his heart. He had a smile for every one in life, in death it was the same."

The smile in the picture which hangs on the chapel wall may well be a study. It reveals, at all events,

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,"

as well as the power of the "extraordinary heroism in action" expressed in the citation accompanying the Distinguished Service Cross posthumously sent to his parents:

\[\begin{align*}
\text{"AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES UNITED STATES ARMY} \\
\text{Distinguished Service Cross Citation} \\
\text{Corporal Marsh W. Nottingham, Headquarters Company, Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States at Roncheres, France, on 31 July, 1918, and in recognition of his gallant conduct I have awarded him in the name of the President, the Distinguished Service Cross.} \\
\text{JOHN J. PERSHING,} \\
\text{Commander-in-chief."
\end{align*}\]

Awarded on 3 January, 1919.
Captain Victor Hugo Nysewander, '10, was killed in action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive near Bantheville, on November 1, 1918, at the age of thirty-two years. He was buried in the American cemetery at Romagne, reburied in his native town, Plainfield, Indiana, September 15, 1921.

Victor H. Nysewander entered Butler College with the class of '10, later studying at Indiana University, and graduating as an "honor man" from the Law School of the University of Michigan. He enlisted in Indianapolis, August 26, 1917; trained in the Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, where he was commissioned first lieutenant, and at Camp Travis, Texas, where he was assigned to Company C, Officers' Battalion, One Hundred Sixty-fifth Depot Brigade, and later transferred to Company K, Three Hundred Fifty-ninth United States Infantry, Nintieth division, American Expeditionary Forces. He sailed from Hoboken, New Jersey, June, 1918, landed in England July 1; was detailed during July and August to Chatillon-sur-Seine; was gassed in the Saint Mihiel drive on September 15, after four days fighting which won for him the promotion to captaincy—the rank of which he was justly proud because won on the battlefield. After being discharged from the hospital on September 25, he was placed at the head of Company K, Three Hundred Fifty-ninth infantry, which he commanded until his death.

Captain Nysewander had the thoughtful determination of the mature man, consideration for his own men, warm gratitude for hospitality received in England and in France, always kindly, generous, courageously enthusiastic.

His colonel wrote, in part: "Our regiment had been
PRIVATE WILSON RUSSELL MERCER
December 12, 1918

CORPORAL GUY GRIFFITH MICHAEL
April 10, 1919

CORPORAL MARSH WHITNEY NOTTINGHAM
July 31, 1918

CAPTAIN VICTOR HUGO NYSEWANDER
November 1, 1918
in the Meuse-Argonne sector since October 16, and on the 30th of that month we took over the front lines just north of Bantheville. On the morning of November 1 a great attack was launched against the enemy and as the morning wore on they began to reply heavily with their artillery. Captain Nysewander was leading his Company K, and as they were approaching the road that ran from Bantheville to another village called Aincreville they were met by the fierce German barrage. Captain Nysewander immediately gave orders to his men to seek what protection they could in the shell-holes or behind the bank of the road. While he was giving these instructions, standing there so bravely with shells falling all about him, his one thought being the safety and protection of the men under his command, he met his soldier's death. A shell exploded nearby and a piece of it struck him in the temple, killing him instantly. The same shell, let me add, killed a corporal of his company and a German prisoner who was standing beside him. The chaplain and his party came upon the body not long after, covered it with a blanket, and the next day buried it with such military honors as were possible under the circumstances, in the little newly-made American cemetery at the edge of the village of Bantheville. He is laid away with fellow officers and men. A cross stands at the head of his grave and on it is given his name and other particulars of identification.

Assuredly your pride in Victor must be profound. Alive, he was one of our best officers, efficient in all his work, brave in all campaigns, and especially so on the day of his death; dead, he is one of the eminent exemplars of whom our entire country is proud. His
name will live forever on America’s rolls; he gave all he had, his glorious young life, and gave it willingly, generously, bravely for his country.”

A comrade wrote of this beloved captain: “He sacrificed his all for the noblest cause for which man has ever fought. Not a man but would have given his own life to save Captain Nysewander. He fell a hero, bravely facing the enemy on the field of honor while leading his company over the top.”

Private Marvin Francis Race, ’21, died of pneumonnia on January 26, 1919, in the Base Hospital of Lincoln, Nebraska, at the age of eighteen years, and was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

Marvin Race seemed a mere boy, but the man was in him and the soldier was in him. He loved work and worked hard; he loved play and played hard. In athletics he was in his element. His alertness of mind and quickness of step made him one of the best of his team. So eager was he to enlist and to do his full share in the great struggle, that he came several miles from his home for drill at seven o’clock in the morning. Then, classes, work in the afternoon at The Indianapolis News, basketball practice, studies, in all of which he met his full obligation, made the daily program of this alive, happy, aspiring lad.

Working during the summer with brothers in the West, and that he might continue to be near those brothers, Marvin enlisted in the Students’ Army Training Corps of the University of Nebraska. Here his battle—his first and his last—was fought. A ten weeks’ struggle with influenza and its effects ended on January 26. He wanted to live, he fought to live, but he did not shrink from death. Unafraid he answered
the last roll call and found doubtless the Captain of his Salvation waiting to meet him face to face when he had crossed the bar. He was a gracious spirit, loving whatsoever things are fair, and the unconscious influence of his young life continues to reach far.

**Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison, A. B., '15,** died at Camp Dodge, Iowa, on November 19, 1918, at the age of twenty-four years, and was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

Bruce Robison was a student in the Law School of George Washington University when the United States entered the war. He passed examination, at Fort Myer, Virginia, for the Officers' Reserve Corps, prior to the declaration of war and was commissioned second lieutenant of cavalry, May 1, 1917, and ordered into active service May 11, as a student-instructor in the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. On the termination of this assignment, he was ordered to Camp Dodge, Iowa, as inspector-instructor of bayonet training. From October, 1917, to March, 1918, he was acting-adjutant, first battalion, Three Hundred Forty-ninth infantry. He was then ordered to Camp Perry, Ohio, for a sixty days' course in small arms firing. On completion of this course, he was re-ordered to Camp Dodge as instructor. He was commissioned first lieutenant of United States Infantry, July 24, 1918.

Bruce belonged to Butler College by strong ties, seen and unseen. He was manly, forward-looking. He stood for progression in all academic interests, whether athletic, social or scholastic. He was open-minded and high-minded. His soldierly spirit manifested itself in
a remark to a fellow-student, after he had been assigned as physical instructor to a colored officers' training school: "How do you like the assignment?" asked the student. "It's not for me to say. I am a soldier and these are my orders," replied the gallant officer.

He had a striking influence over younger classmen. His judgment was final to them; his commendation an honor indeed. They recognized his gentlemanly qualities.

The life which opened with such promise was a heart-rending sacrifice, and the college mourns him. But he lives. Somewhere he lives. And those who knew and who loved him do not forget that the war has touched him to immortality.

**Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson, '12**, was brought to his death in the Saint Mihiel offensive on September 18, 1918; he was buried near Jarny, France, and re-buried in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis, June 19, 1921.

MacCrea Stephenson was the product of good, refined, wise home-training. He combined within himself those qualities which make the high type of American manhood—energy, resoluteness, sympathy, intelligence, purpose in life, responsibility to self, to parents, to society, to country, to God. Attractive in appearance, interesting in conversation, one knew instinctively that he was a young man of fine temper.

MacCrea Stephenson enlisted in the Air Service soon after the declaration of war, entering the Dayton Aviation Training School. After completing the officers' training course, he was sent to Mineola, Long Island, in command of the One Hundred Third Aero
PRIVATE MARVIN FRANCIS RACE
January 26, 1919

LIEUTENANT BRUCE PETTIBONE ROBISON
November 19, 1918

LIEUTENANT MacCREA STEPHENSON
September 18, 1918

APPRENTICE-SEAMAN HENRY CLARENCE TOON
January 23, 1918
Squadron. Here he spent seven weeks of intensive training. On November 22, his command sailed overseas; via Liverpool, he arrived in France in January, 1918. After a course in advanced flying, bombing, and gunning in various schools of instruction, he was attached to the Seventh and later to the Eleventh Aero Squadron. With the latter Squadron he made his last flight on September 18. A bombing raid of six machines set out for the field at Amanty, Meuse, near Gondrecourt, with La Chausse as objective. A Hun plane dropped a note near Toul stating that MacCrea Stephenson had died in Germany.

Months passed without definite knowledge of the whereabouts of Lieutenant Stephenson. Not until March 10, 1919, was anything known of the fate of the brave aviator, and then only because a brother, Lieutenant Edward E. Stephenson, Battery B, Three Hundred Twelfth Field Artillery, Seventy-ninth division, was detailed in search of information. In a letter, he says: "If I could only make the air fight half as wonderful as told by the peasants who watched and knew it moment by moment . . . . . It was the height of the San Mihiel drive. Their bombs had been released and they were returning to the base, when they were met by the Richthoven Circus of greatly superior numbers. All five planes were shot down, two making safe landing, though the men were wounded. The men from the burning planes were dragged from them by the Germans immediately after they fell, to secure all possible papers of identification or information; these being secured and all articles of clothing of value taken from them, the men were left uncared for. After several days the French peasants were allowed to bury them . . . . . They were carried one and a half kilo-
meters to a cemetery, tenderly covered with sheets and canvas, and laid side by side in one grave. And here is the finest tribute of all. The Mayor collected about five hundred francs with which were purchased two large Lorraine crosses. These crosses are covered with their beaded floral offerings. About the grave had been placed a twisted rope of laurel or green vine. As no American flag was obtainable, the Mayor's wife used her husband's red and blue necktie and with white ribbon made the colors which were tied about the wreaths. No one family, but all seemed to have helped. . . . . . From the peasants we learned that MacCrea fired his guns till his plane struck the ground."

If, according to George Eliot, "the greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a hero," then Lieutenant Stephenson left to the world the greatest of heroic gifts. One sees it in the face which hangs on the college wall. It would seem the artist had caught his expression at the moment of decision. The young man has heard the call, he has measured its meaning, with all the high seriousness of his nature he is ready with his reply—ready, because he knows "'Tis God's voice calls.'"

Apprentice-Seaman Henry Clarence Toon, '15, died of pneumonia at the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, on January 20, 1918. He was buried in the Buck Creek cemetery, near Julietta, Indiana.

Clarence Toon had served a long training in warfare with ill health, and, disciplined by disappointment, he had won many battles. After repeated efforts to enter the service, he had been accepted in the Radio Depart-
ment of the United States Navy and had been assigned to the Great Lakes Station. Exposure and work had overtaxed his strength, and in January (one month after enlistment) he died.

He was fun-loving, generous, manly, cheerful when it cost to be cheerful, had a power to inspire others to accomplish the things denied to him.

Apprentice-Seaman Toon was the first student of Butler College to fall. He went to his death as heroically as any on the battlefield. The college honors him as she honors them.