downcast and dazed. Occasionally one has to be chastised. Once while on the march a young Boche got insolent toward our men. Just as I got opposite to him he made a nasty remark and a face at us. I am afraid I was in a bad temper for we had many trials that day. Before I could control myself I threw him into the gutter. He said never a word but by his expression I guess he thought a good deal. Any way I forgot my grouch and felt better. But this was an exceptional incident. Usually the men pass by us without looking at us or making comment. The children sometimes tip their hats to us, military fashion, and the old women are generally amiable and glad to be recognized.

P. V. B.

DEAD IN THE ARGONNE

To Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr.

(From the Indianapolis News, Dec. 19, 1918.)

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.

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.

W. Forsyth.

A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN

By Grace Julian Clark In
The Indianapolis Star

Dec. 15, 1918.

"He died the way all soldiers would like to die—quickly, while doing his duty on the far-advanced battle line of a great drive."

This sentence from a letter of Lieut. Paul Brown in reference to his brother, Lieut. Hilton U. Brown Jr., possesses a distinct human interest and value. Similar expressions have come at intervals in other letters from France, expressions that ring true to the highest ideals of American manhood and make us rub our eyes to find whether we are awake or only dreaming, for those young soldiers who marched off such a short while ago were mere boys. The intervening months and the experiences through which they have passed have made philosophers and sometimes heroes of them.

In our village (for we do not yet regard Irvington as part of the city) we older residents who have known one another for many years feel almost like kinfolk. We may not say much about it; perhaps in these latter decades we do not often meet, but the feeling is there, deep and abiding. It can not be otherwise. Some of us went
to college with Hilton Brown and Jennie Hannah and recall their happy courtship. The Brown family is an institution in Irvington in which we older citizens feel almost a proprietary interest. We have welcomed every one of the ten babies and watched contentedly their growth and development.

Paul Brown, the youngest son, was not robust physically; there was some trouble with his breathing, apparently, that rendered the schoolroom irksome to him. He longed for the out-of-doors and when troops were sent to the Mexican border he persuaded his parents to allow him to enlist. He was not yet seventeen and had been the pet of the family. Then it was that Hilton, five years older and a junior in college, suddenly decided to go along to look after “little Paul,” as he was affectionately called by his household. Together they went to Mexico, then through the first Officers’ Training School and later abroad, where they had never been far apart, and their devotion to one another has been a constant solace to the dear ones at home.

Hilton was a strapping fellow, tall and athletic, with the reddest cheeks, the brightest dark eyes, the most witching smile and the merriest heart. Fond memory recalls him as a small boy, bringing the evening paper, when his coming was actually an event, so radiant was his face and so keen seemed to be his joy in just breathing. We see him too in his first long trousers, timidly conscious of his new dignity, yet altogether satisfied. It is particularly pleasant to remember the bright look that always flashed from his eyes when he met old friends of his father’s and mother’s. Just once we saw Hilton and Paul and their brother Arch all three in khaki—at some college festivity, when they entered with their father, making a handsome appearance.

Now as we stand in imagination beside that new-made grave in the little town of Nouart, we find ourselves repeating these words quoted by Coningsby Dawson—“Here lies a very gallant gentlemen.” And we say it with head erect, and almost smiling, for after all there is more cause for congratulation than for sorrow. Of course, in some moods we feel strongly that he should have died hereafter, that it was not fair that he should be cut down in the early dawn of what promised to be a long and useful career. But after all, what more could he have accomplished than he has done? To die “quickly while doing his duty on the far-advanced battle line of a great drive”—what more glorious and worth while? Years could not have added anything to his record, which is now complete—allike admirable and secure. The happy warrior knew for what he was fighting, and it was abundantly worth all that it could possibly cost. He did the thing he wanted to do and he made good. His was no faint heart. He ventured his all and won. Now he has joined that vast throng of newly translated souls who, during the years of the war have found their way to the Great Beyond. One fancies this glad young spirit surprised at first perhaps at finding himself removed from scenes of conflict to a serener atmosphere, turning to greet with the familiar smile those comrades in arms who had made the passage ahead of him and also the dear lost members of his own household.
was wounded on May 12th. He says that the Battery was stationed near the town of Broyes on the Montdidier sector. Hilton's duty at that time lay in keeping up communication between the Batteries and the echelon at the rear. Pinney says that Hilton was in the habit of riding into town where the Batteries were firing, and that he was oblivious and unmindful of the shells that were falling about him. He invariably cheered up the men by bringing them good news, or by sprightly talk. He recounts that the horse, of which he had written so much, was not fond of shell fire and that he would gallop away whenever a bursting shell dropped near them. The rider put language into the mouth of the horse, and quoted him in his opinion of warfare.

Hilton was wounded at the town of Mensnil St. Firmin. The Germans had been dropping shells in this town, which was in the rear of our Batteries, and as Hilton was going forward one of those shells burst under him before the frantic animal could dash away to safety. The horse was so badly torn that the men mercifully put him out of his misery. Hilton's clothing was torn to shreds and fragments of shell cut him on the head, in the chest and on the leg. The last named injury was the worst and was the one which forced him to remain in hospitals for three months.

"Hilton was the most cheerful man in the whole regiment," Lieutenant Pinney says, "and everybody was always glad to see him drop in. He always saw the funny side of things and kept the men from getting moody. His work enabled him to visit the Batteries often. During the period when the regiment was in the Toul sector (January to April, 1918), Hilton had a dugout at Rambucourt, in the Lorraine front, northwest of Toul. I afterwards occupied the dugout where Hilton had been stationed and found the room, which was deep under ground and protected with iron, stone, earth and wood, decorated with innumerable drawings that he had made. One of these was a large cartoon purporting to tell how the men could get into their own houses when they got back home. They had been so used to burrowing into the earth that they could not become accustomed to entering the front door on the ground level. So this picture showed a man entering his house through an outside excavation, while his wife looked out of the upstairs window in amazement at her husband digging in through the cellar.

"The Americans at this point in the Toul sector were for the most part in fixed quarters. There was continuous firing. The Germans were fortified on Montsec, an elevation from which they looked right down into the American camp. Hilton spent his hours off duty in the town of Xivray, north of Toul. The Infantry was in this town, and had good quarters. There the Battalion had its headquarters mess. It was his business frequently to stay with the infantrymen as observer for the Batteries, and here he was often under fire both of the artillery and machine guns, as well as rifles. He was always serene and many a soldier will carry through life recollections of the good cheer and brave spirit exhibited by him in hard fought campaigns."

WHERE HE FOUGHT AND FELL

In the spring and summer of 1919 the father of the Brown boys went to Paris as a newspaper man. He witnessed the signing of the treaty at Versailles, was a spectator of the peace parades of the Allied Armies at the French and British capitals; had opportunity to observe all the great personalities of the contest; and saw much of the aftermath of the great war. But the most gripping
experience of his trip was his visit to the scenes where his sons had been participants in the struggle. What he saw and did has little place here, yet it may be unavoidable to introduce to some degree personal observations that would not be expected in a volume for wider distribution than this one is intended to have.

At Paris, Paul Brown, on leave from the hospital, met his father. France at that time, still contained most of the American expeditionary forces. The battle fields were practically as they had been when fighting ceased, except that nature had begun to cover some of the rough places with coats of ragged green. Here and there the rude crosses showed above the scarlet of the poppies and searching parties were gathering the American dead into concentration cemeteries. Interminable lines of wire entanglements, red and rusty, ran through fields and over hills. Groups of German prisoners, in their green skull caps, were beginning the work of reclamation. On the British front were camps of “coolies.” Shells of all caliber were corded up along the roadways, or scattered through the woods and fields where the battles had raged. Machine gun belts, piles of cartridges, rusty rifles, broken machine guns, blankets, trench spades, helmets, the gaunt skeletons of airplanes, great hulks of tanks sticking in the dried mud, and all the impedimenta of vanished armies, littered the once fair fields of Belgium and France. In some places piles of white powder were all that were left of villages. Wherever there were up-standing stones, or parts of cellars or rooms, the natives were returning to re-establish their homes. Cities that had been under fire were again becoming populous. The crazy, shell-torn hotels that had somehow managed to keep a roof in position, were again in use. Roads had been partially repaired, and along the highways that had been under fire were grotesque masses of discarded and now more than useless camouflaging materials. Everywhere in the battle fields were the shell holes with powdered earth symmetrically piled around each of them as if it had been thrown up by cistern diggers. The large deep ones contained stagnant water, and protruding would often be seen bayonets, helmets, and boots, indicating heaven alone knows what might have been found at greater depths.

Through this desolation the pilgrims, father and son, made their way with Lieut. Hibben, seeking spots treasured in the memory as described in letters written in other days. To Soissons, through Verdun and up through the Argonne with many side journeys to sacred scenes they went. At length they came to Exermont. Here was a beautiful narrow valley, on the far side of which were still to be seen the dugouts and holes where the Batteries of the Seventh Regiment, First Division, had taken stand. Crossing a swift, small brook in the valley, up the steep hillside beyond, Battery D with its supporting Infantry had gone. The stubborn Boche had held the crest of the slope, and some of his dead still lying buried in the fringe of the woods showed that he had stayed too long in resisting the on-rushing Americans. Here his Battery had fallen into the hands of the Americans. Shells from American guns far in the rear, beyond another range of hills, had continued to fall on the German position, now in our hands. To stop this fire Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, as liaison officer, had gone back over the death’s valley. His mission accomplished, he returned with pockets bulging with chocolate and concentrated foods for the temporary relief of his men, crouching under the shelter of the hill and holding the position against the counter-attacks of the enemy. At night the guns were brought up and the troops dug in.

Here still was standing the dugout where Hilton passed several days. Piles of empty shells for his 75s showed that
the guns had been roaring. Paul Brown found, not far away, the fox hole where he had lain with Battery C just in front of him. There had been deadly work here too; but now all was peaceful and a vast panorama of fields of green spread out before the beholders.

The party went on to Nouart, a shell-torn village with a little graveyard on the far side. Lieutenants Loy and Kautz, some weeks before, had sought out the place, and had described a gaping hole in the cemetery wall, near which there was sacred soil. The shells from both armies had fallen thickly upon and around this devoted village. Through it and beyond two or three hundred yards, on gentle slopes, near a road leading toward Sedan, the Batteries of the Seventh Artillery had taken position in following up the retreating Germans. A slight excavation showed where the trails of Battery D guns had been dug in. Close by the spot where the fourth piece stood was a shell hole. This had been made by the missile that had brought to an end the career of the happy and valiant soldier. They bore him back into the shadow of the stone wall that surrounded the cemetery and there dug for him "the welcome grave." With boards from an ammunition box they made a cross on which was penciled his name. There, later re-burial parties had found him. Those that fell with him, and eight hundred other gallant men who died in these last days, were removed to the so-called American Sedan Cemetery. There his grave was found and there the flag waves over him.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE
AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY
U.S.A.P.O. No. 729
GENERAL ORDERS NUMBER 14
AUGUST 16, 1919.

The Brigade Commander cites the following for gallantry in action and devotion to duty:

2nd Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown (Deceased), 7th Field Artillery.

"Displayed unusual courage and devotion to duty during the Argonne-Meuse offensive, October 4th to November 3rd, 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 3rd, 1918."

By command of Brigadier General McIntyre.
F. J. Dunigan
Major Field Artillery
Adjutant.
GENERAL ORDER No. 94.

The Division Commander cites the following officers and men of this command for distinguished service and conduct in the recent operations between the Argonne and the Meuse:

2nd. Lieutenant Paul V. Brown, 7th. F. A.

"Near Eglise Fontaine on October 4th, and at Apremont from October 5th to 11th, inclusive, Lieutenant Brown, as executive, handled the Battery in most admirable fashion; showing a complete disregard for danger, and inspiring his men to do their duty. His example of cool and determined bravery insured their continued firing a barrage without a pause, even when one of the pieces exploded, severely wounding four of the crew. His devotion to duty and maintenance of discipline were worthy of the finest traditions of the army."

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION
GERMANY, DEC. 13, 1918.

OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

To MRS. HILTON U. BROWN:

DEAR MADAM,

There is forwarded herewith by registered mail a French Croix de Guerre with silver star, and citation certificate awarded to your son, Hilton U. Brown, Jr., late second Lieutenant, Battery D, Seventh Regiment Artillery.

P. G. HARRIS
General Headquarters of the French Armies of the East.
Order No. 14,735.

HILTON U. BROWN JR. POST

October 25, 1919

To MR. AND MRS. HILTON U. BROWN:

Veterans of Indianapolis, connected exclusively with the newspaper and printing industries, have formed a post of the American Legion, and in humble expression of the greatest honor in their power to bestow, have named the post "Hilton U. Brown, Jr.," that future generations may know and esteem this hero, and that honor to his name may continue.

Most sincerely and gratefully,

FOREST M. HALL, President
Hilton U. Brown, Jr. Post American Legion.

BUTLER COLLEGE PAYS TRIBUTE

June, 1919.

The commencement season of 1919 at Butler College was largely devoted to the soldier and sailor students. Some of them had already returned from France and others from cantonments, while yet others were still with the Expeditionary Forces. The Class of 1919, with which Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown would have graduated, on June 17, presented his portrait to the college. It was painted by William Forsyth, and was hung in the chapel, suitably inscribed, alongside of the portrait of Joseph Gordon, killed in the Civil War, whose picture had long been on the walls and had been seen many times by the class and by its deceased member. The ceremonies did not relate exclusively to the subject of this sketch, for there...
were many who performed heroic service and all were remembered. Miss Evelyn Butler, describing the ceremonies, in the Commencement Number of the Alumna! Quarterly, said:

“At four o'clock with military punctuality the bugle sounded Assembly, and the young men of Butler College who had returned for the commencement season and who had seen service, whether at home or abroad, marched in formation from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library down the shady stretch of University Avenue to the College. As they entered the Chapel the audience stood and all joined in singing America. After prayer by Dr. Paul, President Howe, in a fine and heart-felt address, extended to the young men the congratulations and welcome home of the college to whose name they had added dignity and honor. Short talks followed by some of the men and certainly these walls never resounded to such a collection of genuine, vigorous, stirring speeches, full of typical Yank spirit and humor. Herman Sheedy, '20, whose service had been right on the Butler campus as sergeant in the S. A. T. C. gave a straight-forward, manly defense of that much criticised corps. Ensign Howard Caldwell, '15, told with life and humor of his life in the navy. Lieutenant Paul Ward, '14, followed with a talk on The Air Service. Lieutenant Ward left his studies at the Union Theological Seminary to join the aviation service and he took occasion in his earnest talk to voice some convictions at which he had arrived concerning recent political developments. Sparkling with gaiety and wit was Sergeant Clair McTurnan's account of his life abroad with the ammunition train. The story of the turning of the tide at the crucial battles of Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood, told by Corporal Harrison Cale, ex-'07, was, perhaps, the afternoon's most vivid and gripping relation of experiences in the war. A noble war poem, written by Jessie Christian Brown, '97, was next read by her with great beauty and power of expression. Following Mrs. Brown's poem came two of the most interesting and affecting events of the afternoon. In the name of the Sandwich Club, a service flag was presented to the College by Carey C. Dobson, of the Senior Class, who, as he finished his speech threw back the Stars and Stripes from an easel on which was displayed an ivory satin banner bordered with Butler blue, a blue star under which were the figures 693 as indicative of enlistments, 12 gold stars arranged in the form of a cross, a red triangle under which is the significant number 17. Lieutenant Henry Jamesson, '19, in an address marked by fine appreciation and lofty feeling, presented to the college as a memorial gift, a portrait of Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., killed in action on November 3, in the Argonne. As Lieutenant Jamesson unveiled the splendid likeness of young Hilton Brown, '19, in uniform and service belt, a bugle outside sounded Taps. After President Howe's acceptance of these gifts in the name of the College, Miss Winders sang with beauty and feeling, God Remembers, and the benediction was spoken by Dr. Morro. The afternoon had been one crowded with emotion for those who had known stress and strain in the past two years. May Butler College never again have occasion to send forth her sons to war. If such occasion should arise, may she welcome them home again with similar patriotism, sympathy and joy.”

The poem read on this occasion by Jessie Christian Brown is destined to go into the permanent elegiac literature of our day. It follows:
A HYMN

In Honor of the Part Played by Butler Men in the Great War

BY JESSIE CHRISTIAN BROWN, '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 robin's cheery notes,
But strained to hear the drum-beat from afar.
The old gay songs were stilled in 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 faces, 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,
Hobnailed 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 is 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.

THE ROLLING YEARS

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 time is passing, and shall say, each man,
"Eheu, fugaces, Postume, labuntur an—
Ni,"—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

MEMORIAL CEREMONIES

On Sunday afternoon, December 14, 1919, a bronze memorial tablet dedicated to the memory of the students of Butler College who gave their lives in the great war was unveiled. The tablet was the gift of the alumni of the college, inspired by Professor Katherine M. Graydon. The inscription on the tablet was as follows:
HILTON U. BROWN, JR.

IN MEMORIAM

1917

Hilton U. Brown, Jr.  Guy Griffith Michaels
Kenneth Victor Elliott  Marsh Whitney Nottingham
John Charles Good  Marvin Francis Race
Robert Edward Kennington  Bruce Pettibone Robison
Henry Reinhold Leukhardt  Macrea Stephenson
Wilson Russell Mercer  Henry Clarence Toon

1919

It is given to man once to die
How then shall one more nobly die
Than in his country's cause
And for the safety of mankind?

So died these
God be with them
May they rest in peace

The former president of the college, Scot Butler, a veteran of the Civil War, phrased the dedicatory lines, and suitable ceremonies accompanied the unveiling. It was "not an hour of sorrow," as Claris Adams said in presenting the tablet, "but an hour of ineffable pride and love." There were other notable participants in the ceremony: Dr. Jabez Hall, Dr. Allan B. Philputt, President Thomas Carr Howe, Frank M. Ketcham and William S. Alexander. Miss Graydon read a memorial to the heroic dead. Of him that is the chief figure in this book she said:

Hilton U. Brown, Jr., of the Seventh Field Artillery fell in action in the Argonne on November 3, 1918.

Two have caught in swift line the full expression of this valiant soldier. One said, "Hilton died the way all soldiers would like to die—quickly, while doing his duty on the far-advanced battle line of a great drive;" the other said, "He lived a man; he died a hero." What more can I say!

Hilton belonged to Butler College by right of inheritance. He was our child, too. We followed him with affectionate interest from happy childhood into boyhood, on into young manhood. We see the tall, athletic youth, the bright cheeks, the merry twinkle of eye. Oh, we see more! We see the promise of the heroism that was to be.

Hilton'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 comfortable as circumstances would allow there was never thought of self. He had a sense of protectiveness for one younger or for one less equal to endurance. He was honest in the finer way of absolute sincerity of honor. His courage rose very high. His action won for him, posthumously, the Croix de Guerre, but it won for us here a still greater thing—a concrete expression of all that efficient, practical idealism, which is perhaps the dearest dream of our democracy.

Hilton's nature had an artistic side. He was fond of literature—instinctively he knew real literature. This may be one reason he seemed gifted with his pen. We had planned for him a journalistic career, following in his father's honored footsteps. We had pictured for him, as doubtless he had pictured for himself, a life in this community of usefulness and power, 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 here the one thing needful to distill
From life's alesmec, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait."

Yes, we ask and wait.