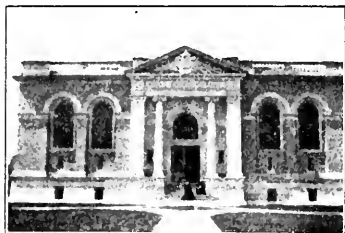


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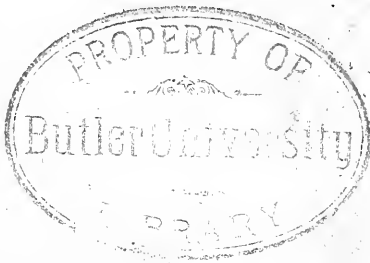
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Our things are different

MALCOLM. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived,

SIWARD. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS: Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man;

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,

But like a man he died.

SIWARD. Then he is dead?

ROSS. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then

It hath no end.

SIWARD: Had he his hurts before?

ROSS: Ay, on the front.

SIWARD. Why, then God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so his knell is knoll'd.

MALCOLM. He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.

SIWARD. He's worth no more:

They say he parted well, and paid his score:

And so God b' wi' him!

Macbeth V, 8.



Butler Alumna Quarterly

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No. 1

The War and Precedents

BY JOHN H. HOLLIDAY, EX-'62

Society is ruled by precedent. All habits and customs are part of it. Almost all rules and methods of action are dictated by it. Precedent may be called the stored knowledge of experience. Often it has outlived its causes and usefulness, but society lets go of it with great reluctance. The inertia of human nature maintains it. Men do things because their fathers did them, to be followed in course by their sons. Whenever new or apparently new conditions arise that call for action, the first thing is to inquire what has been done under the same or similar circumstances and to hunt for a precedent that may solve the difficulty in whole or in part. The whole science of the law is reduced to this treatment. How was an issue determined, by what authorities and how many? How nearly do the present facts agree with past decisions. If identical, the same ruling must apply; if dissimilar, the shades of difference must be analyzed and the differences minified or accentuated as interest demands.

This procedure is not more actively existent in the law than in other forms of expression. It is only more apparent from the nature of things. The law has to deal with the settlement of disputed issues, but in the myriad activities of life in other relations, comparatively few of these become subjects of serious controversy and precedent is used only as a guide or direction for adjustment. Frequently it is found inadequate and a new method of doing something is evolved, which in turn becomes a precedent. Regard

for precedent within a very large range is wise and reasonable, for what is knowledge for but to be applied to the problems of life, and if experience is not to be availed of in this way what would life be? It is only in the abuses that evolve in instances, mainly where conditions have changed through the passage of time, that we can complain of ineffectiveness and injustice. These are but the fringe of the garment, the comparatively few exceptions in the working of any great fact, or law.

Hence society must depend upon precedent that it may run as smoothly as possible and that the conservatism of human nature, that great factor of life, be maintained. In long periods of duration, however, precedents are obliterated and superseded by altering conditions, but they are so used or amended that the transition seems to be and often is a natural evolution, causing no abrupt change in the peaceful current of events.

It is not always so, however. There come periods of revolutionary activity in society, the influence of new discoveries, the perception of new truths or new bearings of old truths, eruptions of nature that create new thoughts which change habits quickly and upset fixed conceptions. The most apparent cause is the conflict of war, physical force. In some such experiences precedents are wiped out, leaving no vestige. New conditions appear for which history finds no counterpart and society has nothing to fall back on. It must then take the initiative and originate its own methods of settlement, devise a new way of living. At such periods humanity is usually dazed for a time; it is like a colony of bees when the hive is tumbled over. It loses its bearings in the face of the untried.

When the war now ending began, many felt that civilization was done for and all precedents were destroyed. This was not strange. For one thing the world had come to believe that war between any of the great powers was an impossibility because they were too enlightened and the cost would be too great to pay. Further that war was barbaric and its day had gone, as had that of private warfare, or the duel. Civilization forbade it. People who believed the world was committed to the reign of law were as certain of this as is the man who, trusting to the protection of the police,

can not conceive the attack of the robber who holds him up in his own office in broad daylight. Besides there had been so many adjustments and compromises of international differences, that they had come to believe these would be always settled in peace. A very large contingent based their trust in the belief that Christianity would not permit war and when war did come immediately declared Christianity was a failure, as shallow a view as it was fallacious. But whatever the view no greater shock ever came to the world than when Germany plunged into war. The unexpected and the impossible happened. The precedents were broken down.

The developments of the conflict all went to confirm and prolong this addled confusion. At almost every stage new elements appeared. It was evident at once that Germany had been preparing for years in the essentials of warfare. Later it developed that she had been preparing in other ways never imagined, such as the education of her own people in the doctrines of Kultur, the belief that they were the superior people to whom God had given the mission to rule the earth, and that might was right. Preparation was not confined to her own people but German propaganda in insidious and powerful forms had pervaded the other nations. Her spies and agents seemed to be everywhere, lavish spending money and means to corrupt and injure enemies or neutrals in whatever way would enure to Germany's advantage then or thereafter. We know now how much of this was done in our own country, at once the object of envy and hatred by Germany, and how her policy was to array nations against nations and friends against friends by all sorts of intrigue and falsehood. In time it dawned upon the world that Germany had no moral convictions or standards of right or wrong, no honor, no truth, no humanity, no soul, nothing but absolute selfishness that stopped at nothing but force and that only as long as it was exerted.

How dreadful was the revelation in comparison with the impression of the German, based largely in this country on our acquaintance with immigrants of a previous generation and their descendants. We pictured them as a gentle and friendly people, home-loving, full of homely qualities, careful, thrifty, industrious,

peaceable, honest, fair minded, not given to extremes, a people devoted to music and art, to literature and philosophy, a people of wonderful practical genius in science and methods of living. We idealized them. But Germany had been getting ready for a long time. Bismarck said after the Franco-Prussian war that it would be insignificant in comparison with the next one. This was already visible to him, for the rapid recuperation of France was a great disappointment and the price she had paid for peace seemed far too small to the grasping Teuton, who felt he had been overreached when it was evident that France could have paid much more, stupendous as the ransom appeared at first. At that time the intention to do the job over and do it thoroughly was formed and never lost sight of; Germany with her natural duplicity bent every energy to this end. It is quite apparent now that she fooled the world until the storm burst. Even afterwards she fooled many of us who could not see how or why the United States should become involved in a European quarrel. But thank God for hind-sight. It at least requires no proof.

It was soon evident that her plans had been worked out with the greatest skill. Every detail apparently had been arranged, every conceivable preparation made, and at the signal millions of men leaped to arms and started for the enemies' countries. The war was on. The utmost celerity was used to secure surprise. Not a thing was lacking or out of place. Never before was there such equipment, such overwhelming force, such stores of munitions, such provisions for health and strength of the men and the care of the sick and wounded. Even the prospective dead were remembered with a vast number of coffins following the armies.

Humanity, however, may plan without visible flaw, but it can not determine all the elements that command success, and Fate often interposes obstacles that were not foreseen or regarded. As Burns said,

"The best laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

So it was with the Huns.

If all precedents in the carrying on of war have not been destroyed, certainly most of them have. War at its best is dreadful, but by common consent some of the old-time horrors had been mitigated. A certain standard of regard for non-combatants, women and children, the helpless sick and wounded had grown up. It had become the custom to consider to some extent the lives and property of the people in invaded districts. Even this had been done by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war, though there were many complaints of their inhumanity. But at no time in two hundred years has war been conducted from start to finish, in general and detail, with such ruthless barbarity. All the cruelties that had accompanied strife in the darkest ages and amongst the most savage peoples were revived and used. The original Huns, whose name the Kaiser adopted for his troops, never were more diabolically cruel and vindictive. They added to the ancient methods all the power of machinery and the discoveries of science, and with devilish ingenuity applied them to the torture and destruction of their victims. They murdered, they burned, they robbed, they ravished. They stripped the people of their property and carried off thousands of them into slavery and terrible death. They starved the people and devastated the land, making it a desert, they poisoned the wells and the streams, they wantonly destroyed churches, public buildings and towns where no military reason required it and robbed the people of their means of livelihood in the hope of exterminating them more quickly. Nay, they even violated the tombs of the dead in their wanton savagery and greed for loot, scattered the remains of the dead irrecoverably and polluted their graves with indescribable filth and obscenity. The American Indians have been held up as brutally savage in their fightings, but their warfare was mild indeed compared with the atrocities committed by these self-styled Apostles of Culture, whose mission it was to uplift the world.

The art of warfare on land has been entirely transformed. No such armies ever existed before. The hordes of Xerxes and Ghengis Kahn fade into insignificance beside them. More than thirty millions of men have been under arms. The land area covered

scarcely can be conceived, extending from the Arctic Ocean to the end of Africa, covering three continents and involving the world in the huge cataclysm of strife. The provisions of arms, munitions, food, clothing and other adjuncts have been proportionately great. Cost was never considered when damage could be done and treasure and blood alike were prodigally poured out. It is said that one barrage lasting a few hours cost over 100,000,000 of dollars. A continuous battle line four hundred and fifty miles long was only one incident. Within thirty days after hostilities began the value of the strongest fortifications known was wiped out forever by high-powered guns and explosives untried before. The old rifle pits and hastily thrown up temporary obstructions were developed into an elaborate system of deep trenches and strongly constructed fortresses under ground.

In previous wars artillery had been only one arm, useful in demolishing defensive works and in attacking troops in beginning a battle. It now became the chief weapon, cannon being numbered by the thousands and unexampled in quick firing and far-reaching accuracy, and it was said that in some places field guns were so numerous that their wheels almost touched, also that in later fighting the allies could place guns sixteen feet apart on the whole line reaching from the English Channel to Switzerland. Contrariwise, cavalry once valued so highly had but little fighting use and in future wars, if such there be, will have none, its place being taken by tanks and aircraft. Machine guns for the first time were used generally and troops were armed with hand grenades and repeating rifles. New weapons also came in, the aeroplanes, tanks, poison gases and at sea the deadly submarine striking like a venomous snake in the dark. As one reads the accounts of fighting the awful toll of wounds and death seems amazingly small, the wonder is how any one could escape injury.

The accompanying hardships of the trenches, the dreadful discomfort of the weather, the plagues of rats and lice, and the resulting diseases were the common lot in all the areas in Europe, but the horrors caused by the rigors of winter, especially to retreating troops in Russia, Austria and the Balkans, followed by

epidemics of typhus and other diseases, are indescribable. Take for example the retreat of the Serbians over the mountains in mid-winter without food, transportation or adequate clothing, where many times more of them died than were killed in battle.

Perhaps we never shall know how many men perished from first to last, but we know now that they are numbered by millions. Counting the crippled and permanently wounded the loss to the world of effective man-power can never be known accurately.

One fixed opinion that has been disproved is that men of the different races are very unequal in fighting ability. All fought well, some better than others, but there was no particular superiority under equal conditions and leadership, and there were exhibitions of great bravery where conditions were adverse, notably with the Russians when many were practically without arms and munitions.

Once when the Kaiser was clanking the sabre and no war followed, the story was told that the Jewish bankers of Europe had put a crimp on him by a notification that he could not get the money needed. Doubtless this is apochryphal, but there is no doubt that many intelligent people believed no great war could be financed. The absurdity of this is plain enough now that it has been done, for no nation can be stopped from war by lack of money, or rather credit, for it can make credit by commandeering all available resources and giving promises to pay or not, as it may choose. The financial history of the war is a most interesting phase of it, conducted as it was on the same stupendous scale as all the other activities. It has taught the world to talk and think, as far as the thought can be comprehended, in terms of billions instead of millions, be the unit francs, marks or dollars. To maintain the financial structure has been the general aim, and in a sense this has been done; although the effects on the various currency systems are yet to be determined. Necessity has compelled prodigal expenditure, causing inflation and tremendously increased prices the world over. All economic relations have been affected everywhere. The world has entered a new economic era, pregnant with

vast changes, and the conditions we knew five years ago will never return, nor can new ones be predicted.

It will be interesting, however, to take note of the financial conduct of the war and the creation of debts. There are only approximate figures now, that will be much greater before final settlements are made and the financial debris gathered up. All countries have had currency systems based upon metallic money. When paper money is used it is issued in proportion to a reserve of gold or silver, sufficient in practice for its redemption and consequently the maintenance of the notes at par value. Our Federal Reserve Bank, for instance, requires a forty per cent gold cover against its notes. But in an extremity, when gold is not available, any government can issue paper, either of itself or through banks, based upon securities or other property, or it can issue treasury notes without any basis at all, mere promises to pay. That is what we did to a great extent in our civil war, the greenbacks being such. Currency, the hands of credit, or the medium through which it must work, has been maintained during the war with varying results. The latest figures are as follows: In Germany, on August 1, 1914, the proportion of notes of \$472,000,000 was 1.4 times the gold reserve. The gold has increased since approximately eighty-five per cent, but the notes are now \$5,600,000,000, and the proportion is 9.3 times gold.

Austria in 1914, had notes 1.8 times gold. In December, 1917, the last report received, the system had smashed, the gold stock was reduced from \$443,000,000 to \$55,000,000 and the notes were sixty-seven times gold.

Italy's notes in 1914 were 1.4 times gold and silver, now 7.6 times gold.

In England the pre war notes and gold balanced. The proportion now is 3.7 times gold.

In France, 1.6 gold in 1814, now 5.6 times gold.

Japan has strengthened her position, having had a ratio of 1.5 in 1914 to 1.2 now.

The United States had 1.5 and now has a ratio of 1.8.

There are no figures for Russia later than November, 1917. In 1914 she had more gold than notes and more than doubled her gold up to the time named, but issued \$9,180,000,000 of notes, so that her ratio then was 5.1 times gold. It might be mentioned that gold disappeared from circulation in all the countries immediately and fractional silver was a close second, following the well known Gresham law that cheaper currency always drives out one of greater value. What Russia's present condition is can be only imagined when we know that the latest reports say the Bolsheviki have ground out paper at the rate of two hundred millions of rubles per day, until its purchasing power is reported to be about as low as that of the Southern Confederacy in its last days.

Debts in other ways have been contracted and a statement made as of Jan. 1, 1919, compared with August 1, 1914, is as follows:

	Aug. 1, 1914	Jan. 1, 1919
United States, gross debt---	\$1,000,000,000	\$21,000,000,000
Great Britain -----	3,500,000,000	40,000,000,000
France -----	6,500,000,000	30,000,000,000
Russia -----	4,600,000,000	27,000,000,000
Italy -----	2,800,000,000	12,000,000,000
Total for Allies-----	\$18,400,000,000	\$130,000,000,000
Germany, gross debt -----	\$5,200,000,000	40,000,000,000
Austria Hungary -----	3,700,000,000	24,000,000,000
Total for Teutonic Nations	\$8,900,000,000	\$64,000,000,000

A gross debt for all of \$194,000,000,000, an increase of \$176,700,000,000. This takes no account of what Turkey, Greece, the Balkan States or Portugal may owe. But this is not all, no allowances being made for the winding up of the war, reconstructions, pensions, etc., which it is estimated will run the total to \$215,000,000,000 by January 1, 1920. Nor in the case of the Central powers is there any allowance for the indemnities they will have to pay. Before the toll is determined it may amount to as much as the total value of the United States. The debt now stated is six times as large as the deposits of the banks in the United States and twelve times as large as all the gold and silver mined since the beginning of the world. It is also estimated that in 1920 the annual interest

charge at the average rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent will be \$11,000,000,000, as against a charge in 1914 of \$975,000,000, a more than tenfold increase.

We may not be able to comprehend these huge figures in a practical way, but it is plain that the world has a tremendous load to stagger under, and that the lot of the tax payer, who is Mr. Everybody now, is going to be a hard one for a very long time. The production of swollen fortunes is not going to be a very lively business.

The compiler of these figures adds this illuminating statement: "The indebtedness of Great Britain, which in the middle of 1914 represented a mortgage equal to four per cent of the nation's wealth, at the opening of 1919 represented a mortgage equal to more than 44 per cent of that wealth. The indebtedness of Germany, which in 1914 represented a mortgage of six per cent of the German national wealth, represented a mortgage of nearly fifty per cent of that wealth. For Austria-Hungary the increase was to sixty per cent of the nation's wealth; for France and Russia to forty-five per cent and for the United States eight per cent."

The role of a prophet is not easy, but it looks as if under the most favorable circumstances imaginable, taking all possible growth of population and development of resources into consideration, it will be beyond the lifetime of any one now living when this burden becomes easy on the world's shoulders.

Unexampled conditions were brought about by the war in the business and life of those not in the military or naval establishments. Not a point was untouched. The necessities of life became scarce in most countries, high in all. The rationing of food, the fixing of prices, innumerable regulations, were all beyond precedent. In this country we had less of it than in any other, but how great it was and how far-reaching as we consider it. During our Civil war we had great inflation, the gold basis vanished, but there never had been so much currency and so much activity in business. There were no restrictions on business, manufacturing or trade, and consequently great prosperity abounded, with a resultant increase in wealth that was well distributed. In this war the status was different. The Government regulated or attempted to regulate

all business to promote the conduct of the war. The army was raised mainly by conscription, a just and satisfactory method. The use of credit and the sale or purchase of material was prohibited for purposes regarded as non-essential, stopping all schemes for improvements and extensions not directly for war work. Production was called off where possible and encouraged where needed, as in wheat, copper and other necessary articles. The whole country was speeded up to the one end. Food was not rationed, but all pressure of public opinion was brought to conserve it and use substitutes where possible. Saving was urged, and more saving that we might help the Allies and nobly did the people respond to these calls. Personal rights and privileges were lost sight of in the pursuit of the one object, and never before in this country, was there such an overwhelming and aggressive concentration of public opinion, and such a willingness to do anything and everything that the Government asked for. There was no refusal of money by Congress for whatever purpose it was asked, no insistence on economy of supervision of spending, beyond the ordinary accounting, and in this Congress expressed the will of the people: "Withhold nothing that will win the war." It was understood that mistakes would be made but the temper of the people was to take any chances on that, but none on omissions that might hinder or prevent success.

When we remember this and the fact that democracies are not as efficient as centralized governments, we wonder that the work was done so well. The raising and organizing of an army of 3,703,000 men within eighteen months, over two million of them having been transferred to Europe with a comparatively trifling loss in spite of the submarines, an army equipped, trained, clothed, fed and paid as no such army here ever was before, was a marvellous achievement. It came into the fighting just when it was needed most, and proved to be the additional weight that turned the scale. Looked at in one way it was a pity the collapse come so soon, before the country could show what it could do when all its energies were at work and its plans were well under way. The support given it by the quick turning of our manufacturers to munitions and supplies, and the ability and skill that marshalled them so quickly was no

less wonderful. The sneers of the enemy that our troops could not stand with their own because they had not been trained for a lifetime soon ended when they came into contact, and the world learned a new fact, that intensive training will soon make an intelligent man a soldier.

One great element in the war was a new one—the work and influence of woman. All precedents are off as far as she is concerned. In previous wars she has encouraged the men, has nursed the sick and wept for the dead. She has borne the brunt of privation and sorrow, but has not taken a part that could be felt as a distinct and powerful contribution. That is no longer the case. But for her work in manufacturing and other business, the Allies would have been crippled. But for her ministrations in the Red Cross and other activities, her watchfulness for the needs and comfort of the soldiers, her readiness for self sacrifice, her burning patriotism that fired millions of men, in short, her zeal and ceaseless absorption in all the mighty struggle, the war might not have been won at all and certainly would not have been so soon. She has taken a new place in the world's estimation, and is to be recognized as a great force in the future.

The problems of reconstruction form the greatest task ever put up to the world and will require all its wisdom. The case is not such a settlement as followed the Napoleonic era, though some of the conditions are similar. Then settlements were made by a few diplomats and rulers trading with each other and handling the elements as they pleased. Now settlement has to be made in the open by all concerned. The presence of America and her example of democracy has aroused the smothered aspirations of numerous racial bodies, peoples who have been held in virtual servitude. The old but still festering ulcers of past settlements are throbbing with pain, and national and racial expressions are demanded in the general break-up. The Allies have promised that these assertions shall be recognized and a new alignment of nations, small and great, is to be made. The Austria-Hungary empire has burst, and its fragments flying in various directions from the lines of cleavage are grouping themselves upon their historic basis. This is also

true of the territory once subject to Turkey in the Balkans and Greece. The "Sick Man of Europe" is dead and the time to divide his property is here. Naturally the heirs do not agree and their claims will be vexatious and troublesome.

The peace of the world must be protected, and to the League of Nations, which practically has been agreed upon, must be relegated all the difficulties of the situation, geographical, national, economic. The League will have power and if it keeps its face persistently to its duty it will work out the solution. It will take time, however, a long time and great patience, to adjust the opposing demands and establish the new basis. The hope of success lies in the effort for self-government and its studious nurture by the combined strength of the Allies. In all this, America must have a great part and our sympathy and aid must go out to these new nations. We are committed to it. Our day of isolation is done and we must take up and carry the burdens of responsibility as a world power.

An Englishman said recently: "The great discovery of the war (that has nullified the work of two generations in Germany) is this: We have found that we can make a citizen a soldier with thirteen weeks of training." No! That is not the great discovery of the war. The great discovery has been the spirit and example of the United States. It is only the other day that we were absorbed in our own affairs, rotting in commercialism, our own and other critics said. We were charged by Germany even, with being a nation of money grubbers, without honor or self-respect. We avoided entangling alliances as Washington advised when he said "Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none or very remote relation." A wise remark for the condition then. But time makes prediction a fetish. We awoke to the knowledge that Europe's trouble was our trouble and that Germany's success meant our destruction. Our patriotism flamed high, and we paused not for self interest or precedent, but unsheathed the sword and leaped into the fray for humanity's sake as well as our own, and all our commanding power is pledged to that sacred cause. America will keep the faith in the new world.

The New World! That phrase has been upon everybody's tongue for many months. We are going to have one. All this overthrow of precedents and recasting of opinions means that. Just as we trace back the aspirations for liberty and justice to the bloody French revolution, so out of the welter of this horrible war will come greater freedom and opportunity to mankind. The world will be thinking in terms of internationalism rather than nationalism. That is where our Americanism is going to count for more than our active participation in the war. Whether meant by all of us or not the United States has given an example that has called forth the admiration and fired the imaginations of all the oppressed. It has impressed upon them the worth of a government that stopped at no sacrifice to preserve freedom and the right of self-government on the earth. The United States has given its brave sons and its wealth with no desire for territory or spoils, no motive but that of helpfulness to humanity. Was it not for this that God planted and built up this nation in commanding power, and will this example, such as has never been seen in the world before, have no effect, and be forgotten? It will influence mankind

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

The war has demonstrated that science, invention, capability and efficiency do not produce civilization. All the successful handling of resources in the increase of wealth and the mental progress of a nation does not make men better, does not even make for justice and fair dealing. Absolute selfishness, such as Germany displays, and with which other nations are infected in a degree, is the state that made and maintains hell. Civilization is the growth of brotherhood and will not reach its climax until that is established among nations as well as among individuals. The material side of life is of small importance beside the spiritual in the well-being of man. Righteousness, not greed, is the solution of the world's misery, as the world must learn. When that comes, oppression will cease and the dark habitations of cruelty will disappear.

Founder's Day

“An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man.”

The Dinner

PRESIDENT HOWE: Ladies and gentlemen, friends of the College: We are very happy tonight that we have a right to resume in this way the observance of Founder's Day. It has been a pleasant custom that has come into favor in recent years for us to have a celebration of some kind on this, the seventh day of February, in honor of the founders of the College. Last year we had no right to meet for anything of this kind. The nation was engaged in too serious business for us even to think of it, honorable as this occasion is. But, thanks be to Him who doeth all things well, the great crisis has passed and we feel that we can now go back into a more natural way of life.

This celebration today is a little bit different from that of other years, because it comes in the midst of a college vacation between semesters, so that we have had nothing at the College today. Ordinarily we have had a speaker and some exercises in the College chapel, but this gathering here tonight covers our entire celebration.

This celebration is especially interesting because it is our seventieth anniversary—seventieth if we count back to the time we received our charter, which was in 1849. Of course, we are aware that the College did not open its doors until 1855, its first class graduating in 1856. I am happy to say that one member of that class is still living, and hale and hearty. Mrs. Atkinson is not here tonight because she is in the South; but we are glad to say that she is still with us and blesses us about the College with her presence.

We are glad, indeed, to welcome so many of you here, and I want to call your attention particularly to two of our honored friends

who are with us tonight. I trust they will not think I am going too far in asking them as I call their names to rise and let you see them. Mr. William Watson Woollen was in the College when it was the old Northwestern, somewhere along in the '60's, and Mr. Austin Flint Denny, of the Class of '62.

In the years that have passed since the College opened, a great host have enjoyed the benefits of its instruction. A goodly number have graduated, and many thousands have been students. Every once in a while I am surprised to find someone, whom I had not thought of as a student of Butler, is spoken of as having been a student in the College.

Now, tonight, we have some other guests with us. The war has done a great many things for us. It has brought us closer together, it has brought the whole world nearer together, and it has brought new elements into our midst. One of the very pleasant things that has come to us at Butler as a result of the war has been the coming of two French girls, who are here under the direction of the French Government and who are studying this year in the College, having already had an advanced course in France before they came here. There were 114 of these young women who came to this country. I would like to present to you Mlle. Marguerite Postaire and Mlle. Madeleine Postaire.

You will perhaps be interested to know that a report made at a recent meeting of the Association of American Colleges in Chicago shows that this experiment—for such it was in the beginning—of bringing foreign girls to this country to study in our colleges has proved to be a great success, and next year there will probably be a large number sent over, not only from France but from other Allied nations.

Now I want to say just a word about the participation of the College in the war. I have had handed me by Miss Graydon, who is spending much time and labor in completing the record of the College in the war, some facts relative to our participation in the war. We have had in service abroad, 200 men; at home, 242 men; total number at home and abroad, 442 men. In addition to that we had in the S. A. T. C., 264 men. And now comes something

we do not like to think about, but yet it is glorious to think about, those who gave up their lives.

Killed in Action

Corporal Marsh W. Nottingham, '21, at Chateau-Thierry, July 30; Lieutenant Robert E. Kennington, ex-'15, at Chateau-Thierry, August 4; Lieutenant McCrae Stephenson, ex-'12, near LaChausse, September 19; Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., '19, in the Argonne, November 3.

Died of Wounds Received in Action

Lieutenant Kenneth V. Elliott, '20, at Chateau-Thierry, August 31.

Died in Home Camps

Seaman Henry Clarence Toon, ex-'15, Great Lakes Training Station; Lieutenant John Charles Good, '16, Camp Dodge; Sergeant Henry R. Leukhardt, ex-'12, Camp Pike; Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison, '15, Camp Dodge; Private Wilson Russell Mercer, '22, S. A. T. C. hospital, Butler College; Private Marvin Francis Race, '22, S. A. T. C. hospital, University of Nebraska.

Wounded

Lieutenant Gilbert P. Adams, Lieutenant Carl C. Amelung, Lieutenant Basil N. Bass, Corporal Harrison Cale, Sergeant Raymond Colbert, Sergeant-Major William O. Conway, Sergeant Fred Daniels, Corporal William E. Hacker, Sergeant James H. Hibben, Lieutenant Thomas E. Hibben, Sergeant Glen Markland, Captain William Mathews, Private Delbert Stump, Captain Wood Unger, Corporal Edward Wagoner, Musician Edwin Whitaker.

Friends, shall we not rise and bow our heads a moment in memory of these men?

We have some of the boys who have been in service here tonight. I am not going to introduce them myself, but I will ask each one to rise in his place and give you his name and rank.

Will Shimer, '02, Assistant Surgeon; Henry M. Jameson, '19, Lieutenant; Harry B. Perkins, '19, Lieutenant; Fred Wagoner, '19, Lieutenant; Garrison Winders, '19, Lieutenant; Charles B. Davis, ex-'08, Lieutenant; Price Mullane, '20, Private; Eugene E. Sims, '19, Lieutenant; Donald G. McGavran, '20, Sergeant; Chester Barney, '20, Sergeant-Major.

Now we are ready to hear from a representative of the boys. I take great pleasure in introducing as our first speaker, Lieutenant Fred Wagoner, ex-'19, and remember he is one of the three brothers who have been serving in the war.

LIEUTENANT FRED WAGONER: Doubtless you have heard various and sundry remarks from boys who have returned from overseas service, and possibly sometimes these tales have not been based on strict truth; but I assure you I will try to make my remarks as truthful as possible.

I think it would be interesting to give you some slight history of the 150th Field Artillery, which took with it more boys from Butler than any other organization. Doubtless many of you had friends or relatives in the 150th, which was composed entirely of Indiana men, two battalions being Indianapolis men. We were called into service August 5, 1917, and spent a month at Fort Harrison. Then we spent six weeks at Camp Mills, Long Island, and on October 18, 1917, about three in the morning we were aroused out of our slumbers and ordered to roll packs and prepare in marching order at once. We all did so before daybreak, though of course the movement was kept secret, and we got down to the pier in Hoboken about ten in the morning. We were loaded on the President Lincoln, which since then has been torpedoed, and quietly stole away from Pier 5 with not more than eight or nine thousand people looking at us—of course it was quite secret. We arrived in France October 31, and celebrated accordingly. We were left on board ship about five days and then landed at St. Nazaire. There we got our first taste of overseas mud and all the other disagreeable features of service in the rainy season, and also we got our baptism of fire from cooties.

We received our material at once—6-inch Howitzers. It was the very finest ordnance, and we received three months' training at a little camp in Brittany. In February, 1918, we left for the front. We spent three days and three nights in box cars, supposed to hold forty men and eight horses, but they got about sixty men in one car, with their rifles and packs and equipment. We lay on top of our equipment and on top of one another, until finally we were exhausted and went off to sleep and slept the three days of the journey. We arrived at the front February 22, at a little town right close to Nancy, which is in the Lorraine sector of the front. The sector was very quiet at the time of our arrival and had been so since 1914, but of course our artillerymen in making adjustments waked up the enemy a little and there was some excitement. I was sent to an artillery school on April 25, and lost all trace of the regiment until finally in July, at the artillery school I came across our friend, Paul Brown, who had been sent there. The regiment had participated in the second Battle of the Marne and fought at Chateau-Thierry, and in all made an enviable record for themselves. Many Irvington boys were with that outfit, but doubtless you know most of them.

I was sent to the artillery school and later to the Saumur school, and then the Eighth French Army went to Nancy and I was there about a month, and was very much pleased with the character and quality of the men who made up the French Army at that point. That was my first real experience with the French people. They all speak as good English as you and I, and consequently I did not learn much French, but I was very much interested and pleased with the French people, especially with their spirit. As I see it, it was their indomitable spirit which did more than anything else to help win the war. You see it in the American boys, too—that indomitable, unconquerable spirit which is commonly known as "pep." You have seen the picture "The Spirit of '76"—well, the true meaning and significance of that picture never dawned on me until I realized what a great part that same spirit played in winning this war. Nothing but this unconquerable spirit pulled them

through, and everyone who has served in France will tell you the same thing.

I was assigned to the 57th Artillery, which is a New York regiment, and it embraced everything from second-story men to New York lawyers, but never was there a better class of fighting men in the army. They absolutely had the spirit. After we had moved out into the last position in the Argonne, we lay under terrific shell fire from the German heavy artillery for about six days, waiting for the attack to break. We did not know what we were waiting for, but afterwards we learned it was for our reinforcements to come up. We were in mud up to our necks, had to clean our guns every day. I was watching the mess line one day when one of the officers stuck his head out of a dug-out with the order to man the guns. They were all in the mess line, but they just threw their beans and coffee and flew to the guns and had the first shot off in less than a minute. That is an instance of the spirit that did more than anything else to win the war.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Collegian staff and the College people who were good enough to send the Collegian each week with my name on it. I assure you it gave a great deal of pleasure to everyone, and we read more than the news items; the advertisements were devoured as eagerly as the news items.

PRESIDENT HOWE: We have had a good many regrets from those who could not come tonight, and there are two of these that I think should be read. One is from an old student of ours, Senator Harry S. New.

“My Dear Mr. Howe:

“Will you please extend to the friends of Butler College, upon the occasion of the observation of Founder’s Day, my cordial felicitations and sincere good wishes. Butler College is one of the smaller educational institutions of the country which has done and is doing a worthy work. In the final analysis the success of the American republic depends upon the education of our people, and in this field Butler College has assumed its proportionate share of its obligations and has performed its duty effectively and substantially.

It is a college worthy of its task and we may all well be proud of the privilege to be associated with it.

"I recall my days at Butler, brief though they were, with genuine joy. They were happy days and days well spent. May the College live long and prosper and may its students, teachers and hosts of friends sing its praise forever.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HARRY S. NEW."

Another is from two more recent graduates, Frederick E. Schortemeier and Margrette Schortemeier.

"To the Friends of Butler:

"The best place in the world is Butler College. I venture the assertion that were it possible, there is not one among you who would not gladly live over again the happy, wholesome days spent at Butler College. And the beauty is that we can tonight return in spirit to Butler days. We love Butler College with all our heart, for it is home, and on Founder's Day we are glad to pay it the tender devotion which so justly is its due. It is a College doing a worthy work, fully apace with present day problems and alive to its obligations and opportunities.

"If we ever needed in our national life the fundamentals taught by Butler College, we need them at this hour. It is a time when first essentials, rugged honesty, individual initiative, clear intelligence, logical thought, well balanced action and an absolute devotion to ideals are needed as never before. Butler College has ever held its beacon light toward these ends, and on this Founder's Day we may well learn anew her sacred lessons for future guidance.

"I can not refrain from paying deepest tribute to those noble sons of Butler who have lately given their full measure of devotion in the great world struggle. They are not with us, but they are not gone, for they shall live in our hearts, always.

"Mrs. Shortemeier and I are privileged to transmit our personal feelings and sincere good wishes to the College and its friends. May Butler live forever.

F. E. SCHORTEMEIER, '12.

"MARGRETTE SCHORTEMEIER, '17."

I take great pleasure in introducing the next speaker, who is the granddaughter of him for whom the College is named, the daughter of a great President of Butler College, one whom we have all loved and known intimately. I take pleasure in presenting Miss Evelyn Butler, '93:

MISS BUTLER: There is one reason why for the Founder's Day Dinner and the Alumni Reunion Miss Graydon should not always be on the committee—she never puts herself on for a toast. Consequently on these occasions we are deprived of ever hearing from the most enthusiastic promoter of adherence to college traditions, and especially of Founder's Day observance and of Alumni activities. I think she should be called on at every Founder's Day dinner. I should like to move that we notify her right now that next year she be prepared to give a perfectly extemporaneous toast.

This year the inevitable toast is The Boys! Our Boys! Our Butler Boys! At the words, a host of names rush to our lips, of boys bound up in our College associations, not only as students, but as friends and relatives, brothers, sons and grandsons, of those who yearly gather about these tables. Hilton Brown's boys, Rollin Kautz's son, Vincent Clifford's, Alex Jameson's, Tom Hall's boys, Stewart Schell's son—these names and many more crowd to the mind of any old-timer at this dinner. And to us who live in Irvington and are in the College, many others just as familiar and just as dear—Wagoner, Bonham, Moore, James, McGavran, Winders, Perkins, Mullane, Barney, Simms, Davis—have I got all those boys at the center table, Mr. Toastmaster?—so many names, that if I give them, I shan't have time for my toast.

I wish the gentle, blue eyes, whose kindness I so well remember, of the man on whose birthday this dinner is held, could see those boys, every one of them who is represented on our Service Flag! The honor his co-workers thrust upon him, in their enthusiastic appreciation of what he meant in the founding of this institution, of naming the College for him, is small in comparison to the pride and joy he would have felt in seeing the kind of men that we today call "Butler Boys,"—boys with ideals and with the courage and the character to defend those ideals! In the days of the Civil war

he saw his two boys, neither of them yet eighteen, leave their books and march away in blue. In the old home-place, Forest Home, where his daughters were called, in the gallant phrasing of the day, "the Flowers of Forest Home," there was a hasty war wedding. To that home came with the shock, which we, alas, today can so fully realize, the news of the death of Joe Gordon, the first of the College boys to fall.

Of the trio of names that form Butler's bright roll of martyred heroes, the name of Hilton U. Brown, Jr., must ever be to the students and friends of this college a precious heritage. In a very special way, he belongs to us, is a natural part of our College family. Few of us but knew him and loved him, for to know him was to love him,—high-hearted, high-minded, generous and true!

Professor Coleman asked me to say something about the new, or the re-newed, patriotism that has come to us all through these boys and through this war. There is much the war has done for us and one thing that looms large is that it has made us scan certain familiar things and see them in a more intelligent way. Looking at old familiar things we have suddenly seen something new, experienced a broadened vision, felt

“ like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken.”

One of the things we have seen anew is love of country. We realize we love our country; we realize why we love it. There is no one throughout the length and breadth of our land, from sea to sea, in isolated prairie-town or mountain fastness, for whom the Flag of the United States today has not a clearer, a more definite, a more eloquent meaning.

Before this war patriotism among us was not a very intelligent quality. There is a story told of a colored American soldier in the Chateau-Thierry fight, who had captured a German major and was bringing him through the American lines. The dapper major was trying to walk with military dignity, but every two or three steps Sam would give him a bayonet prod and he would go suddenly leaping forward, immediately to regain his precise bearing, and as

quickly to repeat his involuntary gymnastics. As they passed the commanding officer, Sam showed his teeth in a broad grin and called triumphantly, "Ah dunno what Ah's got, but Ah's bringin' it in." For many of us the conception of patriotism was as vague as Sam's of his prisoner.

True, there was no lack of unintelligent, unreasoning, loud-mouthed patriotism. Two brethren were discussing who had the honor of being the first man. One brother held to the view that Washington was the first man; the other as stoutly maintained that Lincoln was. Their pastor happened along and informed them that the first man was neither Washington nor Lincoln, but Adam, whereupon one of the disputants exclaimed, "O, well, I gives up de descussion ef yo gwine take in all dem furriners!"

The spouters of patriotism, the profiteers of patriotism, the "we can lick all creation" type, the "On to Panama" type, the super-nation type—we had them all before the war; we probaly have some of them still, but thank God nobody can doubt their number is less. These are the kinds of patriotism we have seen in exaggerated form in all their ugliness in the universal German spirit: no intelligent man in our land today but shudders at the super-race obsession, at the arrogance and cruelty of a strong nation that would crucify a weak. Never "On to Panama!"

The Black Guard of Scotland, little Belgium, la belle France, all have taught us that it is not because the Flag stands for superiority in strength or numbers that the patriot loves it. Nor is patriotism love of the geography of a land. It stirs us to hear sung

"O beautiful for spacious skies,
 For amber fields of grain,
 For purple mountain majesties,
 Above the fruited plain,
 America, God shed His grace on thee.

* * * * *

From sea to shining sea."

But that is not the heart of patriotism. Patriotism is belief in and love of the thing for which the Flag stands; that thing is not

a section of the globe, it is not a navy or an army, it is not wealth or art.

“O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness;
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control
Thy liberty in law.

“O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life.
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every grain divine.”

What is it the Flag of the United States stands for? Define it, label it if you can,—Democracy, Freedom, Americanism. That is what the Flag means today and it means more, for it stands for the history of our people in their struggle to gain, defend, *and spread* that heritage, the principle of our country, the spirit of our land.

PRESIDENT HOWE: About ten years ago a young man came to Butler College to learn something. He came from one of the outlying districts of Johnson county, I believe. He proved himself to be a good and dutiful student; he was industrious, he made good grades, and he was a beautiful clog dancer. He also had the habit of going out on Sundays and ministering unto small congregations that felt that they could profit by his ministrations. After he graduated, in 1912, he turned his eyes toward the east and entered Yale University, where he had subsequently a distinguished career as student and scholar. He won high honors for himself and for his college in the graduate school of the university, and then this last year when the Downey Avenue Christian church came to be without a pastor it happened in the course of

events that this young man was called into our midst. So instead of coming to get something from us, this time he came back to us with a rich burden of learning and of spiritual counsel and help, and we are happier every day as the days go by because Clarence Reidenbach, '12, came from Johnson county and stayed a while, went to Yale, and returned to minister to us. I take great pleasure in introducing Rev. Clarence Reidenbach, '12.

CLARENCE REIDENBACH: As I was sitting here this evening I wondered if some day someone would not do away with the custom of speeches after a banquet and have them before instead. I think everybody concerned would enjoy the supper better, for when a speaker has partaken of supper he usually feels something like Tennyson's tide, "Too full for sound and foam."

No one gave me a subject on which to speak, so I thought today I would speak on the re-founding of the College. The tie that binds us together this evening is not the banquet of which we have partaken, although we came together for that and we enjoyed it; it was something more than that. We were brought together by a common interest, a common life, and that common life in this instance expresses itself as the spirit of the fathers. Why keep green the memory of those who have gone before? I have sometimes asked myself that question. What is the use of thinking about those who are gone? Why commemorate those of the past? Why not let the dead past bury its dead and address ourselves to the problems of the present? Ah! but we show by our gathering here tonight our common assumption that they are not dead, but that they have continued in life. More than that, it is good for us to do them honor, for to show forth gratitude and thankfulness are the marks of a really humble and noble character. There is something fine about giving honor where honor is due. We come together tonight to remind ourselves of the ideals of the fathers, and more than that we are showing forth that we consider that we partake of their life, that we have a common life with them, that we feel that we have come within the sphere of their personality, and as we come together we have an opportunity of thinking in the large of the interests of the college we love so well.

The college was founded; it is for us to re-found it in this new day. They were pioneers; so are we. The story is told in the Old Testament that when Isaac came into the land wherein his father, Abraham, had dwelt, he found certain wells which had become filled up, and he addressed himself to the task of cleaning out these wells. A thing is never done, finally done. It is always our task to clean out the wells and do the work over again. To undo a thing that exists and make it perform its proper function is a constant creation. We must constantly re-found the college, and certainly in this new day wherein we look for a new heaven and a new earth—certainly in this new day it is for us to re-found the college with reference to the problems of the day.

The work of the college has been disrupted, the work of the colleges all over the land has suffered. That is past; we can not help that. But we can help this, we can see to it that the work is not disrupted in the future. There is a cry now that the colleges in a more exclusive sense devote themselves to the teaching of those things that will be practical, meaning by that those things that are technical. I have no objection to technical training, but I do feel that we shall make a great mistake if we confine ourselves too largely to merely technical training. We have looked back at these things that were needed during the war and we are now trying to fashion our educational program upon what we needed then; but we shall be a step behind the times if we do that. We are continually looking back into the past, trying to do those things that we should have done before the last disaster occurred. It is for us to look into the future and recognize that there will be more new things in the future, that there will be new and different steps to be taken than were needed a few months ago.

The things of the spirit are practical. The story is told of Harry Payne Whitney, who was in the Arctic regions and brought back proofs that Dr. Cook had discovered the North Pole, that he took a picture of an Arctic hare, which is perfectly white. When the photograph was finished it did not show in the picture at all—simply white snow, but the shadow it cast upon the snow did appear in the photograph; the shadow seemed to be more real than

the substance. Some of these things that we think are real are after all mere shadows of the real things of life.

I feel that we shall make a mistake if we ask for too much technical training, but that cry has been gaining ground. One thing struck my attention that I think is worthy of note. It was my observation in the oldest part of our country—Connecticut—that there is not anything like the ambition to go to college among the young people there that there is in the West. That was a surprising thing to me. Only a very few of the young people had any ambition to go to college. They wanted to go to some fashionable finishing school and then go into business or trade; they did not want to go to college. Let us not continue to disrupt the work of the colleges—and the best work of the college is the things that minister to the life of the spirit.

There are many problems that we have to face in this new day. You are well acquainted with them. One is the international problem. You know what I mean by that. I merely want to point out how I think the colleges will help in solving this problem. The college helps in this way—that if any young man or young woman seriously takes his college course and profits by what is offered him there it tends to broaden him, it tends to make him broad-minded and to scatter his prejudices, and that very thing, that spirit that comes out of the college, that spirit of broad-mindedness, that spirit of fairness is the thing that is going to help us solve the problems before us as a nation. It gives him a philosophical attitude, he knows something of the facts about other peoples and the achievements of other peoples and their history as well as our own. I learned some facts of our past history that surprised me. Major General Leonard Wood came to Yale and made a speech and during the course of his remarks he said something like this: Did you know that during the War of 1812 our country won only one important battle and that was after the war was over? Did you know that the enemy captured the national capitol and almost caught the President himself? Did you know that we won only one important naval victory—Perry's? Did you know that when our Commissioners went to meet the British Commission that they

never did get the British to agree to what we wanted, that the war ended in a draw, and it ended because each side had had enough? Did you know that during the War of the Revolution, while we only had about four million population and England had about eight million to fight us, crossing the ocean in the slow-sailing vessels of those days, that she did not have the united support of the people at home, that during the war when Washington's soldiers suffered at Valley Forge the British almost starved to death also, because there was strife at home and the soldiers were poorly fed? I do not mean to detract for a moment from the great achievements of our nation, but it is a good thing for us to know some of these facts, it is a good thing for us to delve into history as we are taught to delve into it in college, and inform ourselves.

Another class of problems has to do with the industrial situation. I do not think that most of us believe Bolshevism will come to this country, but I tell you that the interest in Socialism is growing. If our libraries are being filled with books on the labor problem and Socialism, if there are societies for the study of Socialism in many of the larger communities, for professors and students and many others who are becoming enamoured of Socialism, then this same broad-mindedness I speak of will surely help us in the solution of this problem.

Then there are the moral problems. We said a number of things during the war that were good to keep up our morale; we knew it was a good thing to keep up our morale, and we talked about some things that we thought were going to change after the war that I do not believe will change. We thought we were going to have a new Reformation and that folks would be flocking into the churches. The fellows that come back are pretty good about coming to church, but I have not seen the people battering down the doors to get in, and instead there is likely to be a great wave of apathy come over our nation, for the simple reason that the war was a great stimulant to us, and now that that stimulus has been withdrawn we are likely to fall back and to want to rest awhile. We have that problem to deal with, and surely the colleges will train men who are able to deal with the moral problems of the new day.

I simply want to say that we must stand by the college that we love so well. Butler is a good college. I wish to say this—that the honor men in the graduate departments of the universities of the East are most of them graduates of the small colleges out in the West. More than that, the universities of the East are in large part filled by young people from out here in the West. But I would like to see Butler bigger and stronger than she is. I would like to see Butler a university, an institution that would appeal to the imagination of young people; I would like to see Butler an institution that would draw people to it, that would be a power in the religious brotherhood with which it is associated. All the colleges put together that are associated in our brotherhood would not make more than one good university. The entire faculty would only be about 532; the total number of students enrolled is about 7,229; the total amount of endowment is about four and one-third millions; the total amount invested only about nine and one-half millions. A rich New York lawyer died last summer and left Yale something like nineteen millions. That makes an institution worth while. I am thinking of an institution that will appeal to the imagination of the brotherhood, an institution that will make us proud. We love the college. I would not repeat my graduate days if I could; but I would repeat my undergraduate days, and if I were repeating these undergraduate days I would spend them again in Butler. I am for a bigger and better Butler.

PRESIDENT HOWE: Last summer we were all in great doubt about what was going to happen to us in the colleges. College men were grasping at all kinds of straws of information and hope, not knowing which way to turn. It looked as if we should have no men in the colleges at all, and of course the institutions that had only men were worse off than those that were coeducational. Then came along the idea that the colleges should be turned into training camps and taken over by the Government, and an interesting development took place that is an old story to most of you. Along in the late summer, about two weeks before college began, we realized that we would have to have buildings—barracks, mess hall and the like if we were to take care of the men who might

come to us as members of our unit of the Students' Army Training Corps. We had conducted an active campaign, as every college had done and as had been done jointly by the institutions of the State, for the purpose of bringing young men into the college. In our doubt as to just what we should do our minds turned to one of our own men who had been successful in his experience as a builder, and when the Government gave us permission to build the structures we needed we called upon this man and laid upon him the task of providing us with the proper equipment. In a short time, a very short time, we began to have results, and I hope most of you have seen the very handsome and attractive plant that was erected at the college for the housing of the young men who came there. The result was that when the enrollment of the first term came we had about 650 students. I say "about" advisedly, for everything connected with the S. A. T. C. was "about" in some ways. There were 264 finally enrolled, after various vicissitudes, in this unit, and the housing of these students was the work of one of our own men. I am glad to present to you Mr. Lee Burns.

LEE BURNS: This being in a way a gathering of home folks, I think I can tell you in the strictest confidence that this is the first time I was ever asked to make an after-dinner talk. In a way I am in the position of the man who was asked if he could play a violin; he said he didn't know, he had never tried. But at any rate, no matter how tiresome I may become, when I go home I can say that this was the best after-dinner talk I ever made.

I have been thinking this evening a little bit about the special obligation under which some of us men have been placed by the founders of Butler College in locating Butler at Indianapolis. Students have come to Butler from all over the country, and it was a fine tribute to their discretion to realize that they selected Butler from the other colleges of the West. Many Indianapolis students have gone to Butler who had no choice in the matter. When I went to Butler I was also keeping books in a store in the city, and I worked in the office in the morning and went to college in the afternoon, and had it not been for the wisdom and foresight of the founders of the college in locating at the capital city a school

of higher education, I should never have had a chance even to do the special work that I did.

We had in the building of the barracks to which the President has referred, a very interesting illustration of the spirit of Butler. We were told to go ahead and not only provide proper housing, but adequate housing, comfortable housing. Every day two or three of the Board of Directors would be out to see that the boys were going to be perfectly well taken care of. President Howe would stop in the morning, and in the afternoon Mr. Hilton U. Brown, or Professor Putnam or someone else would come to see if there was double lining under the floors, and Professor Coleman would stop to see that the buildings were well constructed. In other words, the whole spirit out there was not only to get the boys under a roof, but to have adequate, comfortable quarters where they might spend—as they at first thought they would—perhaps a full winter, and if the buildings out there are—as I believe they are—the best college quarters in the State, it is because while no money was spent foolishly, the college did appropriate a sufficient sum to build better than the Government had planned we should build.

It is interesting to think of the suggestion that has been made of a greater Butler, and I know that as a greater Butler is developed it will be along those lines, that great thought will be given to the standing and construction of the buildings and to the mapping a course complete and adequate that will be worthy of this capital city of ours, which surely has a place for a great college. We ought to have here some day a college that would accommodate two thousand men. We are located in this great, rich country, and with lakes and rivers the city has big advantages for a college—here in the center of the State. I believe we will see that day. I have a great affection for the past of Butler, I have perfect confidence in the present, and a most wonderful confidence in its future.

PRESIDENT HOWE: Just a word before the last speaker is introduced. Reference has been made to future plans for the college. Similar references have been made often on occasions like this. It

may have seemed to you that nothing was doing, really. But a good many things have been happening, if we look back and take the sum of them. Within the last year a large enterprise has been brought to a conclusion which means a large addition to the funds for endowment. I refer to the completion of the Men and Millions campaign of the Disciples Church, which means that Butler College is receiving now its regular part of the collection of that great fund, and we are to have in the end \$300,000 for our endowment. In addition to that, the same organization that completed that movement is planning and looking after the promotion of a budget each year to help the college in its present needs, not only our college but the other colleges and missionary organizations of the church. Now we all realize that these are very great days and that we all have very great opportunities. The other day after some remarks like that had been made by one of the members of the Board of Directors of the college, another director said, "I realize all that and I shudder at the responsibility that we men have who are on this Board of Directors." Well may anyone shudder at the responsibilities that are coming upon us all who have any position of leadership in these days. A new world is in its making, in its shaping, and how are we going to fashion it? The work of our forefathers is secure; they have done their work well, and we have entered into the heritage they have left for us. But what are we going to do to pass it on, to make a better world and better opportunities for the boys and girls who are coming on? That is the task of the directors of the college just now, and they are planning in a very grave and serious way some things which are not quite ready to be announced, but which mean the meeting of the expectations of the men who founded this college seventy years ago and more, the men who put their lives and their money and their prayers and sacrifices into what we have enjoyed. And, my friends, I hope that we shall give these men who have the direction of this our prayers and our thought and our counsel and help them in every way we can when their plans are announced. As Dr. Reidenbach and Mr. Burns have said, there should be a great college in Indianapolis. This is a rare city, a great city.

It will grow much greater, and we must not fall behind in trying at least to keep pace with its progress. It is a great task, a very great task, and we are just hoping that those who have charge of the administration of the college in these critical times may have the wisdom that is needed to meet the duties of the hour. Now I am saying this, not to anticipate what may come to you through the press before long, what we should have been glad to announce to you tonight, but to at least give you some inkling of things that are going on.

I am very glad to announce the next speaker. I am thinking that when the time comes he is the kind of man who will help us to do the thing we need to do. He was once a student of the college in the years gone by. He has come to be a successful and great business man of this city, a man of public spirit who loves to do good things for the sake of his fellows in the City of Indianapolis, and he is the kind of old-student element that we know will help us in the days when we take up seriously this great task of meeting the situation in Indianapolis. I take great pleasure in presenting to you Mr. James W. Lilly.

JAMES W. LILLY: I am one of the older students of Butler. I attended the college back in the late '70's. Of course I am a young looking man—I congratulate myself upon that—but nevertheless, my days at Butler were in the '70's.

I had a little talk prepared for you, but President Howe has made it impossible for me to speak on any other line than a greater Butler. Any institution, whether of learning or what not, that can turn out over 400 men to go forth in the spirit of sacrifice to save this country for you and for me, is deserving of our best efforts and our best thought. And it is peculiarly fitting that in this the first banquet after the end of the war we should pay homage to those men who went out and offered themselves on the altar of sacrifice for their country. No matter whether they went abroad or stayed right here in Indianapolis, they were ready to go, they had made the offer, and we do ourselves proud in paying homage to them tonight.

Nevertheless, if we do that they on their side have a like obligation to us. All these young men are in a great part dependent on the success of the greater Butler College. It is not the men who are at present endorsing this work, it is these young men who will have to put it to a successful issue, because upon them will devolve the carrying out of these great plans. You young men must pay homage to Butler because it is worthy of your efforts and worthy of the efforts of all of us, for whatever we can do to make it a success not only reflects on central Indiana but the whole Middle West.

PRESIDENT HOWE: We are glad to have been here tonight, I am sure. I hope that all who are here and a good many more may be spared to come again next seventh of February.

Let us close with the singing of "America."

With the American Y. M. C. A. in England

BY JOHN W. BARNETT, '94

Next to serving with our men in this world-war is to serve them. As I happened to be born too soon to get into khaki and serve with them, the best I could do was to don the same khaki and go as their servant. I chose the Y. M. C. A. as the medium through which I should serve, and I am not ashamed of the uniform I have worn for a year and a half in that service, overseas and at home, in spite of the petty criticisms that are being made against the "Y" in certain quarters.

It was my good fortune to be assigned to work in England; not for the reason that some not conversant with the facts might think: immunity from attack by the Huns—a reason very far from the truth, for I saw more of Hun warfare in London, and was in more real danger, than many "Y" men in France. We had about a dozen big air-raids during the four months I spent in London, and at times I was entirely too near the Hun bombs and falling shrapnel to be altogether comfortable. But my reason is a very different one: I got there a very much wider range of vision of the war than I could have gotten anywhere else. And at the request of the QUARTERLY I am going to try to give you something of that vision.

My first station was at Eagle Hut in London. Eagle Hut is the biggest single bit of work the American Y. M. C. A. is doing overseas. It is situated on the Strand, in the heart of the city, and is the meeting place for all of the Allied soldiers and sailors, as well as our own. While it is an American institution, brimful of American spirit, it is open to all of the Allied forces on exactly the same terms as to our own; I guess that is, after all, the American spirit. At any rate they like it, for they come by the tens of thousands: Tommies, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, French, Belgians, Italians. I met and talked with all of them there, and saw the war in its reaction in their minds and lives. I have seen them right from the trenches,

some of them on their first leave in two years; and we got their first reactions. And I have seen them come from the great hospitals of London, legless, armless, blind, gassed, and maimed beyond description, yet unconquered in spirit. It was there, as I served these men, that I got my vision of the war in its far-flung battle line: of Mons, even the first battle, for I have had the honor of shaking hands with a few of the very few survivors of "The Old Contemptibles," of Cambria, of Lens, of Arras, of Vimy Ridge, of Ypres, where, in the second engagement, "Canada earned her D. S. O. and breathless Allied prayers," of Rheims, of the Aisne and the Marne, of Verdun, with its immortal "*Ils ne passeront pas*," and all the rest of the places in Belgium and France, of which the Boche, in his mad desire to rule the world, has made "a veritable inferno"; besides, something of that Italian collapse, and recovery, the full truth of which has not yet been told, and as I heard a prominent Italian say, "had better not be told," of unfortunate Gallipoli, where the flower of the Australian army perished, and of the campaign in Mesopotamia and Palestine, with a few letters from one of our American boys who is serving in the British army in far-off India;—some compensation, indeed, for the long days and longer nights I spent in trying to make the lives of these fellows a little more endurable.

I saw comparatively few of our own soldiers there—many more came later, as our Aviation training camps were established in England, and as our troops were sent across in greater numbers,—but I did have the privilege of meeting and serving large numbers of our sailor boys as they came on leave from Liverpool, Queenstown, and other British ports. And I always put in a word for our boys in blue, for the fact is the navy has not had its fair share of praise in this war. The majority of our people, I fear, think of the war in terms of khaki;—at least they do until their attention is called to the fact that, but for the navy, and the British navy, we never could have gotten our soldiers to France. Many of the heroes in this war are wearing blue; and some who did wear it have gone down doing their bit in the service of God and humanity with the same glory as those have won who fell in the

trenches. From long service with them at Eagle Hut, and now for six months on the Receiving Ship at Boston, I know what a splendid lot of fellows they are, these boys who man our battleships and destroyers and mine-sweepers, and whose life last winter in the North and Irish seas was anything but a picnic. Oh, how these boys did appreciate Eagle Hut. "Our American Home" is what they affectionately call it.

Nor was it only a vision of battlefields and battleships that I got at Eagle Hut; it was something bigger far than these: as I talked with those men I found that they are very like ourselves—thinking the same thoughts, fighting the same battles, and translating, more or less imperfectly, the same ideals into reality. I realized there, as never before, the truth of Kipling's lines:

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

I came from that fellowship with a wider horizon, and with more faith in our common humanity and in the coming of the Kingdom of God.

After four months at Eagle Hut I was sent down to our big American Rest Camp near the ancient city of Winchester, where every foot of ground has been tramped by soldier's feet for centuries. There, in the shadow of the monument of Alfred the Great, I saw at least a quarter of a million of our American soldiers on their way to France. What a sight! Men from every section of the country and from every walk of life; splendid fellows, full of enthusiasm, and with the spirit of the Crusaders. And what an impression! During the weeks following March 18, 1918, when the great German drive was on, and gaining headway every day, the hearts of the English people sank within them, and they were in almost hopeless despair. Then came that long, long trail of American soldiers, singing as they came, and with a deep set pur-

pose in their souls; and England saw and took courage. The transformation was wonderful. I have often wondered whether the War Department realized just what the sending of so many of our troops through England meant; whether it was planned, or, whether it was just the force of circumstances that took them that way. Whatever it was, it meant more toward the winning of the war than we realize. The English people could have read that there were a million American soldiers in France, but that would not have done for England what seeing an hundred thousand of them did. When England saw them she caught their spirit; then that spirit was transferred to the British army in France; and with the same thing happening in France, the inevitable happened: the Hun forces could not withstand the power of the revived Allied armies plus the force of America, and they threw up their hands and quit.

Our men did not tarry long in this camp; only for a few days, except in the case of the Tuscania survivors, whom we had for six weeks. It was only a rest camp,—“Yes, we rest our stomachs,” they said, for they were on English rations while there, and English rations during the spring and early summer of 1918 were not very filling. But what English rations lacked, the “Y” tried to make up. It was a joy to serve these fellows. Many of them were away from home for the first time; practically all of them in a foreign land for the first time; so we tried to help them through the strangeness, complicated by the intricate mysteries of English money; and their appreciation was unbounded. I served them in many ways, but as I look back to it all now I am convinced that the greatest service I rendered was in visiting the sick in the hospitals, for many of them fell ill on the way, with mumps and measles, with colds that in many instances resulted in pneumonia, and with various other human ailments. Many of them were unable to go on with their units; some recovered and followed later, but some never were able to go. And these were the men for whom I felt most sorry: sick, homesick, disappointed, discouraged, laid by while their comrades went on to do what these men as well had set out to do. Many of them died there. I ministered to them in their last

hours, and conducted the services as we laid what was mortal of them to rest in the kindly soil of the Mother Country, grateful for the sons of the Pilgrims returning after many years to stand side by side with her brave sons in the fight for a better world. Then followed letters, sad letters they were, to the home folks, telling them all I could about their boys, and how they had died for Freedom and for God.

Oh, there is so much I would like to tell about our boys "over there;"—the special days: Thanksgiving Day (1917), Christmas, Easter, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July (the Fourth of July in England)!—but I have already far exceeded the limits of the space allotted me, and so must forbear. I will say this only: I came back home with a new vision of America and with a new love for her, and a new hope in her; to see our boys over there is to be assured that the spirit of Liberty is not dead in our land, and that it will yet enlighten the world.

I want to add a word about England, for a part of my vision of the war includes England. I went over with something of that narrow prejudice that I fear the majority of Americans have toward England, due to the fact that our historians have not told us the whole truth about the American Revolution; but after a year of intimate association with the English people, and from a study of the real facts which this war has brought to light, that prejudice has vanished. It would take pages to tell all that this involves, and I cannot do that now, but I call your attention to a sentence in a recent history of England by Gilbert K. Chesterton, which is the keynote from which the whole revolutionary period of history will be rewritten when this war is over. In his chapter on The American Revolution, Chesterton says: "The American Revolution was the protest of an English gentleman, George Washington, against the rule of a German king, George III." The fact is that George III was as much of a Prussian as the ex-Kaiser, and it was only because he was able to bribe his faked Parliament that they passed the laws that were so obnoxious to the Colonies, and against which William Pitt and all true Englishmen protested, that the Colonies revolted. That it was a good thing, both for the Colonies and for

England, that they revolted and established this great republic of the West, neither we nor England will deny; and when the full truth of it all is told, the two great nations will be cemented together all the closer, and the two flags that have flown side by side on the House of Parliament and on Bunker Hill Monument since this war began will never be opposed to each other in battle again. To have seen this new day dawn in England, and to feel it dawn in my own soul, is no small part of the compensation that is mine, for any sacrifice I may have made in trying to serve, in an humble way, the great Y. M. C. A. in its attempts to mitigate the evils of modern warfare, and to make the lives of our boys a little safer than they otherwise would have been; and, I am confident also, a little bigger and fitter for the great days we are facing.

Theodore Roosevelt and John Muir

BY K. M. G., '78.

In 1906, President Roosevelt was the guest of the University of California. Upon arriving at Berkeley, the spot which Charles Kingsley declared to be "the most beautiful site in the world for a seat of learning," he expressed a desire to see what he considered California's two greatest possessions—John Muir and the Yosemite Valley. Arrangements were, accordingly, made whereby the distinguished visitor might have his wish. John Muir was asked to guide into the Valley—his home for the greater part of fifteen years—Mr. Roosevelt and a company of nature-lovers from the University and the Sierra Club.

The invitation arrived upon the eve of Mr. Muir's departure for New York to sail on a trip around the world. His passage was engaged, with small leeway given for the transcontinental trip; yet, the request had come from his commander-in-chief and could not be declined, even at so inconvenient a cost.

The party started off,—not jollier were the Pilgrims who cantored that April of long ago to St. Thomas' Shrine. The foot-hills,

the mountains, the Wawona rest, the Big Trees, Inspiration Point, were passed, when Mr. Roosevelt suggested that Mr. Muir and he, lingering behind, be lost from their companions. And so it happened that the two men talked the night through:—the President of the United States and the royal interpreter of glacial scenery; the one with strength and fearlessness, handling men and affairs as he made history, the other wandering alone and unknown in primeval forests, discovering with unutterable joy some frail flower or curious fern or mighty river of ice. There Theodore Roosevelt was led into realms which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, as he listened, rapt, to the visions which had saturated every fibre of the body and soul of John Muir, dwelling in him and with him like holy spirits through all his after-deaths and after-lives. There was the eager walk into the Yosemite at the time when the San Joaquin Valley was the Lord's garden and every step of the five hundred miles pressed not less than one hundred blooms; the trees, the birds, the water-falls, the storms, as his exalted and exultant vision saw them; the sculpture of the noble mountains and valleys. Then, there were the various trips to Alaska in days before the unthinking and unfeeling summer tourist flitted up and back; the discovery of the glacier, which now bears his name; the canyons, the flowers, the little dog Stickeen, which had by then crossed the Great Divide; the display of the northern heavens when the glory of the Lord shone round about; the ice experiences up in the Arctic region when sent as government botanist on the Jeannette in search of the DeLong party. Then, the immeasurable age of the world, as intimated by the Amethyst Mountain, so rich in old forests silicified into pillars of amethyst; the brilliant violet glow of morning and evening. "Next to the light of the dawn on the mountain tops, the alpenglow is the most impressive of all the terrestrial manifestations of God," he used to say.

There were men, too, to tell of: Emerson, as he visited the mill of the Yosemite Valley in which John Muir was converting fallen trees into timber; Sir Joseph Hooker, Dr. Asa Gray, Lord Bryce, and many another. He understood human nature as he understood trees and rivers and canyons, and his spirited talk was spiced with

an unforgettable and gentl irony. Books, as well as men, he knew and were even more beloved, and were graven upon his heart, as upon his memory. All of *Paradise Lost*, the greater plays of Shakespeare, Burns, the whole of the New Testament and the most of the Old Testament, he recited from cover to cover. Doubtless these classics gave poetic form and color to his conversation.

Courteously the President, as he bade the traveler goodbye, gave to Mr. Muir letters to the King of England, to the Czar of Russia, to scientists and to scholars. The irresistible manner of the shy man is not forgotten as he patted the pocket which held such unused passports to Earth's greatness. Whether in search of Carpathian valley, Himalayan deodor, Australian flower, or Hawaiian fern, a cable message of remembrance from the White House followed the man revelling in the sight of "God making a world."

Through filled or burdened days to follow, Mr. Roosevelt did not forget the night spent in the starlight of the high Sierras. "It was the most wonderful night of my life. There was never anything—never anything—like Muir and his talk."

The Hospital Red Cross Unit and the Base Hospital, National Army, from the Viewpoint of a Medical Officer of the Regular Army*

BY COL. HENRY I. RAYMOND, EX-'78, M. C. U. S. ARMY.

As I understand it, the *essential function* of the American National Red Cross is to furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies *in time of war*. Incidentally, it carries on a system of national and international relief in time of peace in the event of great national calamities. This peace function, though incidental, is *vitaly concerned* in the self-evident proposition that

*An address delivered at the Military Banquet of the Physician's Club of Chicago, given January 15, 1918, at the Auditorium in honor of the base hospital units.

an organization to be effective at any indeterminate period must be more or less active all the time. According to the terms of its charter, the American National Red Cross is a medium of communication between the people of the United States and their Army, and no voluntary aid from any outside source will be accepted by the Army of the United States except through the Red Cross.

As a representative of the Medical Corps of the Regular Army, on its behalf I extend tonight to these Hospital Red Cross units, and the Base Hospital, National Army, the right hand of fellowship and congratulate them upon their good fortune in an early dispatch overseas. You members of these units are a selected and picked body of men, everyone of you. I use the term "man" in its generic sense, as I shall later explain. The first requisite of a soldier is to be a fine specimen of physical manhood and his first duty is to conserve his health and maintain his efficiency. For efficiency and not mere numbers is what counts. For, let me ask you, "What constitutes an army?" Is it numerical strength or effective units? Is it to count noses and dollars, or is it to secure efficiency through brain and brawn at any cost? And is not an effective unit in the end less costly than an ineffective one?

I have said that you are a selected and picked body of men, but I observe among you several representatives of the better sex who are going to France with you. Among them in the Unit that was expecting to leave our city only yesterday for its training and equipment is a young woman who is a relative of Grace Gassette, that master spirit in the invention and designing of splints and orthopedic appliances for our wounded soldiery in France. It is a large part that the women—the "uncrowned queens of America," as our worthy chaplain christened them in his earnest and eloquent invocation—are taking in the war. Several years ago, in an adjoining state, I took part in a debate upon the reduction of armaments, and, wishing to get some notions from the outside upon the subject, I asked, among others, a young woman what she thought of the merits of the question. Whether, in her opinion, a reduction or an increase of armaments would best conduce toward the conservation of peace. I quoted to her that the price of liberty is

eternal vigilance, "but what," said I, "is the *price of peace!*" Her reply to me was in words, which tonight have a far deeper significance than they had when uttered. She said, "May it not be that the *price of peace is war!*" She might well have said: Will not the price of the world's peace be the greatest war in history? What a fulfillment in history of that prophetic pronouncement from the lips of a girl! And there are many of her sex here tonight who are convinced that the price of peace is war, and who are willing to do their part at home or at the front. We hear quite enough of our great generals at the front and of our great statesmen at the rear, but what of their wives and daughters! We read in our school books of George Washington, the "Father of his Country," but I should like to hear more of Martha, who implanted and kept alive the spark of patriotism in his breast. We all know of Abraham Lincoln, the rail splitter, but I should love to know more of Mother Lincoln, who first implanted the undying flame of loyalty and devotion in his young heart. And if you will pardon a personal reference, I have three boys of my own, and if there is one lesson more than another that I have instilled into their minds, it is, that if ever they attain honorable distinction in life, they will owe it to their mother. There is an old French proverb: "What a woman wishes, God wishes." And you have often heard it said that in the end the women will win the war, and may not this be true in a larger sense than we think, for tonight every man is fighting for a sweetheart or a wife, and though a wife, a sweetheart still. And may it not, in truth, be said that if the women fail us, God help mere men!

Reverting again to these units, who of us can know their deep significance, who can measure the height, and breadth and depth of their benign influence. Let me illustrate. Some years ago, I was driven in a carriage through the streets of Toronto and my driver, who was somewhat of a wag, pointed out to me four buildings, located on the respective corners. "These buildings," said he, "are a schoolhouse, a courthouse, a church and a saloon, representing, respectively, education, legislation, salvation and damnation." But, my friends, the institution represented by these hospital units here

tonight is greater than any one of these, for it includes them all. For you men stand for the education of the people in matters of health, you stand for legislation in sanitary reform, you stand for the salvation of the body, as well as ministrations of the mind and you stand for the damnation of all pathogenic germs.

And see how the medical leaven permeates the whole structure of governmental control and army activity. Why, even from the ammunition factories they are calling on us for our chemists. There are now in Washington two sets of chemists; the one is seeking, by experimental tests, to give us an armor plate that will be impenetrable to the most forceful projectile, and the other to give us a projectile that will penetrate the most tenacious armor; and when these two sets of chemists shall have arrived at perfection, each in his special sphere, who can foretell what the result may be when an armor plate that is impenetrable is struck by a projectile impelled by a force that is irresistible. Of course, this is a *reductio ad absurdum*, but it serves to emphasize the universality and permeability of the medical leaven.

I will not stop to dilate upon the strenuousness and the personal sacrifices that service in these units will entail. But I know that you are all soldiers; and given a soldier with a sane mind in a sound body, and given any order whatsoever, it may be "to go over the top"—*au dessus en avant*—that soldier will not be found wanting. For it is the genius of the American soldier as of the American people to be always progressive, to be always pressing forward and forward as typified in that terse French phrase, "*en avant, en avant encore, toujours en avant!*" But not to detain you, let us cast our vision forward a year or two or three, when we shall see you men of these units returning to your home shores. What cemented friendships will be yours! What *consciousness of a worthy work well done!* What sincere affection for that unit in which each may have labored and suffered and sacrificed, even when that unit shall have been dissolved in the processes of peace! For, "Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled, you may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still."

“Shoving Off” from Quantico

BY SERGEANT BLOOR SCHLEPPEY, EX-'12.

“Shoving off” for France at Quantico, Va., is a living picture show in three reels which might well be entitled “Parade,” “Religious Services” and “Good-bye at the Station.”

Two or three days before the actual leave-taking (the time is never certain), the Battalion lucky enough to be assigned to overseas duty from the great Overseas Depot at Quantico, holds its farewell parade, a review of all the troops in the departing unit, fully equipped for travel with complete heavy marching orders, rifles, wire-cutters and intrenching tools.

Between the time of the parade, when every man appears at his best, and the time for entrainment, the men are kept busy rolling heavy marching orders, perhaps entertaining mothers and friends who have come to bid them good-bye; bidding farewells to less fortunate “buddies” who are retained at the post; marching in companies to various supply stations for different articles of equipment and uniform and disposing of the personal belongings which they can not carry with them.

Here and there throughout the gigantic camp mothers are walking arm in arm with their sons, or sweethearts are strolling through the last precious hours of conversation with their heroic Marines. Around the corner of a Battalion street or main road comes a company of men singing and cheering, marching “Route step,” overjoyed in the glory of going across and the exultation in the privilege of wearing the overseas uniform. What a sight it is! Square-jawed, vigorous, marching on his toes with a pack that weighs considerably more than sixty pounds, each man blithe in the final realization of that long-cherished day when he may start for France. What an unconsciously overbearing attitude he has, as much as to say, “My training as a Marine is completed. Now I am going to France for more training and after that when I have been in the trenches the war will soon be over.” You can’t blame him a bit

for his egotism, either, for as an actual fact he is ready to deliver the goods right at the Kaiser's front door.

It is whispered about that———Battalion will entrain the next morning. Every man has been "shot" or inoculated with the required serum, the task of equipping him is done and the order has come to roll the heavy marching order that evening. The latter fact alone is indicative of the fact that the unit will "shove off" because heavy marching orders are never rolled the evening before an ordinary hike. However, Dame Rumor has been exceptionally busy infesting the camp with strange stories.

"We will not leave for a week" is the sage advice of an old-timer. "I had it from headquarters," he adds with a knowing wink.

"Day after tomorrow is the day," says a man but three months in the service who is a hard-faced Marine and pulls the corners of his mouth down as he talks.

"A Quartermaster Sergeant told me," repeats another, and so the time of departure is obscured by the very anxiety of the men who most desire to know it accurately.

But the evening is fraught with excited anticipation. Men in companies still attached to the post are showered with fancy cakes of toilet soap, extra shaving outfits and toilet kits, knives, picture frames, string, and all sorts of "junk," since superfluous articles are not allowed to displace the important baggage destined for the serious business of war.

Groups sit up in the bunk houses far after taps discussing the big event, and for once the order of the Top Sergeant to "pipe down" is unavailing, for even he is too excited to sleep.

Then comes the eventful morning of all mornings, when reveille blows at 3:30 a. m. and the men march to religious services in the big gymnasium. Hymns are flashed on the big moving picture screen and the chaplain bids his "leathernecks" a good-bye which is both a tribute to their good behavior in camp under his guidance and a reminder of what conduct is expected of them "over there."

It was at communion at one of these services when the Second Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment was leaving that one of the

Marines burst out crying. His great sobs were uncontrolled and his buddies half rose in their seats to look at him. Suddenly he arose to his feet. “I know what you think,” he cried. “You think I’m yellow. I’m not yellow. It’s not that. My mother was killed in an air raid on London and I just can’t wait till I get to France.” The Chaplain and song leader started “Onward, Christian Soldier” and the men sang that hymn as it had never been sung before.

Early “chow” always follows these religious services, after which the men answer roll call and march to the station, where already a huge crowd of stay-at-homes is assembled.

“Don’t crowd, plenty of room for everybody. Rear rank in the rear coaches and front ranks forward,” come the commands at random. The Red Cross has vied with Morris Levine, of the Jewish Welfare Board in distributing candies and sandwiches, all of which had been consumed before boarding the train. Mr. Levine was distributing writing paper, but many of the Marines cried “Never mind the paper, out with the candy.”

The band struck up “Over There” as the men rushed into the coaches. All the jealous Marines who were denied the privilege of making the trip to Berlin with their buddies were there shouting at the top of their voices. Pandemonium reigned in the scattered ranks of the stay-at-homes, while eagerness alone disturbed the well-ordered ranks of the men who were lucky enough to smile good-bye.

Colonel Van Orden’s twelve-year-old son, George, was there crying because he could not go with his father’s regiment to which he had been attached while in camp as drummer boy. Wives and sweethearts thronged the station as the train began the long trip to the port of embarkation.

Slowly in the long line of coaches a semblance of order was restored as the men settled back in groups to sing or give company yells. Mrs. George Van Orden, wife of the commander, with a party of the officers’ wives, was in the first coach. Six men in each car, under the direction of Mr. Levine, who had rehearsed them, furnished entertainment during the trip. Burlesques of happenings in camp and takeoffs on officers, quartettes, and humorous

monologues provided a continuous vaudeville performance. Each coach competed in a singing contest. The winning coach received a package of cigarettes and a chocolate bar for each man. Lieutenant Ruce's men, Company C, won this unique contest.

All this had happened in the excitement of the night, and shortly after dawn the train pulled into Washington, D. C. An early offensive was immediately launched by an overwhelming force of beautiful Red Cross workers, who were straightway organized by Mrs. Van Orden so that not a man missed a hot cup of coffee and the many dainties distributed.

After a brief hour in Washington the train resumed its eventful journey. Something happened to the brakes and the countryside well up State in Virginia was surprised to find this howling throng of Devil Dogs taking full possession of the cross roads. About a dozen village queens, caught without sandwiches or anything considered customary to give to soldiers, nobly offered their own rosy kisses. Wildly long Marine arms reached from the open windows of the coaches and hoisted the husky farm maidens to a point of vantage. One sergeant whose reach was commensurate with his short stature deployed as a skirmisher, left the confines of the coach and kissed every one of the lassies as they were lowered to the platform.

The men made excellent connections with the transport and went aboard at once after the arrival of their train. So a large part of the Eleventh Regiment, U. S. M. C., bade good-bye to camp training to take over the serious life of fighting the Kaiser's minions.

A Condemnation of War

BY RALPH BOLTON COONEY, '20.*

Although the reading public has been flooded with a mass of war literature, the great books so far produced are few and may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Among this little handful none is more deserving its place than that mighty sermon against war brought out in France in 1917,—Barbusse's "Le Feu," known in English as "Under Fire."

This vivid, thrilling volume with its series of, now tragic, now exciting, now wearisome, incidents of life at the front, is notable in many ways: its excellent craftsmanship, the self-revelation of its author, the interest of its subject; but, above all, for its powerful sermon against war and its presentation of that new spirit in the world calling in a mighty voice for the everlasting cessation of the grim horrors of war. This, Barbusse does in two ways: first, by depicting all that is dull and wearying, all that is horrible, all that is tragic in war; and second, by showing to us the way the men, the sacrificing Poilus themselves, feel about the mighty struggle in which they are participating.

To give us, first, the picture, the author spends the most of his volume in taking us with him to the trenches, to the battlefields, to the rest-camps, where his fellows are existing. With him and with them we see, through a series of vivid accounts, the dull tiring days behind the lines, when meal-time furnishes the only break in a boring, useless life; the deserted battlefield with its heaps of putrefying dead; the ruined remains of what were once pretty little French towns; the terrible charge across the muddy waste of "No Man's Land;" the saddening walk back across the newly-won territory where muddy, mangled, horrible things turn, upon inspection, into the remains of men that we, with Barbusse, have learned to love.

These purely narrative parts are now followed by some descrip-

*A class exercise of an undergraduate. The name of the writer pleasantly suggests an honored ancestor, Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton.

tion of the reaction within the men brought about by the war. Our author now takes us into a first-aid station, and lets us listen a bit to the talk of these poor maimed creatures who lie here so helplessly, and who in words more and more pointed keep cursing war, until at last one cries out with unspeakable anguish, "I can't believe in God! He would not let our suffering go on!"

With this utterance the climax of "Le Feu" is reached; here, in these poor men, with their belief in the goodness of things destroyed, Barbusse strikes his most telling blow against the curse of war. But, thank God, he does not end with this. There is, he knows, a dawn of a better day approaching, and this he announces when, after a night of storm and flood, of endless seas of oozing mud, he shows us the little group of German and French soldiers who, gathered upon a little island of refuge amidst nature's desolation, come to a mutual understanding, and realizing that they have been no more than helpless slaves shout together in a mighty voice, "No more war!"

For war, Barbusse and these fellows of his say, is nothing glorious at all; it is not the thrilling charge; it is not the tread of marching feet; it is not the glittering of steel nor the waving of flags; it is not even glorious death. It is mud, instead,—yellow, oozing, sinister mud,—that sucks in all who step upon it, and as mud it should be cleaned from off the face of civilization. With this message the book closes.

This work by Henri Barbusse is, undoubtedly, one of the most powerful arguments against militarism yet produced, and none can read it without being stirred by the damnable horror of war.

For Remembrance

“Their name liveth forevermore.”

LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, JR.
LIEUTENANT KENNETH VICTOR ELLIOT
LIEUTENANT JOHN CHARLES GOOD
LIEUTENANT ROBERT EDWARD KENNINGTON
SERGEANT HENRY REINHOLD LEUKHARDT
PRIVATE WILSON RUSSELL MERCER
SERGEANT MARSH WHITNEY NOTTINGHAM
PRIVATE MARVIN FRANCIS RACE
LIEUTENANT BRUCE PETTIBONE ROBISON
LIEUTENANT MCREA STEPHENSON
APPRENTICE-SEAMAN HENRY CLARENCE TOON

From Our Soldier Boys

“’Tis God’s voice calls; how could I stay?”

JOHN IDEN KAUTZ, ex-’18:

NOVEMBER, 17, 1918.

I started a letter to mother awhile ago and just thinking about those Germans made me start to eussing so I thought I had better write to you, father.

I wrote you fragmentary tales of the refugees we reseued and carried back in June, and called Fritzies because he machine-gunned us and bombed us while he did it. I gave you glimpses of what the old folks and women suffered and how they died in mid-summer. But after all that was partly unavoidable warfare and I hated them more for being the cause of it than for what they did.

And I have seen what they have done to trees and how they be-fouled the houses they left, have seen their loot—paeks with costly tapestries and altar robes and sacraments piled high in open air—have seen the destruction they did with their artillery and forced us to do with our own, have seen men killed and wounded, and the dead piled high like cord-wood on the field of the Somme; tasted the bitter cost of their slow mines and traffic traps—all that, but war made *some* excuse.

But I say to you in all seriousness, that I hope God will eternally damn them for what they have done to their prisoners, and what they have extorted from the bodies and souls of those they held in invaded lands.

Oh, they didn’t loot and rape and kill as much as we thought, perhaps. There are a thousand notorious incidents, sure enough, but it wasn’t all like that.

Several days ago I brought down some hundreds of soldier-prisoners. They were clothed in rags and half-frozen, for it is very cold here now. Some were so starved that they staggered as they walked. Half of them were consumptive from work in the mines and exposure while fatigued. Many had lost their reason—had the vague slack-jawed expression of imbeciles and followed one

around like sheep. The sound of a gunshot made them cringe and whimper like licked dogs. We are not too good to our own prisoners, but I never have seen any that looked like these poor devils.

Two days ago at a frontier post I stopped my ear at a gendarme's signal and took aboard a woman and child who had been released and set afoot at the borderline. The child's ears were frozen and bleeding; the shoes of both mother and child were mere rags, and neither had eaten all day except for a bowl of coffee begged from the soldiers at dawn.

And she was only one of thousands; all day long they straggle down the roads beseeching rides from military cars, already so full with their fellows that springs are sagging. They have to eat only such as the soldiers are able to give them. They sleep where night finds them on the way to their homes, and under such coverings as they are carrying with them.

Half of them are going back to find their homes a heap of bricks, their fields sown thick with rusted wire and furrowed with shattered trenches. Most of them know it, but still they go because it's home, and the only one they ever had. Many of them know there will be so little left that they will not be able to stay, but they endure their journeys cheerfully that they may see. When the Boche left they took every bit of food they could lay their hands on. Till the French army got to them they had nothing. Now they fare with the soldiers, and we haul them food for sixty miles.

Another thing. At noon today, as I was coming down from Belgium on a crowded road, some undiscovered mine let go amidst a crowd of civilians who were trudging back. Tonight a town is burning as a result, and those surviving mourn the loss of what the fighting had left of their family group. I saw on the faces of the stretcher bearers the only tears I have ever seen a soldier shed. After four years—and then that.

Why, the other day a released Sengalese, passing a covert of Boche prisoners, went so mad at the thought of what he had suffered at the Germans' hands that he killed one of the prisoners with a clasp knife. Had I been near enough I would not have wanted to stop him, I think. He may have been wrong, but there was a certain justice to him none the less.

I think that neither you nor I will live to see the war over. The fighting has stopped. We will be home sometime within another year. But the hate that burns, and the cold blood of the dead that begs revenge, the memories of the wrongs, and the sight of all the ruins will outlive this century. God pity the *good* Germans—nobody else will.

I believe that nothing I saw during the fighting made me a good hater, but I am now.

JUSTUS W. PAUL, '15:

FRANCE, January 27, 1919.

I was much delighted to learn that you are preparing a War Record, in which will be set down all the fine things that Butler men have done. I am sure that no other college can show a more remarkable record. I am very proud to be among the Butler "bunch." I know nearly all the boys personally and I have not met better soldiers nor finer gentlemen.

It was with the deepest regret that I learned of the death of Hilton Brown, Jr. and of Kenneth Elliott. They were two of the finest men I ever knew. I have heard of them several times indirectly and everyone who knew either of them over here speaks very highly of them. I am sitting at the table now with Lieutenant Couderd, who was at the Saumur artillery school with "Tuck." He has been telling me what a fine record "Tuck" made there and how well he was liked by the other officers.

I personally have not very much of a record. I have been jumping about from place to place and from regiment to regiment ever since I left Ft. Harrison. I am not able to give you an account of my travels at present, but I shall send it to you in a short time. I was not able to do what I hoped to do and wanted to do, but that is the army. At present I am in the Tank Corps, as you know, and it is to my mind the finest branch of the service. The tanks are wonderful creations—no one can conceive of the things they will do unless he has had experience with them.

I must close now. It is good to know that the folks back home are thinking of us.

· STOREY M. LARKIN, '19:

NEUENAHR, GERMANY, January 12, 1919.

I received the Quarterly, the first that I have been fortunate to be able to read, and I have spent my odd moments since in absorbing it; but I'm not nearly through with it. There is nothing, to my mind, which so abounds with the true spirit and atmosphere of the College as this Quarterly. I read with much interest of the installation of the S. A. T. C. unit and I believe that the College never fostered a worthier enterprise, even though it proved later to be unnecessary. The College has no doubt been benefited from the few months that the unit was a part of it, and I imagine that many of its members owe to the unit desire for a college education which they otherwise would not have had. This war has impressed me as never before with the value of a college education. If we are relieved of this occupation duty in time to return home as civilians before next fall, you will find me again enrolled as a student.

We have been living in the midst of the Germans now for some time and I confess I am puzzled by them. While in the line fighting the Boche, I never thought of the German army as composed of human beings, but as a monstrous inhuman thing which menaced the safety of the world. Consequently, when we came into Germany as an army of occupation, we hardly knew what to expect from the Germans as individuals. We expected to meet with all the petty annoyances which they could inflict upon us, if not more serious trouble; but, to our surprise, the people not only failed to trouble us, but even did their utmost to aid us in whatever manner they could. At first I was suspicious of their attitude, I felt that they were playing a part and overdoing it at that. But as time has passed their attitude has continued unchanged, and it seems impossible that if it were a mere mask their real feeling would not show itself occasionally. The people say that Rhineland was a prosperous country before the war and peacefully inclined, that the

war was brought on by Prussia against their wishes, that the situation left them nothing to do but to take up arms. All are glad that Germany is rid of the Kaiser, and the hope is often expressed that they may be able to establish Rhineland as a republic absolutely independent of Prussia and the rest of Germany. All of which may be a well-organized propaganda movement, and then again it may not be. I myself have not been able to decide whether it is or not. If their statements are true, it raises in my mind the question whether we can, in justice, hold all the German nation, or only a part of it, morally responsible for the war and the bestial manner in which it was waged. There is no question as to all Germany, whether responsible in the beginning or not, must pay for the havoc that has been wrought insomuch as that is possible.''

LIONEL F. ARTIS, '19*:

HEADQUARTERS, 809TH PIONEER INFANTRY,
CAMP ST. LUCE, NANTES, FRANCE,
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY, 1919.

Many are the times in this far-away country that my thoughts have turned to Butler College and very pleasant memories they have been. The pleasant and inspiring class sessions and the quiet chapel hours will never be forgotten by those who shared in them.

But many things have happened since those days and many varied experiences have entered in between. The past six months have seemed so many years to me. Indeed, in all my life never has any like period been filled with such varied and at the same time worth-while experiences.

From an "all-wise" civilian on the 22nd of August last, I was suddenly transformed into a full-grown khaki clad soldier, and not until then did I fully realize what the men of the Army were going through in the name of Liberty and Democracy. Then commenced the long, hard days of training. Along with that came those "shots." I am sure some of your boys must already have told you

*Lionel Artis is Sergeant-Major of the famous colored 809th Pioneer Infantry.

about those "shots" (typhoid and para-typhoid) which the recruit dreads more than the hardened soldier does the Hun shells.

From August 22nd until the day we left Camp Dodge seemed like an age; but in reality within three weeks of the time we first set foot on Camp Dodge soil we were aboard the train bound for the port of embarkation. That day will never be forgotten by us—Friday the 13th of September. Whatever else anyone has to say about Friday the 13th, it has been a lucky day for us. September 15th found us at Camp Upton, New York and September 23rd, one month from the day we entered the Army, found us on the transport for France.

Pretty hard, these last days in U. S. were, as we look back at them. So short had been our time for preparation before leaving Camp Dodge that our stop at Camp Upton was a forced one. They had not expected us and made no plans whatever for receiving a regiment of troops. We went up amid the stumps and mud of a one-time woods and pitched our tents and called it our "camp." Rain came down in torrents daily and for the first day or so many of the men had to sleep on the bare ground. Meals came only twice daily and then sometimes they could hardly be called "meals." Such days as these were have their equal only here in France; but now we know that they were only a foretaste of what was to be our lot on many a day ahead. Army "paper-work" was terribly behind and typewriters clicked all night long. In my office the men worked all day and far into the small hours of the morning on passenger lists, rosters, AGO change reports and the thousand other things that one finds to do only in the Army.

But all this we did cheerfully. If our "brothers-in-arms" could do the things we heard they were doing Overseas, sure we could sacrifice our personal comfort long enough to lend them a hand. We had been formed into the Regiment from the Depot Brigade on the 12th of September, and on the 18th of September I received my warrant as a Regimental Sergeant-Major. This is the highest non-commissioned rank in the army tables and formerly came only after several years of hard and faithful service. But many changes have come about in this National Army and here I am Regimental Ser-

geant-Major with not a day of previous service to my credit. I am told that our outfit is the only one that left Camp Dodge with a Regimental Sergeant-Major who had not seen any previous service.

The trip across was one long to be remembered. Something like 25,000 men were in the convoy. We were crowded like sardines—the call had come to send men and to send them in a hurry and we were the answer. The influenza rage hit the convoy and many died at sea. The fourth day out found me down with the malady and for over a week it was a life and death struggle. The ships were so crowded; the epidemic was so wholly unexpected that the doctors hardly knew what to do. A wearied bunch it was who landed at St. Nazaire, France, on the 6th of October. Because of the epidemic we had to pull down to St. Nazaire and had not landed at Brest, the original destination. The regiment was taken to a rest-camp; while I was sent to Base Hospital 101, where I lay until October 18th.

It was during these early days in October that our army was straining every nerve in the big offensive which began on September 26th. Men at the Front were yelling for supplies and they must be rushed forward. Our men were called from the rest-camp and all day and all night details worked at loading and shipping these needed supplies. For ourselves, we got scarcely anything. All—everything—had to go to the Front and the men in the back lines gladly made the sacrifice. This lasted for about two weeks, when we received an order sending us into the Advance Zone. Later this was revoked and we were ordered to the Intermediate Zone and on October 24th we moved. Part of the Regiment went to Savenay and the remainder of the outfit went to Camp St. Luce at Nantes, France. One, two, three, four was the song heard all day, and far into the night drill sergeants kept it up with the “awkward” squads. At Camp St. Luce was established a Base of Supplies and our men have built this entire camp. In addition to building the warehouses and putting in the tracks, etc., they are now guarding its contents. At one place something like 38,000 barrels of picric acid, one of the highest kinds of explosives, were stored and to our troops was assigned the task of guarding that. Some of the men were sent on Mail Service and some of them were assigned to duty

at a Remount Station farther north. Right now the whole outfit is expecting an order to move, where, we do not know, but rumor says we are to be attached to the Third Army, and sent to Holland or Germany.

My regiment has seen no action at the Front, and if that had been the case, I should not have been fortunate enough to have done much actual fighting. A Sergeant-Major does the biggest part of his fighting with paper and pen—and many a battle is fought out around Regimental Headquarters, let me tell you. Reports have to be filled out on the minute, troops have to be paid and accounted for and a thousand other things have to be done which a "civi" never dreams of. Right today my holiday has been spoiled because the payroll came in and the men have to be paid.

But what do I think of all this? What effect has it all had upon me? Sleeping on the bare ground at times, save for the O. D. blankets with which we are supplied; missing more meals than you often got; not knowing what a bath would feel like, not to say a thing of clean clothes; working all day and then half the night for days at a stretch—how do I look back on it all? These, I tell you, truly have been the richest days of my life. Then it was that I learned what life is really for and that behind all this hardship was a deeper purpose which was being worked out. In the quiet of an evening campfire many things come to one, things hitherto dark and mysterious. The beauty of life, its privileges and responsibilities dawn upon one more clearly than ever before. Not until men have soldiered together; not until hardships, sickness, and death have cemented them together do they know what friendship, what comradeship really means. But we men here in France really know by now.

We are coming back to you soon and we do want you to be proud of us. The men who are returning to you will not be the same care-free fellows who went away from you. In spirit they will be total strangers to their old selves. An awakening has come over us—no man can go through this life and not be a bigger and deeper man for having had the experience. Ideals are nobler, lives purer and bodies cleaner. Homes will be brighter and ties of love truer for it

all. The loved ones at home shall not have waited in vain. Men are finding themselves and in finding themselves are finding God again. Perhaps they do not say as much in words, but in their lives they are determined to follow Him as the Captain of their Salvation. Over here it is that God becomes very near and real to each one of us. I am thinking of H. G. Wells' book, "God, the Invisible King." God *shall rule*. The ideals for which we struggle are His and by His might they shall triumph.

Have I bored you? When one gets started on his experience in the Army, he doesn't know when to stop. To us these things are prime. Surely you have followed us and understand. One of my highest aspirations is to do justice to the traditions of Butler, as I am the only former Butler student in my regiment. How I long for the day when I can again tread her halls."

SAMUEL H. SHANK, '92:

PALERMO, ITALY, January 30, 1919.

As requested, I am sending my "War Service Record," which seems little in the way of War service, but it was the fate of all men in the Consular Service, even of those subject to the Draft, that the Government would not allow them to resign and go into the military service. I think that all men in our Service felt that they were doing little to help win the war, but there was nothing to do but to be content to "do our bit" as best we could. Sickness last summer compelled me to leave my post and go North and that gave me an opportunity to do a little work for the Y. M. C. A. Had the war continued it is probable that I should have gotten leave to go into the "Y" work, as they were in need of men.

When the refugees came from the invaded parts of Northern Italy we did some work for the Red Cross until they were organized: but when we reached the Front and saw what the various organizations were doing and saw what the soldiers were going through, anything at home seemed insignificant. But, as I said when speaking to the soldiers, they need not think that they were not accomplishing much because they were being kept in camp, or perhaps sent to guard supplies, for if these things were not neces-

sary they would not be ordered to do them ; that one thing was just as important as another and that they were serving the cause just as much at a telephone station in the rear as if they were "going over the top." So I have tried to do my work in a way that would help the cause as best it might.

My wife and I had a very interesting experience in October, visiting the Y. M. C. A. huts along the Front. We were entertained for three days at the headquarters of General Fara, near Treviso, where we had a visit from an enemy aeroplane one evening. We attended a review of 15,000 bersagliere, many of whom were decorated by General Paoline. The same day we visited the Second Battalion of the 332nd Regiment of Americans, which was just ready to go into the trenches. Major Everson of this battalion is a Baptist minister from Cincinnati and a graduate of Franklin. One evening we dined with General Gandolfo, who drove the Austrians back across the Piave last June after they had gained a foothold on the right bank. Later we spent four days with General Di Giorgio, near the foot of Mount Grappa. From his headquarters we visited all of the region from Montebelluna to Bassano and had an opportunity to visit some of our Ambulance Corps. We found the Oberlin Unit in an old church out in the country near Asolo, where Browning used to live. We were in Cornuda a few hours after a shell had burst and brought away a piece of it as a souvenir. There is not a whole house left standing, as there had not been a day for six months when a shell had not landed there. We also got a telephone captured from the Austrians when they were on the Montello.

After this we went to Verona where were the "Y" headquarters for the American forces in Italy and from there visited the camp and hospitals. The 332nd Regiment had its camp at Vallegio, about fifteen miles from Verona, where we visited the men. I had the pleasure of addressing the men in the camps and hospitals and Mrs. Shank later gave concerts wherever there were any American soldiers. All of them spoke most highly of the treatment they had received in Italy and said they liked it much better than France because it was so much cleaner.

While here we had the opportunity to visit the Front again. The first day was spent going up above Schio and up Mount Campogrosso near Mount Passubio where was some of the most bitter fighting of the war. We dined with General Zamboni, who took us to a mountain which his men had captured at the beginning of the war. Taking advantage of a rain, five men had crept up the mountain side and surprised a sentinel whom they killed, while the others ran away believing that the Italians were there in force. The wonderful roads which the Italians have built up the side of these mountains are some of the finest engineering feats accomplished during the war. The "teleferriche" (aerial railways) were marvelous and were used for transporting ammunition, supplies, wood and men when occasion necessitated.

The next day we ascended Mount Altissimo, above Ala, and visited the Czech-Slovak camp where there were 15,000 Bohemian soldiers under command of General De Vita. On our return we stopped in Ala to see a house which had been hit by an Austrian shell that morning and we picked up some of the balls which lay on the floor where the bomb had landed. These were shells from the enemy trenches some six or eight miles away. We had been up where we could see across the valley to Rovretto, which was back of the enemies' lines. One part of the road over which we went up the mountain had been absolutely destroyed a couple of weeks before by a shell which apparently had come down the side of the mountain. The only remnant of the sentinel at that place was a part of his little finger.

I think the thing that struck me most was the lack of the appearance of war back of the lines. The peasants were working as if there had never been a war in the country and seemed as unconcerned about the enemy as if he were a thousand miles away. One woman said she had never left her house, even when the Austrians were arriving at the Piave and it was not known whether they would be stopped there or not. For months the shells had fallen on all sides of her place, but she went calmly about her work and had never been hurt.

The nonchalance of the Arditi was marvelous. One evening we met three camions full of these men, who were singing and laughing as if they were going to a ball, but the General said they were going to make a night attack and the chances were that half of them would never return.

But you have read of these things innumerable times, so I shall not repeat them.

XERXES SILVER, '14:

COMPANY D., HEADQUARTERS BRIGADE, FRANCE, Jan. 11, 1919.

No, I haven't been hiding from my Alma Mater for the past eighteen months. I've just been an awfully busy youngster and really had no time to think about anything but war and the other fellow's troubles. You can judge for yourself what kind of a life the most of the boys have been leading during the past year or so. It hasn't been a life of idleness, as far as I am concerned. I have worked as much as sixty-six days in succession, from seven in the morning until ten p. m. Last Sunday was the second Sunday I have had for myself since my entry into service in September, 1917, and I used that day to wash and dry my clothes, which under the circumstances was much more of a religious task than you can imagine. I've come to the conclusion that if a fellow can wash his own clothes and not swear, he has successfully overcome a temptation that is seldom experienced by a civilian.

Yes, we are glad this war is over and that there is no more bloodshed. All of us have gone through a lot of things, have experienced much that will be of value to us in the future, but I'd hate to do it all over again. We all would love to be back home across the sea, but we realize that the problem of demobilization is almost as large a task as that of mobilizing an army. Some day we will come and then we will wear a smile that won't rub off, for we dare anybody to say that old Butler never did her share in this war.

Oh, yes! I imagine now that you are wondering what I've been doing in the Army. I haven't been anything except a cog in the wheel in the management of the Army's personnel. My work has

been mainly along sociological lines, that of placing men where they were best fitted for the efficiency of the Army.

I am enclosing the Butler College Service Record all filled out and I'll tell you this as my final statement, "We are proud of our old College and of those who represent the Blue and White." I've lost some dear friends in this war, but it's not hard to see your boys die, when they do it fighting for what is right and for the loved ones back home. Death wasn't the hardest thing to meet over here. The boys thought far less about death than they did about things they went through without a murmur. God bless each of you who stands for what Butler represents and for what she means to us.

W. O. CONWAY, ex-'14:

KHAKI COLLEGE, WITLEY CAMP, SURREY, December 31, 1918.

I have often regretted that I strayed away from Butler's halls to others, but have always entertained lively sentiments for my real Alma Mater.

For my war work allows me to say I am most proud of my resigned commission as an American officer, which I gave up to insure my seeing service overseas. My loss of identity in that great army is only compensated in the honor of fellowship with my Canadian brethren whose war record is one of singular note and honor. The loss of the acclaim and distinction of rank was overbalanced in the satisfaction of real service of which otherwise I would have been deprived.

My return to civilian life may be delayed by this bit of "after war construction" work which I have taken up for the Khaki College. I am in charge of matriculation work during the process of demobilization. It is yet "service" and I can well offer it in the light of the privilege Canada gave me.

GEORGE N. CORNELIUS, '20:

POLCH, GERMANY, December 28, 1918.

I am only too glad to fill out the paper you sent. Now as to the battles I have been in, etc., I don't know. You see I have just been one of the boys that came over to help Uncle Sam, therefore only doing my little bit. When arriving in France I was a member of

Battery E, 150th F. A. I spent six months with them on the front, being in all three of the German offensives in the spring of 1918, and having the good fortune of being attached to General Gourard's army before Chalons-sur-Marne on July 14th, 1918, also on the Marne the 19th and 20th of July.

When the armistice was signed I had just joined the 18th F. A. regular army, being in time for the last of the battle in the Argonne. Was at Ciereges and crossed the river at Dun-sur-Meuse. When the war ended I was with the battery in position near Murvaus, France. From there we hiked into Germany by way of Verdun, Metz and Briey, Frier, Limmeru, Obervesel am Rhine, Coblenz and at present we are in Polch.

I am looking forward to returning soon to the good old U. S. A., and when there expect to see Butler as it was when I left. I have received quite a few Quarterlies since being in France and I want to say that I certainly do appreciate them.

I hope everything at Butler is in tip-top shape and I am looking forward to the homecoming.

JOHN PAUL RAGSDALE, ex-'12:

NIEDERBREISIG, GERMANY, January 9, 1919.

You ask me to tell in sections something of our life and doings over here. My sections may not be connected. That, however, may be explained by the fact that my blessed old regiment has been in so many stunts that it is hard to remember them in the order of their happening.

I well remember my first relief of trenches up in Lorraine. (What a perilous job we thought, little seeing what was before us in the months to come.) My company—the Machine Gun Co.—left Neufmaisons, a small town about five kilometers back of the lines about 3:30 a. m., the relief to be completed before daylight. It had been raining for several days, and we were to take a trail through the woods to avoid any possible observation. My platoon was about five minutes behind the platoon ahead, just enough to see the gun ahead of us. The night was as black as the proverbial

ace of spades, so that one could hardly distinguish the form of a man thirty meters ahead.

I had men out ahead to keep contact with those in front, which prevented my becoming lost. But they neglected to warn me of the mudholes. So every few yards it was necessary to halt and have the men help the poor mules get the carts out of holes. And only the day before Fritz had shelled that trail heavily. This thought constantly preyed on our minds. By dint of much labor—and I must confess I fear the language used would not have sounded at all well—we reached the trenches. The trenches! What would they look like? Would we have a safe dugout? Those are only a few of the questions asked.

A grizzled old French "sergeant" approached. "*Venez avec moi, mon lieutenant,*" said he, saluting. I often wondered why he didn't suggest "*suivez moi*" as being more to the point, but he probably had a very poor idea of my French. Professor Greene never would have doubted that fact. I was for leaving my carts and mules behind, thinking the trip dangerous, but the sergeant insisted otherwise, so we started out—not toward the trenches, but across the open fields and up a hillside.

We got about half way up the hill, the sergeant pulled aside a few bushes and showed me a trench leading toward the gun positions. Here the men unloaded the guns and ammunition, while the sergeant explained the situation. It seemed these four guns were what we afterward learned to call "sacrifice guns." We were not to start firing on a barrage call, until the Boche would be actually in sight, which would mean that our infantry was retiring and we were to stay there protecting the retirement. What a pleasant prospect! But that, I thought, that's what a machine gun is for.

It is sufficient to say in closing that it was never necessary to open defensive fire from my guns while we were there. But you can imagine, in our then uneducated state, what pictures rose up before us.

The Quarterly has received its first exchange magazine from abroad. "TOOT—SWEET" made its bow to the world on Janu-

ary 1, 1919. It is published by and for the Signal Corps Replacement Depot at Cour-Cheverny, Loir-et-Cher, France. If you fail to recognize the editor, tell it not in Gath!

Though difficult to make selections, it is hoped the following two will worthily illustrate the literary quality of the Paper:

It's a Great Language if You Don't Weaken

Since "Toot-Sweet" is going to represent the Signal Corps Americans in the department Loir-et-Cher, France, it necessarily is going to represent their language too, and as this language is partly American bull as she is flung and French as she is spoke, if the good people at home are to understand us we must let them into the secret of our vocabulary. Here's most of the French part of it, spelling, pronunciation and all:

TOUT DE SUITE (toot-sweet) meaning "right away" when the French say it to you—that is, from their standpoint; and "some time this week" from yours, particularly if you're in a hurry,

COMPRIS? (com-*pree*) is French for "Do you get me?" If you do not, you say "Pas compris." The French say that to us—even when we talk French to them! The "s" in "pas" is silent—as in dollar mark.

BEAUCOUP (bo-koo) means "great gobs." To be beaucoup hungry is to be as hungry as nine hundred dollars and to have "beaucoup francs" is to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Anything "beaucoup" is at least plenty and usually too dadbusted much. We have had "beaucoup rain" over here—and

BEAUCOUP DE BOUE (bo-kood boo). Boue is the soil of France in its fluid and ordinary state and "beaucoup" in this instance means a lot of things that we are too polite—and careful—to print.

BILLET (bill-it) can be an attic reached from the street by means of a rustic ladder, a cellar, an abandoned brickyard or a stable, inhabited by soldiers and other cherished animals. Generally the other animals are tame and must be associated with coldly in order that they shall not become too familiar and affectionate.

DINER (dee-nay) is a square meal, consisting mostly of soup, soup, beaucoup soup and vin. It takes place in the evening as in the best regulated families in the magazines. Sometimes it costs beaucoup francs.

FINIE (fee-neesh) means "it's all sold out" or "he's gone." They say "finie" to you in the stores, where you go to buy something you need awful bad—like chocolate and cream puffs; and they say "Gus finie" around at Friend Gus' billet when you go hunting him and he's out "policing up" somewhere.

FRANCS (franks) is French for two-bits and American for "overseas money."

MAMAN (ma-mong) The French spell it with the "N" but it's all the same. When Mademoiselle says it she means her mother. Since "maman" usually sticks around, when we say it we mean something else again.

OUI (wee) Just this and no more means "yes."

OUI, OUI, OUI, OUI, OUI (same pronunciation) means "absolutely." The French sing it. You can tell by the tune they use whether their dignity is offended or whether they're just trying to convince you that they mean it.

VIN (van) as everyone who can read—or taste—can clearly see, is "short" for vinegar. It is used as a substitute for water.

PAS BON (par-bone) means "no good." Cooties are "pas bon" by common consent.

* * *

Chateau Chambord—Rendez-vous of Kings

The newly arrived rookie who wrote home from this area that he was billeted in a village "entirely surrounded by chateaux" didn't miss the mark very far, even though he was counting everything with more than five rooms. Along and near the river Loire are many of the finest castles of France. Among these, Chateau Chambord, situated east of the city of Blois and near the village of Bracieux, may be reckoned one of the very first, both in size and historical interest.

After the soldier is told this immense pile of stone, containing more than 400 rooms, was used by the royal family for two hundred years only in the most casual way he will be ready to admit that the kings had "pretty fair billets in their day." King Francis I had the chateau built in 1526.

To make sure that the common people didn't monkey around the castle, shooting rabbits and littering up the lawn, King Francis had a stone wall built around the place. The wall is twenty miles long and encloses a forest park of 15,000 acres. The chateau is in the center of this park. The nobility could enter it through one of

the large gates, but any peasant who wanted a little venison or rabbit meat for dinner had to climb over the wall. If caught in the act he was given K. P. for two weeks, or shot at sunrise, or something unpleasant like that. This made it clublike for the king and nobles.

King Francis had 1,800 workmen on the job but they must have belonged to the mediæval I. W. W. When he died they were still puttering around and it was twelve years before the work was finished. King Henri II, who succeeded to the throne, had some additions made to the castle but stayed away from Chambord himself because the climate gave him chills and fever.

During one of his brief visits to the chateau, however, a treaty was concluded there with the German princes (1552) which gave France the cities of Cambrai, Metz, Toul and Verdun, of bloody memory.

Henry IV was another king who didn't spend much time around Chambord. He thought the place was too far from Paris. A number of American soldiers have recently made the same complaint.

The marshal of Saxony received the castle as a gift from King Louis XV in 1748 and business began to pick up. There hadn't been much policing around the place for thirteen years so his regiment of Uhlans must have been pretty busy for a few days. The marshal used to drill his professional soldiers every morning and his cognac bottles every night. It was a gay life while it lasted but one night he caught a chill on account of having been mortally wounded in a duel in the moat. He died a few days later.

During the revolution, in 1793, the chateau was visited by a mob which swiped the mess kits, soap boxes, bed ticks and other bits of furniture, tore up the floors, broke the windows and otherwise expressed their disapproval of royalty. They wanted to destroy the castle completely, but when somebody said it would cost a hundred thousand francs the revolutionary committee died of heart failure and the project was abandoned.

In 1815 the castle was rented to an English colonel for two years, for 800 dollars a year. He lived in the clock tower and entertained his friends with hunting and fishing.

Its days of vicissitude reached an end in 1820. At a time when the castle was to have been sold at public auction, by order of the State, a popular subscription was taken and the chateau was purchased for 300,000 dollars and presented to the infant son of the Duchess of Berry. As the Duke of Bordeaux, Count of Chambord and the last of the Bourbons, Chateau Chambord remained in his possession sixty-two years. After his death it became the property of his two children and later of his grandchildren.

The count of Chambord, as a claimant to the throne of France, spent most of his life in exile. From foreign lands he directed the management of the estate, and it was not until July 3, 1871, that he was able to visit the castle in person and see the property for the first time. The count was accorded an enthusiastic reception. At about this time the chateau was furnished with tapestries made by the Royalist ladies of France and was restored in a considerable degree.

In 1875 Count Chambord was to have been crowned by his supporters as Henry V of France, and elaborate arrangements were made for the event, even to the construction of carriages of state which are still on exhibition in the castle. But when everything had been completed for the ceremony the count declined the honor, because he could not accept the tri-color of France in place of the white flag of the Bourbons. The last of the Bourbons again left France, and died in Austria in 1883.

The last private owner of Chateau Chambord, a descendant of the Count of Chambord, was an Austrian subject, and an officer in the Austrian army at the outbreak of the war. France sequestered the estate, as the property of an enemy alien, and it now belongs to the state.

Chateau Chambord presents an imposing spectacle, from whatever side it is approached. The building is four stories in height and is surmounted by six large towers. At each corner is a main tower 60 feet in diameter. The buildings cover nearly five acres of ground, and are ornamented with 365 chimneys and innumerable windows.

Inside the main entrance are four wings, including two huge guard rooms. In one wing is the old cupola or lantern from the top of the building, it having been replaced with a replica when the weather threatened its destruction. The hunting boat, mounted on wheels and used in the annual hunt, is nearby.

In another wing is a huge German tile stove brought to the chateau by the marshal of Saxony. It disappeared during the Revolution, and was found in another nobleman's billet many years afterwards.

The feature of the main hallway, or donjon, is the wonderful double staircase which winds upward four stories to the lantern tower. The courses are so designed that a person using one will not meet a party going up or down the other. This was a great convenience for the king when he came in after taps, as it gave him a fifty-fifty chance of dodging the queen.

In the dining room once used by Louis XIV and the marshal of Saxony is a park of toy artillery, presented to the young Duke of Bordeaux for his instruction in the early part of the last century. It is in perfect working order and contains all the essentials of a well-equipped artillery organization of the time. A handsomely carved marble mantelpiece of the period of Louis XIV is found in the drawing room, and in a nearby hall used by the same king as a theater some of the original paneling of the ceiling is preserved. The revolutionists destroyed the ceilings and the wood paneling in most of the other rooms.

A huge bed, large enough for a squad of soldiers, is found in the old bedroom of Louis XIV. It was constructed for the Count of Chambord and was to have been used by him when he became Henry V. Even a king, with the uneasy conscience that royalty is supposed to possess, could turn over in this bed many times without rolling off on the floor.

The promenade of the castle is on the roof. It runs around the entire building and is 328 yards in length. From the promenade a fine view of the park, forest and surrounding country can be obtained.

(Footnote: "Here's one more journalistic effort, born of nothing deeper than ennui, and existing for no other purpose than to help pass away the time that hangs heavily on our hands. It is produced under difficulties, its imperfections are paramount. * * * If you survive the shock of this first 'TOOT-SWEET,' I shall be pleased to send succeeding issues."

Bracieux, France.

Sgt. B. W. LEWIS, '15.)

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

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Entered as second-class matter, March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97; First Vice-President, William G. Irwin, '89; Second Vice-President, Lieutenant Justus W. Paul, '15; Treasurer, Carl Van Winkle, '14.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Butler's "New Era"

A general feeling has for many months permeated the College atmosphere to the effect that something new and vital is brewing in Butler's councils; indeed, President Howe has made public references which substantiate the impression. For a long time the present plant has been lamentably inadequate, the housing too confined and the equipment too meagre. Only by dint of the laborious effort of a faculty eager to compensate by the character of its work for the poverty of the institution has the standing of the College steadily risen in favor. This situation, however, can not continue indefinitely. The War interrupted the plans of the Board of Directors that such situation should not continue indefinitely; but now a vigorous endeavor is on foot to bring to an issue the result of dreams and efforts and prayers. It is hoped that not later than Commencement the definite announcement of plans will be made to the alumni and the general public.

This, however, may now be said, that the Board of Directors has committed itself to a program which includes a change or enlarge-

ment of site and the raising of one million dollars. Committees are in process of appointment who will marshal the enterprise.

There is every encouragement for the new plan, great task though it be. It will require the mobilization of all forces that have touched the College, of all the effort and thought and wisdom of those who have gone forth from her far-reaching influence. It is not an undertaking to shrink from, or to take up half-heartedly. It is a splendid opportunity to face and to embrace with mind and soul; a very real chance to do something for others in the age and spirit in which Butler men have been giving themselves to country, to humanity, to God!

* * *

Therefore, we call upon the Alumni Association to awaken to a fuller and gladder appreciation of its possibilities. It is not with a desire to overcast the bright outlook that an appeal is made to those who have gone out from the College halls, but from a desire to accomplish some of the many things open to a vitally interested Alumni body.

Not 40 per cent of the graduates are active members of the Alumni Association—active to the extent of paying an annual fee of one dollar into the treasury, active to the extent of returning to the College on her festival occasions or on her days of plain ordinary routine, active to the extent of sending items of interest to the Quarterly, or of lending a hand in the compilation of the War Record, or of expressing interest in any of innumerable forms. The very life of the Quarterly is endangered because of an inability to meet the expense of printing it. There is apparently not a dollar's worth of College news in it, or a dollar's worth of loyalty in some Alumni hearts.

At this turning-point of College history, there is need of the manifestation of every grain of feeling for the Alma Mater. There are many other ways than by paying an annual fee of one dollar, and every way is valuable.

It was hoped there might be organized in certain centers where enough students, past and present, would justify it, a yearly meeting—a meeting to keep awake in the hearts of former students a

loyalty, as well as to awaken in prospective students' hearts an interest. Two such occasions were held, in Greenfield and in Chicago, and delightful they were to the members of the Faculty who attended. Then, the War blackened the horizon and rightly were thoughts given to momentous considerations. Now that the clouds are lifting, is it not possible to continue the hopeful beginning, and this spring to hold Butler reunions where are as many former students as in Kokomo, Martinsville, Greenfield, Columbus, Chicago, and other places? On such occasions members of the Faculty would be pleased to co-operate. It would mean more to the College than the Alumni, perhaps, appreciate. Nothing is more deadly than inactivity, than unexpressed feeling, worthy though it may be.

* * *

To stimulate the life of the Association to larger and deeper earnestness is the desire of those who have its interest at heart. To this effect the following letter has been sent out:

"We do not find your name upon the list of alumni and former students who compose the Alumni Association of Butler College, and we regret the fact. We feel it to be an oversight and therefore write to call your attention to this; or, if not an oversight, we ask you to reconsider the matter and to send in your name now for new or renewed membership.

"The College needs you; and we like to think that, wherever you are and what doing, you still need the College. She has been a good friend to you, has given much to enrich your lives in intellectual attainment, in friendships, in memories. She has been a Kind Mother and it is a matter one may regard with pride to be known as her son, as her daughter.

"Through organized form it is possible to make loyalty a larger and more effective force than through individual expression; and, therefore, we call upon every student who has lived within the old walls to join our ranks to make the Association a more vital power in the life of the College and of the whole community of Indianapolis. For the sake of pleasure, of pride, of personal obligation

to a high idea of gratitude and service, we ask you to become members of the Butler College Alumni Association.

“The annual membership is one dollar, for which amount all publications issued by the Association, including the Butler Alumni Quarterly, are sent.”

Founder's Day

On the evening of February 7, at the Columbia Club, occurred the celebration of Founder's Day. The date fell this year unfortunately in the inter-semester vacation, so fewer undergraduates than usual were present, but more Alumni of all classes. The dinner, at which one hundred and seventy-two were seated, was the sole form of observance. It was a glad occasion, made attractive by music, and lights, and flowers, and genial reunions; but most of all by the presence of so many boys in khaki. In the center of the dining room were two tables of honor: at one sat the soldiers—the guests of President Howe; at the other, Mr. Austin F. Denny, '62, and Mrs. Denny, Mr. W. W. Woollen, ex-'62, and Mrs. Woollen, Judge James L. Clark and Mrs. Clark, Mr. George C. Quick and Mrs. Quick.

The program was a real home affair and is found elsewhere in this issue.

Returned Soldiers

The discharged boys are weekly seen in increased numbers about the College buildings. With joy and pride they are greeted: some of them sadly showing the severity of their experience; others, in fine form—all appearing in splendid maturity. In every case the boy who left has returned the man, his face glowing with a fervor which only a high purpose could light. No richer possession does Butler College hold than these youths who left her halls to fight and to die. Welcome, our Heroes, welcome home!

From overseas are seen: Sergeant-Major Chester F. Barney, '20; Major Carlos W. Bonham, ex-'16; Corporal Dean W. Fuller, ex-'18; Captain Richard George, ex-'14; Corporal Donald McGavran, '20;

Sergeant DeForest O'Dell, '20; Corporal Frank Sanders, '19; Gunner's Mate Harney Stover, '21; Musician Claude Sumner, '21; Lieutenant Fred Wagoner, '19; Corporal Ed Wagoner, '20; Musician Edwin Whitaker, '21.

From home service are seen: Lieutenant Charles B. Davis, ex-'08; Lieutenant Jacob Doelker, '19; Lieutenant Henry Jameson, '19; Lieutenant Harry B. Perkins, '19; Private Price Mullane, '20; Hiram B. Seward, ex-'16; Lieutenant Eugene M. Sims, '19; Lieutenant John Wamsley, '22; Sergeant Merrill Jay Woods, '20.

Of the above, fourteen have returned to complete their course.

A Loan Fund

A fund of \$878.35, which will be known as the 139th Field Artillery student loan fund, has been turned over to Butler College by Colonel Robert L. Moorhead, a former student, who was the commanding officer of the 139th. The money was part of the regimental fund that had not been expended when the organization was mustered out of service. Many Butler men were in the regiment, especially in Battery F.

The fund will be used for loans to members of the 139th or their immediate relatives who attend college and need to borrow money to help them through school.

Enrollment for Present Semester

Men, 141; women, 276; total, 417.

New men, 18; new women, 15; returned soldiers, 14; returned S. A. T. C., 59.

Memorial Day

Attention of the readers of the Quarterly is called to the increasingly more worthy observance of Memorial Day. And well it is that Butler College should stop and pay tribute to her sons who in '61 sprang to the defense of the Union even, in some instances, at the cost of their young and beautiful lives.

A nobler address has not rung through the campus than that

of last year made by the Rev. A. B. Philputt. This year it is hoped that one equally fine may again inspire the College audience. The speaker has not yet been appointed, but a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend the exercises of May 30.

Commencement

The program of Commencement week opens as usual with the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday afternoon, June 8, at 4 o'clock, in the Chapel, and closes with the graduating exercises on the following Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Added to the usual program will be a new and impressive feature—the welcoming back of the soldier-students. It is hoped that more alumni and former students will return than ever before, not only to add by their presence to the full and happy week, but also to show appreciation of Butler's great service to the world in her noble part taken in the war. Then, it is a crisis in College history and the time for the expression of all the College patriotism felt. So plan to come home in June.

The golden celebration falls to the class of 1869, whose unstarred names are three: Chauncey Butler, Indianapolis; Thomas J. Byers, Franklin, Indiana; Henry Jameson, M.D., Indianapolis.

The silver anniversary will be held by the class of 1894, every member of which is living. To this class belong: Charles E. Baker, John W. Barnett, Edwin W. Brickert, George G. Bruer, Miss Rose Elliott, Mrs. Mary Galvin Davidson, Miss Clara Goe, George E. Hicks, Mrs. Emma Johnson Davis, Mrs. Isabella Moore Miller, Mrs. Ora Murray Hodges, Charles A. Riley, Charles A. Stevens, Miss Anna Stover, Miss Edith Surber, Mrs. Myrtle Van Sickle Reagan.

The Supper Committee for the Alumni Reunion on Wednesday evening, as appointed last June, is: Mrs. Edith Keay Fowler, '99, chairman; Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, '84, Mrs. Florence Holbrook Wallace, '08, Mrs. Walter Kessler, '95, and Mrs. Anne Hughes Wilkinson, '07.

The Faculty Club

You who see the Faculty only in academic garb on state occasions, or who visit only semi-occasionally their recitation rooms, do not

know the Faculty. You who perchance may even be guests at a regular meeting of the august Faculty Club and hear learned discussion of philosophy, or mathematics, or science, or literature, do not know the Faculty. If you would really know the Butler College Faculty, you must see it at its "little yearly lovesome frolic feast" when it is off duty. Then our Faculty scintillates.

On February 21, the Faculty Club held its annual supper at the home of Professor and Mrs. Coleman. Over the post-prandial feast Professor Johnson presided. He announced the character of the program when he said it would be a "Contest of Wit between the Men and the Women." The numbers were:

Piano Duet, Mrs. Johnson and Professor Bretz.

The most impossible story, Professor Coleman and Miss Siever.

Vocal Solo, Mrs. Means and Mr. Means.

Debate: "Affirmed, That the Owl Has Been a Greater Blessing to Humanity than the 'Possum." On the affirmative side of the question spoke Professor Gelston, in Latin; Professor Bretz, in Spanish; Professor Greene, in French; Professor Baumgartner, in German; Professor McGavran, in Urdu; Professor Hall, in Hebrew. On the negative side spoke Miss Weaver in Greek; Mrs. McGavran, in Hindi; Miss Graydon, in Hawaiian; Miss Butler, in Irish.

The Men's Orchestra, directed by Professor Putnam, was the next number. The program concluded with the appearance of the Women's Orchestra under leadership of Mrs. Baumgartner.

As the wind and blackness of a fierce night are at times followed by the quiet and sunshine of returning day; so, the next morning saw this body of men and women, grave and serene, take up their daily tasks.

Personal Mention

Major Carlos W. Bonham, ex-'16, called at the College with his wife en route to assignment at Camp Taylor.

Luther E. Sellers, '91, has returned to his home in Indianapolis after ten months service in Y. M. C. A. work in England and France.

Miss Mabel Felt, '15, has retired from the Indianapolis Y. W. C. A. to engage in overseas service. She sails for France about April 1.

Mrs. Maria Reynolds Ford, formerly of the Spanish department of the College of Missions, has left Italy on the Balkan Commission for South Servia, where civilian relief will be her work.

Carl H. Barnett, '10, has taken charge of the Oak Cliff Christian Church at Dallas, Texas. Mr. Barnett called in Indianapolis on February 22, looking well and cheerful.

Lieutenant Arch A. Brown, '21, since his honorable discharge from the army, has engaged in business at Transylvania, Louisiana, in connection with the lumber firm of Brown & Hackney, Inc.

Robert Ralph Batton, ex-'12, was discharged as 2nd Lieutenant F. A. in December, and returned to Wabash, Indiana, where he is practicing law under the firm name of Eikenbarry and Batton.

The increased membership of the Sixth Christian Church over which J. Ray Fife, a former student, presides, makes it necessary to erect a new building. This structure will cost about \$30,000 and will be placed at the corner of Woodlawn avenue and Olive street.

Three of our returned boys are still in the hospital: Dean W. Fuller of 139th F. A. and Edwin F. Whitaker of 150th F. A. at Fort Benjamin Harrison; Edward S. Wagoner of 150th F. A. at Camp Sherman.

Charles D. Bowles, ex-'80, returned to the College for a brief visit. In company with his classmate, Hilton U. Brown, he wandered about the old building, recalling teachers and students and happenings which have never passed from memory. Mr. Bowles

is now living in Des Moines. It is hoped that he will return again in no distant time to the Campus.

Clay Trusty, '08, for twelve years pastor of the Seventh Christian Church, has received a life call from his congregation. Mr. Trusty became pastor of the church after graduating from Butler. Since that time more than 1,300 members have been added to the church, and improvements amounting to \$25,000, which included the building of a large community house and educational building.

All Irvington was interested in the reunion of the Wagoner family on January 26, when the three sons returned from service. Among the first to arrive at the happy home to welcome the boys was Mr. Hilton U. Brown. The soldier brothers were last in Indianapolis together on August 1, 1917, shortly after which Fred and Edward left for France with the 150th F. A., Rainbow Division. Corporal Edward Wagoner was with the headquarters company of the 150th until he was wounded at Chateau-Thierry, account of which has been given in the Quarterly of October, 1918. Fred Wagoner received a lieutenant's commission at the Namur school in France and has since been with the 157th F. A. "I didn't have the luck Ed and Fritz had," said Lieutenant Clifford Wagoner, when he spoke of the fact that he had not reached France.

Congressman Merrill Moores, ex-'76, has been elected as one of two delegates from the House of Representatives to the inter-parliamentary union, an organization of representatives of the governing bodies of all the republics of the world. The union will meet in Stockholm. Mr. Moores expects to attend.

Lieutenant Dallas Myrle Smith, ex-'16, after honorable discharge, reached his home in Indianapolis in January. In June he had been sent back as instructor to Columbia, S. C., where he was in charge of instruction of five hundred first and second lieutenants, and also in superintendence of the construction of the reproduction of the sector he had been in in France. His souvenirs, his pictures taken before the censorship of pictures, his talk, are most interesting. "Did you ever doubt the outcome?" "No," he replied hesitatingly, "because I believed in God; but I did not see when I left in June how it was going to come about."

Lieutenant John L. Glendenning, M. C., of the class of '18, has sailed for Siberia, under orders to join the American forces in the far east. He is one of about fifty physicians now serving in the army that have been selected by the surgeon-general to join the American troops there. Lieutenant Glendenning graduated from the Indiana University School of Medicine in 1918, and last August received a commission in the medical corps. He was first assigned to the base hospital at Camp Meade, Maryland, and later was transferred to Camp Eustis, Virginia.

Memorial services for the five members of the fraternity who died in the service were held in the Gamma Chapter House of Phi Delta Theta on January 29. The men in whose memory the services were held were Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Robert E. Kennington, Henry R. Leukhardt, Marvin F. Race and James H. Wilson. All the men lived in Indianapolis, all except Marvin Race, were active members, and all except James Wilson belonged to Indiana Gamma. Alumni from all over the State attended the exercises. Several musical numbers were given, following which were beautiful talks by Claris Adams, ex-'10, on "The Five Who Went West," and by Albert Seaton on "The Great Philosopher's Stone."

It is pleasant to hear from our friend, Colonel Henry I. Raymond, ex-'78, and to know of his kindly remembrance of the old days. We are glad, too, to know of his record, which is herewith given, taken from the Army and Navy Journal: Commissioned First Lieutenant, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army, October, 1881; early service in Arizona on Indiana campaign; went with General George Crook's command to the Mexican border as its Senior Medical Officer; commissioned Colonel in the Medical Corps in 1915. The greater part of his service was spent at frontier posts and in the field and on foreign service. He has served nearly seven years in the Philippines. During the Spanish-American war he served in the 3d, 5th, and 8th Army Corps, and in 1889 was Chief Surgeon of Lawton's Division in the Philippines. His contributions to medical literature include early papers on "Treatment of Gunshot Wounds, 1882," etc.; his essay on "What Is the Most Effective Organization of the American National Red Cross for

War, etc.," and open to competition the world over, received first honorable mention in the Enno Saunder Price Contest for 1907. He is authorized to wear the Indian Campaign badge and the Philippine Campaign badge.

Sergeant James H. Hibben, '21, is at home looking the worse for the varied and severe excitement of the past months. We would expect "Jim" to have all the harrowing experiences possible and yet to turn up alive; and so it has been. He was serving in the secret service department and doing important governmental work at the time he was wounded. He was not only bodily wounded, but seriously gassed. His eyes were severely injured and for some time he was totally blind. Upon his arrival at Newport News he was critically ill with diphtheria. Probably no Butler man has seen or experienced a greater variety of warfare within five months than Sergeant Hibben. We are glad to have him safely back, and hope in time he will gain complete recovery.

It is pleasant to note in a report sent from the United States Naval Auxiliary Reserve, New York, to Senator Harry S. New, the following information concerning Joseph Henry Seyfried, '21: "He was assigned to the S. S. *El Alba*, Southern Pacific steamship, on December 16, 1918, and made two trips between New York and Galveston, completing his first trip on January 2, 1919, and his second trip on January 23, 1919. On the completion of his first trip I examined him on the work which he had accomplished and found him very proficient in it. When he reported in on January 23rd, at the end of his second trip, he was given a general examination covering all the preparatory work for the shore course at Pelham and made the excellent grade of 3.5 (4.0 is a perfect mark). He was ordered to the Pelham Bay Training Station on February 3rd with 164 other men where he will be for eight weeks. If he completes the shore training successfully, he will receive his commission as Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve."

Among alumni and former students who have given sons to the service are: Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown—3, Alonzo Burkhardt, Mrs. Maria Frazee Browning, Howard Cale, Judge and Mrs. Ira W. Christian, Mrs. Elizabeth Braden Caldwell—2, Judge Miles L.

Clifford, Judge Vincent G. Clifford, George H. Clarke, Fassett A. Cotton, Luke H. Findley, George Huggins, Mrs. Jane Ketcham Hibben—3, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Jameson, Edward D. Kingsbury, Rollin Kautz, Mrs. Clara Murry Mathews—3, W. S. Moffett, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Moore, Arthur W. Shoemaker, Henry S. Schell, Walter Shortridge, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Tibbott—2, A. L. Ward, Omar Wilson.

Among the guests at the Founder's Day Dinner were seen: Mr. and Mrs. Claris Adams, Miss Minnie Adams, Mrs. Samuel Ashby, Miss Mary Ashby, Mrs. Mary Geikie Adam, Professor Bruner, Miss Margaret Bruner, Henry L. Bruner, Lee Burns, Miss Mary Brown, Miss Elizabeth Bogert, Miss Evelyn Butler, Miss Jean Brown, Professor Baumgartner, Sgt.-Major Chester Barney, Mrs. Gladys Banes-Bradley, Miss Dorothy Beard, Miss Hope Bedford, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brayton, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Creighton, Barton C. Cole, Professor and Mrs. Coleman, Judge and Mrs. James Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cunningham, Judge and Mrs. Vincent Clifford, Miss Catherine Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dailey, Miss Urith Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. Austin F. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Day, Miss Dillan, Paul Draper, Miss Dorothy Forsyth, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fillmore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Fowler, Mrs. E. M. Greene, Miss Katharine M. Graydon, Miss Ellen D. Graydon, Miss Jane Graydon, Mrs. Ellen Graham George, Mrs. Graham, Professor Gelston, Mrs. Elbert Glass, Miss Margaret Griffith, Mrs. Amy Banes-Groom, Mr. Hayden, Miss Hayden, Miss Ida Hert, Miss Gertrude Hecker, Dr. Jabez Hall, Miss Hall, Dr. T. C. Howe, Miss Charlotte Howe, Miss Mae Hamilton, Mrs. I. N. Harlan, Mrs. John M. Judah, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Jameson, Lieut. Henry Jameson, Miss Lydia Jameson, Professor and Mrs. Johnson, Miss Helen Jaehne, Miss Louise Kirkly, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kautz, J. A. Kautz, Miss Gladys Lewis, Mrs. Philip Lewis, James W. Lilly, Miss Esther Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Means, Miss Anna Murphy, Mrs. Mallie J. Murphy, Sgt. Donald McGavran, Miss Grace McGavran, Miss Vera Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Willis K. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Montgomery, Robert McHatton, Charles W. Moores, Price Mullane, Mr.

and Mrs. C. E. Oldham, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Parker, Mlle. Marguerite Postaire, Mlle. Madeleine Postaire, Miss Dorothy Phillips, Professor and Mrs. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Philputt, Miss Nareie Pollitt, Miss Mary Belle Pigman, Lieut. Harry Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Quick, Mr. and Mrs. Reidenbach, Mrs. E. C. Rumpler, Miss Mary Louise Rumpler, Herbert Redding, Miss Maude Russell, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Schell, Mrs. George Stewart, Lieut. Eugene Sims, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Smith, Stanley Sellick, Everett Schofield, Mr. and Mrs. John Spiegel, Dr. Will Shimer, Dr. and Mrs. B. J. Terrell, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tharp, Miss Ruth Tharp, Miss Martha Updegraffe, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Woollen, Mr. and Mrs. Evans Woollen, Miss Corinne Welling, Miss Josephine Woolling, Miss Constance Warren, Mrs. T. A. Wagner, Miss Anna Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. White, Miss Elizabeth Weaver, Miss Florence Wood, Lieut. Fred Wagoner, Lieut. Garrison Winders, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Van Winkle, Mrs. Pierre Van Sickle, Miss Mary Zoereher.

Marriages

SOUTH-BROWNING.—On January 26th, at the home of the bride in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Walter N. South and Miss Gladys Louise Browning, ex-'18. Mr. South, recently returned from Italy, is now stationed at Pelham Bay, New York, where he has taken his bride.

CHALIFOUR-BREADHEFT.—On January 31, at St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., were married Sergeant George LeRoy Chalifour and Miss Jessie Gant Breadheft, '13. Sergeant Chalifour is stationed in Washington, where he and Mrs. Chalifour are at home.

SCHMELZ-ARBAUGH.—On March 20, at the home of the bride in Irvington, were married Corporal John Henry Schmelz and Miss Ruth Arbaugh, ex-'15. Corporal and Mrs. Schmelz will make their home in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Births

THARP.—To Mr. Harold Bland Tharp, '11, and Mrs. Tharp, on August 10, in Indianapolis, a son—Carter Bland.

FARMER.—To Mr. Earl S. Farmer, '15, and Mrs. Farmer, on January 29th, at Sandusky, Ohio, a son—James Ernest.

MILLIGAN.—To Lieutenant James Milligan and Mrs. Margaret Wynn Milligan, '06, on March 3, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Mary Katherine.

HARRISON.—On February 6, in Indianapolis, to Professor and Mrs. John S. Harrison, a daughter—Virginia.

On March 20 little Virginia died. To Professor and Mrs. Harrison the Quarterly sends its sympathy in their loss.

Deaths

ANDERSON.—Dr. Thomas Butler Anderson, grandson of Ovid Butler, died at the age of fifty-four of influenza on Friday, February 7, at Fort Myers, Florida. Dr. Anderson was the only son of Nettie Butler and Captain Marion T. Anderson whose marriage occurred during the Civil War. The mother died when her child was scarcely a year old and the boy, known among Indianapolis friends as Tom Anderson, spent much of his boyhood at his grandfather's home. He was a graduate of the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania and practiced medicine in Colorado until the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when he joined the Army, being assigned to the military hospital at Fort Myer, Virginia. Later he served in the Philippines and was severely wounded at the battle of Mindanao. He retired at the end of seven years' service with the rank of Major. His health was permanently injured by his wound and he was making his home in Florida for that reason.

BALFOUR.—Mrs. Ruth DeHass Balfour, ex-'12, died at her home

in Attlebury, Massachusetts, of pneumonia on January 15, and was buried from her birthplace in Princeton, Ohio.

Mrs. Balfour, who had lived in Attlebury since 1913, was a kind, loyal friend of Butler College, visiting it on each return to Indianapolis, always interested in it and its outlook. These two characteristics of kindness and loyalty marked her. She was an enthusiastic member of the Phi Beta Phi sorority.

DAILEY.—Mr. Charles Dailey, father of B. F. Dailey, '87, and of Mrs. Emma Dailey Bradfield, a former student, died at his home on a farm near Clinton, Indiana, on March 5, in his eighty-third year. The Quarterly expresses its appreciation of the loneliness and sadness which follow in such separation, and sends its sympathy to all members of the family.

A long and honored life has ended here to continue Elsewhere. The things which hindered and which hurt have been laid aside. Even those who will miss him most must feel

“Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

GONGWER.—Mrs. Clara Minniek Gongwer, a former student, wife of Elton A. Gongwer, '88, died last September at Washington, D. C., and was buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington. To Mr. Gongwer and his family the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy.

“Clara Minniek Gongwer spent her early life at Dora, Wabash County, Indiana. She first attended school in a little schoolhouse on her father's farm, and later went to the graded school at Dora, taught by Arthur Kautz, where her companions were her brother, John, the two Falls, John and Charles, Rollin Kautz and Avery Williams, all later students of Butler College.

“Her marriage to Elton A. Gongwer was the result of a college romance. The Gongwers lived for a time in Cleveland and then removed to Washington, where they made a permanent home. At first they lived in the city, but they were attracted to the country,

and, in time, acquired a place near Washington from which Mr. Gongwer went daily to the city for the practice of law.

“The writer of this appreciation knew Clara Minnick from her earliest childhood through all her relationships to life and he never knew her to do an ungentle or an ungenerous act. At the outbreak of the war she was not in robust health and her concern for her husband, her son, and her son-in-law, all in France, was said to have been the cause of her breakdown, resulting in her death.

“ ‘The thought of past years doth breed in me perpetual benediction’ that it has been given me to have touch with many lives which have been simple and kind and wholesome, gentle but not weak, unassuming but not ineffectual, counting all the graces of mind and heart. Such was Clara Minnick Gongwer.”

HANDY.—Mrs. Ethel Handy, wife of Clifford Handy, ex-'15, died at a hospital in Cincinnati, on March 2, and was buried from her home in Indianapolis, in Crown Hill. To the young husband the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy.

KINDER.—Charles Lawrence Kinder, ex-'09, was killed near the Speedway in Indianapolis on September 22, 1918, in an aeroplane accident in which Captain Hammond, a British pilot, was killed also. The plane was returning from Greenfield after a flight to stimulate the Liberty Loan Drive and Captain Hammond had invited Lieutenant Pickett, home on furlough, and Mr. Kinder to accompany him to the Speedway. This belated notice of the tragic occurrence which shocked a community is regretted; it is due to the fact that the alumni secretary did not know of Mr. Kinder's connection with Butler College until a search for the military service of former students revealed the fact.

Of his friend and townsman, John F. Mitchell, Jr., '06, wrote in *The Hancock Democrat* of September 26, 1918:

“Lawrence Kinder, since leaving Butler College, has been associated with his father in the garage business in this city. He had been faithful to his duty and had built up one of the most successful firms in the retail section of the city. Since the war he has made repeated attempts to get into the aero branch of the service, as he was greatly interested in aeroplanes and flying. He was con-

sidered an expert with automobiles from a technical standpoint and it was predicted that he would make a successful pilot. Unfortunately he was a few years older than the requirements in the aero branch of the service and his efforts to enlist met with little encouragement. Under a new ruling there was a chance for him to enter and at this time his papers were in Washington. Mr. Kinder had made several efforts to take a ride in an aeroplane and the opportunity only came Sunday; this was his first and last ride.

"Everybody in town knew Bud Kinder, and being of a sunny, happy disposition, he attracted people to him. Always with a smile, he greeted the patrons and friends at the garage with some pleasant word or happy remark. This is the sad part of this unfortunate accident, the realization that the pleasant associations and the joy of coming within the sphere of his happy, genial nature is at an end, for Bud Kinder is only a memory.

"Lawrence Kinder and his sister Hilda were born and reared in this city, grew up with all of the other young folks and were popular and greatly loved. Only a year ago Lawrence Kinder was married to Caroline Woerner Smith, a charming young woman, whose circle of friends is exceedingly large, and their lives had been happy. Stricken down as he was in the prime of life, with everything to live for, is indeed a tragedy.

"The entire community unites in a great outpouring of sympathy and love for the bereaved father, mother, wife and sister."

NOTTINGHAM.—Corporal Marsh W. Nottingham, '19, was killed in action while leading a party across No Man's Land on July 31, 1918. To his parents the Quarterly sends its deepest sympathy in their keen sorrow.

Corporal Nottingham was not long a student in Butler College. He enlisted in May, 1917, at the age of twenty years.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nottingham has been sent official announcement that the Distinguished Service Cross has been conferred on their son. The following citation has also been received by them:

"Corporal Marsh W. Nottingham (deceased), headquarters company, 76th field artillery. (A. S. No. 1550025). For extraordinary heroism in action near Roncheres, France, July 31, 1918. Corporal Nottingham volunteered and carried messages through the intense shelling before telephone communication was established. While leading a party to an observation post, Corporal Nottingham was killed by shell fire."

The friends of Marsh Nottingham will be grateful to read the letter written by Sergeant Pierce M. Marr, Headquarters Company, 76th Field Artillery:

“KOTTENHEIM, GERMANY, December 27, 1918.

“I was very much pleased to hear from the father of my friend Marsh. It was my plan, at the time of his death, to write to his home to notify his parents; but as we were not allowed to write about deaths, it was useless to write if I could not tell about Marsh and how he had paid the highest tribute to his family, to his country, and to his flag. His family have every reason to be proud of such a son. He died doing his duty, while carrying a valuable message to the battalion commander. Marsh and another corporal, Clarkson by name, and I were put on a detail, doing observation duty up with the infantry. We were shelled very badly and had a strangely narrow escape. We lay in a trench for half an hour with never a thought that he, Marsh, would lose his life in that very same spot on the next day at noon, the 31st day of July.

“We both went to Roncheres on the 29th and were very close to the Boche line. We had a tough time getting into the town and were sniped at by a Boche one-pounder. We took it all as a joke at the time. We had to duck into an old stone house at another time to escape a machine gunner who was that day out for big game.

“We reached a position on the outside of the town, where we watched for thirty minutes a stiff fight being put up by the 2nd Battalion of the 4th Infantry. They were left at the time in a bad plight, as the 109th Infantry, who had been holding a strong position in the near woods gave ground, leaving them to stand in and around a wheat field. It was a great fight. Every time a man moved it seemed as though a thousand machine guns opened fire instantly. There we were in the midst of it all, not knowing what sorrow the day would bring forth. Information we gathered in regard to the positions of machine guns had to get back as soon as possible to the major of our battalion, so we started back to where our telephone line was in a dug-out in the woods south of the town. We reached the place in safety, but found that the heavy shelling

during our visit forward had put our telephone out of commission. It was then your son Marsh showed what he was made of. He and Clarkner started back with the information, only getting a short way when one of the many shells coming over at the time hit them both. Marsh never knew what struck him. He lived only a short time and I know it to be a fact that he did not suffer. A piece of shell must have pierced his heart. He gave a smile to every one in life, and in death it was the same. Pale from the loss of blood, still that same big sweet smile shone on his face. He never tired of speaking of you, his father and mother, such good parents he had, he used to say. Thinking of you at the last moment brought this beautiful smile to his face, I feel sure.

“His grave is at Villadelle Farm, on the roadside, 1000 meters south of Ronche, on the road leading north from La Charmel. From Chateau Thierry on the Marne take the main road north to La Charmel, then north to Villadelle Farm. The grave is on the left side of the road across from the south end of the farmhouse—the grave of a noble soldier. You may well be proud of such a son. He received a Distinguished Service Cross. The Chaplain of the 128th Infantry was at the grave when Marsh was laid to rest. To give you the names of his friends in the company would take the whole company roll call. We boxed up his personal belongings, including the little broken banjo, and sent them to you. I hope they have safely reached you.”

RACE.—Private Marvin Francis Race, ex-'20, died in Lincoln, Nebraska, on January 26, 1919, and was buried from his home in Indianapolis, in Crown Hill. To Mr. and Mrs. Race, in the sorrow of the loss of this fine son of nineteen years, the Quarterly wishes to express an unusual sympathy.

A letter from Mrs. Race tells what others may care to know: “When war was declared Marvin wanted to enlist, but with three sons of military age, we urged him to wait until the Government said he was old enough. He eagerly took up the military training at Butler, though it meant for each morning an early start. He loved athletics, and, to help in college expenses, he worked in the

afternoons at *The News*. In fact, he was so tremendously alive that he had too many outside interests.

“The Drury Company, for which my husband and three sons travel, lost several of their young men by enlistment, and when the third time they asked Marvin to substitute and the territory lay between two older brothers, we consented. His headquarters were at the Y. M. C. A., Lincoln, Nebraska, and when the draft age was lowered to include him, he enlisted in the S. A. T. C. of the University of Nebraska, along with two thousand other boys. He passed his physical examination on September 25 and was 100 per cent perfect. Three weeks later he was stricken with influenza and pneumonia, from which he recovered apparently; but because of lost time he was given intensive training. On October 15 he was stricken with pleurisy, which developed into pneumonia. Again his wonderful constitution, or, as we truly thought, the prayers of God’s people were answered in his passing the crisis; but it was not to be. After two weeks of extreme weakness, he quietly breathed his last. He died at the Lincoln Sanitarium, after ten weeks of patient suffering, aged nineteen years and ten months. Though he fought bravely for life, he was not afraid to die.

“I am sending one of his pictures, taken while he was on the Butler Basketball team.”

STEPHENSON.—Lieutenant McCrea Stephenson, ex-'12, was killed in action on September 19, as an unofficial report received on February 22 confirmed. To Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, in their great loss and the long anxiety for definite news in the midst of conflicting reports, the Quarterly extends its sincere sympathy.

Lieutenant Stephenson belonged, at the time of his death, to the 11th Aero Squadron. A letter written by Lieutenant Clark of the same Squadron told of a squadron of six planes, one of which was occupied by Lieutenant Stephenson and a pilot, leaving their base at Amanty at dusk on September 18 on a bombing expedition. The writer said that the six planes were encountered by a squadron of fifteen Fokker-type enemy planes and all but one of the American planes were forced down behind the German lines near La Chausse. This one plane was able to return to the base at Amanty. The fate

of the other planes and their occupants remained unknown, until Corporal Stephenson was granted a furlough to investigate his brother's death. He found the grave of his brother.

* * * * *

The following account of the heroic fate of Lieutenant Stephenson has, since our going to press, been given by Lieutenant Hooper to Mr. Stephenson:

"He was right above me, and when they finally got his DH-4 with an incendiary bullet and the flames burst out I saw the airplane swing around into line of action instead of making an effort to glide to earth. Certain death faced the two men, and a moment later in the roar and flashing of the uneven action I saw the airplane careen by me to the ground far below.

"We cut around sharply and in another moment were out of control and gliding down. The landing was far from where a machine would have fallen, and as we hit the ground with a crash I saw another airplane coming down in flames a mile away. The German machine gunners opened up on us as we lay in the wreckage, and I had no time to make observations again until a guard hurried up and halted the machine gun fire. I never saw McCrea after seeing his plane drop. Just before that I saw him, with the plane in control, going right toward the action.

* * * * *

"There were three aero squadrons working from the base at Amanty, Meuse, near Gondrecourt. For a few days before the St. Mihiel push began we were busy bombing a strategic four-track railroad behind the German lines.

"In these raids all of the squadrons—the 96th, the 20th, the 11th and ours—took part, and we had pretty good success—success enough to lead the Germans to deliberately stroll up to some downed airplanes of ours and shoot the pilots and observers through the head. As a matter of fact, we got to expect that sort of thing, and when I hit ground in our final scrimmage the German machine gunners were shooting at no amazed victim at all. We were just lucky.

“We were ordered to go up to bomb a concentration movement at LaChause. The Germans were on watch, and nine German airplanes rose directly to meet us. Right away we could see that it was going to be an uneven mix, and there was no choice except to fight it out. We swung into an even formation and, despite our maneuvering, they soon had us between them and the sun. Then the incendiary bullets of which we had none, began to fly.

“All hope of success faded as one of the incendiary bullets got to the tank of your son’s airplane and the wings began to flame up. The machine climbed right into the formation again, but with a final sputter of its machine guns, as it wheeled directly above me, it turned over and careened down. One by one the other airplanes in our squadron were disabled, mine being the second to go down, and the others followed within a space of five minutes.”

TUTEWILER.—Charles Whitefield Tutewiler, ex-'66, died in Indianapolis on March 18.

Mr. Tutewiler had spent his entire life of seventy-five years in Indianapolis, having been born on Massachusetts avenue on ground his father had taken up as a Government claim. He was a member of the class of '66 of the North Western Christian University, but did not graduate. For years he was engaged in the insurance business. He was a life-long member of the Roberts Park Methodist Church. Mr. Tutewiler was always interested in the things which served to the up-building and betterment of Indianapolis.

WILSON.—To Omar Wilson, '87, because of the death in action of his only son, Ralph, the Quarterly sends its deep sympathy.

The poignant anxiety suffered by Mr. Wilson was shared by his sympathetic friends. While the silence was becoming unendurable, the father tried in every way conceivable to gain information concerning the boy, but without success. After one hundred and twenty days, there came in a roundabout personal manner the news of Ralph’s death in the Argonne.

In the October (1918) Quarterly, was printed a letter from Ralph Wilson, because of its general interest and because of the large interest in his parentage, Omar Wilson, '87, and Mary Hall Wilson,

a former beloved student of the College. From this good-bye letter we repeat what shows the boy's manly heart:

"I could not get writing paper, so I tore these sheets out of an old book I found in a farmhouse. I am still in active service and have not yet been wounded. I am just awfully lucky; have had big shells fall around me, have been sniped at, have gone "over the top," and have done all there is to do—about. Have never worked so hard under all kinds of conditions in my life, but I still am in pretty good physieal condition. I have seen strong men lose their nerve because of being under shell fire so long and in a continual worry. But I have not lost mine and I don't think I shall. I always stop and reason it out and am as I always was.

"I did get homesick for the first time; I guess, maybe, it was what I have been through. I won't tell you what that was, for a good soldier is not supposed to complain over hardships. But I would just have given anything if I could have been back on the old place once more eating fruit,—a longing one gets now and then that can't be explained. I just got to wondering how everything looked, and how all the work was coming on, and what you both were doing, and when I would get back, and how things would be. I tried not to think too much about it, but I couldn't help thinking how much I really did want to be back for a while, anyhow."

Our Correspondence

COLONEL HENRY I. RAYMOND, ex-'78, Chicago: "I cannot recall two more pleasant years in my college course than those spent at Northwestern and Butler, and though only memories, now that the vase is broken, yet verily 'the scent of the roses hangs 'round it still.' This reminds me of the reprint, which I take the liberty to inclose, touching upon the part taken by our noble women in the war."

HOWARD G. HANVEY, ex-'10, San Francisco: "It has been a little more than eleven years since I came to California and those years have been pretty fully occupied. I attended California and later transferred to Stanford, where I graduated in 1910. From that time until my entry into the service, in May, 1917, I was continuously engaged in newspaper work.

"My experience in the Navy has been entirely confined to this office, which has had the censorship of all cable and radio traffic passing into or out of the United States at this point. It was mighty strenuous work, without any of the thrill or exhilaration that the boys got overseas. But, even at that, it has been an experience that I will treasure greatly in the years to come.

"Have you heard of my wonderful family? I think I have about all of the happiness that one is entitled to in a little girl of five years and a son of as many months.

"I seldom hear from any of my old Butler friends. Mallie Murphy occasionally drops me a line. We had anticipated spending the winter together, as I was scheduled to be ordered to Washington at the time the armistice came along."

MRS. CHARLES E. UNDERWOOD: "I regret that it is impossible for me to attend the exercises of Founder's Day. I have many precious memories of Butler College and, more and more, I appreciate her high standards of thought and life. I am deeply grateful for the courtesies received at her hand."

FLORENCE B. MOFFETT, '17: "I did so want to attend the Founder's Day Dinner, but Fate and the influenza have conspired against

me. If ever I needed anything to make me appreciate Butler and her happy days, two years away from her have indeed re-enforced my realization of my debt of love and gratitude to her and her people."

DAVID RIOCH, '98, (to President Howe) :

"INDIA, January 10, 1919.

"It has been distressing to hear of the "flu" epidemic in America. The half will never be told of what occurred out here. No paper has ever made an attempt to publish the number of deaths. Family after family was wiped out. Whole villages, some with only one person, some with but two left. In one, where two old folk remained, they thought it was no use for them to tarry here, so they helped themselves over the border. In homes where all died the people tumbled in on the bodies the roof timbers and set them afire and then pushed over the mud walls. So impossible did it become to burn the dead, that the people carried them out and threw them in the rivers, streams, nullahs, and in the open fields. The village dogs, jackals, and vultures for the first time got all they could eat and now these dogs are getting to be a source of terror, for they are beginning to attack lonely people. It is a gruesome sight these days to pass through the fields to see human skeletons lying everywhere. One great cause of the fearful death rate was brought about by the lack of nourishment.

"We have been having famine conditions here for a long time and so most of the people were underfed, then most of them depend on their daily wages for their daily bread, and sickness cutting this off they just starved to death. Then again the ignorant among them and this is by far the majority, got it into their heads that because they would not enlist the government was determined to kill them and had spread this disease to accomplish its purpose, so that when we went to them with medicine and help, many thought we were sent by the government to kill them. For two and a half months I had the privilege of going among these poor folk, helping them in every way possible.

"It was difficult to sleep many of those nights after the awful sights. It makes a person shrivel up to stop and think of those

days. When I heard you had it over there, I can tell you that I was made anxious for Mrs. Rioch, the children and all my friends. One of my cousins, a fellow of about thirty-three years of age, a successful doctor in Ottawa, after waiting on others till he dropped, never got up again. I can well imagine all the anxiety you must have had those days with such a number to care for. It is to be hoped that you are all free from it but if it leaves as many weakened people over there as it has here it will be a long time before the high death rate ceases.

“Famine is with us and the government has its hands full opening up work for the people. The sad thing is that so many of them are so weakened by the “flu” that they are not fit for work and the government has had its agents visit every village giving grain and clothing to the very poor. Prices of all kinds of foodstuffs and also clothing keep on soaring so that the vast majority of the people do not know what a square meal is like. India has perhaps never passed through a harder time than this present. Our work of preaching to the people has thus been greatly hindered, for no man who is starving and in these winter days shivering with the cold is very able to think much about his soul. It is the crying needs of his wasted body that desire to be satisfied. However, the experiences the people have been passing through have shaken them a bit and they are ready to receive from us much that we give them, in a different spirit than they once did.

“I can tell you the turn that things took when the U. S. A. boys got into it made a tremendous difference out here. We are all so thankful for what the U. S. A. has done and every one feels and knows that to her we owe this speedy termination to this horrible war. The U. S. A. has certainly come into her own and can never again stand off, but will from now on take her right place in determining the world’s affairs and the world will certainly be the gainer.”

CONGRESSMAN MERRILL MOORES, ex-'76: “March 9, 1919. I have been too busy during the last two or three weeks of the session to write letters except those urgently demanding it. Since the fourth of March, as secretary of the Committee on Committees, I have

been just as busy as if Congress were in session and that work will probably last a week yet. We want to make the Committees in the next House as strong as possible, but the newspapers have done a great deal to prevent this by compelling a change in the rules under which the Committees are elected, and we will have to select members for nomination who can be elected, which, of course, makes the Committees weaker than they would otherwise be. The practice compels the consideration of geography and length of service, and these two considerations have a tendency to weaken the committees. I think that most of the evils of our present system of legislation are due to agitation by well-meaning editors upon subjects which they do not understand. The *News* got about as near the facts as newspapers ordinarily do when it stated that I had been elected to go to Paris on some Congressional errand. The fact is that if I go to Paris, a city which I do not like, it will be for my own pleasure or from duty not connected with the position to which I have been chosen. In 1888 the Interparliamentary Union was founded, which consists of representatives of some twenty-two parliaments, chosen by their respective bodies. Each parliament has two members of the upper chamber and a varying number of the larger body. Colonel Slayden of Texas and I go elected members of the upper chamber and Mr. William B. McKinley of Illinois will head the delegation to the lower chamber. We shall meet in Stockholm this summer, but the date has not yet been fixed, and will probably not be fixed until after the President has called a session of Congress. We shall have many things to consider, particularly the question of a League of Nations, the constitution for which will have to be worked out much more carefully, to my mind, than the rough draft which the President has presented for our approval."

College Calendar, 1919

December 31—College opens after the Christmas holidays.

January 1—Kappa Alpha Theta holds Open House at the home of Miss Lydia D. Jameson, '22.

January 10—Miss Helen M. Colvin, '21, dies from influenza.

January 12-13—President Howe and Professor Coleman attend in Chicago the Association of American Colleges, where the question of amount of credit given the soldier students for service was under discussion. Professor Harrison talks in Chapel upon "True Education."

January 14—Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97, talks in Chapel upon "Rostand."

January 16—The Butler boys of the 139th Infantry are mustered out at Fort Benjamin Harrison.

January 21—Verle W. Blair, '03, of Eureka, Illinois, and Fred Wolfe, '16, of Arcadia, Indiana, visit College and speak in Chapel.

January 22—The Y. W. C. A. entertain the women of the College at the College Residence.

January 23—Miss Graydon gives a dinner for all Butler boys of the 139th Infantry.

January 25—Lieut. Fred Wagoner, '19, returns from France.

January 26—Marvin F. Race, '20, dies of the effects of influenza at Lincoln, Nebraska.

January 28—President Howe talks in Chapel upon the "History of the College."

January 30—Mid-year examinations begin. The maximum amount of credits granted by the Faculty to students for military service are fifteen hours.

February 6—Examinations close.

February 7—Founder's Day celebrated.

February 11—Second Semester opens.

February 12—Faculty Women's Club gives tea to Freshmen girls at the home of Miss Graydon. News of death of Lieutenant McCrea Stephenson, ex-'12, confirmed.

February 18—Dr. Jabez Hall conducts Chapel exercises. Major Carlos W. Bonham, ex-'16, visits College.

February 21—Rev. W. L. Ewing, of the Irvington Methodist Church, conducts Chapel. Annual Faculty Club Supper at the home of Professor and Mrs. Coleman.

February 22—Vacation. Carl H. Barnett, '10, calls in Irvington.

February 23—Pi Beta Phi hold Open House at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Brown.

February 25—Dr. Morro conducts Chapel.

February 28—Mr. John H. Holliday gives in Chapel the address placed elsewhere. Musician Edwin Whitaker, '19, from overseas service, visits College.

March 1—Marriage of Emerson Hines, '19, and Miss Alice Greenlee, '19.

March 2—Kappa Kappa Gamma holds Open House at the home of Professor and Mrs. Coleman.

March 4-7—Dr. Blake, of Philadelphia, talks to the women of the College on Social Welfare.

March 6—Miss Corinne Welling, '12, entertains at luncheon in honor of Dr. Blake.

March 8—Dean Guy W. Sarvis, of University of Nanking, talks in Chapel.

March 11—Dr. Pyatt talks in Chapel on experiences in Y. M. C. A. work overseas.

March 12—Corporal Dean W. Fuller, ex-'18, visits College for the first time since the return of his regiment, the 139th Field Artillery.

March 18—Lieutenant John L. Wamsley, '22, Pilot in Air Service, returned to College and gave in Chapel an interesting talk on Aviation. Corporal Edward Wagoner, '21, (alias "Peanuts") visits College for the first time since his discharge.

March 20—Lieutenant Edward D. James, '22, A. S. A., visits College for the first time since his discharge. The infant daughter of Professor and Mrs. Harrison dies.

March 21—Professor Coleman leads a series of Faculty talks to be given in chapel upon a League of Nations. Charles D. Bowles, ex-'80, visits college.

Notice

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INDIANAPOLIS

Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Indianapolis, Indiana.

June Seventeenth, Nineteen-Nineteen

Today our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest scholars, those who understood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it good:
Many loved Truth, * * *

Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

LOWELL.

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No. 2

Commencement Address

THE ENTHUSIASM OF HUMANITY

BY JUDGE FREDERICK A. HENRY OF CLEVELAND

No other time in history can compare with this in which we live. Not only does the Great War mark one of the gravest moments in human affairs, but it marks a moment the gravity of which, unlike that of other grave moments, is known as such even as it transpires.

When on the first of November, 1517, Luther nailed his ninety-five theses on the door of the castle church in Wittenberg, he may have felt, but the world did not yet feel, that a vast enfranchisement of the human mind was at hand.

Again, when William, Prince of Orange, on the 4th of November, 1688, disembarked with his troops on English soil, not even he could fully know that the long struggle for religious and civil liberty in Europe was then ripening into lasting victory.

After a lesser interval came the third great moment of modern history, the birthday of democracy, when, on the 4th of July, 1776, was signed the Declaration of American Independence. Yet who could then have foretold that the revolt of a few colonies so far from the center of civilization was but the preface to a sweep of democracy around the earth? Not all at once, nor even yet has come the full fruition of the act, which, denying special prerogatives to birth and station, first opened the door of opportunity to the common man.

One result, indeed, tardily but definitely attained, the world hailed consciously at its coming. With the stabilizing of democ-

racy the abolition of human slavery was bound to follow. How calmly we think of it now! How unreal it seems that so wicked an institution should have been tolerated unto this generation. But democracy, never wholly unaware of the sin of slavery and of its peculiar incongruity in a republic, determined at length to put that sin away, and the American republic, wrestling mightily with its other self, succeeded in banishing the curse of human bondage both from its own soil and from the earth.

At the hands of democracy, moreover, modern society has derived, less consciously, perhaps, because less abruptly, other boons, such, for example, as the abolition of imprisonment for debt and the institution of free schools for the universal compulsory education of youth.

Various and rich as are the fruits of democracy, yet so naturally have they become a part of our ordinary living that we seldom think of their preciousness. Not, as denounced, either self-destructive or destructive of its host, but a germ marvelously viable and leavening, democracy not only thrives durably but spreads apace. Far across the seas both east and west the beneficent contagion has carried, until no clime nor race remains uninfluenced by the results of our Revolution. Even monarchies were democratized, England herself becoming as free as the colonies she lost.

Thus culminated in popular self-government, here and elsewhere, that principle of liberty which, in Luther's time and in that of the Prince of Orange, had successively rescued the minds and the civil rights of men from the clutches of despots. To the gradually unfolding results of these historic moments the world readily grew used, paying commonly less regard to their stupendous meaning and priceless worth than to the ills, yet uncured by them. But it is only by incredible folly or designing craft that these ills are cited as proving the futility or failure of free institutions.

With its sudden onset and want of adequate provocation, the Great War stung mankind into sharp consciousness not only of the values which before were so lightly held but also of the presence of a new crisis in no way inferior in gravity to those which preceded it. It is not a figure of speech, not a mere generalization, to

say that a mortal or at least a crippling blow was calculatingly and confidently aimed by the Central Powers at democracy itself, and that it failed of its malignant purpose by only the narrowest margin. The German Emperor, addressing an educational conference some years ago, used these portentous words: "Against democracy the school should have begun the contest at the very first." Later, one of his generals (von der Goltz) said, "The nineteenth century witnessed the German empire; the twentieth century shall witness a German world."

Now we know, as before we never knew, what democracy means to us. Out of deadly peril democratic civilization has been rescued. Consecrated anew in a deluge of human blood, this heritage of the ages will not henceforth fail of a just appraisal. Lack now what may, the world, thank God, is safe for democracy.

This is no time, however, to pause for rejoicing. The urge of mighty forces released by war carries us onward and can not be stayed. Whither does it bear us? Never again will the world be what it was before. Let us not, from fear of phrasemongering, hesitate to repeat that striking antithesis concerning the task that yet remains, namely, to make democracy safe for the world. Scaling the heights of human liberty man must ever beware of the abyss.

What assurance have we that the Peace of Versailles will bring forth yet a new birth of freedom? What guaranty can we invoke that, from all the travail of war and revolution, the issue, though begotten of democracy, will not prove to be a monstrous, misshapen thing; an atavistic reversion to some sort of unfreedom, a new servitude to be enforced by the major, but hitherto under, part of society upon the other part? Since change there must be, either for better or for worse, let us first take counsel of our best hope and aspiration to discover what if any further step may now be looked for in that age-long liberalizing progression, the previous great moments of which in modern times comprise, as we have noted, the Lutheran Reformation, the English Revolution, and American Independence.

No student of current tendencies can doubt that throughout the world a hope and expectancy has arisen that somehow out of this war will accrue to the nations more effective sanctions of peace and security both internally and externally. As to the internal phase it is evident that vital economic changes must attend upon the political upheaval which the contest of arms has produced. Whether the industrial renaissance will be gradual and orderly, or revolutionary and cataclysmic even beyond the areas where such disorder already reigns, depends not a little on the spirit in which the problems now close at hand are approached.

The Great War did not alone create the issue, but it has undoubtedly precipitated it. Has it also so chastened the spirit of man as to smooth the approach to a just and orderly solution of these problems? Not only has the war caused an unprecedented and appalling waste of human life and limb, but the accumulated wealth of the world has been enormously diminished. To make good the human loss, is, of course, impossible unless the gain in spiritual values, those ends for which so many men have laid down their lives, shall somehow be realized in corresponding measure.

But to make good the mere material loss, the entire production of human skill and labor is perforce heavily mortgaged by the world for years to come. Europe is virtually bankrupt. When we reflect, however, that, in the half century between the close of our Civil War and the outbreak of the Great War, the aggregate wealth of nations increased more than thirtyfold, complete financial recuperation within the present generation seems far from hopeless.

A further significance, however, attaches to this material retrospect and prospect. In the modern industrial organization of society, so swift and vast an accretion of the wealth of the world points to a widening gulf in distribution as between the holders or administrators of its capital and the great body of its workers. That the ranks of each are shifting and to some extent interchanging; that to hardly any individual according to his talents is the gateway of opportunity, at least in this country, hopelessly shut; that in the measure of his creature comforts the workingman was

never so well off as now—all these mitigating circumstances fail to alter the palpable fact that the share received by the toiler has not increased in the same measure as the whole volume of accumulated wealth produced.

Nor is the ethical implication of this fact by any means fully offset in the further considerations that thrift, ability, and intelligence are certainly entitled to a proportionately greater reward than are wastefulness, incompetence and ignorance; that under democracy, as has been aptly said, it is but three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves; that great accumulations of wealth wherever they accrue, are in large measure dedicated to general use, either in gifts for educational foundations and other eleemosynary ends or reinvested in productive enterprise, to abate which would but kill the goose that lays the golden eggs of prosperity and progress.

To a general acquiescence in the force of all these circumstances is due the tolerance thus far shown to the growing inequalities of wealth and power which the existing economic system undeniably produces unless actively restrained. But among many other signs in our own country that the public has slowly grown more conscious of the need of applying reasonable checks to this tendency, may be mentioned the enactment of anti-trust laws such as the Sherman Act of 1890, the increasing disposition to deprecate what President Roosevelt characterized as "swollen fortunes", the amendment of the federal and many state constitutions to permit the levying of graduated income taxes, and the similar provisions for graduated succession taxes on inheritances, lineal as well as collateral.

But more significant still both here and abroad, and sinister, withal, in some of its more recent aspects, is the rising tide of radical and revolutionary socialism. Syndicalism and Bolshevism alike reject all palliatives and compromises and require the destruction root and branch not only of capitalism but of the whole institution of private property. They insist upon the complete substitution for the present social order of an economic system

wherein both production and distribution shall cease to be private functions and shall be exercised as a monopoly by the state.

Under this system the state is to be administered solely by the workers. All who can must work, and only those who, because of non-age, dotage, or other incapacity, can not perform work, may live without it. Thus all separation of classes would disappear since all distinctions in the means of support would be abolished. President Nicholas Murray Butler declares that the state socialist would "get rid of poverty by making it universal."

It requires, indeed, a lively imagination to conceive of such a social order, as well as a high degree of credulity to suppose that it would work at all. Only to the hopelessly or recklessly wretched can it seem tolerable, and only to visionary idealists can it appear in any wise practicable.

To marshal humanity into so thoroughgoing a regimentation, for production, sustentation, education, and recreation, presupposes a docility and discipline in human nature alike intolerable and unattainable. Involving, as it must, the utmost exaltation of authority, such an organization of society is but the negation of freedom, the anti-climax of that liberalizing progression whose former great moments seem to point toward a yet more inclusive liberty and freedom of action under law than mankind has yet attained.

As a result of the Great War the equilibrium of social forces is undeniably disturbed. In one bound the forward urge of democracy has dethroned more monarchs than ever fell at a single stroke before. But thus far, despite undaunted hope and faith, in spite of unparalleled effort and sacrifice, disorder over yonder and uncertainty everywhere reign in their stead.

Will it prove that democracy has overleapt itself? What is the clew, through all this labyrinth of anarchy in Europe and of world-wide unrest, which will lead this distracted planet to its goal of a larger liberty and a wider diffusion of contentment under the wholesome discipline of orderly self-government?

Trite as it may appear the clew is still the same that it has ever been, namely, the spirit of righteousness, which is the very essence

of freedom. This was the clew that led successively in time past to the goal of liberty, of conscience and opinion, to the goal of deliverance from arbitrary and tyrannous political rule, and at length to the goal of popular self-rule or democracy.

All these victories for human freedom were achieved amid baffling disorder and uncertainty and through the pouring out of human blood in voluntary self-sacrifice. They were achieved only by the power of faith and hope and dauntless effort in the spirit of righteousness. Fraught as they were in each case with tremendous material benefits to humanity, their essential significance lies, after all, in the spiritual realm. In every instance it was the spirit of righteousness that prevailed and led humanity unto new and higher planes of freedom.

Whither does this spirit point and lead men in this present hour? What are its sorest vexations in the world today? From out the Babel of voices at Versailles, some striving to answer, some to stifle, these questions, two clear cries emerge: Let equity and peace dwell forever among the nations; in the counsels of industry let there be room for him who toils.

Whether or not the pending peace treaty, when finally concluded, shall embrace the proposed covenant for a League of Nations or the proposed new charter for labor, the fact remains that these two outstanding features of the instrument as now drafted represent the consensus of opinion of the representatives of the greatest nations of the earth concerning the constructive measures that are most needed by the world at large today. They deal with the same two present-day problems of world order to which, as we have seen, the liberalizing progression in modern history irresistibly leads, namely a still higher freedom and security for organized society in both its external and internal relations, that is to say, both internationally and industrially.

As for the industrial problem, the relation of employer and employe can securely and amicably continue only as it is put squarely upon the plane of righteousness. The employe wants not charity but justice. He resents any profit-sharing scheme or welfare work in his behalf when it comes merely as a dole. He reasons

that if his labor is treated as a mere commodity it is only one remove from treating as a chattel the laborer himself. When he does not join the ranks of revolutionary socialists, the only other thing that appeals to him, while capital and labor stand in their old antithetical relation, is to join steadfastly with his fellows in endless hostile contest for more wages and shorter hours.

What the worker most and rightly covets, beyond the hire of which every laborer is worthy, is a voice in the administration of his particular branch or unit of industry wherein his labor is always an essential element and often the largest one. Such in brief is industrial democracy, the larger aspects of which are reflected in the proposed treaty of peace, and the particular applications of which can only be made privately by those employers and employes in whose hands the continued operation of industry is lodged.

The essence of industrial democracy is that those who stand in this relation shall treat one another as men entrusted with the co-operative administration of a common enterprise, instead of the employer treating his employes and their labor as on a par with his raw materials and tools. It is a policy which several of the great independent steel and farm machinery companies and other manufacturers have already deemed it wise and prudent as well as fair to adopt, and have, in conjunction with their employes, actually inaugurated, through definite written and working agreements.

No other program can furnish a modern equivalent for those ancient and salutary personal relations between employer and employe, which, during the past century the rise of the factory system and the use of power machinery completely disrupted. In the restoration, so far as it may be, of those relations lies the only path to industrial peace and security for both the employer and the employed.

As for the general external or international problem with which the pending treaty also deals, the covenant for a League of Nations is altogether the most comprehensive plan ever proposed for the promotion of human liberty by co-operative effort to preserve

peace and security among the nations of the earth. War has grown frightfully destructive and ruthless. Recent developments in its arts threaten the extinction of civilization itself if they should ever again be put in practice in a world conflict. Henceforth the United States can not hope to keep out of any great war wheresoever it may rage. Any plan, therefore, which affords even a fair hope of preventing such collisions is worthy of the greatest sacrifices and risks in order to make it work.

Nor is any opportunity for organizing or realizing so promising a plan as the League of Nations likely soon to recur. God forbid that petty partisanship or mistaken patriotism should prevent sincere and sympathetic consideration of this great covenant. So approached, that instrument on careful study can not fail to approve itself to the right-minded judgment of every true American and every other lover of his kind.

I have ventured to characterize the leading of the spirit of righteousness towards a world goal of enduring industrial and international peace and security, in the phrase of *Ecce Homo*, as the "enthusiasm of humanity," or, in other words, as a heavenly passion to repeal the causes which inspired the lament of Robert Burns:

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Human liberty can be preserved only by avoiding alike the tyranny of political despotism and militarism on the one hand and the equally intolerable tyranny of state socialism on the other. What shall it profit the world to be delivered from the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs only to fall into the trap of the Lenines and the Trotskys?

The issue is no longer one of mere impractical idealism. The source from which these proposals come bespeaks for them at least a respectful hearing. The united utterances of all the delegates to the Peace Conference can not be whistled down the wind as the vaporings of Utopian visionaries. When veteran statesmen from the world's Great Powers speak thus in concert the world must give heed. Their voice can not be drowned here or elsewhere in

mere partisan clamor or discordant protest against innovation. This poignant, passionate cry of the world for peace and equity will not down. It will be heard.

Let there be no misunderstanding of the issue. Let there be no abject surrender to the destructive demands of wily agitators for a complete overturn of the social order. That is but the counsel of pessimism and despair. Let there be instead a discriminating welcome of the definite constructive ends to be gained, and an equally discriminating and uncompromising rejection of those destructive aims and demands which menace the very freedom in whose name they are proposed.

To reject with stiff-necked and reactionary bigotry all innovations as being dangerous because untried is to incur the peril of the evil sort, for changes are bound to come. To make no effort at all is even worse. We in America are all too prone to be easy-going and optimistic. We have a sublime confidence in the excellence and permanence of our social and political institutions. Let us not be blind and deaf to insidious efforts in our shops and even in our schools to undermine the very foundations of our liberties. Let us maintain our stalwart, uncompromising Americanism against despotism of either the Hohenzollern or the Lenine type, while at the same time and to the same end we heartily cultivate in the relations of men and of nations the enthusiasm of humanity.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Day

The College Chapel, Four O'Clock

INVOCATION, PRESIDENT PAUL OF THE COLLEGE OF MISSIONS: Almighty God, Our Heavenly Father, we acknowledge Thy gracious providence, which has brought us to this hour. In Thee we live, move and have our being. We have no strength unless Thou dost give it to us. Thou hast made us for Thyself, nor can we find rest until we rest in Thee.

We desire to invoke Thy blessing upon this occasion. Wilt Thou make our hearts sensitive to the lessons and the memories, and the suggestions, and the inspirations that come to us as we commune together, on the past, the present and the future, as we think of that special object that has brought us to this place.

We have come, Our Heavenly Father, to bear our tribute of recognition, our acknowledgement of gratitude to these young men, who mean so much to us, whose decisions, when the great crisis came, found them upon the side of righteousness, liberty, justice and uprightness—these young men who belong to that great host of gallant soldiers and sailors on land and sea, who, in active service or in preparation, helped to check that great tyranny which sought to fasten itself upon the world.

Oh, Lord, may Thy blessing rest upon those young men, and upon their great host of companions now on the sea, or in the armies yonder, finishing that which these young men began, and bringing to glorious completion, the great victory, in which the world is rejoicing today.

Give us all Thy blessing today, and forgive us our sins, and grant unto us all, at last, everlasting life, when, forever, we shall praise Thee for Thy goodness, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

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 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 those 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 yore, 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, sometimes, and we wonder as we recall the days through which we have lived how we have endured them, because there isn't one of us into whose life anxiety and care and grief have not come. But, I think that we, none of us, would be willing to have it out of our life. Terrible as it is, I think 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 some things that seemed of little worth to us, in those times, and we have come nearer to realizing what are 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 North and the brothers South.

And so, this afternoon, as we rub our eyes and look back, we say to ourselves "Is it possible that we have gone through all this, and 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, or whether it was to go into the training camp, or 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 the hell of the front—doing their duty wherever sent, wherever assigned.

We welcome you back, this afternoon, we welcome you home. You are, as you know, just a small number, a small part of the great number who went out. There are some who can not be here this afternoon. There are others who are far away, some 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 and 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. I might read this list all at once, but we have time enough to spend these moments together, and I mean to introduce each man that he may stand before you in his individual self.

There are six of these men to speak. The first one is Sergeant Herman James Sheedy of the class of '20, who spent part of his service at Ft. Sheridan, and part of it here in Butler College Unit of the Students Army Training Corps.

SERGEANT SHEEDY: President Howe, and Friends: I confess that I feel rather out of place this afternoon, because 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. The fact that it was not a brilliant success was merely due to the fact that it did not have time to prove itself. Had the war continued another year, as everyone thought it would, 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 a hundred and fifty thousand additional second lieutenants, and it thought the best place to get them would be to go to the colleges, and for this purpose the S. A. T. C. was founded.

After preparation for them, training camps were established at Plattsburg, Fort Sheridan, and one in California, and representatives from a hundred and fifty colleges in the United States were sent to those three training camps, and in the last of 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 fifty-nine men, and of those two hundred and fifty-nine 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 and all that 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 got 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 he was here, and everyone who knew him was very sorry to hear of his death. However, I am sure that we were very fortunate, indeed, that out of this two hundred and fifty-nine men, just one man was lost.

The aim of the S. A. T. C. was high, and I don't believe it was a failure. If it had had more time it would have proven itself, in every way; but I don't think that even for the short time we had it, it would be counted as a failure, for every man who was in it ought to be proud that he was in it. I know that I am proud that I was in it, and every man who was in that organization should be glad that he was allowed to wear the uniform—for he had the right to wear it, and he did wear the same uniform that was worn by any man in the service.

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 as fast as they were prepared.

Instead of being here, or being scattered over the States in their various homes, the men who were in the S. A. T. C., here at Butler, would be across the waters, just as many others were lucky enough to be sent.

PRESIDENT HOWE: For the benefit of those men who were not here, I would like to add just one word to what Sergeant Sheedy has said about the S. A. T. C. unit in this school.

All last summer it looked as though there might not be any men in any of the colleges, anywhere, and so there was a campaign conducted by the colleges, in conjunction with the government throughout the country, encouraging the men to go to the colleges, and as the Sergeant has said, when the college opened we had a group of men as fine as I had ever seen. They were all eligible to be college students. We were compelled to build, and constructed the barracks, part of which we still have.

I expect some of you men will be interested to know that we quickly organized the mess and the whole plant. We didn't begin the construction of the barracks until just at the beginning of school, but we finished them, mess hall and all, in almost record time; and when the inspectors for the government came here, they found no fault, whatsoever, with our plant, and made no correction, whatever, that was essential, in our methods, and when the final approval of our accounts came, it was without any question or disagreement. That bill has been approved and paid, and we have completely closed the account with the government. We feel that that was a notable achievement for the organization.

The next speaker will be Major Arthur James Perry, ex-'15.

MAJOR PERRY: President Howe, and fellow members in former times: I happened to glance down at this mark on my arm, and was reminded that while there were, perhaps, two million men in France, who were 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 only joined his command down in New Mexico, a few days before the occurrence, which I will 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, and having had four years of West Point, he debated whether he should go directly to the Captain and ask him 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 and, of course, the young lieutenant clicked his heels together and gave a very elaborate salute, and the Captain said, "Yes, I see that the picket line is, indeed, in very fair shape," and he looked around, and Lieutenant Hutchinson said, "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." Well, finally Lieutenant Hutchinson mustered up courage, and said to the Captain, "Well, Captain, I would like to take that patrol out," and the old Captain looked down at him and said, "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 we all found ourselves in 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 absolutely 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 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 own 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 1917, 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.

I am personally interested in the idea of universal training. I don't know whether there will be a law enacted for that, or not. There is, however, at this time, training of college and high school boys, and I hope those of you who can will boost that proposition, because it means that if the boys learn to drill and use the rifle, they will be prepared in case of any future trouble.

I am glad to be here, and I want to thank the President of the College for the splendid work he did for the Student Army in training, and we know that what he has done in the past, he will do in the future.

PRESIDENT HOWE: The next speaker is Ensign Howard Clay Caldwell, of the class of '15, now of the Great Lakes Navy Training Station, who will address you on "The U. S. Navy."

ENSIGN CALDWELL: 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, or some man from Africa, or other place, come here 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 just 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 needed them 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!"

Whenever we heard that we always tumbled from our hammocks, scared to death, for fear we hadn't got out quick 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 folks, just to show them how their boy looked!

Well, 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. Well, 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. Well, really, I don't know, unless it is because we figured that 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, mama, look at the moving picture hero!"

For fear that 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 believe, 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 a 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 got into 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, and Balfour decided that he would visit us over here, and some folks have said that the ship that brought him here came over at the rate of fifty miles an hour. But they didn't bring that ship down to New York; they left it up at Halifax, and Balfour came down on the train.

Before I got my commission somebody told me that after I got in, 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.

Now, 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, they were not permitted to have a recreation room, but when it came to really 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 those fellows. They figure a whole lot. That is all they do.

More than one fellow has remarked that the college man has the edge on the other fellow in this war. Perhaps he did. Anyway it is mighty good propaganda for the college.

PRESIDENT HOWE: We will now hear a talk by Lieutenant Paul William Ward, of the class of '14, on the "Air Service."

LIEUTENANT WARD: President Howe, Ladies and Gentlemen: I was somewhat at a loss to know what to say you, when I was asked to speak on this occasion, but before I say what I intend to say to you, let me say this: I wish to endorse what was said by the last speaker, with reference to universal training. I want to say that if the educational institutions of this country ever submit to military dictation, whatsoever, that will be the end of free government.

It seems to me that this universal military training proposition is a mania, brought on by the war. I see no more reason for educating every one to be soldiers, than there is for educating them to be barbers, ballet dancers, or chorus girls.

Now, as a representative, ex-officio, I am very glad to say, of the Air Service, I ought to say something here about aeronautics. However, whenever I do that, I feel that I am talking shop. I have answered so many questions about how I felt when I took my first flight, and so on, that I really would be bored to talk to you about it today. And, besides, it is very technical.

As to the commercial phase of the thing, your Sunday newspapers have told you a whole lot more than I ever could, or would, in that line.

It seems to me, however, entirely probable that there will be air service, for instance, between here and New York, on a five or six-hour schedule, within the next six years. I see no reason why one couldn't get into an air-ship in New York and get out at Indianapolis in five hours' time, and have a much more enjoyable trip than I had yesterday—especially as regards temperature!

There is this to be said about the aviation program—that it fell down, almost completely. Those who were trained and went overseas were not sent to the front. I hope that there will be a full investigation of that matter, and that someone will be punished for the failure in the handling of production of airplanes.

However, there is something more important this afternoon than anything I might say about aeronautics. That is, with reference to the ideals which threw the Americans into this war. It has been said that the intellectuals carried us into the war. There were those centralized ideals, so carefully worked out, which were above reproach, that carried us into the war, with motives such as no other nation ever had upon entering a war.

We had patience, which we assumed in our neutral position at the beginning of the war. But there comes a time when patience ceases to be a virtue.

President Wilson told us about those beautiful ideals that he had very carefully formulated on his typewriter, and we gathered around the League of Nations ideal, with those very interesting and tender emotions which we experienced under the term "Altruism." The smaller nations were what we were defending. Whether it was Belgium or the Balkan states, we were working for their self-determination, and the fourteen points, and all those weaker peoples, who were morally weaker, as well as potentially weaker, we were trying to get under our wing and to help.

Those seemed to be the ideals under which the men lived who went into the service. They did not go into the service for material advancement, although there were men who were made by the war, who, otherwise, would not have been made. And many many men were unmade, who, otherwise, would have been made.

It seems to me that those ideals it is worth while to consider and to think of in the terms of the direction in which they pointed.

Those ideals were, I said, the ideals by which the men in the service lived, and when you had to stand for the terrific balling out by your superior officer, you simply said "Oh, well, this is another little bit I am doing to make the world safe for democracy!"

How much more bitter then was the disillusionment which came when we saw what was going on at Paris. In the first place, the mistake which was made in submitting to a secret agreement, when the definite statement had been made to the people that everything would be open to the scrutiny of the public. That was a thing which might well have caused our suspicion. But we trusted in Mr. Wilson implicitly. I know that I, personally, trusted him, as I shall never trust any other human individual. When Mr. Wilson consented to negotiations behind closed doors he gave up his grip on his great constituency—the common people of the world—and that, it seems to me, was the initial blunder which was made in the negotiations at Paris.

Back to the question of the Saar valley. Why should the sovereignty of the Saar valley ever have been questioned? It was perfectly just and proper to demand of Germany indemnity for coal for those mines which she had taken and ruined. But that is a different thing from taking the Saar valley from one government and giving it to another. That is the sort of revenge that breeds revolutions, and if we are to back up this League of Nations with any money, or men, of our own, then we, in endorsing the League of Nations will be called to back up the decisions of a group of imperialists in Europe. You see we give them confidence by giving them our men and our money; whereas, they need everything in the world more than confidence at this time.

We went into this war to defeat a nation because of its moral obliquity. That is an entirely different thing from dismembering and rooting up a nationality simply because you hate it, anyway, and fear its economic composition.

Contemplate the giving of Shantung to Japan, in the name of Democracy! It is really a tragedy, and I can not see why, if President Wilson had been willing to live up to the ideals upon which he appealed to other men, he would not have refused to consent to such a document and would have returned home rather than consent to those terms.

Shantung is a striking example of the way in which the League of Nations has been promulgated. We have felt that it was a step

in advance, but if that instrument is to be used for the purpose of political aggrandizement and political exploitation, then we had better have nothing to do with it at all. It seems to me that we had better not have anything to do with the League of Nations in connection with the Peace Treaty. I see no reason why the American people should have their ideals compromised by complete submersion in European politics. I see no reason why the Four Old Men of Paris, as they have been called, should be allowed to dictate a treaty of peace which will cause wars in the future, worse even than those of the past.

Now, I say these things after some careful consideration. It took me a week after the publication of that treaty, to get the full significance of it, and when I got it I felt as a man feels when he is flying over a very high mountain and has no place to land. When such a shining inconsistency appears in such an important situation, you may rest assured that there is some ulterior motive at work, and I think and wish to express my opinion, that if we are not very careful, we, the American people, will find that the sacrifices that we have made, of treasure and of men, will be turned to the aggrandizement of the imperialists of France, Italy, England and Japan.

I see no reason why we should content ourselves with the compromise of our principles which have been effected in that treaty of peace; and it is because of that, that I think it is essential that all of us who have any opportunity to express ourselves, should give expression to our ideas, and I rejoice that our periodicals are taking up the cudgel and are indicating that there is an opinion, and a change of attitude on the part of the people. The change of attitude on the part of Lloyd George is, it seems to me, the result of agitation by Ramsey McDonald, and the labor leaders in Great Britain.

It is you and I, after all, who will pay for a document like this, and it is up to us, it seems to me, to express our opinion at the time when the treaty may be up for modification.

I wish to present that thought to you. Shall you and I stand for a thing that is entirely beside the point? As far as the four-

teen points promulgated by President Wilson are concerned—which was a compromise of principles—shall we tolerate a thing like the Shantung farce? Shall we stand by many other things contained in the treaty, which make, not for peace, not for stability, but for future wars for our posterity?

PRESIDENT HOWE: Sergeant Clair McTurnan, ex-'11, of the Thirty-fourth Division A. E. F., will now give us a talk on "The Ammunition Train."

SERGEANT McTURNAN: I suspect that here is about 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 that much 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 men-

tioned, 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 about as much about the ammunition train as you know if you have ever seen a truck, or two, going down the street!

I was with the ammunition train, and I carried a little of the ammunition in my belt, which made me a little heavier. I never used any of it except accidentally. Fortunately, nobody ever found out who it was that used it accidentally.

I was always nervous after that, even at the mention of ammunition.

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 any 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 me 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—but he 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. Well, 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 near-sighted, and he had on a pair of these thick lenses, and I knew he was my man, so I nailed him, and asked him if he remembered me, and he said he did. He talked pretty good English, and we had quite a good English 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 a la truck—that is the way that everybody but the officers rode, and sometimes they rode that way, too—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 did. 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 that were really worth while that I can remember.

The first impression that I got 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—the common people.

I was very much surprised, because all Englishmen whom I had known were true to the traditions, and were extremely conservative in their manner. So I was very much surprised at that enthusiastic welcome that we received in Liverpool. I would not have been so much surprised to have found that condition in Paris. I am sure that there wasn't anybody in the ammunition train but felt that the line between the English common people and the members of the ammunition train was not a very distinct 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 good 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 over there, but I haven'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, and I know the warehouses were full of stuff, because I looked into some of them. 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 civil-

ians, drawn together in one harmonious effort, we could not fail to win the war.

PRESIDENT HOWE: The next speaker will be Corporal Harrison Cale, ex-'07, who will speak on "The Turning of the Tide."

CORPORAL CALE: Mr. President, and 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 this occasion. I volunteered in the marine corps, immediately after war had been declared, and I became a member of the 96th Company of the 61st Regiment. There were two regiments of marines assigned to the army in France. They composed the Fourth Brigade of the famous 2nd Division.

These June days are the anniversaries of the series of engagements on the Chateau Thierry sector, known, officially, as the battle of Chateau Thierry and Belleau Woods.

It was just a year ago this month, when the American marines struck the first smashing blow against the German armies, that 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 2nd 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 have not 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 2nd Division was ordered to Chateau Thierry. It was 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 they could drive those trucks. 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, women and children, and cattle and carts and everything else mixed together. They 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 what they meant.

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 rattled and vibrated 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 ways, 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 shooting quick. 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 blew 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 counterattack, 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 Woods, which was a large clump of trees, and then came a wheat field, and then another clump of trees, and then another wheat field, all filled with poppies and wheat.

This series of woods it was necessary to go into, against an almost impenetrable fortress. Belleau Woods 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 shoot 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 Woods, 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 Woods, was a scene that almost defies description. But above it all you could hear the shrieks and the cries 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 that we made it impossible for any more of them to come out of that section of the woods, and 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 Woods 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, in a way, but as 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, and 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 amusing 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, and 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 immediately 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."

PRESIDENT HOWE: We will now hear the poem of Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown.

A Hymn

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

By MRS. 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 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 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
 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, Mercer, Toon,
 Here's Michaels, 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 say from this platform, 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 walls 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 hundred 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 man-size. 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. For the most part, we are all back again.

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, 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, and 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 records of war. As it is, we regard 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 God-send 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, at 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, "And 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 ennoble 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.

A bugler sounds "Taps" from a distance.

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. And I am not ashamed, friends, to say that I have a whole lot of feeling and sentiment mixed up in me—and I should be sorry if I lost it.

First, of all, the college has some things that are simply beyond price and this service flag is going to be here, and will 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, Dr. Guy 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 died 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 kid 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 that boy 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 dugouts, 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. And let us not be ashamed to shed tears. 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."

This college is rich for having had within it a lad like this, and others of his sort. And we have far more potential heroes, friends, among us than we dream of, day by day. It is good for us to have this boy's face before us, for with the discouragements of everyday life we need something to cheer us on, to beckon us, and to remind us that we, too, must make our lives worth while, that we may be fit, sometime, after the dreary days are over and the struggle has passed, to go up higher and be with him, and with those like him, whose work has been well done.

This was said of him by the man who painted this portrait—one of the finest things I have heard—and I want to read it as the best possible thing that could be said about this boy :

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.

Benediction by DOCTOR MORRO: Oh, God, our Father, help us, each one, to realize and to be richer for the spirit of high loyalty, consecration to service, and the devotion to high ideals which so generously and freely have been manifested by the sons of this College.

Help all of us, Our Father, to build these ideals into our lives, and to achieve in some measure their realization.

Help us to make our lives richer and purer, and unto Thee, the King Eternal, Immortal, the only wise God, our Savior, be the dominion, the authority and the power, now and forever. Amen.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Day Dinner

The Claypool Hotel, Seven-thirty O'Clock

PRESIDENT HOWE, AS TOASTMASTER: When we realized that it was necessary for the boys to go away from home, we first made up our minds to let them go and then began, at once, to think of their coming home.

We have been looking forward through these months for the home-coming day and we are beginning to realize, and have been realizing for some months, what this home-coming means.

I am sure we can never forget the great day here in Indianapolis—the Welcome Home Day.

I have heard some wonder expressed that it was not more noisy, and that there was not more demonstration at that time. Some way, that doesn't seem to me so wonderful. There are some things that do not express themselves in noise and enthusiasm of that sort. But there was a deep satisfaction that passes all understanding.

Now, we have had at the College today one of those wonderful days in college history. Some folks about the College have looked forward for many months to this time, and you men who have been away and who have kept in touch with the College through that good friend of us all, Miss Graydon, more than anyone else, you know how she has looked forward to this occasion and how she has put her very life into this home-coming. I say it has been a very wonderful day, and one that we can never forget. And now we have come together this evening not for the purpose of a great number of speeches, but to hear only two speeches.

However, before we pass to that, I have been wondering if it wouldn't be well for us to know who is here. This is soldiers' and sailors' day.

Now, ladies, we know what the various legislatures of the country are going to do—there is no question about that—but you are not yet soldiers and sailors. So I am not going to call on you. Of course you are more interesting than anybody else here, but for the time being it is Man's Day.

I am now going to ask that we have a roll call. Not that each one of you, as you rise, shall make a speech, but that you will simply rise and state who you are.

(The soldiers and sailors present arose in turn and announced their names, as suggested by President Howe.)

THE TOASTMASTER: Now, friends, we have heard the names of the men who are here.

We have this evening a great pleasure before us, in listening to the speakers who are with us. The first is one whose name is familiar to all; one who has been a teacher to many of us, and whom we have loved as a teacher, and almost as a father; one who has guided us and watched over us, and has been a very true friend to us. It is not often that we are able to have the pleasure of his presence, because he has been away from Irvington much of the time within recent years, in other cities—especially at times when we have had these gatherings. But today we are fortunate in having him with us, and he is, of course, in peculiar sympathy with the gathering of today and tonight, because he, too, went out in those days long ago, as a young soldier, helping to do the things that made this war possible.

I now take great pleasure, my friends, in presenting President Scot Butler, for so long a time President of Butler College.

PRESIDENT BUTLER: I want, in the first place, to thank President Howe for his kindly words. So far as he has expressed his feeling toward me, I do heartily reciprocate that feeling in my sentiments towards him. I want to say, further, in thanking President Howe for his very kind remarks respecting me, that you must take that with some grains of allowance.

I was hoping, when the roll call began, that when President Howe came to me I should have only to give my name, and then be allowed to sit down, but it seems that I am expected to go further.

President Howe spoke of my connection with the College. Butler has been a great part of my life. I grew up with it. As 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, 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 classroom. 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 students then. Those memories of the old days are very sweet to me now in my later years. 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 myself, but I will dismiss that. I have a more interesting subject. I will tell you, in the first place, young men, what I do not think you are, and I will illustrate it by a little anecdote. Coming up from Florida last month, we had a good many people on the train, and we stopped at a good many places; there was one station where we had to stop and wait a little while, and quite a number of people, especially a party of ladies at one end of the car, attracted my attention. While we were standing at this station, waiting for the arrival of another train, a lady stepped into the end of the car, all excited; she had with her a boy—I was going to say a little boy—and she ushered him along to this group of ladies who, it seemed, were acquaintances of hers. She was bring-

ing forward her son, who was home from training camp, to introduce him to these ladies. Well, she brought him up, beaming as she pushed him along. Poor boy, he hung back, and seemed to be ashamed. But it wouldn't do. She brought him forward, and she said "This is my son So-and-so, So-and-so—isn't he sweet?" And she put her arms around his neck and kissed him! That isn't the kind of soldier boys you are, I know. If my mother had treated me that way, in the presence of a group of ladies like that, I know what would have become of me—I would have gone to Hades on a hurricane!

Now to show what kind of an old soldier I am not: Not long ago I was looking at a magazine—it might have been the Saturday Evening Post, or some of those papers that have large pictures on the outside—and, remember, I am a soldier of the Civil War, of more than fifty years ago, and I am talking to young men, now, not mothers' darlings, but young men. This picture that I am going to tell you about, represented on one hand, a party of people hanging in rapt attention while a young soldier boy, with one of those little foreign service caps on, was expatiating to them, doubtless, about what he had seen and done; in the background was an old lanky-jawed, long gray-whiskered man, with a big, what we used to call in the army, beegum hat on, and some colored braid on his long coat—the conventional garb of a G. A. R. man—which, I will say, I have never seen except in pictures, but you always know what it means—and that old fellow was standing off there, and was looking with a contemptuous snarl, a contemptuous, envious, mean look on his face, at the boy who was getting the attention that he, himself, had been accustomed to receive. Boys, that is not the kind of an old soldier I am. So there we are. I know what you are—you know what I am.

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 to the war 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, in the spring of '62. 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 of service, 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 St. 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.

THE TOASTMASTER: I am sure that we all appreciate the words so kindly spoken by President Butler.

The speaker who next addresses us is of the class of 1880. I think that some of you may have heard him before, as he spoke so eloquently to us on another occasion.

I take very great pleasure, indeed, in presenting to you, our good friend and loyal son, Judge Ira Christian, who will now speak to us.

JUDGE CHRISTIAN, in part: Mr. Toastmaster and returned Soldiers and Sailors: I am glad to be with you. Not that I shall say that it is a great pleasure, because it seems to me that the war is not yet over and that there are serious hours ahead.

My son is still in France; your sons are still in France; and the uncertainty of the hour that hangs above Europe is yet an unsettled question.

I have been touched by what President Butler has said to you tonight, because, I, too, was one of his boys, when the College was young; and I, too, sat in his room and boned and boned at the old Latin grammar with its thousand rules that I never could remember! Yet, he was very charitable, very kind. And my father, too, was his comrade in the Civil War. My father lost his life in that war, and left me a lad of six to face life with a brave mother.

I come to you tonight with a heart full of feeling. With a mind stirred with many memories, and let me say to you that the meeting this afternoon in the old College Chapel was a great inspiration. I come to you tonight to speak on this subject as I see it, as I feel it, as it has touched me, and as it must touch you—"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 oversea. It 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 is 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 so 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 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 Woods, 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 the 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 where they fell like grain before the sickle—we agree with Hamilton in his observations, 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 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, it is ever young, it can not grow old; it can not die. The good, the brave, and the true are always beautiful. Good deeds are like the sun by day and the fixed stars by night—making bright the places which they occupy. 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 have gathered with us here tonight 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.

Butler College has sent her loyal sons into three wars. The flower of her youth has been dedicated to the cause of freedom on many battlefields. The sons of Butler, in the World War, distinguished themselves no less heroically than those of the Civil War. The veterans of '61 to '65 fought for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; fought for the integrity of the nation, as a nation. The khaki-clad sons of Butler fought on the continent of Europe for the same great principles; fought for the integrity of our flag and for Christian civilization of all the world.

I find no words more fitting to close what I have to say to you tonight than the "War's Recompense." The original of this verse was found on an American soldier who had been killed in battle, in France. This young American could not be identified, but his words and deeds will live.

"Ye, who have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have a part
In freedom's crowning hour.
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens,—their heritage to take—
I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,
I saw the morning break."

Alumni Evening

On the Campus

MRS. JESSIE CHRISTIAN BROWN, '97, PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION: As the business session has closed as usual with the reception of the graduating class into the Association, we are ready for talks from the different members of the Association, and I am sure we shall enjoy what they have to say for themselves of the years gone by. As has been our custom, we will hear from the chosen member of the 1919 class, Miss Mary Belle Pigman.

MISS PIGMAN: To one not accustomed to public speaking, this is somewhat difficult, but I am wishing in behalf of the class of 1919 to express our pleasure and appreciation of the kind invitation that has been extended to us this evening in becoming members of the Alumni Association. We are most happy to be affiliated with the Association and entering into it gives us a feeling of having contributed something to the welfare and already rich heritage of the college. We wish in some way to help out and to make a little better and stronger this college, and to assure you of our lasting love and loyalty to the Butler cause.

MRS. BROWN: To me this is one of the most pleasant occasions of the year. This evening we were delighted to find among us Major W. W. Daugherty, who has been away from us for many years. Life in its various activities has taken him into various parts of the world and he is going to tell us now what life has done for him and been to him the fifty-eight years he has been away from this college. How about this, Major Daugherty?

MAJOR DAUGHERTY, '61: I feel highly delighted to be at a meeting on an occasion like this and it brings back many pleasant memories; but at the same time I feel like one who addresses alone "the banquet hall deserted", when I heard the list of classes that have passed on before and since. It really presents to my mind one thought and that is that life is very short at best.

During the time since I left the halls of the old university, scarcely a year passed that I did not think of the time you were having at assemblies like this. While away, I have kept in touch with things back here by reason of taking the Indianapolis paper and by that means I have followed the events that were transpiring. You have no idea, who have associations here, how it feels to be remembered on an occasion like this. When I get the ALUMNAL QUARTERLY, that is being so ably edited, I feel that the Association can not do too much to keep up the paper. Everyone should take it, not for the price of the magazine, but to hold his membership in the Alumni Association.

A few years ago I received an order from the War Department to transmit to it a list of the colleges I had attended and any degree I had received from college. Well, you may be sure that I was proud to number one of that great list of officers as a member of the Butler College Alumni.

Of course, as age comes on, we are prone to think back and think perhaps that life has not been just exactly as we would like to have it. In a case like mine, I have lived long enough to see the great events of the world in fifty-eight years. I often think in my own mind what it has been—the Civil War that released this country of African slavery to put it into position fifty or sixty years afterwards, with the men united as one man, to save this world in the interest of Democracy. Of course many events have occurred. The great Pacific system of railroads has been built; the Panama Canal; and then, later, this great World War. I have lived to see the end, I hope, of that great struggle in which the test of self-government was being made and I hope that in the next fifty or sixty years those who are young enough will see as great development in this world as I have seen in my fifty-eight years out of college.

MRS. BROWN: Just twenty-five years ago occurred the first commencement that I personally knew about at Butler College. Twenty-five years have gone very swiftly, and yet twenty-five years, we are told, have represented a quarter of a century. One of the members of the class, Mrs. Belle Moore Miller, is going to respond to us across this gap of years.

MRS. MILLER, '94: I feel something like a ghost every time I come near the chapel platform, for once upon a time I was buried alive up there, when I felt very much alive, too. A ghost story is just now out of season, but this one will bear explanation. The Demia Butler Society, of which I was a proud member, was giving its Spring Exhibition. We active girls had given our program, and then came the burial. Some of the Demia Butler alumnae decided that we had hidden our lights under a bushel—if, indeed, we had ever had any—that literary talents were on the wane, that the best thing to do after presenting the two girls their diplomas was to have a public funeral for the Demia Butler Society. So, I say, that I feel very much like a ghost standing before you.

I was asked three or four days ago to represent my class here tonight on this 25th anniversary of our graduation. At first I said "No;" later, "Yes," when the privilege was given me of saying anything I pleased and as much as I please. I decided it would be a disgrace to live so near the College, in the house once occupied by an alumnus of the College and an instructor, when I entered as a first preparatory student; to live in the house which was once the rooming house of many students, some of whom may be here tonight; this same house was once the abiding place for several years of one of the present professors; and last, but not least, this house was owned and occupied for many years by dear old Dr. and Mrs. Benton. I felt that even these circumstances ought to be an inspiration to me to speak to you. Indeed, I felt that their shadows would forever haunt me, if I did not give my loving testimony for Butler.

Then, I have another reason why I should talk to you. This is my first opportunity in twenty-five years to tell the faculty publicly something which has been very long in my heart. In my college days, only the stars made public speeches; we who were dumb, who really needed mental training of public speaking, were always kept in the background and left to grope our way in darkness. I hope it is different now. I hope the present graduating class will have no difficulty in twenty-five years to find a member to toast their good qualities to the Alumni Association.

A few years ago I was asked to give a toast to a Browning class. Some of you here remember how I shook and stammered; my toes tingled in my shoes, my heart went pit-a-pat; I became blind, my ears rumbled, I staggered, I lost my voice. But tonight it is different. I am brave, I shout with glee, I am happy to be here on this occasion, for on that former occasion I made a resolution that if opportunity knocked at my door to give some advice to the Board of Directors, the Faculty, and rich Alumni, I would admit the visitor. Opportunity has come; this is my advice. I should like to see you establish and endow a chair for the instruction of after dinner speaking so that no one in the future will experience such difficulties.

I wish you now to return with me and listen to the echoes of the past—"Lest we forget". The past has always held great treasures for me. Last winter I read a dinner speech by Bliss Perry on "Turning the Leaves". It comes to my mind now as being appropriate to recall some of his allusions—the cheque-book, in particular. Have you ever been in a quandary as you cleaned your writing desk as to what to do with the old cheque-book stubs? You will find an odd summary of experiences chronicled in the names, dates and figures of these stubs. They are abstracts of duties and pleasures which slip down between the cracks of memory, yet to look them over they are as fresh as the yesterdays. Name the stubs; the butcher, and the many poor roasts received as well as the good juicy ones; the gas company, the thought of those biscuits last winter which neither raised nor baked; the dry-cleaner, and you at once recalled how he sent home that same evening that you wanted to wear it to the Founder's Day banquet your dress saturated with gasoline odor; the plumber, you were still angry at his extortion; the Irvington Ice Company—that makes you burst forth as a volcano! Some such intimate contact with the spirit of the College have I experienced in turning over the leaves of the earlier days of my college life. This reunion of Butler graduates, husbands and wives, always seems a reunion of the graduates of the ten years which followed 1888, that more of the students of those years are here than of any other group of years. Just why I know not. If

the latter day graduates returned as do we, Butler would be building a new auditorium.

Many fond recollections have I of the years from 1888 to 1894. I look back and see girls dressed comfortably in calico and gingham, plain flannel or wool plaid, wearing white aprons, and wearing their hair in braids down their backs. They were in college for learning and not for social functions. Silks and satins, silk stockings and pumps, powder and rouge, were unknown. That group of girls had real human ears, not Donatello ears covered with a Psyche knot. When I said white aprons, some of the latter day graduates may have looked aghast. I have six of those long lace-trimmed white aprons with strings that tied in bows in the back, carefully folded away among my keepsakes. Those apron strings helped in the class when memory failed. For what boy did not have all kinds of notes on his cuffs, and what girl did not have a note or two on her apron string?

When cleaning house in the spring, I ran across a trunk full of keepsakes—programs with names and names and more names written thereon; the little trinkets which we received at receptions when served with ice cream; old English essays, Bible note-books, chemistry experiments, trigonometry problems, and even my Commencement thesis!

Just last Sunday I read in *The Star* the advice of one of our alumnae who said, "Have you ever felt the joy of getting rid of things?" Yes, these keepsakes may prove a burden at times; yet they are a pleasure in the long run. These Collegians have been, at times, a mountain to move, but what pleasure they gave a few months ago when I read them for the first time in twenty years. There I found registered the great events of Butler, the write-ups of the concerts, the literary exhibitions, the receptions, the prize-winning essays, and most of all the "locals", as also that dissertation concerning Professor Thrasher's crumpled-horn cow. It was to live those years over again. Who would have missed one of President and Mrs. Butler's receptions, when every inch of house and yard space was taken, when the thermometer stood around 95°? Who does not remember that great game of football on

Thanksgiving Day, 1891, when Frank Davidson carried the ball almost from goal to goal and Butler won the state championship, and the glorious banquet for the boys which followed in the old Y. M. C. A. hall on north Illinois street? What member of the class of 1895 does not recall the party given them by the class of 1894 out north of Indianapolis? They found only a vacant lot to receive them. The invitations—a trick of the '94 girls—were bogus. What member of the classes of 1894 and 1895 does not remember the class hats, those pretty, crimson tam-o'shanters with their red feather worn by the girls of '94? And also the class rivalry over stolen hats, and finally the suspension from college of the girls of '94 by President Butler, and how angry he was when one of the girls of '94 arose in chapel and said, "Mr. President, if it is the Junior hat for which we are suspended, that hat has been returned to the owner"; and then how the underclasses applauded, and how when the President gave several hard raps on the desk in his effort to demand order, the head of the mallet flew off and landed over by one of the west windows; and then the President smiles and blandly remarks, "Even a president will sometimes fly off the handle!" The suspension was recalled; the girls of '94 were reinstated. I say, who does not remember all these episodes, and many others, as the chapel bell out of tune, the grey horse which climbed the stairs to the chapel shrine, the stack of hay in the dormitory reception room, the alarm clocks, the street car with its mule, its steam, its electricity—in all, its seven stages, I believe?

It was that class of '94 which planned a new kind of Class Day exercises. They digressed from the usual program of class history, class poem, class prophecy, and prepared a "Model Day at College," the main purpose of which was to allow the president and professors to see themselves as others saw them. The class consisted of nine young and pretty girls, and seven men. Those men, married, widowers and bachelors, with the exception of one, Charley Baker, a ministerial student, staid, steady and serene, bitterly opposed the plan conceived early in November by the nine girls for the exercises of Class Day. The girls were in the majority, held fast for their rights, stood pat for their plans and won the

final vote. The men, unwilling to join hands in giving the "Model Day," gathered themselves together with their wives and children and took to the woods—and as far as I know may be in the woods yet—their spirits only returning on Commencement Day to receive diplomas. The Class plan had leaked out, and the faculty in full force occupied the front seats. Their high expectations were realized when the program opened with the 7:45 senior class under the direction of a gray-wigged, gray-whiskered Miss Goe, who impersonated Professor Benton, while the class gathered in a realistic manner carrying lanterns and a light breakfast; chapel exercises, classes till the close of day, were given with much animation. The "Model Day" was a success.

I have given you a little of the history of the class of 1894 while in college. You may wonder what we have been doing since graduation. As for those six staid, steady, serene men, I have told you they may still be in the woods—I do not know. Mr. Baker married in Missouri, edited a paper, is now in business in Ohio. Four of the girls have chosen thus far single blessedness, and are all teachers. They have been traveling around enjoying the world's scenery, Miss Goe the only one fortunate enough to have visited Europe before its devastation. Misses Anna Stover and Edith Surber taught Spanish in Porto Rico and are now teaching in a Spanish mission in Los Angeles. Miss Rose Elliott, after two years in China, is now interested in the work of Miss Surber and Miss Stover. Five of the girls found life alone lonely and chose former Butler men to pilot in the way they should go. Two married Indianapolis lawyers—Miss Galvin, Mr. Frank Davidson; Miss Van Sickle, Mr. Charles Reagan. Miss Murray went West, not to grow up with the country, but to woo and to marry a Kansas man, who under the gracious influence of his voting wife, became Governor Hodges of Kansas. Miss Johnson married Mr. Marshall Davis, '90, now a professor at Miami University. The subject before you has somewhere in the audience one taken for better, for worse, whose friendship was formed while in college.

To read my college diary and see how many things I could do in one day about Commencement time, seems a marvel now. That I

can not accomplish so much in so short a time tells me that time is fleeting, that I am older grown. But it makes me young to be here again. I feel like singing Harry Lauder's song, "I am as young as I used to be." Of course the scenes have shifted in these twenty-five years. Often have I turned the leaves of my memory and brought to light the successes and the failures of college days. Was it time wasted? No, it has enriched my life to keep aglow the precious gems of thought, the friendships formed. The possession of the friendship of Mrs. Reagan, for six years my roommate, would have been compensation, had there been no other.

The one thing certain among the accidents of short-lived glory and short-lived disappointment, the shifting of scenes and subjects and tactics altered from time to time, is after all that there is something in the Butler Alumni dinner, and in this, my silver anniversary of graduation, that does not change—my abiding vision, my abiding love of the good old times and associations at Butler.

MRS. BROWN: Our next speaker is Miss Lucy J. Toph, of the class of 1909.

LUCY TOPH: Because the universe was wide, God gave to His children that part of Godhood which we call parenthood. Then He left them in the possession of a beautiful world. In each parent was a light fed part by love and part by wisdom. Their children walked by that light until the day when their own flame grew strong. Their duties were so divided that the mother parent guided the man child through his tender years. Then, the father parent led him gradually into the stern duties of the great world, while the woman child learned from her mother how she might best serve God and the world.

In time the race increased and dwelt far from that first home. As their wants increased each day, they discovered more of God's secrets hidden away until the day of need. So, knowledge grew.

Time came when father and mother were unable to supply all the wants of the family. Then each man must choose his part in the world's work. So manifold were the callings that men who

were teachers had to be called to supplement the wisdom of parents. In time came the university, the great foster-parent of the world. First, she called to herself the sons of earth; then, as the needs of the race increased, the daughters. Each year she sends forth her children to carry to other children the divine light of wisdom.

Ten years ago our Alma Mater laid her hand in benediction upon ten sons and nine daughters, bidding them carry her light into the world. Some stepped forth timidly for they were leaving a tender shelter; some had been across the threshold and had returned for new strength; while others, glowing-eyed, were eager to break from her kindly restraint. Of these, three have gone to carry the Word of God to His children. Our Mater looks with pride upon Charles O. Lee, superintendent of the Flanner Settlement House in Indianapolis. He is the father of three children whom Butler hopes some time to foster. Carl Burkhardt, who was in service at Fort Riley, is now in charge of a church at Plattsburg, Missouri. He can not be with us today because of the tender age of his youngest daughter. We understand that Hannah Jane and Constance are wonderful children. We hope to enjoy them at our next anniversary. Frank Lawson, in silo business at Oxford, Indiana, is helping to furnish provisions for the world. James Murray (alias "Jimmie") is a rising young lawyer of Indianapolis, and the proud father of a son. Roger Wallace, or "Rog", is on the Vocational Board at Washington. He has been discharged from military service. Herbert Redding's friendly smile may be frequently seen upon the streets of Indianapolis. He is helping his fellow townsmen to find homes, a difficult feat in these days of overpopulation and underproduction. "Herb" is a loyal son and often returns to pay his respects to the College. Edward Baird, one of Butler's devoted sons, is located at Shelbyville. He is employed in the United States postal department. "Nat" Rose, who is now probably "Nathaniel", is with the American Book Company, located at Bowling Green, Kentucky. Charles Manker and "Nat" are prodigal sons. We hope at our next meeting to be able to kill the fatted calf. Elbert Clarke is professor of mathematics at Hiram College. He and Inez Williams Clarke are the parents of two children.

Of the daughters, Mabel Long Corey cared for her father's home until the advent of Prince Charming. She is now living at Fort Wayne. The other eight daughters have all at some time been assisting in the education of young Americans. Edna Cooper is teaching in Wyoming. Irma Nix Hankey and Elizabeth Brayton have been connected with Shortridge High School. Lois Kile, our flower girl, went to the University of Chicago after leaving Butler, and taught for a brief time; but she has now entered the business world and is an assistant in the work for the War Mothers of America. Lois Brown Harris is a home-maker and the mother of a beautiful brown-eyed daughter. She has been somewhat of a wanderer, but will be located next year at Des Moines. In the decade Lois has changed little; she is the same friendly, happy Lois. Elizabeth Bogert, affectionately known as "Beth", looked into the business world and then entered the teaching profession in which she remained faithful contrary to the advice of Rog. Wallace. She has now resigned from the Indianapolis schools to make a home for a son of Butler. Elizabeth is well known by her connection with the Little Theater Movement of Indiana. Margaret Axtell is teaching in Indianapolis. Lucy Toph is a teacher of very young children. She has been successful in inspiring many with the desire of going to college. Butler may receive some War Saving Stamps in payment for tuition in a few years.

Of the faculty only four familiar faces greet us—Prexie, Miss Graydon, Professor Coleman, Professor Johnson.

MRS. BROWN: As we have come up the College walks in the last two days and have seen these wonderful flags we have here over our heads, we have all thought of what they mean to us. Yesterday, it seems to me, was one of the most wonderful occasions Butler College has ever enjoyed. We heard some fine talks from some of those who have seen service in the World War. I do not believe many of us will get over that thrill. So, tonight, we are to hear from one of our boys of the class of 1915, who has also seen service in this late war.

LIEUTENANT JUSTICE W. PAUL: When Mrs. Brown asked me to speak this evening, she gave me no subject, so I decided to stick to my old friend, the Tank Corps. I have usually found that people are in the dark regarding this branch of the service. Consequently, I feel that I may speak freely.

After roaming around France for several months as a casual officer—indeed, I was very casual at times—I decided that it was time for me to find some place that I could call a home. There were others of the same kind. Finally, after much debating pro and con, several of us put in our applications for transfer to the Tank Corps. Now none of us knew what a tank looked like nor had we any conception of the amount of training and work it took to become a “tanker.” If we had, I know we should have been content to stay in the Artillery.

The American Tank Corps was created from nothing in just about no time. General Rickenbach, then Colonel, was called to G. H. Q. one day and informed that he was chief of the Tank Corps. It was rather a tough blow to the old boy, but he rallied and immediately went to England to find out something about his job from the British. In four hours after he had met the British staff, the preparations for training the Yanks were all completed. Arrangements were then made with the French to turn over part of their plant to us for training purposes.

I was among those chosen for duty with the heavy tanks and was sent to the British school at Wareham. My first view of a British camp was a very pleasant surprise. Every building was well kept and attractively painted. Every road was in first-class condition. Flower beds and green lawns around every barracks gave the camp the appearance of a park. Here and there was an athletic field or a tennis court—in one corner there was a regular baseball field, which the Canadians had made. The section of the camp assigned to us was next to the ball grounds and we lost no time in organizing a league. But I must get to the Tanks.

There were at Wareham about 740 heavy tanks, used for instruction purposes. The instructors were taken from the best automobile concerns in England. Every man was a specialist on some

part of the mechanical equipment used. The course in gas engines, which we were given, was equal to that of any modern university. First, we were given a series of lectures dealing with each part of the tank. These lectures took up about a week. Then, we were put on the tanks for a two weeks' driving course. In this we actually drove over ground having all the ear-marks of a battle-field. Jumping trenches 12 or 15 ft. wide, climbing a wall 6 or 7 feet high, pushing over trees 16 to 18 inches in diameter, were some of our daily stunts. After learning to drive, we were put in the repair shops where we actually made repairs on tanks which were put out of commission on the driving course.

The gunning course came next. Three weeks were spent in learning the use of the various guns in a tank. This was followed by a week on a range. Here we had actual battle practice. The range was complete in every detail. By means of electrical devices everything that would appear in action was made to appear on the range. A battery of artillery would show up here, an enemy patrol over there, a machine gun nest some place else—even an enemy tank would roll across to attack us. You can well imagine that we were pretty well prepared to take on the real thing by this time.

We had one course to complete—reconnaissance. We were given a bit of ground about three miles wide and five miles long, and told that we were to attack the enemy at a given point at a certain time. We had to do all the staff work. We planned our attack from beginning to end—how to get our tanks to the "jumping off place", how to keep our ammunition supply available, how to communicate with the infantry, where to have our repair shops, how much artillery support we would need, etc. We were all mighty glad when we had finished our "battle", for we worked long and hard at it.

Now a few words about the tanks in action. One battalion of heavies was loaned to the British while two battalions of "lights" operated on the American sector. All did good work. They were in action only a short time as they couldn't keep up with the swift advances of the allied forces. However, the use of tanks did a

very great deal towards breaking the German morale. Nothing can be more terrifying than the sight of one of these monsters lumbering over all obstacles and spitting death and destruction from every port hole.

We now have a regular army Tank Corps, and, believe me, we shall be ready in time when the next war comes along, if it ever does come.

Mrs. Brown: I want to introduce our last speaker to you with just a word of appreciation. It is always the custom, of course, to speak of the days gone by when reminiscences in the air call attention to those who have made college life delightful for us. There is nothing sweeter in the world than to recall old times and friendships. When our friends pass away from our circle, we feel a tinge of regret that they have passed from us, but we have been glad to have known them for we feel that we have been very much enriched. We have one friend who is leaving us who is very much respected, admired and beloved. It is a source of sorrow to us that Professor Coleman is going away. He has been with us for nineteen years and when I think of the lives he has touched, and the inspiration he has given to those about him, I feel that a life service like Mr. Coleman's must count tremendously in the sum-total of the many friends he has made. So I think it is well that we should close our program with a talk from Professor Coleman. We hope he is going to tell us that he is going to miss us as much as we shall miss him.

PROFESSOR COLEMAN: I appreciate the courtesy of being asked to speak in spite of the fact that I am not an alumnus. The only other Butler alumni gathering at which I can now recall speaking was at Bethany Park. On that occasion we had a watermelon spread, and as I furnished the melons, the alumni had to stand for a speech. The Alumni have a larger share in the college than most of us seem to realize. I have been interested recently in the accounts of changes which the Alumni of my own college, Yale, have brought about. What the faculty and the corporation have not been able

to accomplish, a committee of the alumni, backed by the support of the whole body, has brought about. The alumni in this way have practically reorganized the university. I don't want to start anything now, but I believe that the alumni, as such, should always be represented on the governing board of a college, and made to feel responsible for the institution and to share in the gratification of carrying out enlarged plans. Even universities which are supposedly entirely under state control give a voice in their management to their alumni. Purdue University, for instance, has one member of its board of trustees elected by the alumni, and Indiana University has several.

As for myself, the real reason I am going is that my job has been taken away. I have had the two-fold function of professor of history and vice-president. As a professor of history my work is finished, for nobody now-a-days is interested in history. Everybody is so anxious to know what is going to happen that the past is a matter of indifference, and no one cares what has happened. I cannot change from a historian to a prophet, and most professors of history, indeed, make poor prophets. They are not alone in that. Some years ago Senator Beveridge, after a brief visit to Russia, wrote a book about the irresistible advance of that country. His book was scarcely printed before Japan brought the irresistible advance to an abrupt stop. Since then the Senator has taken to writing a life of John Marshall. He has become a historian just as the craft is becoming obsolete.

My work as vice-president has consisted of presiding at chapel in the president's absence, and impressing the students with the seriousness of life and the dignity of scholarship. President Howe has had to be away frequently in the past, but since trouble has broken out between the citizens of Irvington and the School Board there is such an interesting show here that I know he will not be able to tear himself away at all in the future. So there will be no need of a vice-president.

It is with very deep feeling that I break a connection which has lasted nineteen years. Butler College has done a good deal more for me than I have done for it. Your president, for instance, has

spoken of my touching many lives. During our endowment campaign some twelve years ago, I tried to touch a considerable number of people, perhaps fifty, sixty, or seventy. I got a wide acquaintance, and many kind expressions, which I enjoyed, but I didn't get very much for the college. But the college has done much for me. It has given me what every man wants, a good job. It has given me many warm friends. It has given me a wife who makes life worth living; and, by the way, I am taking her away with me. I would like to take all the rest of you with me, too, except that I want to see you here when I come back to visit you. All that I can say in conclusion is that I wish to each one of you, personally, and to the college in all of its career, the very greatest happiness and success.

MRS. BROWN: And so our program ends. We believed that, as it was a hot evening, we would try a new thing and have the Alumni meeting out-of-doors. It has been very delightful here under the stars to hear the voices of the friends whom we love and whom we shall continue to love because they are a part of our big family. I think this is one of the most enjoyable meetings we have had and I feel like saying on behalf of the officers of the Association, that we are very happy to have met you all this evening, to have had the delicious picnic supper, and to have enjoyed listening to words that have been pleasant indeed. So now we say Goodnight, because we want to come back tomorrow to the Commencement.

For Remembrance

"Their name liveth for evermore"

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr.

Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott

Lieutenant John Charles Good

Lieutenant Robert Edward Kennington

Sergeant Henry Reinhold Leukhardt

Private Wilson Russell Mercer

Doctor Guy Griffith Michael

Sergeant Marsh Whitney Nottingham

Private Marvin Francis Race

Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison

Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson

Apprentice-Seaman Henry Clarence Toon

From Our Soldier Boys

“ 'Tis God's voice calls; how could I stay? ”

Extracts from a letter concerning Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson, written by his mother to the editor, dated June 22, 1919:

Your letter requesting information concerning the military life of our son, Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson, a former student of Butler College, has been some weeks awaiting a reply . . . I am enclosing clippings which give the information we have been able to gather after months of effort. It is only because Mr. Stephenson finally succeeded in having our youngest son, Edward F. Stephenson, Battery B, 312 Field Artillery, detailed to search, that we have the comfort of this information. Until that time, March 10, 1919, nothing was known of his fate, either in Washington or at General Headquarters, France.

In a letter from Edward, he speaks of the air fight and the fate of the men in the two planes which fell at Jarny, as told him by the peasants who watched and knew it moment by moment. “If I could only make it half as wonderful as those who told it to me,” he wrote, “but I seem to lack the power. You will never know the thrill that possessed me, when I realized it was my brother of whom they spoke. Their objective was Conflans, a railroad center and place of immense troop concentration. It was the height of the St. Mihiel drive. Their bombs had been released and they were returning to their 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 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 these men. Coffins were refused them by the Germans, although there were large supplies at hand. They were carried one and a half kilometers to a cemetery, tenderly covered with canvas and sheets, and

laid side by side in one grave. And here, mother, is the finest tribute of all. The Mayor collected about five hundred francs with which were purchased two large Lorraine crosses on which is the inscription—

4 AVIATEURS

Tombés le 18 septembre, 1918.

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 seem to have helped, so there was no one person I could thank. The old man who buried them identified Mae from the picture in my small photo case which you gave me and which I have carried with me always. I went from here to Labry to order a stone. From here one may look over the hills to where they fell. I wish I might write the pride I felt as I stood there, the thousand things which passed through my mind, but it is impossible. From the peasants we learned that MacCrea fired his guns till his plane struck the ground. The impact was the cause of his death. His pilot was shot through the head."

This long account may not be of use to you, but the story of the care given our American boys by the French peasants touched me deeply and I thought might interest you.

Arthur Marquette, of Indianapolis, concerning Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr.:

On the First of November I was going through the Argonne forest carrying dispatches to Exermont. For days we had been fighting in that hell hole. As a member of the 150th of the 42nd, we were facing toward Sedan, steadily advancing, but meeting with powerful resistance. The First Division was on our right. My old friend, Paul Brown, who was formerly with the Rainbow, had been transferred to the First. Accordingly when I met a lieutenant on horseback struggling with his battery problems and trying to get up food and water for his men, and when I found

that the man was of the First Division and traveling my way, I began to seek points of common interest and asked him if he knew Paul Brown, now of the First but formerly of the Forty-Second. The lieutenant said he knew him and whimsically added that he was a brother. I had suspected it from his looks for I knew Paul had a brother Hilton in the First. This made things easy for us. (These two boys, living almost neighbors thousands of miles away, who had never seen each other, met on a bloody battlefield and became friends.) We talked of things and persons that we both knew, of Butler Colege and its men in the war, of Daniels who had lately been wounded, of Findley of Battery A, and of course of Paul. Lieutenant Brown seemed to be in command of the Battery for the time being. Death had played havoc with the officers and the lines were advanced far from their base. His chief thought seemed to be of his men: How to keep them rationed and in ammunition and to keep up their morale. I saw that he was going on nerve alone. He had had little rest or sleep and troops like our own had been battling for weeks and were under fearful strain. But for all that he was full of fun and fire. He seemed in an element that called out his worth-while qualities and made light of all difficulties except the sufferings of his men. He said nothing of his own trials, his recent wounds, his sleepless nights in the mud and blood of that slippery, rolling, shell-pocked battlefield, but went right straight on with the business in hand, talking meanwhile of home, his battery, and the big things of the hour. That was Hilton Brown. Two days later he was killed outright on the field not so far from where we met and while in the very vortex of dangers which disturbed him no more than he was disturbed as we made our way together through the forest. I have kept him in mind as a true type of the best American soldier. He was worn with fatigue, but not a word was said of this. He was thinking only of the work to be done and of the welfare of those who had it in hand.

SERGEANT B. WALLACE LEWIS, '15:

PARIS, April 8, 1919.

Remember Professor Greene and his lengthy discourses on the Sorbonne? Little did I ever think when I was listening to them that I would ever be a denizen of the Quartier Latin and myself a student in these ancient halls of erudition.

I am tremendously glad that I didn't go to Oxford. This is infinitely better. We are too much like the English, our philosephy, our literature, our ideals are Anglo-Saxon and essentially the same. Here I encounter a new and most refreshing point of view. French culture is marvelous. Not only has the war justified it over its opponent "Kultur", but I have had the opportunity of contrasting the two in their social manifestations, and life itself justifies it more completely than the war. The French thought of the best type is marvelous, exact and detailed to a greater degree than ours (something like the better phase of Teutonic thought), broad and fair like the English, and at the same time it shows a typically Gallie wit and verve and brilliance. I verily believe that French culture is the superior of the world.

I can never explain, nor attempt to, my love for France. Some English poet whose name I have forgotten said, "France has been the soldier of God." Doomed at the outset by her peculiar geographical position to a principal part in the ebb and flow of the tides of human history, France has nobly played her part—defending civilization many times against the barbarian to the last drop of her precious blood and to the last jot of her resources. An artistic and impressionable people, yet possessing the qualities of solidity and stability (which the Anglo-Saxon has without their animating brilliance), the French have more than any other race paid the price of civilization, more staggering this last time than ever before. The French Revolution (the most tremendous event in the history of man) was the crowning achievement in man's long fight for personal liberty. It could have happened only in France. For only the French temperament could have pushed its horrors to a successful conclusion. And their Art! Less profound than the German, less graceful than the Italian, it is greater than either. Paris is the

most artistic city in the world, it has been *the* artistic capital for fifteen centuries. Their literature is second only to that graced by Shakespeare. But the greatest of all is the people. Gay, brilliant, effervescent, they captivate the world. If one could forget their gigantic sacrifice and indomitable spirit of the last four years, he would still love the French. But it is as *that* that France will be remembered. The world will forget Hugo, Pasteur, Corneille, Moliere, and all of their achievements in other fields in comparison with their last and greatest. Foch will replace Napoleon; Clemenceau, Richelieu; Guynemer, Bayard—and others. France with her back to the wall, defeated, ruined, despairing of everything, decimated, for three long years, rose anew in the last triumphant year to a greater effort than her first one. That is the sublimest thing in French history and the thing that will make France, to whom the world was already debtor, greater and more glorious forever.

Germany certainly has played the Frankenstein when she created the monster Bolshevism. I hope the thing she created will destroy her, but that would be a terrible danger for the rest of the world. I tell you, the future was never darker. I don't know how things are at home, but I am afraid for America. With the American's *penchant* (especially the radical American) for following a fad, Bolshevism is a very real and very terrible menace, even in the land of the Free. Where is our great leader that history tells us always arises to meet a crisis? Where is he? It is certainly time for him to put in his appearance.

I wish I could explain to you the sensations I felt the other day when I stood with bowed head at the tomb of the mightiest man in history and looked at the tattered flags of a hundred glorious campaigns. A tablet above the massive bronze doors of his tomb says, "I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people I have so greatly loved." They do. And the whole world comes to do them homage. Frenchmen worn and discouraged by the defeats of the last war came and looked upon the relics of France's old greatness and took new heart. Englishmen came, too, to the grave of their ancient enemy, to take courage against their last and greatest foe.

I am certainly enjoying my work in Paris. It is an experience worth more than money. But fascinating as Paris is, and pleasantly as the time passes, and valuable as my stay here is, I yearn all the time for "le retour" when I can go back to my own people. No foreign land however wonderful can ever take the place in my affections of that wonderful land I'm trying to serve. Absence surely teaches love of country. The happiest day of my life will be when I salute the Goddess of Liberty, because I will feel then that I am back again with my own family, and that actual reunion will soon follow. You ought to experience the thrill of seeing floating over the Hotel Crillon the Stars and Stripes. It is surrounded by other flags, no doubt glorious and thrilling to some: the Union Jack, the Tri-color, are fine flags, beautiful and significant. But there is only one that makes you catch your breath, and the little shivers run up and down your spine, and your eyes sometimes smart a little—there's only one that means all that you hold dear, there is only one that stands for Home.

LIEUTENANT BASIL N. BASS, 41st Aero Squadron:

BESANCON UNIVERSITY, April 1, 1919.

The Quarterly is a pleasure and a comfort. I read every word of it with all my gratitude . . . I have met only one Butler man since we left the states. My squadron is stationed near Toul and I often visited Nancy with other pilots from my organization. It was there that I ran on to "Tow" Bonham. We spent the greater part of two days talking over old times, the past war, and our present work. He is taking at Nancy a course similiar to the one I am taking here, a course in letters.

This is a wonderful old town, very interesting and beautiful. The Doule river flows around it in horseshoe fashion. I have discovered that some of the old Gallie chieftains who used to cause me so much trouble when I was trying to translate Ceasar's Wars, lived right around here. That is not exactly against the town but the fact takes something from its historical value, for me at least.

The University was founded in 1287, and some of the professors have evidently been here ever since. Really, some are past the age

of speaking plainly. In spite of this fact, I understand the University stands high in France.

The course will end on July 1, and I hope my squadron will then be ordered home.

CAPTAIN WHITNEY R. SPIEGEL:

April 13, 1919.

Since my last letter, many interesting things have taken place. I was promoted to captaincy on February 23rd, and indeed it came as a surprise as I had not the slightest idea I had been recommended. But my good luck did not stop here, as on February 26th I was notified to proceed to England to take an eight weeks' course in a British University. The winter term being over on the 20th of March and the spring term not starting until the 28th of April, I was told I could tour the British Isles, if I so desired. I did not have to think twice before giving my answer. Today I have finished my trip of eastern England and Scotland, and am leaving for Ireland. My two weeks in Scotland were very fine. One enjoying beautiful scenery should surely visit the Highlands. While in London I enjoyed the Dickens' places—even "Dirty Dick's". Do you remember him?

I thought I would be coming home for Commencement, but I shall not be able to reach there sooner than August 1.

Kindly remember me to all my old friends, both students and faculty.

LIEUTENANT MYRON M. HUGHEL, '18:

GIEVRES, LOIR ET CHER, April 16, 1919.

I am glad a record is making of the part the Butler boys have played in the great struggle. For a while, I thought we were coming home "toot sweet" and I could then give you my little story in person.

Since the second week of February we have been back in the Intermediate Section of the Service of Supply. Lots of work of varied nature is to be done here and while our men have been working trying to get these roads in shape to keep our contract

with the French to make up for the road deterioration caused by our army the officers have been detailed on duties of administration that those who saw nothing of service of supply often forget about. There has been much work to do. Before we moved back we had no conception of what was going on in the rear.

I would like to be right now in Irvington to greet old friends, especially as I would so much like to thank all of them heartily personally for their constant good wishes and their constant sacrifices of very necessities for the lightening of the soldiers' tasks. The completed story of the war will probably never be written—that is, in one set of volumes. For the honor of America's stand is due not only to the uniformed forces in France, nor alone to the uniformed forces at home and abroad, but to every last American in uniform or not. It was the stand of a nation rather than that of an army. Lots of us—all of us—are coming home (if we ever get home) singing the praises of those who gave the army. There have been no decorations for all of you at home for your courage and your great part, but they could well have been given. My best wishes to all of old Butler.

ROSCOE C. SMITH, ex-'15:

PARIS, FRANCE.

While it was not my privilege to be in Europe during the period of hostilities, I am at present trying to do my part in serving the boys during the difficult period which has intervened since the signing of the Armistice. As you know, an army at leisure, waiting to go home is in very great danger of going to pieces through various forms of dissipation; so men are needed to help keep up the morale of the boys while they wait embarkation and demobilization.

I arrived in France on December 10, and was assigned to the Le Mans area with the 27th division of New York, a splendid fighting unit, which took active part in the storming of the Hindenburg line on September 29. General O'Brien of New York was their leader and they certainly gave good account of themselves under his direction, as was evidenced by the fact that General

Pershing in reviewing them previous to their departure gave citations to many for their bravery and personally presented the Distinguished Service Cross to about three score of them.

My work since coming here has had to do with both the physical and the spiritual well-being of the boys . . . It has been necessary for the Y. M. C. A. and similar organizations to do everything possible to help the boys pass the time profitably and honorably. Their billets were very poor, since large bodies of them were placed in small towns and villages. I have witnessed many of them sleeping in barns and stalls—quite significant, it has seemed to me, that the world's best men who have given themselves for the cause of world freedom should, like their Master, sleep in a stall. Yet, at a season of the year when it rains almost incessantly and the mud is knec-deep, one heard little complaining. They seemed to think that the fact their lives were spared and they were waiting to return to America was their great gain. Oh, I can not feel the world is worthy of these brave boys!

It was my duty to run a large regional warehouse and by means of a number of Fords to supply the boys with physical comforts, as cookies, candy, chocolate, cigars, cigarettes, chewing gum, tobacco, tooth-paste, brushes, towels, soap, and various other articles. We covered a territory within a radius of 15 miles. Some days I sent out as much as \$20,000 worth of supplies, and then when night came on, because of a shortage of men, I would take one of the Fords and a group of entertainers to some point in the area for an evening's entertainment. Often we had no lights on the cars, it being impossible to get them; so we drove by faith and not by sight. On Sundays the chaplains would call upon us to go out to speak to the boys or sing with them. So, every one who had capacity for service of any kind was called upon to use it to the utmost to keep up the spirits of the boys. There is much to tell, but I am taking too much of your time. I can only say that this has been a wonderful experience to all of us, an educational privilege worth while.

I often think of the many happy hours at Butler and I feel indebted to those members of the faculty with whom I worked be-

yond my ability to pay for their patience and painstaking efforts on behalf of the least of Butler's boys. I only hope and pray that some little service which I may render here to our gallant army, may, in some way, reflect the spirit of unselfish devotion which Butler has tried to instill in the hearts of her students.

PRIVATE PAUL H. MOORE, '21:

PANNES, FRANCE, March 18, 1919.

Yesterday forty of us moved over here, arriving about noon. I spent the rest of the day arranging my infirmary—a pretty good place with not much to repair, only to rebuild three sides, the roof and floor of the room. About four o'clock we were eating our three meals in one, when a bunch of German prisoners was brought in town. I went to the old barn where they were quartered and found out from the French guard that there were 453 of them. . . . This morning after breakfast I walked out to some dug-outs and got a table and chair and window. Upon return a French soldier was waiting to tell that several of the Germans were sick and wanted me to fix them up. So, I took some bandages and stuff and went over. I hope I may never again have to look upon such human beings in such a condition as these Germans. They were sleeping in a barn used during the war for horses without being cleaned out. Not only that, but there are very few spots where there does not stand at least an inch of water. For your sake I am glad I can not describe better what I saw. Nearly all the men had either been wounded or were suffering from boils. Infection was so bad that I had to take them out of doors before I could finish dressing the wounds. All I had to work with was alcohol, bandages, adhesive plaster, iodine, a pocket knife and a pair of pliers. I used the knife for lancing boils and the pliers for pulling teeth. Until this morning I had the impression the Germans were cowards, but I have changed my mind. Out of all the men I treated only one showed the least sign of pain. He was a fellow with a mass of puss about the size of a tea cup on his back. After cleaning the place I poured the cavity full of alcohol. Then he moved for the first time, laughed a little, and in German said, "Sir, that is hotter than Hell!" I do not doubt he was absolutely right.

This afternoon I put a window in my house and finished reading "Rob Roy." A while ago I walked over to the next town and got a dozen eggs, they costing only eight francs. Here I am now, with my candle almost as far gone as my fire, writing home with visions of fried eggs for breakfast.

* * * * *

I have been taking care of my Dutch as usual, only more so. It's all a great experience, but the other day I had an experience I hope I shall never have to meet again. I was wrapping up one of the fellow's fingers which he had tried to chop off with an axe when we heard an explosion and a piece of shell went over our heads. We did not think much of it at the time, as things of that kind happen every day. In about two or three minutes, though, a French soldier came running in and jabbering so fast no one could understand him. I finally gained enough of his lingo to know that some one was hurt and help was needed. I snatched up bandages etc., and ran to the prison camp. There I found a French soldier in one awful condition and another one shot through the arm and leg. The first one had his right hand off at the wrist, the whole right side of his face gone including his eye and ear, his right leg hanging by a few shreds just above his knee, while his body and left leg were full of holes. The first thing I did was to stop the bleeding in his arm and face. That was easy, but it was next to impossible to stop the bleeding in his right leg as there was so little of it left to work with. The next thing I was up against was to get him to the hospital and a doctor which were 25 kilometers from here. I had turned that part of it to the French when I first started on the mess, but instead of getting some kind of transportation they got into an argument about where they were going to take him. Finally, I got hold of Lieutenant Whipple, who is our company commander and happened to be here in a Ford truck, and obtained permission to use his machine. After getting the Frenchman in a blanket we placed him in the back of the Ford and started off. The driver knew his business and we did not lose much time. After riding the longest 25 kilometers in the world's history, we got to the hospital and turned the man, still smiling and

asking for a drink of water, over to the doctors. He died the next day, but, thank God, he was under the doctor's care and not mine at the time.

Night before last I spent about three hours with a Frenchman who had been on a big drink and had the D. T.'s and let his heart slow up on him. This a. m. at 2 o'clock I spent an hour with a German who had an attack of acute indigestion; at 6 a. m. I set a broken leg for another German; and at 10 a. m. answered sick call for eighty-two other Germans, and redressed the other Frenchman's arm and leg. Otherwise, I have had a pretty quiet time this week. Am going to Verdun tomorrow.

* * * * *

As to my trip to the Alps. No one has a vocabulary to do justice to that trip. It would be a sacrilege for me to try to describe such a stupendous thing.

In your letter you asked me to visit Hilton Brown's grave. I have done everything possible to get a pass, but without success.

This war is not over yet. The Germans are carrying out one of the greatest propaganda systems they have ever known, and all that there is to it is the fact that they are promoting sympathy for everything German. As I see it, that is one of the most dangerous things the world has to contend with. Even the prisoners here have brought about hard feeling between the Americans and the French and have both parties feeling that Germany is O. K. I do not doubt in the least that the same thing is going on in the States. So, beware of anything German; it's dangerous. I know from experience.

As to myself, I am in this little village, 25 kilometers from the nearest doctor, with no telephone, and about 500 human beings depending upon me for their well-being. Naturally, I do not have much time to write. Still, I have plenty of everything except U. S. A.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Commencement Week

The sixty-fourth annual Commencement season lingers in after-glow of pleasant memory. Much that was said is given elsewhere, but there can not here be expressed the variety or the depth of feeling, whether of mirth, or of sorrow, or of kindly fellowship. It was a goodly gathering of people of all ages come at the call of their Alma Mater to renew old friendships, to form new ones; to walk under the fine trees of the campus and about the old buildings, with a smile and a tear; to regain the strength or the courage or the comfort needed to return to the activities of life.

“I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me”,

was written on many faces. Indeed, it was a memorable week and many went away feeling it was good to have been there.

The formal program was carried through as usual: The Baccalaureate Sermon preached on Sunday afternoon in the Chapel by Rev. A. B. Abbott, of St. Louis; the Sunday evening supper given to the Senior Class by the Faculty Club on the lawn of President and Mrs. Howe; Class Day on Wednesday morning in the Chapel;

Class reunions; Alumni supper; Graduating Exercises of the Senior Class on the Campus. To this conventional program was added a new feature on Tuesday, the welcoming home of the soldiers and sailors who have been Butler's crown. The feeling of the College reached its high-water mark on this occasion.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Day

By EVELYN BUTLER, '94

Tuesday, June seventeenth, was a day unique in the history of Commencement seasons at Butler College. Since the news of the signing of the armistice and the realization that all the boys in the home camps and many of those in the forces abroad might be expected back by June, there had been speculation and wondering and planning at Butler as to how the College might express her satisfaction at the accomplishment, her pride in the valor, and her joy at the return of her sons. The deeper the feeling, the more difficult seems the possibility of its adequate expression. Had it not been for the resolution and high courage of Miss Graydon, it is doubtful that the memorable program of welcome day from Butler College to her soldiers and sailors could have been planned, undertaken and effected. In the face of many difficulties and uncertainties, Miss Graydon's spirit never faltered. Her constantly iterated determination was, "It must be a great day". And all things worked together to make June seventeenth a wonderful day. The campus never looked more beautiful nor the old buildings more festive. The usual lone flag floating from the pole on the east campus had plenty of company, for hanging over the broad center space of the main building was a United States flag many times its size, flanked by the Tricolor and the Union Jack. The three great banners floated free and formed a most effective front

to the main building. The dim college halls were brightly lighted by and displayed everywhere the Stars and Stripes. Above the doorways at the ends of the halls were crossed the flags of the Allies. In the Chapel the decorations were marked by beauty and significance. Above the entrance were the brilliant flags of the Allies; on the front wall was a great American banner; behind the pictures of Scot Butler and Joe Gordon hung the flags they had served; and memorials to be presented during the afternoon's exercises, of Butler's part in the world's war, were conspicuously placed on two easels and veiled with the American colors.

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 heartfelt 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 humour. 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 humour 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 gayety 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 Jameson, '19, then, in an address marked by fine appreciation and lofty feeling, presented to the College as a memorial gift, a portrait of Hilton U. Brown, Jr., killed in action on November 3, in the Argonne. As Lieutenant Jameson 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.

In the evening a large and beautiful banquet was given at the Claypool Hotel to which all young men who were or had been students at Butler and who had seen service at home or abroad were invited as guests of honor. Miss Graydon was the chief spirit in planning and promoting this formal tribute of honor from their Alma Mater to all students who had offered their services to their country. Liberal contributions from such staunch Alumni as Mrs. N. E. Atkinson, '56, John H. Holliday ex-'62, Mrs. Alice Secrist Snider, '66, Arthur V. Brown, '85, F. R. Kautz, '87, E. W. Gans, '87, E. D. Kingsbury, T. C. Howe, '89, P. H. Clifford, '89, W. G. Irwin, '89, Lee Burns, C. R. Yoke, '96, Emsley Johnson, '00,

E. E. Thompson, '00, made possible this event. The Riley room with its tables gayly decorated in flags and flowers, and with its throng of college men and women, presented an inspiring sight. After the dinner, President Howe as toastmaster extended a cordial welcome to the college guests of honor and to their friends. Beginning with those nearest, he asked that every man present should stand and give his name. The carrying out of this request occasioned great cheering, especially in the cases of boys who answered to some familiar nick-name, or had seen active service, or had suffered wounds. When the roster had been completed, President Howe introduced Scot Butler, '68, who graphically compared the experiences of the boys of '63 with those of today. Following ex-President Butler's talk, Judge Ira W. Christian, ex-'80, read an appreciative account of the different stages of the Great War. Seated at the speaker's table were also Mrs. Christian, Mrs. Howe, Major and Mrs. Robert A. Bull, Colonel Robert L. Moorhead, and Captain Robley Blount.

Although the loving care and artistic taste shown in the settings for the events of the day, and the beauty and significance of many of the incidents, were appreciated perhaps most keenly by those who rejoiced at the presence of loved ones, or bowed in proud grief at their absence, all who participated in the celebration of the soldiers and sailors return from war, actual or impending, will long hold in their hearts June seventeenth, nineteen-nineteen, as a stirring memory.

Alumni Business Meeting

Following a picnic supper on the green, under the able management of Mrs. Edith Keay Fowler, '99, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, '84, Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, '08, the Alumni gathered in the open for the evening exercises. Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97, President of the Alumni Association, presided. The Nominating Committee, Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12, Urith Daily, '17, and Frank T. Brown, '97, by its chairman, reported the following ticket: President, Major Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Judge Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16. The Secretaryship had been voted a permanent office. The report was accepted. The Treasurer's Report, prepared by Carl Van Winkle, treasurer, read by Stanley Sellick, was as follows:—

Treasurer's Report

RECEIPTS FOR YEAR FROM JUNE 13, 1918, TO JUNE 18, 1919

Month	Dues	General	Life End.	Total	
On June 13, balance on hand-----					\$86.91
July -----	\$41.00	\$4.00	\$46.00	\$91.00	
August -----	15.00	-----	-----	15.00	
September -----	16.00	-----	-----	16.00	
October -----	20.00	1.00	45.00	66.00	
November -----	40.50	1.00	-----	41.50	
December -----	26.00	22.05	10.00	58.05	
January -----	14.00	-----	-----	14.00	
February -----	7.50	5.00	-----	12.50	
March -----	23.00	-----	-----	23.00	
April -----	64.75	1.00	-----	64.75	
May -----	20.00	-----	20.00	40.00	
June -----	2.00	-----	-----	2.00	
	\$334.25	\$129.05	\$156.00	619.30	
				\$706.21	

DISBURSEMENTS FOR YEAR JUNE 13, 1918-JUNE 18, 1919

Total amount received and brought forward						\$706.21
	Adminis- tration	Printing & Quarterly	Postage	Miscellaneous	Total	
June	\$11.75	\$49.59	-----	-----	\$61.34	
July	9.50	140.00	10.00	-----	159.50	
August	-----	81.52	-----	-----	81.52	
September	5.00	-----	-----	-----	5.00	
November	-----	155.35	1.75	-----	157.10	
February	-----	-----	1.50	4.00	5.50	
March	-----	67.00	2.00	3.35	72.35	
April	-----	90.00	-----	-----	90.00	
May	-----	-----	1.82	-----	1.82	
	<u>\$26.25</u>	<u>\$583.46</u>	<u>\$17.07</u>	<u>\$7.35</u>	<u>634.13</u>	
Cash on hand						\$72.08

BILLS OWING

Mr. Hecker for printing	\$9.10
Butler College for money advanced	299.74
For stenographic work	17.80
For stamps	5.93
	<u>332.57</u>
Total	\$332.57
Cash on hand	\$72.08
	<u>260.49</u>
Amount of deficit	\$260.49

The report shows that we have received \$334.25 from dues and sale of Quarterlies; from advertising \$90.00, making a total of \$424.25. The cost of printing alone for the year was \$871.56. This shows that the income from dues and advertising did not pay half the cost of printing the Quarterly. In order to meet the bills we have had to use all the money that has come to the Alumni Association Living Endowments, and on pledges that was supposed to go to the Endowment Fund of Butler College. During the year we have paid out from this fund \$269.81 and after paying out this sum it was still necessary to have the treasurer of Butler College pay bills to the amount of \$332.57.

The cost of printing the Quarterly has been increased because of the general advance in the price of paper and the cost of printing and postage. In view of the showing made by the Alumni Association in the past year, it seems that there is left to us a choice between the following: either to increase the dues sufficiently to cover the cost of printing the Quarterly; or to discontinue the Quarterly. Personally, I do not think the Quarterly should be discontinued, for I do not know how the Alumni of Butler College could get along without it.

CARL VAN WINKLE,

Treasurer of Alumni Association.

A discussion followed the report as to how to place the Association on a self-supporting basis, how to make up the deficit accrued from the printing of the Quarterly. It was decided to increase the alumni fee to two dollars (\$2), this fee to include all publications issued by the Association. The action goes into effect for the year 1919-1920.

The Secretary's Report

The Alumni Association has had no official or social meeting since June, 1918. The work undertaken has lain chiefly in the Secretary's hands. She has every three months issued the Butler ALUMNAL QUARTERLY with an effort therein to place before the Alumni the happenings of the College of general or especial interest and the news of the scattered graduates and former students. The editor makes no pretense to journalistic ability. She can only in her busy days gather what items of interest come within her range of knowledge. In order to make the paper of larger attraction and greater value and more worthy the name it bears, she often wishes the Alumni were willing to send in items of information, and indeed were willing to pay their annual fee more generally. The financing of the Quarterly has become a serious problem for

those managing affairs at this end of the line and too often has the meeting of expenses come from a private pocket; this because of an apparent lack of interest of the Alumni in the Association. The Quarterly has no motive of exploitation; it is put out simply to try to keep the former students in closer touch with the college, to arouse a warmer feeling by a more intimate acquaintance. What child is he who leaves the home never to return, or never to send back a letter? We all know. Butler needs her children, she needs every one, and never more than at present. There are many members who feel their obligations to the Association are met by attending, when convenient, the annual supper. Far from it, indeed. The College has suffered because of the apathy of a large number of her alumni, the reason for which it is difficult to understand. Why do the Alumni not turn out more generally on the festal days of the year—to Opening Day, to Founder's Day, to Commencement exercises, occasionally to classes? Why do the Alumni not welcome the new members of the Faculty, if not by entertaining them, at least by calling upon them? There are a hundred ways in the power of the Alumni to further the influence of the College. The College calls. Because a noble band of men and women near and far hear the voice and heed the call, things move so well as they do.

At the meeting last June, upon the suggestion of Mr. Hilton U. Brown, '80, it was moved to prepare a War Service Record of the Butler men. The Chair appointed the Secretary to take up this work. The year has been spent largely in gaining information concerning the service of our boys. When the data justify it, the Secretary purposes to prepare a volume called "The Butler Student in the Great War" worthy in some way, at least, of his valiant spirit and deeds. About 3,000 letters have been written by her to try to trace every man who has attended Butler in the last thirty years and thus to know accurately every man from our numbers who has been in service. This has brought the Secretary in close touch with the boys at home and abroad, and has given her some remarkable insight and valuable information. Surely, these boys of ours have played a great part. As a result of the search, the Service Flag declares to date 710 men in service, seventeen of whom

were in Y. M. C. A. work, twelve of whom sleep far away. And these are not all: not all of our blue stars; not all of our triangles; not all, I fear, of our gold stars. By our next annual meeting it is hoped the work may have been completed.

This is the day of organization. It seems desirable that each class should have at least a president and a secretary-treasurer to hold it closer together and closer to the College. Some classes realize this fact and have acted accordingly. The secretary calls upon all classes to follow at once and to notify her of appointments by September 1. Such an organization will greatly facilitate matters at the alumni office and make more effective alumnaal efforts.

The necrology for the past year has been: Walter Scott Kidd, late '70's, on June 20, 1918, at his home in Aliquippa, Pa.; Mrs. Clara Minnick Gongwer, ex-'88, in September, at Washington, D. C.; Charles Lawrence Kinder, ex-'09, on September 22, near Indianapolis; Alexander Craigmile Ayres, '68, on October 12, at his home in Indianapolis; William N. Pickerill, on November 5, at his home in Indianapolis; Mrs. Lena Randall Cunningham, 1900, on November 10, at her home in Indianapolis; Lieutenant Bruce P. Robison, '15, on November 19, near Camp Dodge; Mrs. Ruth DeHaas Balfour, ex-'12, on January 15, at her home in Attleboro, Mass.; Charles W. Tutewiler, ex-'66, on March 18, at his home in Indianapolis.

We are to take into our numbers this evening forty-three new members. Three of this number are members of the Association by right of inheritance: Jean Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown; Edith C. Dailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dailey; Henry M. Jameson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Jameson. These forty-three young men and women are fine, strong, aspiring. They have been as students loyal and dear, and we bespeak of them as they leave us tomorrow to hold their alumnaal relations just as loyal and just as dear. Respectfully submitted,

KATHARINE M. GRAYDON, Secretary.

The class of 1919 was voted into the membership of the Association. Following this action were given the talks by members placed elsewhere.

CLASS DAY

Class Poem

MARY KATHERINE O'HAYER

Across a rainbow sea we slipped
Where silver waves and shadows skipped
And sly or truant sunbeams dipped
 Their arrows while at play.
The winds propitious, slow or swift,
Would bid our rosy sails to lift
And with each breath a song would sift
 Across our golden way.

But ours sufficient joy to know
A single thought, that all aglow
With life and color, ours to show
 The treasure-ship of Youth.
We half forgot the rainbow sea,
And lost ourselves in fitful glee,
And only dimly could we see
 The distant port of Truth.

And while we sailed in joy complete
With silver singing, liquid sweet,
And blue-birds fluttered near to greet
 Our treasure-ship of dreams,
A sound of thunder swelled the sea,
It tore the rainbow spray in glee
And shrieked in fiendish ecstasy—
 The music died in screams.

The port of Truth was lost from sight,
A fiery red obscured the light,
The sea was swallowed in the night,
 And burned itself in tears.
The treasure-ship was lashed and torn,
But by its compass was it sworn
To make the port, though bleeding, worn,
 To yield no point to fears.

The mast was firm; the tempest blew;
 The treasure-ship of Youth could rue
 No suff'ring with its compass true;
 The vision would it keep,
 But lo! the compass, pierced and gnashed
 By steel-winged arrows, slowly crashed,
 Then swallowed by the waves, it flashed
 Into the stygian deep.

The heart of Youth! how swiftly fled,
 As if with wings it leaped and sped,
 And, Alma Mater, pride and dread
 Were tearing at thy soul.
 Into the seething red and black,
 Fast on the dizzy compass track,
 Plunging and rushing, not looking back,
 A compass for a goal!

No sight of Youth, a hissing roar
 Had filled the bloody trackless floor;
 Our hope was gone, we saw no shore,
 But lo, a golden light!
 And by its slender beam, behold,
 The port of Truth was faintly gold;
 The compass gone? But Youth had told
 That Truth was gleaming bright.

By golden light from golden stars
 They won our compass back from Mars
 And carried it on streaming bars
 Of glory and of Truth.
 We see the treasure-ship of dreams,
 The mast with strength and firmness beams,
 And from its priceless compass gleams
 The endlessness of Youth.

Another sea is hid in mist
 But golden stars through amethyst
 Shall light our way! we keep the tryst;
 But Alma Mater, see,
 We clasp thy compass and the mast
 To gain the port of Truth at last,
 Our future worthy of their past,
 In noblest service—free.

Class History

GRACE WINIFRED MCGAVRAN

It was in the fall of 1915 that the famous class of 1919 entered Butler. Nobody seemed to care much about us, that is, until the question of Honor System came up. The Freshman could swing the vote, so many and heated were the arguments advanced to convince the insignificant Freshman that the honor system was right and wrong. We decided we wanted it and it is still in effect.

The Sophomores voted one day that the Freshmen should wear green caps. We got ahead of them and paraded into chapel of our own accord, every one with a green cap.

One event still fills us with pleasure when we think of it. Ralph Cook and a few others fastened the Freshman colors on the old flag pole in the athletic field, and, of course, there was a great fight; needless to say, the Freshman colors stayed up. The faculty unfortunately ordered the flag pole cut down the next day. They were afraid we'd get hurt. In football and basketball we were equally lucky—the Sophomores were again defeated.

To add to our importance, the only man in college who could play the hero in the Senior operetta was Bob Wild. We felt considerably puffed up.

Nineteen sixteen-seventeen, our Sophomore year, was really the most eventful of the whole college course. The first excitement was the presidential campaign, and then, when we found we had not elected Hughes, came the breaking of diplomatic relations with Germany. "Tuck" Brown and Bill Young had been down at the Mexican border that summer and brought back plenty of exciting tales.

To add to the military air given by the returned veterans, military drill was started, and it became quite the usual thing for the dorm girls to go over and watch the performance on Irwin Field. Seven o'clock drill gave the men a good excuse for sleeping through all the morning classes.

We had planned a wonderful prom, but war was declared and it had to be called off, so we consoled ourselves by the production of that masterpiece, "Safe in Siberia." The chorus was beautiful and

the quick change made by Kenneth Elliott from "Alicia" to the Russian dancer and his performance along that line filled us with pride.

Soon after the play most of the cast entered the Officers' Training Camp and many of the boys in school enlisted. Drinking water and milk by the gallon and the changing of birth records before coming into the presence of examining boards, was a common occurrence.

Among the members of 1919 who enlisted and were not able to graduate with us, were George Cornelius, Ralph Cook, Hilton U. Brown, Jr., DeForest O'Dell, Frank Sanders, Donald McGavran, Edwin Whitaker, Eugene Sims, Lynn A. Tripp, Frank Walton, Whitney Spiegel, Russell Putnam, William Young and Harold K. Roberts.

The fascination of the uniform caused many engagements and rumors of engagements, and many fraternity pins sought refuge from the horrors of war over fair hearts.

This was the first war commencement and most of the boys graduated in uniform. We began to lose hope of having any men in our class when we were ready to graduate.

Our Junior year was rather a quiet one. We formed, that is the girls did, a Patriotic League and joined Red Cross hygiene classes. It was at this time that the now famous "Knitting Song" by Mary O'Haver was written. We all began to knit—in classes, in chapel, and while out strolling on the campus. But it made the professors nervous, so it was forbidden in classes and chapel. A storm of protest arose, and after a hot campaign and petitions and indignation meetings, the faculty decided to let us knit in chapel.

The Service Flag was presented by the Sandwich Club and it was later carried in that famous parade in which so many of us nearly died of cold and waiting.

Ten-thirty classes on chapel days were seldom held for more than fifteen minutes, for in addition to the regular chapel speaker there was generally a Butler soldier on leave who had to tell us all about the army as it was and as it ought to be.

Then came the coal shortage and the class hours were shortened

and every one but Mary Edna Shelley spent the hours between class watching the coal pile and counting it lump by lump, hoping it would be quite gone some morning and we wouldn't have school. Our hopes were in vain. "Heatless Monday" didn't affect us because Monday is a holiday anyway.

That year we had charge of Clean-Up Day and did a good job. Professor Putnam lost only one rake. Mary Brown spent the day digging up all the worms from the campus to feed Professor Bruner's salamanders.

To finish the year came "One Drop More," by Jean Brown and Mary K. O'Haver. Some said it couldn't be done, but the boys were beautiful as chorus girls and it was a huge success. Words are useless. The enlisted men caused fear and trembling, but a special order was received from the War Office admitting that "One Drop More" was more important than anything else for the time being, and not a man was called till the Monday after the play. There was much favorable comment on the play from the local dramatic critics.

The "Double E's" and every one else turned out in force, as they did at "Safe in Siberia," and contributed vegetable and flower bouquets.

S. A. T. C.—Influenza—They are what we all thing of at the beginning of the Senior year. The girls were absolutely disregarded and the professors were worn out. The schedule was changed four times for the S. A. T. C. men. It is rumored that at the fourth change Professor Johnson said, "Now it is time to swear!"

Then the armistice was signed and the town went wild. Marguerite and Madeline Postaire sang the Marseillaise at special chapel and we had a glorious celebration. It was weeks before we got the last of the talcum powder from our coats and hats.

It was late this spring that the weather vane went up. For the first time since 1896 the cupola was sealed and the next morning 1920-1919 shone forth in letters of blue. It was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It stayed up over a month before the Sophomores managed to put Prexy's chair in its place. But (and this is

what proves the valor of those who are and have been in the class) the very next morning a new and shining pennant of 1919-1920, was replaced on the lightning rod. Step outside the building and you can see it.

Between stunts in aeroplanes by day and prowlings around the eupola by night, the pigeons have had a hard time this year. Pigeons flying out in a hurry at night sound just like somebody sliding down the slate roof.

The last big event was the production of "Green Stockings" by the Dramatic Club, in which, at the last moment, Maurine Watkins took the leading role.

We finish as we began—with fame—the "Great War" Class of 1919.

Class Prophecy

PODUNK, PODUNK COUNTY, JULY, 1930.

DEAR M. K. O':

Your letter of June 20th, telling about the Butler Commencement and the bits of news and scandal about members of our graduating class, put me into a state of glorified amazement.

I can imagine dimly the enthusiasm that must have been lavished on you when you made good your long-heralded visit to the scene of our college days. I always knew you would make our class famous and yet I can't keep back a thrill when I realize that I am writing to the President of the League of Nations. How did you ever escape the diplomats and interpreters, secretaries, committee chairmen, cabinet members and reporters? I can see them now, running around, pulling their hair, losing their leadpencils, etc., while you cut out in a ship of your own and made the good old U. S. A. in time for the Butler Commencement.

Of course I had read the news in the Alumna! Quarterly about the new football stadium, donated by Rebecca Seector, who, you

mentioned, now lives in New York, and about the great Butler Auditorium Theatre built on the site of the Ellenberger golf links. Butler has expanded over most of Irvington with its student buildings, gymnasium, laboratories, skating rinks, artificial lakes, agricultural grounds and picturesque campus, hasn't it? Some day I am going to lay aside my hoe and rake and let the crows get the corn, while I come back and see for myself the wonders that Miss Graydon so faithfully recounts.

But to get back to our class. The reunion held at Max Baker's residence on the Old National Road must have been jolly with all the brides of the ten intervening years since our graduation there. You mentioned that Mrs. McRoberts is entirely satisfied to live out in the suburbs so long as she can drive into town to keep in touch with the girls' work in the city Y. W. C. A. I have already forgotten Edith Gwartney's and India Wilson's married names, but tell Edith I am glad she didn't stick to her "wait and save plan," but married right away and only indulged in cataloging as a pastime. As you said, India must be an ideal hostess, living as she does, in a miniature forest with her cottage always thronged with young folks who crowd there to match hearts.

But, Mary O', I had to cease reading while I danced a highland fling when I read about Genevieve Down's contribution to our Alma Mater. To think she delayed her world tour, and broke a contract to appear before the peers of Europe, in order to bring her own troupe to give the first performance in the opening of the Auditorium theater. It must have been a great day for Butler. I read that there was no space left for parking airplanes within twenty miles of the college an hour before the performance. Genevieve has certainly gained the top in the theatrical line. Henry Jameson knew what he was doing when he asked that she give the initial performance. The theater under his managership ought to gain international recognition in no time.

Is it actually true that Mr. and Mrs. Hines flew up from Mexico just to see that play? It is too bad that their community was holding a celebration in honor of their tenth anniversary, since that cut short their visit. That is one of the disadvantages of international friendships.

What a list of celebrated names our classmates include! There is Mary Brown, head of the Research Work at Johns Hopkins. (Does she still stubbornly maintain that she is not popular?) I have read articles by her in the "World Outlook" and I marvel that I was ever lucky enough to come in contact with such a mind. Then there is Mary Edna Shelley. She is head of the Romance Language Department at Smith, I understand. I was really surprised at that, her tendencies being of a romantic turn during the closing months at Butler. I expect an announcement any time, now though, since she has now realized the aim she set for herself when a Freshman at Butler. Helen Jaehne will probably take her place in that event.

But *mirabile dictu, dei immortalis*, what's all this about the Butler north pole expedition? You say that Russell Putnam, now head of the Chemical Department at Butler, received a call from the Government to send a body of informed men to the north pole for the purpose of making an accurate and conclusive scientific survey there to settle a dispute between the authorities on the status quo of the zymogens and vasoconstrictor neurons of the original inhabitants of that region. "Putty," recalling the peculiar genius that certain of our members displayed for exploring the dangerous and unfrequented heights, sent out a call to the class at large asking for volunteers.

Et, nil mortalibus ardui est, you write me that Ida Hert, Annie Mullin, Helen Wilson, Elizabeth Moore, Mary Roy Thomson and Dorothy Griswold rose to the emergency. It must have been a tense moment when all settled themselves into the airplane, designed and engraved in delicate tracery by Vera Morgan; when Professor Johnson gave the final instructions to Ida about dodging the stars; when Professor Greene, who arrived at the last moment, gave Helen parting suggestions about the more intricate mechanism of the plane; when the Butler band struck up the strains of the new song written by Mrs. D. C. Brown, and finally when they swept off the ground and soared up into the clouds. I can fairly hear the reverberating shout that clove the skies.

To tell the truth, I was somewhat taken aback by all this, but

then, I can see Ida Hert at the helm, all right, steering the ship's precarious flight through frosty clouds by the light of the stars and higher mathematics; but Dorothy Griswold, on the desolate plains at the edge of the terra firma, digging her heel into the glacier and picking out matrix, laeumae and bonedust, that is quite beyond me. And yet you say that she alone assembled enough fossils to fill one whole section of the Butler anthropological laboratory. It was through her, you state, that the party discovered the arcus pharyngopalatini of prehistoric man. Elizabeth Moore must have been a solid comfort to Dorothy during those crucial investigations.

To drop back from the thrilling feats of the aeronautic anthropologists, I shall divulge a few items that you evidently have not heard of. Chase Bussell has delved deep into Latin hieroglyphics and has resurrected a verb, hitherto unheard of, which, if proved of authoritative origin, will overturn the entire modern conception of the Latin tongue.

I was out spraying cabbage the other morning, when I happened to glance up and beheld Mrs. Mary Belle Simms sailing by in her new plane. She saw me and dropped to a sycamore, where she anchored, then let down her telephone apparatus and we had a regular talk. She told me that Edith Dailey is pianist in the New York Winter Gardens with a salary of a thousand an hour. From her picture in the *New York Times*, I could see that she had lost none of her childlike charms. Ione Wilson, by the way, has followed Edith to ye metropolis and at first took up esthetic dancing, but has since found her forte to be setting the style on the skating rinks. They report that she is grace personified, and is devoted to her work.

Harriet Ropkey went West, but no doubt you suspected that move even before we graduated. It must be an easy life as the wife of a wealthy and prominent lawyer.

Whom do you think I saw at the Podunk county fair this week? No, not Luella Nelson, though she was there demonstrating a model electric farm implement of her own invention, that plows, harrows the ground and plants the seed all at the same time. It was Mr. Dobson. He was with a troupe of acrobats, and when I first saw

him he was just ready to make the ascent up a rope that reached to the ground from an airplane far up in the blue. He held the crowd two straight hours. I asked him after the performance how he had come to leave the ministry, and he replied that the taste he had had of high climbing in the last months at Butler had got into his blood. He had become a professional steeplejack. He added, though, that even now he often halts midway in his dizzy ascent and turns to his hypnotized audience and drops them words of wisdom and inspiration. He finds that the attention he receives on such occasions averages better than that of the usual Sunday morning congregation.

Nothing short of miraculous typifies the deeds of Mr. Sullivan. You have heard of him, you say, along ministerial lines, but I hear of him oftener in connection with his Interstate Football League of Preachers. Whenever he goes into a new community he picks out the leading all-around men, sends them to Butler, coaches them until they are good enough for the league, then he sends them back to the village whence they came, where they preach the gospel and Butler and football. Professor Gelston estimated that he sent five hundred men to Butler within the last year by that method.

The Podunk County *Herald* has just come. Well, M. K. O', I guess they have to hand it to our class so far as progressive energy is concerned. By the headlines I see that the first subway from Hoboken to London, built by Hale Overstreet, is now finished, and that the tourists to make the initial trip are to be Edith Gore, Ruth Montgomery, Ruby Winders and Kathryn Karns. The first two, the article continues, go for the thrill of the adventure, but Miss Karns is on her way to Paris to buy her trousseau. Miss Winders, the American contralto, will make her debut abroad within a week after her arrival.

Do you ever see the Literary Digest? I see that the latest thing in good literature is Maurine Watkins' "Biography of Miss Weaver." The years she has devoted to the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* will not seem to have been in vain to her now.

Doris Kinneman was a revelation to me. Do you ever get to see her over there at Paris? I suppose you know that she is the

best known reader in France. I have heard that she has been asked to speak in the open air theaters over the world because her voice is best suited for that kind of platform.

You asked about Margaret Bloor. "Peggy" is still one of those people who do the work of the world but never say anything about it. She got so deep into social service work and child welfare that politicians got worried and reformed. She is now supervising such work all over the United States.

From the different remarks in this letter, you have probably sensed the fact that I live on a farm in the town of Podunk, which is somewhat removed from La Vie Intense, but I never feel far away from any part of the great world. For instance, I got a letter from Gladys Webber this morning, which was written last night, and she lives in Panama. You know she directs all the public schools there. The modern air-mail service certainly keeps a person up to the minute. By the way, Helen Jackson was the first woman to direct that branch of the government service, wasn't she? She dropped me a line the other day, saying that she comes across Fred Daniels quite frequently. He has to have an airplane take him from parsonage to parsonage every Sunday, in order to cover half of his territory as an evangelistic preacher. People wonder where he ever picked up that marvelous flow of oratory, but I wouldn't be surprised if he were using up some of that he had stored up while recovering from the wounds he received in action.

Another enlivening news item is that Merle Stokes has finished her famous review of "The Rebirth of Russian Literature."

Here's a message that will floor you. I just got a wire from Grace McGavran. She has married an English banker, who lives in India. Isn't it a joke on Grace to think that she will live there after having sworn she never wanted to see that place again? She seems to have forgotten the climate, however.

And now, "Chon," as I sit here thinking over these old friends, and recall the jolly good days we spent together at Butler, I see again the old chapel, our classmates as they were on that long past Class Day, happy, careless, jubilant. Who would have thought that ten years from that date, a letter like this one was likely to hold

back the world twenty minutes while you stopped working to read it. But, the air-mail siren wakes me from this fond dreaming and bids me say farewell to the chapel, to the old legless piano, to those carefree school days, to the kindly faces which looked down from the surrounding walls as in benediction upon us.

Here's to them all, that innumerable throng that made our college life beautiful. Yours as ever, J. E. B.

Class Play

"AUTOMATONS AUTOMATICALLY TABOOED."

CAST

Faculty Members—

Miss Weaver.....	Luella Nelson
Professor Bruner.....	Henry Jameson
Miss Butler.....	India Wilson
Professor Morro.....	Wilbert Sullivan
Professor Coleman.....	Max Baker
Professor Jordan.....	Hale Overstreet
Professor Putnam.....	Gladys Webber
Professor Harrison.....	Helen Jackson
Mrs. D. C. Brown.....	Elizabeth Moore

Students.....	Mary Brown, Mary E. Shelley, Ida Hert
Automaton Agent.....	Helen Wilson
Automaton Trio.....	Ruth Montgomery, Russell Putnam, Mary Belle Pigman
Automaton Chorus—	Helen Jaehne, Rebecca Sectors, Mary Edna Shelley, Edith Gwartney, Doris Kinneman, Mary Roy Thomson, Ida Hert, Merle Stokes, Margaret Bloor, Grace McGavran.

Portrait.....	Carey C. Dobson
General Manager.....	Harriet Ropkey
Pianist.....	Edith Dailey

The Day

Commencement Day shone in her rich dress of fresh green and sweet air and brightness of sunshine and youthful spirit. At 10 o'clock the academic profession, consisting of the Senior class, the Faculty, the Trustees, the guests of honor, and the speaker of the day, marched from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library to that spot of the Campus facing the residence. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12. The musical numbers were furnished by the Montani orchestra. The address of the occasion was made by Judge Henry and is given elsewhere.

The President of the College conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon:

Charles Maxwell Baker	Margaret Carver Lahr
Margaret Elizabeth Bloor	Grace Winifred McGavran
Jean Elizabeth Brown	Mary Elizabeth Moore
Mary Brown	Vera Eleanor Morgan
John Chase Bussell	Annie Vicie Mullin
Edith Christina Dailey	Luella Nelson
Fred Daniels	Mary Katherine O'Haver
Carey Cleo Dobson	Mary Belle Pigman
Edith Emily Gore	Harriet Marie Ropkey
Dorothy Rupert Griswold	Rebecca Sector
Edith Ann Gwartney	Mary Edna Shelley
Ida Elizabeth Hert	Merle Stokes
Alice Greenlee Hinds	Wilbert Sullivan
Roscoe Emerson Hinds	Mary Roy Thomson
Helen Elizabeth Jackson	Maurine Dallas Watkins
Helen Coulter Jaehne	Gladys Lee Webber
Henry Michener Jameson	Helen Martha Wilson
Kathryn Anne Karns	India Jackson Wilson
Doris Bob Kinneman	Ione Wilson

Ruby Mae Winders

The highest standing of the entire college course was announced to be that of Mary Edna Shelley, Mary Elizabeth Moore, Grace Winifred McGavran. The Senior Scholarship was awarded to Talitha Agnes Gerlach.

In conferring the degrees, President Howe said:

Members of the class of 1919: As we travel along on a journey we find that now and then we come to certain boundaries which may be marked as indicating, on the one side the end of one territory, and on the other side the beginning of another. Today you have reached the end of one, and the beginning of a new part of your journey. Until now you have been more or less under the direction of others, under the direction of the home folks, of the teachers in the school, of the professors in the college. But you are now no longer our students. You are fellow-alumni.

We wish to congratulate you upon the completion, successfully, of the course you undertook four or more years ago; and I can say, with the utmost sincerity, that we are very proud of you. We think that if there is such a thing as earning, honestly, a college degree, you have done so, and we feel that you are fit to go out and take your part and to continue the education that you have begun.

I am very glad and grateful this morning for the words that we have had from our distinguished guest. I knew, when he was asked to come, that he would bring with him lofty words, and he has not disappointed us. He could not speak in any other way and be true to the sort of life he lives. He typifies the sort of thing of which he has spoken—righteousness in the community.

I want to speak just a word to you in final advice. Now, you have had a lot of advice. We are rich in advice, here. In fact, if diamonds were as numerous as the bits of advice that are given to college students, I suspect that diamonds would not have the value they possess in the open market today. But you know that when advice comes from an older man or woman, it has a greater value, because, as a rule, those things have been verified by personal experience and they mean more to him, or her, than they do to the hearer.

Now, I want to give you one or two words in conclusion.

You have already shown yourselves to be true young men and young women. As I have thought back, and looked over the list of names in this class, my heart has thrilled with joy at some of the

things you have done and the things that you have promised by what you have done.

The war has come and gone and you have taken your part in it. In the list there is one who has the good fortune to have had charge of a very considerable enterprise as the head of a training corps. Another one has had the fortune to play his part on the battlefield and to suffer for his ideals, and to bear the marks of that suffering for the rest of his life. Some others of you have, all the while, been carrying on your good part here, in ministering to the needs of others, and we all know that some of you have been hard tested.

There are two things I want to say to you, and they are two things that I think most of, because as I think back in my own life—and I only venture to mention my own life because it is thirty years ago, today, that I received this same degree—there are two things that stand out to me through all those years with all their mistakes, all their weaknesses, and their numerous failures. One of them, my friends, is that you can not live by sight; you have got to live by faith. Don't start out with the notion that you can do otherwise. That is an old and trite thing, but we older ones realize that we must live by faith, rather than by sight. So I exhort you to keep in that course of faith. In the next place, my friends, you can not live by bread alone. It takes something more than that—more than the things of this world, whether it is wealth, power or fame, or what not. It takes a something inside of you, an enthusiasm for the righteousness of which our speaker has spoken; an enthusiasm for the life of the Master. Those are just two words that I want to leave with you. Keep your faith, keep your enthusiasm alive—your enthusiasm for the good things, your enthusiasm for the noble things, your enthusiasm for the service of others.

I said the other day when we unveiled the picture of that noble son of this community that he could not have been otherwise than he was, because he came from a home in which he had learned from earliest youth the respect for parents, the love of country, and the reverence for God and Jesus, that are the fundamentals of society.

And you, young friends, as you go out today to do your part in the world, I beseech you that as you establish your homes, as you go about your work, that you will not forget that those things

are fundamental—the respect and love for those who are older than you, the love for country, the reverence for God and Jesus—that those are the foundation stones of our society.

We are very proud of you, we love you all, and we think that as you go out, you will carry into the world with you the influence that the members of the faculty of Butler College have striven to bring to bear upon you, and we hope that you will never look back to us and say that we have done anything else than direct you straight.

Now, my friends, this concludes our graduating exercises. Will you please rise while Dr. Philputt dismisses us?

DR. PHILPUTT: “The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.” Amen.

Gifts to the College

The Service Flag presented by the Sandwich Club to the College is an impressive and historical possession. It is framed and hangs on the northeast wall of the Chapel, flanked by the portraits of Joseph Gordon and Hilton U. Brown, Jr. These two young men personify the sacrifice of the College in 1861 and in 1918.

The portrait of Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., is the work of William Forsyth. The artist had known and loved Hilton from childhood, had been attracted by the happy boy running about Irvington, had followed his development into young manhood, had understood the high sentiment which cast all aside to do his part in the defense of the world; therefore, he has been able to place in the face of this khakied youth the soul of a hero.

It was fitting for the Senior Class to present to the College the portrait of their member who fell in the Argonne Forest, on November 3, 1918. The institution is enriched by it and those who enter the Chapel will be inspired by it generations hence.

A Memorial Day

A Memorial Day is under consideration to be held at the College in the autumn in honor of those twelve great souls who laid down their lives in the high cause for which the war was fought. A tribute to these boys should be made. Why not have it a bronze tablet bearing the names to hang in the Chapel? Why not have it the gift of the Alumni Association? How can the Butler Alumni honor themselves more worthily than by honoring these youths? "Their names shall live forevermore," we know; but they should be placed in visible form where the generations of students may know the story of the Great Sacrifice.

Alumni, ponder this suggestion in your heart, and let the result of your decision be known. When the day arrives, it is hoped every alumnus within accessible distance may be present.

Honors for Butler Soldiers

With the Croix de Guerre, presented posthumously and received by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, came the following citation:

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Battery D, 7th Reg. Art.

A very brave officer, animated by a high spirit of sacrifice. Died gloriously while commanding his battery under concentrated enemy fire.

At General Headquarters, March 22, 1919.

The Marshall of France,

Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies of the East
PETAIN.

John Paul Ragsdale, ex-'12, received promotion to captaincy and the Distinguished Service Cross on March 31. The citation dated December 27, 1918, from Captain Charles J. Riley to the commanding officer of the 42nd division, reads:

First Lieutenant John P. Ragsdale, during the Chateau Thierry drive, was in charge of a platoon of the machine gun company, 160th infantry. During the day of July 26, 1918, in the absence of his company commander, he took charge of the company and moved it into position of attack under terrible artillery, high explosive and gas shell bombardment, with the first battalion of the regiment. When the company commander again assumed command of the company, Lieutenant Ragsdale led his platoon with such skill that their casualties were at a minimum, and with such daring that confidence of final victory animated his men.

On July 28, on the slope overlooking the Ourcq river, he faced the withering fire of machine guns and artillery so to place his guns that he might dislodge the enemy from their strongholds across the river and permit the infantry to advance. He was twice thrown to the ground by explosive shells, but fearlessly, skillfully and bravely he continued the fight until the enemy was forced to withdraw. He crossed the river with the infantry and took up positions with their advanced line in order to meet the brunt of a counter-attack if one should materialize. Tirelessly working to protect his men he underwent constant exposure to the enemy machine gun and artillery fire. When the enemy counter-attacked the troops on his left he personally directed his fire and displayed such great disregard for personal safety that he inspired the entire command until their confidence in their strength made them fit for any emergency that might arise.

On July 30 he was with his platoon in the advance in an attempt to seize the heights beyond Sergy. He led his platoon to the right of the town of Sergy, across machine gun swept fields, and finally into action on the slopes north of the town that the enemy machine gun fire from the Bois de Pelier was making untenable for our men. Undaunted by the intensity of their fire or by the casualties that were being inflicted upon his men he opened up on the enemy and stood his ground until relief reached him under cover of darkness the night of July 30, 1918.

His disregard for personal danger, the tenacity with which he worked, the total obscurity of selfishness during all these actions marked him as the highest type of soldier and man.

This recommendation for D. S. C. would have been submitted immediately after the actions mentioned, but owing to assignments to other duties I have been unable to give the recommendation sooner.

Paul V. Brown, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown, received a citation for his services while acting as commander of his battery when all the officers besides himself had been killed. It was during the engagement in which his brother Hilton fell that Paul took command. The citation reads as follows:

Headquarters First Division, Germany, December 13, 1918,

General Order No. 94.

The Division Commander cites the following officers and men of his command for distinguished service and conduct in the recent operations between the Argonne and the Meuse: Second Lieutenant Paul V. Brown, 7th F. A.

Near Eglise Fontaine on October 4 and at Apremont from October 5 to 11, 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 continuing 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.

Word has been received of the bestowal on Lieutenant William T. Young, ex-'20 formerly of the Rainbow Division, now of the 3rd Field Artillery, of the Croix de Guerre and a citation from General Petain for his work with the 147th F. A. We regret the inability to give the citation.

Major Beckwith, of the 147th F. A., has written of Lieutenant Young's record. He joined the 147th at Saumur in May, 1918, as an officer of C Battery, and was in the Toul sector. In Alsace he did liaison with the infantry and was later in command of a battery of 90 mms. After Chateau Thierry he was an acting adjutant of the 2nd Battalion and was later assigned to headquarters. Lieutenant Young's work during the Meuse-Argonne offensive is mentioned as particularly commendable.

Lieutenant Robert Eichelsdoerfer, ex-'20, aid to Brigadier General Marshall, 1st division, has received a citation from General Pershing for exceptional gallantry. The award was made because of an act performed by Lieutenant Eichelsdoerfer at Mouzon on November 8, 1918.

The following boys have received recognition for their services by opportunity of study in foreign universities:

Captain Whitney R. Spiegel, ex-'18, at London University; Captain John Paul Ragsdale, ex-'12, University of Marseilles; Lieutenant Earl T. Bonham, ex-'18, University of Nancy; Sergeant B.

Wallace Lewis, '15, and Lieutenant Thomas E. Hibben, ex-'11, the Sorbonne; Sergeant William F. Hacker, '15, University of Grenoble; Lieutenant W. W. Wiedrich, '15, and Sergeant Charles F. Boyd, ex-'17, University of Montpelier.

Changes in the Faculty

So large a part of Butler life and influence has Dr. Christopher B. Coleman been for nineteen years that he has seemed to be Butler's permanent possession; therefore, it was no light blow to learn of his resignation. Professor Coleman has been at the head of the history department since 1900 and vice-president of the College for several years. He has been an indefatigable worker not only in his own line of study but also in many activities which were for the betterment of the community and which incidentally and finely brought Indianapolis and Butler College into closer association. In Mr. Coleman's genial, hard-working, unselfish, scholarly life, one saw a high academic ideal, an academic type such as has made Bowdoin and a few other New England colleges what they are. The impress of such a teacher and friend and man will linger about Butler halls; and while there is sorrow at his departure, there is, at the same time, gratitude that he came and walked in our midst for nineteen years.

Professor and Mrs. Coleman will spend the coming year in Chicago where Mr. Coleman will do research work in his department, preparatory to writing some historical volumes. To them both the *QUARTERLY* extends its best wishes for continued years of happiness and usefulness.

In the closing days of College the news of another resignation spread abroad, also causing sincere regret—that of Professor Edward M. Greene, head of the department of Romance languages. Mr. Greene goes to the University of South Dakota, where he will

be head of the French department. Mr. Greene came to Butler in 1909 and has been a loyal, courteous and helpful member of the faculty and will be truly missed. But our loss is, probably, his gain; therefore, we must be glad.

But here's a welcome hand to the new comers!

The new department of Education will be presided over by Professor William Leeds Richardson, who received his A. B. degree from the University of Toronto, and his Ph. D. from the University of Chicago this year. Professor Wilmer C. Harris, Ph. D., will succeed Mr. Coleman in the History department. For six years he has been assistant professor of History in the Ohio State University. He was graduated from the Michigan Military Academy in 1900 and received his Ph. D. degree from the University of Chicago in 1904. Professor Greene's successor has not been appointed, nor the new professor of Botany.

Farewell Faculty-Picnic

By EVELYN BUTLER, '94.

An informal occasion, but one filled with genuine kindness and good fellowship, was the final gathering of last year's faculty to bid Professor and Mrs. Coleman and Professor and Mrs. Greene good-bye and Godspeed. On Saturday evening, June twenty-first, on the lawn in front of the College Residence, tables were spread with one of the picnic suppers for which the Faculty Club ladies are famous. Tables, cushions, chairs, and real dishes made the affair a regular picnic de luxe. Under a tree at a safe distance from the party, Professors Jordan and Putnam, ably assisted by President Paul, built camp fires and under the supervision of Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Putnam made the coffee and fried the bacon. Mr.

Sellick presided over the ice cream and dispensed cones with the rapidity of an expert. Mr. Coleman and Mr. Greene, at former picnics, always prominent as hand-skilled laborers, were evidently ill at ease at seeing their roles usurped, but as guests of honor, endured enforced idleness.

When all traces of the feast had been removed and the quiet of twilight settled over the Campus, Mr. Putnam, speaking for the Butler College Faculty, voiced its regret at the departure of these two professors, one of whom for nineteen years, and the other for ten, had been so closely and so beneficently associated with the life and work of the College. As a memorial of the years spent at Butler and of the friendships formed there, Mr. Putnam presented from the Faculty to Mr. and Mrs. Coleman a silver vase and to Mr. and Mrs. Greene, a silver basket. After the presentation, informal speeches were in order and delightful short talks were given by Professor Coleman, Professor Greene, Dr. Paul, F. Rollin Kautz, Demarchus C. Brown (both formerly members of the faculty), Miss Graydon, and Dr. Jabez Hall. The occasion was one which will long linger as a gentle memory tinged with regret at the departure of friends, but brightened by the knowledge of their broadening opportunities and made pleasant by the exchange of kindly expressions of regard.

Class Reunions

The class of 1889, on occasion of its thirtieth anniversary of graduation, were guests of William G. Irwin at the Claypool Hotel, The evening was delightfully spent in talking over things past, present and future. There were present, besides the host, President and Mrs. Howe, Perry H. Clifford and Mrs. Clifford, Joseph R. Morgan and Mrs. Morgan, U. C. Mallon and Mrs. Mallon, Robley D. Blount, St. Clair Parry and Mrs. Parry, John W. Moore and Mrs. Moore.

The class of 1908 held its twelfth annual breakfast on Alumni Day in the Ellenberger Park. Two members of the class, Daisy MacGowan Turner and Bessie Powers, have never missed this "little yearly lovesome feast." The members plan to keep the spirit of the class alive in the coming generations by bringing their children in touch with Butler by these meetings. The new Butlerites now number nineteen. The class of '08 was represented by Anna Burt, Pearl Forsyth, Eva Lennes, Bessie Powers, Gretchen Scotten, Clay Trusty, Daisy MacGowan Turner, Florence Hosbrook Wallace at the Alumni supper.

The class of 1914 celebrated its fifth anniversary of graduation by holding an informal luncheon on Alumni Day at the Hotel Lincoln at 12:30 o'clock. There were present: Eda Boos Brewer, Jane Brewer, Frank E. Davison, Edith Habbe, Dorothy Kautz Hamp, Robert Hamp, Pauline Hoss Elliott, Ruth Tharp, Paul Ward, Edith Webb, and Mary Williams.

There was no prearranged program, but the time flew in merry talk of reminiscence. A letter of greeting was read from Mrs. Mary Parker Freeland, now living in Denver. A letter of remembrance and sympathy was sent to Mrs. James, the mother of Mary James Jacobs. A letter was written to Roderick A. MacLeod in Batang, Tibet. After giving a good account of themselves, an election resulted in replacing Paul Ward as president; in making Edith Habbe vice-president, Dorothy Hamp secretary, and Frank Davison treasurer.

Of those not present the following may be located thus:

Mary Brandon, Washington; Lawrence Bridges, a professor—somewhere; Robert Buck, Boston; Perry Case, Atlantic Christian College, North Carolina; Clarence Burkhardt, Staten Island, New York; Harry Dietz, Panama; Elvin Daniels, Kentland, Indiana; Ellen Graham George, Fort Mott, New Jersey; Gwyneth Harry, Elwood, Indiana; Karl Means, Butler College; Cornelia Thornton Morrison, Chicago; Dan Mullane, Pittsburgh; Carl Van Winkle, Indianapolis; Xerxes Silver, France; Mary Williams, Rushville, Indiana; Pearl Wolf Whitlock, Indianapolis.

To President Butler

To have had President and Mrs. Butler on the campus during the Alumni Supper added much to the occasion. To anticipate their kindly greeting is incentive for the return of many former students. To face the great unseen vacancies is not easy, at best, for the old-timers. While urging them to return more often, there is in an understanding heart a fellow-feeling for the reluctancy.

To have heard President Butler again, how shall we express our grateful pleasure. Who could ever speak like him—the elevated sentiment of the man, the finished style of the scholar! President Butler, while you may never fully know, we hope you may feel, to some extent at least, your helping, enriching, abiding influence upon hundreds of your students now scattered around the world doing their part to follow in the footsteps of you and that little band of faculty you represent.

Butler College Bulletin

Many interesting facts are contained in the Bulletin of 1918-1919, among them this enrollment of the past year:

	1919	1918
Graduate Students -----	24	15
Undergraduate Students -----	706	419
Special Students -----	--	3
Teachers' College Study Department -----	178	238
Summer Session -----	62	80
Teachers' Normal Course -----	17	14
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total -----	987	769
Deduct for names counted twice -----	24	13
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	963	756

Personal Mention

Ensign Irwin W. Cotton, ex-'09, U. S. N. R., was recently heard from in Paris.

Dr. Reuben A. Solomon, ex-'15, with base hospital 88, has received a captaincy.

Frederick C. Domroese, '06, has been appointed assistant professor of German in Wabash College.

Miss Narcie Pollitt, '15, has been teaching in Hamilton, Kentucky, to which she will return in September.

Carl R. Loop, '00, United States Consul at Hamilton, Bermuda Islands, has been transferred to Malta.

Hiram B. Seward, ex-'16, is located at Cleveland in connection with the George Worthington Company.

Martin A. Morrison, '83, has been appointed Administration president of the United States Civil Service Commission.

Miss Irene Hunt, '10, who has taught for two years in the high school of Walla Walla, Washington, is spending the summer at her home in Irvington.

Lieutenant Harold G. Mauzy, ex-'14, returned from oversea with the 158th infantry, 40th division, and is now located at Gary, Indiana.

Mrs. Anne Blount Curry, '07, is living in Chicago, where her husband is in charge of the Industrial Relations department of the Standard Oil Company.

Major Arthur J. Perry, ex-'15, is at Camp Custer, in charge of the junior reserve officers' training corps of the Indianapolis high schools.

Miss Lola Conner, '17, spent the early part of July at Eagle's Mere, Pennsylvania, where she was delegate to the Y. W. C. A. convention.

Miss Helen Andrews, '17, has been appointed head of the Social Service department of the City hospital of Louisville, Kentucky, and enters her new work September 1.

Dr. Aubrey L. Loop, ex-'98, having returned from military service, has located at Crawfordsville, Indiana, in the Ben Hur building.

Captain Richard George, ex-'14, and Mrs. Ellen Graham George, '14, are located at Fort Mott, New Jersey.

Dr. John Stevens and Mrs. Margaret Davis Stevens, ex-'15, made a brief visit in Indianapolis en route to their home in Bombay, India. Dr. Stevens has been sent out by the Presbyterian Board as a medical missionary.

Mrs. Hope W. Graham, '11, gladdened her friends in Irvington in June, although for too brief a time. She will be located next year in Chicago.

Miss Urith Dailey, '17, is spending the summer in New York City where she is studying in the student secretarial department of the National Y. W. C. A. Training School.

Miss Pearl Forsyth, '08, after a year of study in New York City, is spending the summer at her home in Irvington. On September 1, she becomes travelling secretary for city associations of the South Atlantic States.

Miss Mabel H. Tibbott, '97, now located at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, spent Commencement week in Irvington with her sisters.

Lieutenant W. A. Doeppers, ex-'14, visited his home in Indianapolis in May, being on sick leave from Fort McHenry. His wife was with him.

Will D. Howe, '94, has sent in his resignation to the Indiana University to take effect January 1, 1920. He has accepted a position with the Houghton Mifflin Company to be located in New York City.

To Mr. and Mrs. Claris Adams, ex-'10, the QUARTERLY sends its sympathy in the loss of their lovely three-year old daughter, Ruth Elizabeth, who died on June 21.

Miss Barcus Tichenor, '10, who has spent the past year in the Library School of New York City, has been appointed assistant in the library of Purdue University.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Tibbott, former students of the College, now residents of Germantown, Pennsylvania, visited Irvington in May. They are always welcome and were entertained by many College friends.

Announcement has been received of the marriage at Akron, Ohio, of Captain Harry Houser Stolberg and Miss Adelaide Wise, daughter of Rev. E. P. Wise, '87, and Mrs. Wise.

The QUARTERLY extends its sympathy to Captain Samuel McGaughey, '97, and Mrs. McGaughey in the death of their son, Paul, thirteen years of age. The lad had been struck by a baseball, from which injury he died on April 23.

Hilton U. Brown, '80, sailed in May for France. He went for the purpose of visiting the grave of his son, Lieutenant H. U. Brown, Jr., who nobly fell in the Argonne forest. It is with regret that space forbids reprinting some of the interesting letters sent by Mr. Brown as correspondent of *The Indianapolis News*.

Stanley Smith, ex-'14, has removed to Washington, D. C., for permanent residence, where he is connected with "The Traffic", a railroad periodical. Mrs. Smith and son will follow in the autumn.

Percy B. Williams, '97, is one of the triangles on the Butler Service Flag, serving now oversea. H. N. Rogers, ex-'98, of Laurel, Mississippi, is another triangle, having been Y. M. C. A. secretary at Autun, France.

W. E. Payne, '96, met with a very serious accident when he fell through the elevator shaft of the College of Missions. He was removed to the Methodist hospital and for days his condition was critical; but now he is on the road to recovery.

President and Mrs. Howe entertained at luncheon on Commencement day Judge Frederick A. Henry, Dr. Charles T. Paul, Dr. Scot

Butler, Dr. A. B. Philputt, Dr. Jabez Hall, Chauncey Butler, Demarchus C. Brown, William Mullendore, and Clarence L. Reidenbach.

The QUARTERLY wishes to express its sympathy to Mr. John H. Holliday, ex-'62, the kind friend of the College, and to his family, in the death by drowning of his grandson, a manly lad of ten years, John Holliday Macbeth.

Of the faculty, Miss Corinne Welling, '12, will spend her vacation in Colorado; Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97, in the Canadian Rockies and Alaska; Miss Sarah E. Cotton, at Columbia University, New York; Professor John S. Harrison, in Maine; Miss Butler, in Michigan.

Robert Hall, son of Thomas A. Hall, '92, and Mrs. Maude Forsyth Hall, spent July at home on furlough. A severe wound cost him one leg. The splendid spirit of the boy has touched many hearts. "What sort of a man would he be who would not give a leg to help win this war!" he was heard to exclaim.

The decoration of the Riley room for the Soldiers' dinner was in charge of Miss Florence B. Moffett, '17, and did much to add to the beauty of the hall and the war atmosphere of the evening.

Butler College is represented on the Committee of Fifty Indiana Citizens appointed by Governor Goodrich to represent the State at the Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, which is under direction of the Sulgrave Institution, by John H. Holliday, ex-'62, Charles W. Moores, ex-'81, Katharine M. Graydon, '78, Lee Burns, ex-'94.

Harrell A. Linville, '21, who enlisted July, 1918, and has been stationed at Tours, France, has organized a fifty-piece symphony orchestra from the A. E. F., and is touring France entertaining the soldiers. Linville is a cellist and is known in musical circles in Indiana. The symphony orchestra is known as the Quartermasters' Road Show and an effort will be made to have the organization tour this country when they return.

Willard E. Givens, ex-'13, was in control of the educational department of the Naval Training Camp at Mare Island. In March he was transferred to Hawaii as District Educational Director of the Y. M. C. A. On September 1, he becomes principal of the Honolulu high school. For the opportunity of holding so influential a position in so fair a land, the QUARTERLY congratulates Mr. Givens.

Miss Graydon entertained at her home on the evening of June 2 for the returned soldiers and sailors of the College. There were 175 present. She was assisted by her sisters, Miss Ellen Graydon, ex-'81; Miss Jane Graydon, '87; Mrs. Alexander Jameson, '90; Professor and Mrs. C. B. Coleman; Professor and Mrs. E. M. Greene; Mrs. Katharine Jameson Lewis, '16; Henry M. Jameson, '19; Miss Mary Brown, '19; Miss Dorothy Perkins, '22; Miss Margaret Williams, '22; Miss Lydia Jameson, '22. It was an old-time college gathering, added to which was the joyous spirit of welcome to the boys who had served so bravely.

Harry O. Pritchard, '02, has resigned his position as president of Eureka College to become general secretary of the Board of Education of the Disciples of Christ churches in the United States. Mr. Pritchard has assumed his new office located at the College of Missions. He has been fortunate in securing for family residence the house of Mr. Chauncey Butler on south Ritter Avenue. This house has been connected with the College since its building and with it are connected much College history and many pleasant memories. It was first occupied by Mrs. Ingels, who long made a comfortable home for students. Miss Harriet Noble next made it her residence. Following her were Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Butler, and now "The Tangle" becomes the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard.

Frequent mention has been made of the effective arrangement of flags for the decoration of Soldiers' and Sailors' Day. For the collection of these flags and the artistic placing of them, a debt of gratitude is owing to Virgil C. Hoagland, '21. The bugler of the Day was Stanley Ryker, '20, and certainly never were "Taps"

sounded more wonderfully. The clear, appealing notes seemed played on one's very heartstrings.

The annual banquet of the Sandwich Club was held on the evening of April 25, in the College of Missions dining room. C. C. Dobson, '19, was toastmaster. The speakers were C. E. Oldham, '15, A. W. Van Dervort, W. R. Warren, H. O. Pritchard. There was a goodly attendance of members, past and present, and of friends, and the occasion was unusually pleasant.

Mrs. Ruth Hendrickson Allee, '11, has been appointed an organizer for the War Camp Community Service in Indianapolis. She will attend the W. C. C. S. training school in New York this summer, and on her return will take up the work, which has been started by the community service of organizing clubs among girls of the city for recreation and service.

The soloists of Commencement week were: Mrs. Fern Metzger, ex-'10, who sang on Baccalaureate afternoon the "Ave Maria" of Gounod and "Love Never Faileth" of Root; Miss Mary Louise Rumpler, '17, who sang on the afternoon of Soldiers' and Sailors' Day "When the Boys Come Home", and who also had charge of the general singing of College and War songs at the dinner in the evening; Miss Ruby Winders, '19, who sang on the afternoon of Soldiers' and Sailors' Day "God Remembers," and at the Class Day exercises.

In the 369th Infantry band, colored, which appeared in concert in Indianapolis in April, was Lieutenant Noble Sissle, a former Butler student, who was drum major of the organization until he won his commission at the front. Sissle is said to be the most finished tenor singer of his race and delivers war songs and ballads with a distinction seldom met.

In the death of Mrs. W. H. H. Shank in May, the college, the church, and the community have met with a real loss. Butler College was a living thing to her. She worked in its interests, she faithfully attended throughout the years its exercises, she gave to it her children, she loved it. She entered into its joys and its sor-

rows. There are certain seats in the old chapel which for forty years have been occupied by never-failing friends. For them it has never been an obligation to attend Baccalaureate and Commencement; it has been a grateful privilege. Of such was Mrs. Shank. She will be missed. To her family of husband and three children, Flora, '89, Clara, '89, Samuel, '92, the QUARTERLY sends it sympathy.

Robert A. Bull, '97, the new president of the Alumni Association, is vice-president of the Du Quesne Steel Foundry Company at Pittsburgh. He was commissioned Major Ordnance Reserve Corps, March 28, 1917. He retained civilian status for ten months by order of the Chief of Ordnance, manufacturing ordnance and serving as chairman of American Foundrymen's War Service Committee. Learning in January, 1918, of opportunity to go to France as Captain and improbability of doing so as Major, he consented to serve as Captain without commission in that grade or cancellation of majority commission, conditional on oversea assignment. He was called to active duty January 24, 1918, as Captain of Ordnance, and assigned for arsenal and field instruction, preliminary to duty with the A. E. F. He sailed May 16 for France. He served there eight months, two of which were in the zone of advance, four and one-half in the intermediate zone, and one and one-half in the Base section: all this service being in the Division of Construction and Maintenance. He was engaged in no battles. He was discharged as Major, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., February 6, 1919.

Mr. and Mrs. Bull spent Commencement week in Irvington. Their loyalty to the College, frequently and pleasantly expressed, means much at this end of the line.

To Thomas R. Shipp, '97, the QUARTERLY sends its sympathy in the death of his mother. Mrs. Joseph V. Shipp was long a resident of Irvington and held here a large circle of friends. She was widely travelled and took great interest in current affairs. She was a lover of outdoor life and took an interest in birds and animals of all sorts. She made a number of trips back and forth to Indianapolis by motor with her son. She was charitable and many poor people

have reason long to remember her. Mrs. Shipp was buried in Crown Hill.

Captain William Mathews, ex-'14, U. S. Marines, who was severely wounded in action, visited College en route to his home in California. He was the first Butler man who has been in real engagements on the war front to speak in Chapel. "Over the top" is not always such a systematic, accurate, precise proceeding as it appears to be, he said. He pictured, as an instance, the behavior of the men and officers in his division the morning the Soissons drive began. No one seemed to know exactly what he was to do or where he was to go; but they all decided among themselves to go over, and they did. That was the beginning of the end. The division made a glorious record that day, capturing hundreds of prisoners, many guns and a great deal of ammunition. Captain Mathews is now in San Francisco.

Colonel William Wallace, a former student, made a short visit to his home in Indianapolis in April. He returns with war fame for his achievements on the Italian front. Col. Wallace is a West Pointer. He wears the order of SS. Maurice and Philip, and the British D. S. C. After a parade of his troops in New York, he was presented for his regiment with a gold medal by the Italians of the metropolis. The medal has on its front a bas-relief picture of Italy bestowing her laurel on Columbia, the latter wearing a helmet, with the Roman wolf suckling Romulus and Remus in the background. On the reverse side of the medal are the words: "The Italians of New York to the glorious 332nd Infantry Regiment in commemoration of the battles fought in Italy in 1918 for noble ideals and for democracy."

John Iden Kautz, ex-'18, son of F. R. Kautz, '87, reached home on June 26. Irvington welcomed a hero in grasping the hand of this young man. His service has been long and severe, as those who have read his letters in the *QUARTERLY* and his book "Trucking to the Trenches" have reason to know. His service of transporting ammunition, supplies, troops, etc., was in connection with the battle of Craonne, the battle of Chemin des Dames, the Cam-

brai breakthrough, the retreat from the Somme, the retreat from the Aisne, the second battle of the Marne, the third battle of the Somme, the battle of the Argonne, the last battle of the Aisne, and the German retreat.

The Commencement season saw the following honors bestowed upon Butler graduates: The degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Yale University, on Andrew Leitch, '11, for work done in the department of Philosophy and Education. The subject of his thesis was "Laws, Rules and Principles—Their Essence and Value for Conduct," written under Professor C. A. Bennett and Dr. A. K. Rogers. The degree of Bachelor of Divinity by the Yale School of Religion on Hugh Shields, '15; the degree of Master of Arts, by Indiana University on Helen Andrews, '17, for work done in Sociology. Miss Mary Brown has received a teaching Fellowship in Biology at Washington University, St. Louis. Miss Mary Edna Shelley, '19, has received a graduate Scholarship in Romance languages at the University of Illinois. Miss Helen Jackson, '19, has received a graduate Scholarship in Romance languages at the University of Wisconsin.

The removal from Irvington as his permanent home of Mr. Chauncy Butler, '69, causes much regret. With the exception of his brother Scot, no friend has been so long and so intimately connected with the College. He is the son of Ovid Butler, one of the founders of the College, and his education was received at the N. W. C. U. Save for a few years spent in Minnesota, Mr. Butler's entire life has been spent in his native Indianapolis. There are many who do not know the College or Irvington without him, and who regret sincerely to see him make the radical change of winters spent on his orange grove in Florida and summers with one of his daughters in the North. Mr. Butler's geniality and unflinching kindness will cause him to be remembered by hundreds of students and friends whose best wishes follow him wherever his path may lead.

Miss Mary L. Winks, '15, spent a two weeks' furlough at her home in Irvington in June, after eight months' service oversea. As a member of the A. E. F., she wore the usual decorations. Her

work was in the Ordnance Department and kept her most of the time at Tours, though she had opportunity after the signing of the armistice to travel throughout France and to see the most of No Man's Land. Her conversation was most interesting. "After leaving poor, bleeding, devastated France, where all women wear black and there is seldom seen a smile, I thought," she said, "to find the whole world in similar state of mind and heart. It was a great shock, I simply could not get over it upon landing in New York, after the 7,000 khakied men of one steamer had disappeared, to see people riding joyously in automobiles, gaily appareled, the play-houses opened, the stores well filled with purchasing customers, as if there had been no war. Truly, the people here at home are living as if the war were over, as if the horror had never been." It was a comment to solemnize the listener. *Are we so soon forgetting?*

On the Campus were seen during Commencement Week of the classes from 1856 to 1918 the following: Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, Major W. W. Daugherty, Scot Butler, Mrs. Scot Butler, Chauncey Butler, John A. Roberts, Mrs. May Thornton, Katharine M. Graydon, Demarchus C. Brown, Ira W. Christian, Mrs. May Durbin Christian, T. W. Grafton, May L. Shipp, Ellen D. Graydon, Mrs. Nellie Duncan Wilson, Charles W. Moores, Cora Smith, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, A. M. Hall, Erastus S. Conner, Mrs. May Blount Conner, Jane Graydon, B. F. Dailey, Mrs. Dailey, F. R. Kautz, Mrs. Kautz, Alexander Jameson, Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, George H. Clarke, William Mullendore, T. C. Howe, Mrs. Jennie Armstrong Howe, Perry H. Clifford, Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, Stewart Schell, Mrs. Romaine Braden Schell, C. M. Fillmore, Mrs. Vida Tibbott Cottman, Mrs. Mary Brouse Schmuck, Lee Burns, Mrs. Orpha Jeffries Hall, Mrs. Eva Jeffries King, Thomas A. Hall, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Letta Newcomb Wright, Bertha Thormeyer, Evelyn M. Butler, Dr. Daniel W. Layman, W. K. Miller, Mrs. Isabelle Moore Miller, Laura E. Rupp, Frank T. Brown, Mrs. Esther Cole Brown, Robert A. Bull, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, Ethel Curryer, Emma C. Stradling, Mabel H. Tibbot, Mrs. Edith Keay Fowler, Mrs. Mary Graham Place, George Miller, Mrs. Pearl Jeffries Miller, Katherine A. Quinn, Ruth A. Allerdice, Clara Thor-

meyer, Irma Brayton, Anna Burt, Pearl Forsyth, Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, Mrs. Daisy MacGowan Turner, Eva Lennes, Gretchen Scotten, Bessie Power, Clay Trusty, Everett Scofield, Elizabeth Bogert, Elizabeth Brayton, Mrs. Lois Brown Harris, Lois Kile, Lucy Toph, Frank Doudican, Mrs. Sue Brown Doudican, Bernice Sinclair, Ethel De Vaney, Monta Anderson, Irene Hunt, Anna Murphy, Frank Powers, Margaret Duden, Mrs. Sidney Hecker Warfel, Mrs. Ruth Hendrickson Allee, H. H. Martindale, A. H. Moore, Mrs. Gertrude Pruitt Hutcraft, Irma Bachman, Allen H. Lloyd, Catharine Martin, Charles B. Davis, Clarence Reidenbach, Mrs. Reidenbach, Corinne Welling, W. C. Kassebaum, Martha Kincaid, Florence Smock, Mrs. Eda Boos Brewer, Jane Brewer, Elvin Daniels, Frank Davison, Edith Habbe, Robert Hamp, Mrs. Dorothy Kautz Hamp, Mrs. Pauline Hoss Elliott, Carl Van Winkle, Edith Webb, Paul W. Ward, Mrs. Amy Banes Groom, Edith Cooper, Mrs. Georgia Fillmore Peterson, Mrs. Katharine Jameson Lewis, Stanley Sellick, Lucile Sharritt, Elavina Stammel, Miriam Wilson, Katharine Findley, Helen Andrews, Charlotte Bachman, Alice Brown, Lola Conner, Urith Dailey, Howard Caldwell, Mrs. Elsie Felt Caldwell, Vance Garner, Juna Lutz, Virginia McCune, Florence Moffett, Margaret Moore, Mrs. Laura Ann Reed Bridges, Mary Louise Rumppler, Emma Tevis, Lola Walling, Florence Wilson, Mary A. Zoercher, Mrs. Anna Junge Carlstedt, Chester Davis, Eugenia Dent, Mae Hamilton, Mrs. Charity Hendren Browning, Fannie Hyde, Lela Kennedy, Mildred Morgan, Esther Murphy, Marguerite Ulen, Florence Wood, Fern Wright and Mrs. Grace Sinclair Watkins.

Word has reached the college of the appointment of Cloyd Goodnight, A. B., 1906; A. M., 1907, to the presidency of Bethany College. Mr. Goodnight has for several years held the pastorate of the Disciples Church at Uniontown, Pa.

There have appeared in our midst, Captain John Paul Ragsdale, ex-'12, Lieutenant Myron M. Hughel, '18, Lieutenant J. T. C. McCallum, '16, Sergeant Robert L. Larsh, '20, Sergeant Millard Y. Oilar, '20, Private Paul H. Moore, '21, Sergeant Wallace Lewis, '15, Captain Whitney R. Spiegel, ex-'18, Lieutenant Carl Amelung, ex-'19, Lieutenant Ralph Stephenson, ex-'18.

Marriages

WITT-OLDHAM.—On December 5, 1918, in Manila, Philippine Islands, were married Dr. J. C. Witt, '08, and Miss Ruth Oldham, University of Chicago, '08. Dr. Witt is technical director of the Rizal Cement Company, in the vicinity of Manila, and is at present carrying on some industrial research at the Bureau of Science.

GORDON-FEILER.—On April 3, in Louisville, Kentucky, were married Mr. Charles C. Gordon, ex-'15, and Miss Bertha Feiler. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are at home in Chicago.

SCHERER-STREET.—On April 6, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Leslie L. Scherer and Miss Jeanette Street, ex-'18. Mr. and Mrs. Scherer are at home at Springdale Farm, Fishers, Indiana.

BRIDGES-REED.—On April 19, in Irvington, were married Mr. Don Kenyon Bridges and Miss Laura Ann Reed, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Bridges are at home in Newcastle, Indiana.

PAYNE-HUGHEL.—On May 28, in Oakland, California, were married Mr. Francis William Payne, '16, and Miss Mary Louise Hughel, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Payne are at home near Ukiah, California.

ZINK-FERGUSON.—On June 5, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Charles Montgomery Zink and Miss Charlotte Haigh Ferguson, '15. Mr. and Mrs. Zink are at home in Woodruff Place.

RUSCHAUP-ASKREN.—On June 10, in Cumberland, were married Mr. Ralph Ruschaupt and Miss Flora Maude Askren, ex-'19. Mr. and Mrs. Ruschaupt are at home in Indianapolis.

GANS-MILLER.—On June 18, in Hagerstown, Maryland, were married Mr. Emmett William Gans, '87, and Mrs. Anne McWilliams Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Gans will be at home at The Terrace, Hagerstown, after November 1.

SCHOFIELD-BOGERT.—On June 30, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Everett Murrell Schofield, ex-'09, and Miss Elizabeth Thomson Bogert, '09. Mr. and Mrs. Schofield after a tour in the West will be at home in Indianapolis.

Births

HICKS.—To Mr. Earl A. Hicks and Mrs. Edna Huggins Hicks, '07, on April 2, at Bloomfield, Indiana, a son—Robert A.

GIVENS.—To Mr. Willard E. Givens, ex-'13, and Mrs. Givens, in May, at Honolulu, Hawaii, a son.

ATHERTON.—To Mr. John W. Atherton, 1900, and Mrs. Louise Brown Atherton, ex-'09, on June 2, in Irvington, a son—John W. Jr.

AXTELL.—To Mr. Robert J. Axtell, ex-'15, and Mrs. Mary Fleming Axtell, ex-'15, on June 17, in Indianapolis, a daughter.

Deaths

NOBLE.—Miss Harriet Noble died at her home in Indianapolis on March 30. She was buried at her former home in Vincennes, Indiana.

The Indianapolis News has said, editorially:

Harriet Noble, who died yesterday, was a woman of learning and ability, whose influence was always exerted on the side of what was good. As teacher, worker in reform causes, neighbor and friend she always stood for the best in life. She had a wide circle of friends, for she was of a friendly nature. Her interest in public questions was keen and intelligent, and her desire to help in their wise settlement was deep and sincere. Miss Noble was a patriot in both the wide and narrow sense, for she loved her country, and the city in which she lived, and she realized that there could be no patriotism that does not show itself in service. She will be sincerely mourned by her many friends, and by all who know anything of her services to all that was of good report.

MRS. GRACE JULIAN CLARKE, '84:

Miss Noble came to Irvington in the fall of 1883 as the successor to Miss Catharine Merrill as head of the English literature department of Butler College. During the ten years of her teaching here she took a keen interest in the young people of the college and did much to bring the college and the residents of the village in close touch. As a teacher, Miss Noble laid special

emphasis on the analytical side of the study of literature and always defended this method.

After leaving the college she spent two years abroad and for the last ten years has devoted a great deal of time to the suffrage cause. She had been treasurer of the Woman's Franchise League of Indianapolis and one of its directors. She was a member of the Irvington Woman's Club as well as other organizations. For the past two years she has been in failing health and during this time she has received many tokens of appreciation from former students, letters coming from remote distances expressing affection and gratitude.

A woman of strong convictions, she was always charitable and kindly in her judgment of others. Sincerity and integrity were perhaps her most marked characteristics. She had the respect of all who knew her and the love and loyal devotion of a choice circle of friends. She was truly a noble woman."

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY, July, 1918:

The Friendship Circle is a unique alumna organization which has been meeting for two years. It had its inception on June 12, 1916, when Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, '91, entertained at luncheon the women who were graduated in her class, a few other college friends, and Miss Harriet Noble, professor of English at Butler from 1883 to 1893. This meeting of former friends, classmates, and teacher was also a celebration of Miss Noble's birthday, an anniversary which Mrs. Clifford had kept in mind through the years since her college days. The occasion was so delightful that more frequent meetings of the group were suggested, and from that sprang the idea of a club.

The organization is in reality a loving tribute to Miss Noble, who as teacher and friend has been a vital element in the life and development of the women who are its members. Every one of them has retained through the passing years a friendly relationship with their teacher, corresponding with her when away and seeing her frequently. The name, Friendship Circle, symbolically expresses the idea of the organization: Miss Noble, the true center; its members, the radii of the circle, and all bound together by the golden hoop of friendship.

Deep in the hearts of all these women is sincere gratitude to their Alma Mater, Butler College, the source of their sweet common memories; she who gave to them the opportunity for forming these rich, lifelong friendships, and the inestimable benefit of contact with such teachers as Miss Harriet Noble and all the old corps who become dearer and nearer as the years roll by.

MICHAEL.—On April 10, in a Virginia army camp, Dr. Guy Griffith Michael, ex-'11, died. He was buried from his home in Noblesville, Indiana.

Dr. Michael left Butler College to pursue a medical course. As

an oculist he practiced his profession in Noblesville. He was a member of the United States Marines and had been in service for more than a year. The last weeks had been spent in a hospital, from which he had been discharged a few days before his death. He had hoped to reach home on the day he was brought back.

BUTTZ.—Samuel Dennison Buttz, ex-'70, died at his home near Columbus, Indiana, on May 7, and from there was buried in Flat Rock cemetery with many tributes of love and esteem.

Mr. Buttz was born at Liberty, Adams county, Illinois, on May 4, 1850. In the autumn of 1867 he came to Indianapolis and entered the North Western Christian University, where his sophomore and Junior years were very pleasantly and profitably spent. These years with the teachers and students of the old N. W. C. U. were often referred to and always happily cherished in memory.

In 1871 Mr. Buttz was married to Miss Rachel Quick, ex-'71, near Columbus, Indiana, where the most of their married life was spent.

Mr. Buttz was a member of the Baptist Church, and for many years was a deacon in the church and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was also a member of the board of trustees of Franklin College. He was a man of much general intelligence, a physician, and a farmer. His was a Christian character, with a sweet, forgiving disposition. Those who knew and loved him will never forget his kind heart and his pleasant smile. He was a devoted husband and father, and a faithful friend. He leaves a wife, Mrs. Rachel Q. Buttz, with whom he spent forty-eight happy years; a daughter, Mrs. Mabel Gorrell, of Gregory Landing, Missouri; a sister, Mrs. Mira Wheat, of Quincy, Illinois; and two brothers, Henry and John Buttz, of Liberty, Illinois.

WOODHEAD.—Word has been received at the College of the recent death from pneumonia of Dr. Howard Woodhead in France, where he had been a Y. M. C. A. worker since the spring of 1918. Dr. Woodhead was at Butler College the year of 1907-1908, in charge of the department of Sociology. He then returned to Chicago, where he was Director of the School of Civics from 1913 to 1915. Thence, he was professor of Sociology in the University of Pittsburgh, which position he laid down to engage in oversea activity.

FRAZIER.—On June 30, David Donald Frazier, son of H. Edwin Frazier, '89, and Mrs. Frazier, was accidentally killed on a Great Lakes steamer, age nineteen years. To Mr. and Mrs. Frazier, residents of Ironton, Ohio, the QUARTERLY sends its sincere sympathy in their great sorrow.

BUTLER.—On July 14, at Lake Wawasee, Indiana, Ovid Dyer Butler, '59, died, and was buried in Crown Hill, on July 17, from his home in Indianapolis. Of Mr. Butler, *The Indianapolis News* said editorially:

“The death of Ovid Dyer Butler takes from the community a kindly, uncomplaining gentleman whose long connection with local educational and real estate interests helped greatly in the upbuilding of the city. His father founded what is now Butler College, and his interest in the college was carried on in the family, Ovid Dyer Butler becoming a member of the board of directors of the college and taking a hand in many of its plans for expansion and improvement. An accident some twenty years ago left him an invalid and caused his retirement from active life, but his influence was felt even in his retirement. The older real estate men in the city remember him for his extraordinary knowledge of local property holdings. In the abstract business, of which he was a partner, he settled many questions as to the early surveys of the city. In his business dealings as well as in his public service he was an upright and able citizen.”

THAYER.—On July 16, Mrs. Parmela Thayer died at her home in Greenfield, Indiana. Mrs. Thayer's name appears as Miss Parmela Hart in the second catalogue of the College (1856-1857), when she was a student of the North Western Christian University. Her talk of the old days was most interesting: of how the good neighbors opened their houses to the students no matter what the size of their families, she finding a delightful home with Mrs. Richard Duncan; of the old faculty; of the customs of the time. Her interest in the College continued, as evinced in her subscription to the QUARTERLY. Throughout Mrs. Thayer's life she was a gracious and beneficent influence in her community.

Our Correspondence

THOMAS R. SHIPP, '97: I like the ALUMNAL QUARTERLY. It is full of good stuff.

MRS. HIRAM HADLEY, '66: If you have an extra copy of the QUARTERLY for April, please send me one. I think it is such an excellent number that I wish one to loan to my friends. Mr. Holliday's article seems to me especially fine.

T. J. BYERS, '69: I regret very much circumstances are such that I can not attend Commencement exercises on this, my fiftieth anniversary of graduation. I should especially enjoy the Soldiers' Day. I have great interest in old Butler, and am glad to see her and her alumni prosper.

MRS. CORNELIA THORNTON MORRISON, '15: Since I can not spend Commencement at Butler, I am sending this card to let you know I shall be thinking of you all throughout the season I love. We are having a wonderful trip through California, have been visiting Uncle James McCullough, who graduated from the College in 1865.

CHARLES O. LEE, '09: The College does have, I feel, a very large place in the heart of every graduate. We love it for what it has done to help make us what we are. Our conceptions of life, of duty and of our obligations one to another rest in large measure upon the principles taught us within old Butler's walls.

Some of us have, in our efforts to be of service in the world, been called to places of labor that have been more or less apart from the closer associations of the College. We have, no doubt, been too much occupied with the immediate tasks in hand and have had a tendency to neglect those large associations of which we should remain an integral part. I shall try not to allow this to happen too often in the future.

I am very glad for the persistent way that the Association has of trying to keep in touch with all who have become a part of the Butler family.

D. S. ROBINSON, '10: Owing to the fact that we were on the high seas for thirty-four days without mail, your letter was delayed in reaching me. There are few pleasures that would be more enjoyable to me than that of being present with Mrs. Robinson at this year's Butler College Commencement. I value highly the honor of being invited by the Committee on Arrangements to officiate as chaplain on the day given over to the reception of returning soldiers and sailors. Much to my regret my duties as chaplain of this ship will prevent my being present. I am the more loath to send a refusal because circumstances have prevented my replying earlier, but I hope you still have ample time in which to make other arrangements.

I hope that this year's Commencement may be the most impressive and significant that the College has yet had. I shall be with you in spirit then and always, for Butler College stands high in my affections.

EMMETT W. GANS, '87: You were quite right that nothing is too good for the boys who faced the real dangers of this war and imperiled their lives for their country and for us who were not permitted to go.

Their heroism will live long in history, and those who survived, whether with or without bodily injury, will look back on this as quite the most glorious privilege that has fallen to their lot.

I have noted in the QUARTERLY that you have given a proper proportion of space to the records of the boys and I am hoping that you will make this the basis of an amplified record, the additional data for which will be supplied by the boys themselves, that eventually will be in the form of a permanent volume for the College library.

FLORA M. FRICK, '11: I am now living at Moorhead, Minnesota, and teaching pageantry and playground technique and directing physical education in both the normal school and the model school. This is a wonderful, growing country, and I love it and my work.

Last summer I directed community pageants at various places in Illinois in celebration of the centennial. There is a fascination

about the type of community work now opening up which is greater than any I have found in any field of work.

Since completing my Master's work at Northwestern, I have received the Northwestern diploma in both Oratory and Physical Education.

My thoughts go back to Butler especially at this season of the year, and I wish to be remembered to all my friends there.

BLANCHE A. RYKER, '10: I thought it might be of interest to you to know that a group of Butler students of about my period is in New York this summer. We have had quite a reunion. Agnes Tilson, '10, Lora Hussey, '10, Catharine Martin, '12, and I are in summer school at Columbia. Mattie Empson, '12, who finished the secretarial course here this spring, has a position downtown and is living in an apartment with Lora and Agnes. Catharine is in Brooks Hall, Barnard, and I in Whittier Hall of Teachers' College.

Last Sunday afternoon D. Sommer Robinson, '10, who is Chaplain of the United States Battleship Texas, and his wife, Mrs. Oma Glassburn Robinson, invited the group just mentioned together with Mrs. Fern Sweet Luther, a former Butler student, to a tea-party aboard the battleship. It was a great treat to all of us, and I fancy was somewhat pleasurable to Mr. Robinson, also, as he has not been back to Butler since his graduation. He has been in the Naval Service for a year and a half, and is just now sailing for the Pacific Coast and Hawaii by way of Panama. Mrs. Robinson will remain at their home in Cambridge.

It has seemed strange that so many of us should chance to get together so far away from home; yet, I think just that has added to the pleasure of the meeting. Much of our conversation has been reminiscent, and I am led to believe that with us no experiences can ever transcend those associated with Butler. These friends and I join in greetings to Butler College.

Notice

The annual alumni fee has been raised to two dollars for the purpose of paying the expense of issuing the QUARTERLY. This increase goes into effect October 1, 1919. Send your fee as soon thereafter as convenient to the alumni treasurer, Stanley Sellick, Butler College, Indianapolis.



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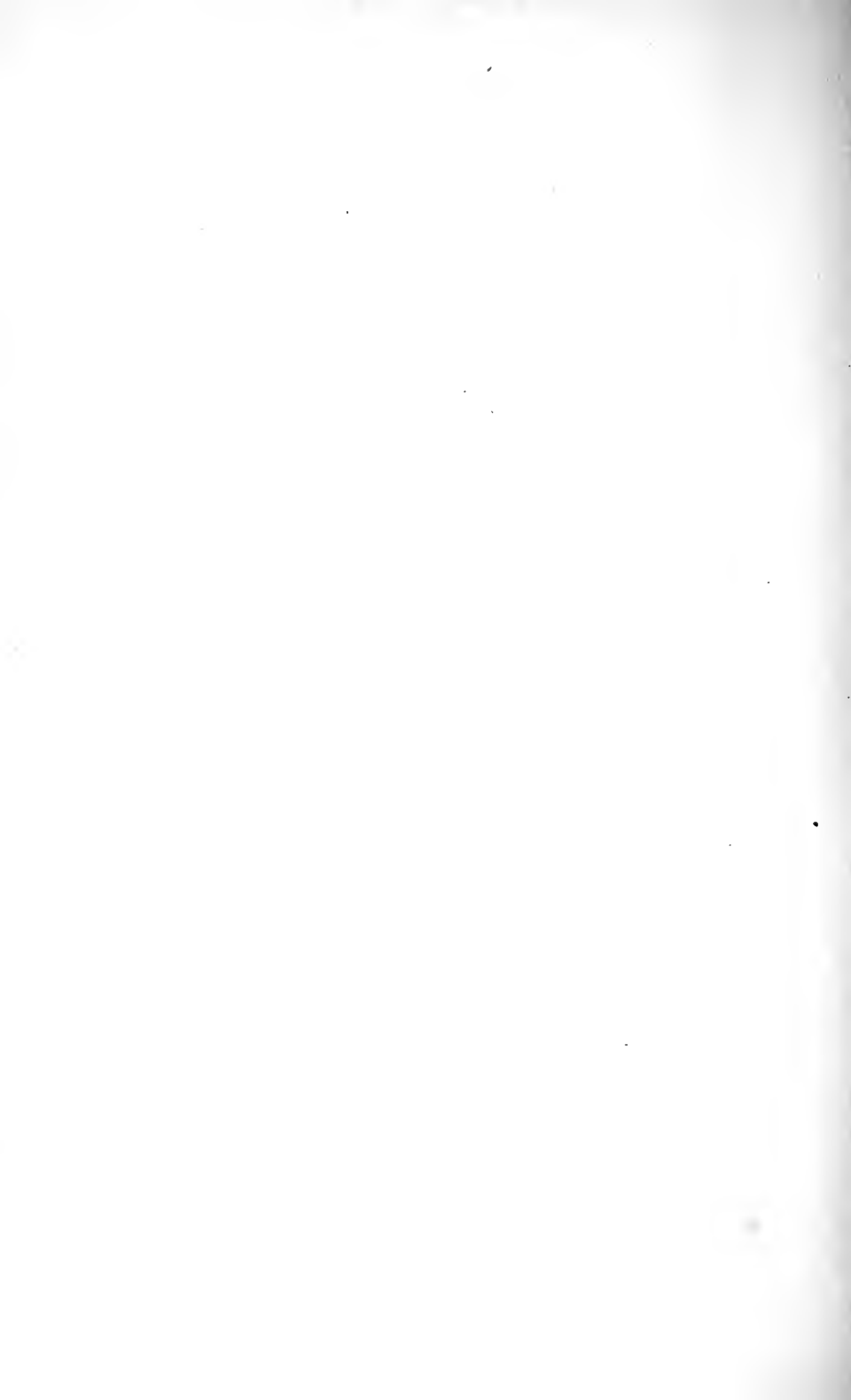
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Butler Alumnaal Quarterly

OCTOBER, 1919

Vol. VIII No. 3

INDIANAPOLIS

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Butler Alumna! Quarterly

VOL. VIII INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1919 No. 3

A Letter from France

BY HILTON U. BROWN, '80

(Mr. Brown spent fourteen weeks in western Europe as correspondent of *The Indianapolis News*. One of his letters is herewith given.)

Paris, June 3.—On the first anniversary of the battle of Chateau Thierry, when the fate of nations hung by a thread, the valley of the Marne was a dream of sunshine and peace. Apple orchards were in bloom, the meadows were green, and the wild flowers softened the rough edges of shell holes in Belleau woods and the fields about Lucy, Torcy, Vaux and the other towns that were once the suburbs of the little city that gave its name to a battlefield made immortal by American soldiers.

There is a good, broad highway (like that which Sheridan followed to Winchester town) that leads eastward from Paris direct to Chateau Thierry, about sixty miles by the highways, but much closer as a shell would travel. The road begins as a city street and becomes a main artery not only to Meaux and the Chateau region but on to Metz. It is an old, old thoroughfare and many gallant and jaded armies have traversed it. But none perhaps contributed more to history than the divisions from the United States that marched over its solid granite block and macadam surface a year ago in response to Marshal Foch's request for help to stem the German tide that was overwhelming France.

This is not a history of the battle, but if anything merely an outline of the setting. Picture Paris calm, but ready for flight.

The old and feeble had already been sent south for safety. The bulk of the population was awaiting the order to go. When the wind blew from the east and north the guns could be heard. The peril was real. If the outlying armies were defeated there was no intent on the part of the French to subject their city to siege and destruction, but to continue the battle south and beyond the city. At this juncture the American troops enter on the scene. They did not pass through the city, but around it, and on to the highway referred to. After they passed through Meaux, facing east, the Second American division began to meet the retreating remnants of the French army, hollow-eyed, powder burnt, sagging with overwhelming weariness from four days of unrelieved fighting and retreating.

Some shook their heads at the folly of these strapping youngsters from the west, venturing to thrust themselves in the way of that onrushing victorious Hun avalanche. These said the end was at hand and that the Americans would better save themselves. Eye and ear witnesses testify as to the answers. Weary only of drilling and waiting the reinforcements, they asked for a chance to get at the Germans. The road was packed with solid columns of American infantry and artillery, hot for action.

“What do you think we came here for?” the doughboy asked.

A French officer commanding seventy chasseurs, remnant of a regiment, asked an American colonel:

“Shall we die here or do you wish us to pass through your troops?”

“Pass through and give us your places. You have done enough.” And the 2d division made way for the grimy seventy to pass to rest, together with scattered fragments of scores of units that had been shot to pieces.

And so the Americans came under fire. The boche artillery and air men had located the road. The infantry and artillery passed to right and left, while the two regiments of marines attached to the 2d division had already gone to the left of the road and engaged the Germans at Lucy and later in the woods beyond, now known as Belleau wood.

Twelve months after the battle, Lucy is still a white ruin, its limestones and mortar ground to powder by the guns, its houses unroofed and its walls, that had stood for years and some for centuries, tumbling from shell fire. And yet the village is not obliterated, and a few of its people have returned. In the roadway are still evidences of an ammunition dump exploded by a German shell. The marines had piled their rifle and machine gun cartridges under a tree. When the shell struck, it set this ammunition to going at such a rate that the Americans feared for a moment that the enemy had got into the rear. The tree was blasted and its leafless, amputated limbs afford scant shade for the children who play beneath it in the mound of shells, some of them unexploded. Through the opened wall of the roofless church the crucified Christ may be seen hanging to the cross, most pathetic of all the objects in that glut of ruin. Out in the roadway a hen with her brood stirs up the dust and tries to fly over the broken wall when the sergeant-chauffeur drives that way. A bent old woman stands where once was her doorway and looks at the meager life and the gloomy chaos about her.

But out in the fields the farmers, such as remain, and many women folk are at work. The smaller shell holes have been filled. Nature and husbandry are beginning to heal the scars of war except in the towns. Here little or nothing of repair is to be seen. It will be better to lay out towns in the virgin fields than to attempt to rebuild, but home ties are strong.

As in Lucy, so in these other towns one finds a dismal monotony of wreckage. The Germans are, of course, the sole cause of this desolation, though not all of the destruction is due to boche guns. Let Vaux and her people speak: The Germans took the town, the inhabitants fleeing. Here are old houses, once sound and even pretentious. There are deep cellars and a covered stream that passes through and under the village. Hiding in these the Germans opened fire on the Americans. Some of the inhabitants fled to Captain Harper of Battery F, 17th field artillery, and asked him to dislodge the enemy from their homes. They pointed out the strongest buildings with deepest cellars and told him that there

the invaders were in hiding with their machine guns. They begged him to fire and he did. His battery of 155's threw 1,044 shells into the village and when the infantry took it by assault only a hundred or more Germans remained alive. If the excavators ever go deep enough they will find the bones of Prussian guards where the natives were wont to store their wines and winter vegetables.

But what of that gay and eager throng in khaki that late in May a year ago went valiantly down the Metz road? They fought in all these villages, in the Belleau woods and on to Chateau Thierry, where, with the unconquerable 2d and 3d and Rainbow and other divisions, they first shocked and astounded the Germans by the method and ferocity of their attack and finally forced them into retreat, changing the campaign from defensive to offensive warfare and ultimate triumph in the Argonne. But they paid a price.

Near every village and often in fields and roads remote from dwellings is a soldiers' graveyard. By thirties, fifties or hundreds, "row on row" lie the dead that died not in vain. The burial places are clean and free from underbrush or weeds. A barbed wire fence surrounds each yard and a cross stands at the head of each grave. To the wooden cross, thirty inches high, is attached a metallic circular disc bearing the colors of the United States. There is also a metallic plate on which is stamped the name, number and unit of the buried soldier. His identification tag is also attached to the cross with wire and at the head of each grave is a small flag, bright and unfaded, fluttering with every breeze. A few graves, alas, are marked "unknown," but for the most part identification has been complete and precautions are taken to preserve the identification inviolate.

Below the crest on which Belleau wood stands, burial parties are digging concentration graves. These are five feet deep by sixty in length. Into these places the scattered dead will be brought. Overlooking them is a small tower at the crest of Belleau wood—a building that was once a lodge or caretaker's place. From it the battlefield may be surveyed. The hill itself is fearfully torn with shell fire and with dugouts. Projecting rocks afforded hiding

places for the boche and often in these dugouts the remains of Germans are still to be found. German prisoners have recovered and buried many of their comrades, but scores of these dead can never be identified.

There are places in Belleau woods where life above ground was impossible. On two trees within the reach of one's outstretched arms were counted eighteen bullet holes, and where anything was left to indicate a bullet's flight the marks everywhere were as numerous as in the instance related. And so the men "dug in" and even there they were not safe, for the visible remains tell of the carnage.

Had not the American troops shown the courage and tenacity necessary to drive the entrenched enemy from this all but impregnable stronghold, the war probably would not have ended when and as it did, and the outcome of the march on the road from Paris would have differed from this narrative.

As it was, these American soldiers can not be forgotten by the French. Diplomats and cabinets may quarrel, and peoples may be estranged, but it will be hard to believe that the French, who saw these troops come into action in the nick of time and in the hour of disaster, can forget. Certainly now they smile on the Yanks in the chateau country and meet them as friends and brothers.

Chateau Thierry itself was only an incident in this great battle. From the hill on which the old chateau, built first more than a thousand years ago, the city in the valley below, spread along the Marne, may be seen to the last tile on the roofs. The business heart of the city was blown to pieces by German air men who thought American headquarters were there, but the greater part of Chateau Thierry remains intact. The French are selling off army horses there to the farmers (at about \$325 each); the occasional relic hunter is to be seen on his rounds, and the River Marne, about as big as Fall creek, but with more water and greater uniformity of flow and depth, clean and clear, now flows on its way uninterruptedly, carrying to the very gates of Paris, where it unites with the Seine, its canal boat cargoes of provisions for the saved and sacred capital of France.

Impressions of Petrograd

BY JOHN L. H. FULLER, '17

My first impressions of Petrograd are rather hazy. The whole thing was so strange and I was so busy trying to take it all in that very few things stand out above others. Each small incident was different from anything I had known before, the people looked queer, the language was nothing but a mixed-up jumble of lip sounds; but I do remember that I was surprised to find the city so quiet with no signs of a prospective battle taking place in the near future. We had been keyed up to expect almost anything in the way of burnings, murders and general disturbances by the officials at the Swedish-Finnish border who had told us to stop off in Finland until we received further instructions from the embassy in Petrograd as to whether it would be safe to proceed; and the wisdom of that advice seemed to be borne out by what we saw in Wiborg just a few hours from Petrograd in Finland, where we stopped for twenty-four hours.

Only we should have been warned not to stop there, but to go on to the safer place, Petrograd. It was by far the most peaceful appearing of the two places for Wiborg at that time was filled to overflowing with thousands of soldiers, a part of what remained to Russia of her once splendid armies. After seeing there the wildest and fiercest lot of Cossacks and Caucasians riding about at a sharp trot on their small, shaggy ponies, bending far forward in the saddle looking as though they were eagerly watching for an opportunity to use their long spears, that I have ever seen even in Russia itself, I was rather expecting something in the way of excitement when I reached the city that was supposed to be the hotbed of all trouble. Much to our then disappointment we found Petrograd quiet enough. It was only after we gained a little more experience that we lost that feeling of being cheated if there wasn't a little shooting going on; and some of us, those who hadn't been there to see the first revolution in March and the first bolshevik revolt in July, never

did get over the habit of taking a walk to the Nevsky to see the "fun" when we heard of any sort of disturbance or firing having taken place during the day. But in September of 1917 while there was a feeling of excitement in the air and people were wondering what would be the outcome of the meeting between Kerensky and Kornilof, who was marching on the city at the head of an army to persuade Kerensky that he was in the wrong in the argument that had arisen between them, the principal topic of conversation was the question of food. There was a luxurious plenty then, too, compared with a few months later, but people were not able to look into the future and only knew that the meals they were getting were not what they wanted nor by any means what they were used to.

Personally, I was much disappointed with the appearance of the soldiers I saw in Petrograd. They were a poor, ill-trained, ignorant looking lot, not to be compared with the fine physical specimens, trained fighting men I had seen in Finland. Later it was mostly these men of the city garrisons who filled the ranks of the bolshevik regiments when the soldiers of the old regime went back to their own localities after having become disgusted with the bolsheviks and anxious to return to their villages and homes and get away from fighting or to join forces who were still fighting the new governing power. Gradually even they gave place in great part to the Red Guard whose only military attribute was a rifle with a bayonet attached and a canvas sack holding cartridges. In turn these "hooligans," as the Russians call them, have fallen away from the bolshevik ranks and their places have been filled by Mongols and Lettish troops.

It was my fortune to take a first car ride in Petrograd the day I arrived. It was an experience, one which I swore would never be repeated as long as my legs remained in good working order or I could afford to pay an *isvoschik*, but that was only because I had not become accustomed to the Russian perfume which was more than usually pungent that day as it was raining. In the first place I had to fight to get on the car and after much straining and trampling on feet—not my own—a trespass which the Rus-

sians always take good-naturedly, I finally came to a standstill on the back platform. It was then that I began to realize that my zeal had perhaps been a trifle hasty, but there was no backing out as it was the rule that entrance to trams should be made at the rear and exits at the front; and it is often as great a fight to get to the front as it is to get on the car. As I gradually forced my way in that direction my resolution never to repeat such an experience grew; for the car was absolutely without ventilation, as the doors were religiously closed each time anyone got out and no windows were open. The odor I thought at that time was unbearable. It wasn't improved by the fact that my nose was shoved tightly between the dirty coat of a soldier and a peasant woman padded out in her winter clothing, garments which had probably kept her warm for several winters with no vacation except that given them in the heat of the summer. By the time I got off that car my estimation of the Russian was rather low. Custom brings changes of ideas, however. Before many weeks were past I was fighting for the privilege to claim a place inside a warm car, heated by the warmth of human bodies—Russian bodies at that; and before the winter was over was able to hold my own in an orthodox church filled to the last bit of standing room with peasants and soldiers, heated by their bodies and many candles and hermetically sealed from the contamination of fresh air. Bad air was not the only peril braved in such a gathering, either, for there was a strong chance of carrying away some of your neighbor's inhabitants when you left.

In Petrograd my impressions of Russian character in general were gained mostly from a distance and through a few dinner parties at the homes of middle-class Russians. The opinions I formed then that the Russian as a good-natured, naturally kind-hearted, hospitable and generous person, inclined to be a bit tricky, perhaps, given to much wordy discussion, not to be relied upon to keep an appointment nor to be counted upon to carry a project to a conclusion, were borne out later when I came into much closer contact with the people in the little town of some thirty or forty thousand called Vologda, an important railroad junction directly

south of Archangel. There I made my home for some months in the house of a rather well-to-do man and his family of five sons and three daughters. Another American and I got the room, once the parlor, because the owner was threatened with having a bolshevik family quartered in it as, in the opinion of the local commissar, his house of some seven rooms, including kitchen and bath, was too large for his family. Our room was a large one and filled in the Russian fashion with many growing plants. To give us the room and the two beds I noticed that two of the boys had to sleep on the floor of the dining room in their clothes with their overcoats for bedding. Later on more beds were obtained and four of them slept in the next room to ours. The lower part of the house had been requisitioned as a storeroom by the city authorities and nearly every morning I was awakened by the chattering of a long line of peasant men and women waiting their turn to draw their rations of black flour. The board sidewalk outside was always covered with husks of the sunflower seeds they had been eating during their hours of waiting in line. Later, when the flour became very bad and soldiers were brought to quiet the uproar of protests that arose from the women—who could always be relied upon to express their opinion in no polite language in the teeth of the fiercest looking Cossack if their ire were aroused—we rather expected to be awakened some morning by a bullet from the room below passing through our beds—not us—if we should be lucky.

This house was a comfortable one and, as far as scrubbing by a barefooted peasant woman could make it clean, was clean, but as regards furnishings it might have been the home of a poorly paid man of the working class in America. The luxuries consisted of a small bookcase and a piano, and the piano was generally seeing service from early in the morning until late at night. It was not ragtime that emanated from it, either, but the best of classical music well played. It and the bookcase were evidence that the family belonged to the higher class and they gave evidence of their standing in many other ways except in their knowledge of how to live as we consider living. This was a typical Vologda

home of its class and the owner was considered one of the wealthiest men in the town. His sons and daughters were well educated. One of the older sons planned to go to England and take a course at Cambridge as soon as conditions would permit. I last saw that son on the streets of Moscow, where he had come to see what could be done toward obtaining the release of his father and youngest brother, who had been arrested with many others by the bolsheviks as hostages for the good behavior of the counter-revolutionists.

Later in Moscow I had occasion again to notice the natural friendliness and kindness of the Russian so that my experience and a knowledge of the facts make me know that the opinion held by the world in general of the Russian people as a blood-thirsty, cruel and selfish race is not just. Those who now stand forth as representatives of Russia are a small minority who hold and have held their power from the beginning by force alone. They have been successful so long because they have made it a crime punishable by death for anyone not avowedly supporting their cause to have arms or even a cartridge in his possession. The bolsheviks have never had the support of the peasants, let alone that of the so-called "intellectuals." Their strength has existed in the cities where their most trusted followers are the lowest of the criminal class, their leaders Jews of a sort fortunately little known in America. The support of their followers has been purchased by high wages, opportunities to rob and better and more food than the general public could obtain.

Bolshevism has brought Russia from a bad state to one which is about as low as the country can reach. A man with whom I have just talked, a Russian wealthy at one time, but now with but a few pounds on deposit in an English bank, who escaped from Russia recently, virtually purchased his life and that of his wife with two pounds of sugar which had been saved for just such an emergency. He is now preaching the doctrine that Russia without help, with the soviet government remaining in power, becomes a menace to the whole civilized world. This is my belief. For the bolsheviks are only holding on from day to day, retaining the reins of government because the Russian people have been starved

into inertia waiting for the help which they have felt all along the allied powers would bring to them and which they still believe is coming. Lenine and Trotsky will endeavor to maintain themselves in power until the widespread propaganda which they have set on foot, the millions of roubles they are spending has the effect they desire and brings other countries to the pass to which they have brought Russia, until the "proletariat" rise and take the places occupied by the hated "capitalists" and "bourgeoisie."

American Apples and the A. E. F.

BY JOHN W. BARNETT, '94

(From *The Outlook*, September 17, 1919.)

"Here comes the Y man with apples! More of those real American apples! Oh, boy!" was the shout with which I was greeted many times as I entered the wards of American military hospitals in England carrying a box of apples right from "the States." Even the sight of those bright-red or golden-yellow apples made the boys forget their troubles, and the taste of them lifted them up to the third heaven; gloominess and pain vanished before them like mist before the rising sun. If the box chanced to be labeled "California Pippins" or "Oregon Winesaps" you can imagine the delight with which the Westerners bit into them. But since apples are apples from Maine to California, that delight was not confined to the Westerners, even though those particular apples may have come from the West. To the fellows "over there" Maine and California do not seem so far removed as they do over here; over there they think in terms of "the good old U. S. A.," and not in terms of Maine or California.

That leads me to tell about a phase of the many-phased "War

of Compassion'' that followed in the wake of the great world war that, so far as I know, has not been told, but which certainly deserves to be told. The half has not been told, and never will be, of the awful horror of the war—the cost of it in blood and tears and treasure; neither has the half been told, and never can be, of the lavish outpouring of compassion that the world has witnessed during these years. The heart of the world has been touched with a tenderness never before known. The bigger work of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and kindred organizations has in some degree been told, but the work of a multitude of lesser organizations and of individuals has not been told. Indeed, some of the biggest things that were done for the boys were done by some of these lesser organizations; and it is a bit of work of one of these that I am going to tell you about. During the fall and winter of 1917 the Apple Shippers' Association of America sent over to England (I presume also to France) thousands of boxes of the finest American apples, and made the Y. M. C. A. their distributing agent. These apples were delivered at the door of the Y huts with all expenses paid, and we were asked to deliver them to the boys, which we were very glad to do; and glad also to tell the boys who had sent these apples, though we were not asked to do that. The A. S. A. have not in any way advertised this, and I am telling it now without their knowledge and consent. If, however, the donors could have witnessed the joy their gift produced in the hospitals alone they would have felt themselves more than repaid for all the trouble and expense in sending the apples. I am sure the doctors and nurses in those hospitals will agree that the apples proved a great therapeutic agent in the recovery of many a sick and homesick boy. It was not alone the food value or the medicinal properties of the fruit itself that helped these men—plenty of fruit could have been secured for them; it was the thought that somebody back at home cared enough for them to do this big, kindly thing that put new heart into them and helped many a sick, disappointed, and discouraged fellow to get a new grip upon life. Often when they were too ill to eat the apples I have seen them beam with joy as they held them in their hands or dared to take

a whiff of the delicious odor. Among the many things that have been done for the A. E. F., I know that nothing has been more appreciated or been more far-reaching in its influence than this gift of apples; and I am glad to give it a little of the publicity it deserves.

But the apples were not designed alone for the hospitals, nor distributed there exclusively, nor welcome only there; they were given out at all the huts "at sundry times and in divers manners"—always to new crowds, for this was a big rest camp where the men stopped for only a few days on their way to France. These apples gave an added home touch to the huts, and many lads will remember those first nights in a strange land which were brightened up a bit by the kindly thought of some of their countrymen who, it would seem, had somehow divined just how lonely and homesick they would be feeling just then, and had thus provided against it. It made a splendid closing number to many an evening's program in the huts—a sort of grand finale—to sit on the counter with a box of those apples beside you, have the men line up, and as they came up hand each man an apple or two, telling him that here was a little message from home. The only condition for giving the apples was that the boys should smile; and smile they did, you may be sure—big, broad, bright apple smiles. Those apple experiences often opened the way for a heart-to-heart talk, and many a fellow got more than an apple as the result.

Night after night we distributed the apples at the movie theater, frequently three times a night, for at times there were so many men in camp we had to run the show three times to accommodate them, and then could not. Oh, what a shout would go up when the announcement was made that each man would be given an apple as they went out—a really true home apple! You may be sure that not a man left without getting his apple. And there were, in all probability, some repeaters at the next show; we did not station a guard at the door to keep them from coming back. On stunt nights apples were given as prizes, and they brought out an array of talent that otherwise might not have been discovered; talents simply could not be kept hidden in the presence of those apples

from home. We always made it a point to bribe the judges on these occasions with apples, lest their decisions be not influenced by their own disappointment.

Or it was to some quarantined barracks, full of gloomy men cussing their luck at having to be shut in for two or three weeks because some chap in the company had neglected to have the measles or mumps till he got into the army, that we went with our boxes of apples. Just at the height of the "apple season" we happened to have the survivors of the ill-fated *Tuscania* in camp, and about twelve hundred of them were in quarantine at one time. After what these men had been through this was enough to make them gloomy and to cuss their luck. Then came the apples, and you can imagine the effect! those big juicy apples, the very wrappers smelling with the good old smell of the States, the cool, firm feel in their fingers as they eagerly grabbed them, and then that first long-drawn-out taste, mellow and tart, which all American boys have known and loved from childhood! In less time than it takes to tell it the gloom had evaporated and the cussings had turned to cheers. Then followed many a reminescent tale of apple orchards and boyish pranks; then praises of America in general and the A. S. A. in particular; and when we left they shouted such a lusty "Come again!" as to leave no doubt in our minds about its being absolutely sincere.

Again and again we stood by the roadside near the hut as the long, long trail was a-winding into camp, and handed each man an apple as they tramped by. Always glad for the first sight of those familiar low, brown buildings with the big, red triangle over the door, these men were doubly glad for this surprise from home. After two weeks, often more, on a crowded transport, and a couple of hundred miles on those funny English trains, often more crowded even than the transports, then a two-mile uphill hike to the camp carrying a heavy pack, it took the kinks out of their tired muscles and put new pep into the boys to realize that somebody back at home had followed them across the sea with their thoughtful kindness. I wish the donors could have seen and heard these men when we gave them the apples and told them who had sent them.

At Eagle Hut, in London, on certain days we gave an apple with each meal. On these "apple days" the crowds were always larger than usual; they seemed to have some way of divining the days we should give the apples, for we had no regularity about giving them. Whether they had spies out who passed the word along, or, what is more probable, each man ate a number of times, which was perfectly possible on the English rations of those days, at any rate, the cash register always showed an increase, and it can easily be inferred that it was due to the popularity of the apples. And the apples were not given to our own men alone, but to the men of the Allies as well; for Eagle Hut was open to all of the Allies on the same terms as to our own men, and they came in large numbers. Tommies, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, French, Belgians and all the rest got the apples and appreciated them to the limit. And even more than the apples these men appreciated the American spirit that was doing such splendid things for the soldier boys. How great an influence this generous gift has exerted! The flavor of the apples and the praises of the gift have encircled the globe.

Sometimes as we carried the apples to the hospitals interned German civilians who chanced to be working near by would look with longing eyes at the tempting fruit, and some of the bolder ones even dared to ask us for an apple. They didn't get any. Those apples were sent to our boys who were fighting for freedom, and not to those Huns who had lived many years in England, enjoying her privileges without renouncing their allegiance to the fatherland, from which they had come to escape the rigors of a merciless military system. I am sure that some of these Huns even must have been impressed with the difference between the American spirit, finding such expression, and the spirit of their much boasted but now thoroughly discredited *kultur*. Let us at least hope so, and that thus some real missionary work was done by the Apple Shippers' Association in this bit of service which they rendered to our boys so far from home.

For Remembrance

"Their name liveth for evermore"

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

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Opening of the College

The larger Butler of which much has been said and read has arrived. The largest enrollment, the largest faculty, the fullest curriculum, the most buildings, in the history of the College are to be seen. The return of former students, the influx of new ones, have made a record-breaking enrollment. How comfortably to house and efficiently to work with such numbers is the problem facing the teaching force. The situation might be a bit amusing were it not too serious a matter. It is, however, hoped that this condition will make an insistent and effective appeal to the Board of Directors to hasten the realization of those visionary new buildings frequently referred to of late.

To meet the housing situation the old gymnasium has been converted into a recitation building. Every available space in the old buildings has been brought into requisition. The canteen house erected a year ago for the students' army training corps, is now the home of the department of domestic science. Barracks B has been retained and rebuilt into a gymnasium—and no mean gymnasium is it. Its hard maple floor is said to be as satisfactory as any in the state. While the building is designed primarily for

athletic purposes, it is also a grateful addition to the College and community for social needs. Long since has the College outgrown every social meeting place. The Residence and the homes of the faculty, hospitably thrown open in the past, have all become inadequate in size to the needs of the day. So, the new gymnasium offers itself most acceptably as a social center.

The strength of the College is being tested to its uttermost, its material capacity not more than its scholastic force and spiritual power. Although its growth in numbers and in academic standing has been natural and gradual, the result of true scholarship, unstinted labor, wise direction, it is generally recognized by those long interested in the institution that "What we have been makes us what we are."

Enrollment

	Men	Women	Total
Old -----	122	172	294
New -----	107	187	394
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	229	359	588

There are 215 Freshmen. Students from other colleges entering with advanced standing are 84.

Plans for Relocating Butler

The following resolutions were passed by unanimous vote in a meeting of the Board of Directors which was held recently:

“Whereas, The Board of Directors of Butler College have for more than a year had under consideration the advisability of relocating the college plant, the reasons having been set out at various times and more particularly in a report submitted by Mr. George Kessler, employed as an expert to advise us in this matter:

“And, Whereas, The necessity for new buildings becomes more urgent with every session of the College, while the disinclination to build new structures, or to spend large sums in remodeling the old, on the present site, increases:

“Therefore, Resolved: That this board now definitely commits itself to a reconstruction program to be worked out on the following basis:

“a. The appointment of a committee to select for employment an agent of high character that can be secured to raise, on a basis to be agreed to by him and by this board, \$1,000,000 for a new site and plant;

“b. The appointment of a second committee, with all necessary authority except official ratification of this action by this board, to select a site to which the institution shall move;

“It is the purpose of these resolutions to give the committees large authority, and to lay upon them the heavy responsibility of proceeding forthwith to investigations and to conclusions as soon as these may be brought about. The charter of the institution, and such directions as this board may give under it, are to be kept constantly in mind, particularly Section 3, which states the objects and purposes of the act under which this institution is incorporated, to-wit:

“To establish, found and build up, maintain, sustain, and perpetuate, at or in the vicinity of Indianapolis, an institution of learning of the highest class, for the education of the youth of all parts of the United States, and especially of the States of the Northwest; to establish in said institution departments or colleges

for the instruction of the students in every branch of liberal and professional education; to educate and prepare suitable teachers for the common schools of the country; to teach and inculcate the Christian faith and Christian morality, as taught in the sacred Scriptures, discarding as uninspired and without authority all writings, formulas, creeds, and articles of faith subsequent thereto; and for the promotion of the sciences and arts.'

"Neither the committees to be appointed as above, nor any of the agents or representatives of the board to be employed or used by them for the work designated, need be wholly confined to the members of this board, it being the purpose to give the largest latitude that may be necessary to secure persons and agents who have the time and the capability, either through paid or unpaid services, to perform the work required, the limitation being that all persons and agents shall be in sympathy with the cause to whose promotion we stand committed.

"Resolved further, That the board set as the date of maturity of these plans, September 1, 1923, at which time it is proposed that the work of relocation shall have gone far enough forward so that removal into the new plant may be then possible.

"Resolved, That the two committees to be appointed be directed to mature their preliminary plans as early as possible so that the full scope and purpose of this undertaking may be announced not later than Commencement Day of this year, and earlier if it seems practicable."

Those on the committee of new location site which is now working on plans as adopted in the above resolution, are Thomas C. Howe, Hilton U. Brown, Dr. Henry Jameson, Mr. L. C. Huesmann, Mr. James Lowry, Mr. Arthur V. Brown, and Mr. John Holliday. The members of the committee on procuring a financial agent are William G. Irwin, Merle Sidener, and James K. Lilly.

Changes in the Faculty

James W. Putnam, professor of economics and political science, is now dean and vice-president. In the latter office he succeeds Dr. C. B. Coleman who retired from the faculty last June.

As professor of history, also to succeed Dr. Coleman, is Wilmer C. Harris. For six years Dr. Harris has been assistant professor of history in the Ohio State University. He was graduated from the Michigan Military Academy and received his Ph. D. from the University of Chicago in 1904.

The new department of Education is presided over by William Leeds Richardson, who received his A. B. from the University of Toronto in 1911 and his Ph. D. from the University of Chicago in 1919.

George Chester Wise succeeds Professor Green as head of the department of Romance Languages. He received his A. B. in 1900 from the University of Iowa, and his A. M. from the same institution in 1902. Professor Wise has studied and travelled abroad. He spent six months in France in 1919 in Y. M. C. A. service.

Roy C. Friesner is assistant professor of Botany, having received his A. B. from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1916, his Ph. D. from University of Michigan in 1919, at the latter place having been instructor in botany.

The Memorial Tablet

In the July QUARTERLY mention was made of a proposed bronze tablet to be placed in the Chapel memorial to the twelve soldier-students who gave their lives "for country and for God." The suggestion that the tablet be the gift of the Alumni has met with a general and a generous response. A letter of request for a con-

tribution to this high cause has been sent to all alumni and former students identified with the Association with the result that at this time of going to press the order for the tablet has been given. A memorial service for our heroic dead will be held in the Chapel some Sunday afternoon, probably in November, when the tablet will be placed and presented to the College. It is hoped the Alumni in large numbers will attend this service.

An Honored Alumnus

Butler follows with interest, and oftentimes with pride, the course of her sons. It was with gratification, therefore, that she learned of the appointment of Rev. Osear C. Helming, '88, to membership upon the faculty of Carleton College. He is professor of Economics and head of the department of Sociology.

From the letter written by Mr. A. C. McLaughlin, a son-in-law of the late President Angell of Ann Arbor, for the committee which accepted the resignation of Mr. Helming, are these sentences taken :

“It is not easy, as any one can see, to carry the church along through an era of thought—transition, when an emotional religion, which, though emotional, is still largely mechanical, is giving way to an intellectual religion that is really spiritual. Through a decade of these years of transition and, we hope, of development, you have taught us and guided us with rare skill, with firm and growing intellectual grasp, and without intolerance, and have thus helped us to see the realities of life. For such services as these and for many others we shall always remain indebted.”

Of the appointment *The Christian Century* of August 14 said: “It may well be doubted whether in the ranks of Chicago ministers there has been a better scholar than Rev. O. C. Helming, for twelve years pastor of the University Congregational Church. He

was born in the manse, his father being a pioneer home missionary and physician. In his latter youth he lived in Indianapolis and from his father's work there he received lasting impressions of the duty of the church to serve the community in a social way. In Chicago he has been known for the consistent and constructive liberalism of his thinking and for his interest and awareness in social service. Arrested once for parading with the garment workers when on strike, he has come later to be recognized as a valuable arbiter in labor troubles. He has in recent days been busy in helping to place returned soldiers in congenial employment. In his church administration he has endeavored to put his church in relation to the various organizations of the community. Instead of aloofness there has been continual co-operation on the part of his church. The ideals of Carleton College are well stated in a recent issue of *The Congregationalist and Advance*: 'It is the object of Carleton College to furnish an education which shall fit its students for the largest service—not specific forms of service, because this belongs to the technical schools—but to give them that mastery of their powers of body and mind and that attitude to man and the universe which shall give them a liberal preparation for citizenship and thus give them the necessary background for taking up some special form of service.' "

The QUARTERLY sends to Mr. Helming not only its congratulations for work so well done as to merit fine appreciation, but also its deep sympathy for the shadow which hangs over his home in the grave illness of his wife.

French Students

The experiment last year of bringing to the United States young women from France for a year's training and observation of methods in our colleges proved so satisfactory that again there are seen in our academic world one hundred twenty-two French girls. Their expenses over are paid by the French government, their expenses in this country are paid by the institution to which they are assigned or by friends of the institution. Two scholarships were provided last year, and are continued this year, by Mrs. Jennie Armstrong Howe, '89, and by Mr. George Landon, of Kokomo.

Mlle. Marie Louise Dedieu and Mlle. Valentine Tonone have enrolled at Butler. Mlle. Dedieu is the daughter of a commandant in the French army, who fought in many of the great battles. She recently received a degree from the University of Bordeaux. Mlle. Tonone is a graduate of the University of Grenoble, where she was a tutor in French to many American soldiers who attended the University. Her home is in Allevard, a town of the French Alps.

Athletics

The season has opened with a good force. Joe Mullane, ex-'14, continues as manager. Justus W. Paul, '15, is assistant manager, and Price W. Mullane, '20, is captain. Louis J. Morgan, '89, is alumni member of the athletic committee of the faculty, the other members being Professors Johnson and Gelston.

The schedule is as follows:

October 3, Butler plays Wabash at Crawfordsville.

October 18, Butler plays DePauw at Greencastle.

October 25, Butler plays Rose Polytechnic at Irvington.

November 1, Butler plays Hanover at Hanover.

November 15, Butler plays Earlham at Irvington.

November 22, Butler plays Franklin at Franklin.

Alumni, elip this schedule and turn out in full foree to root for the "White and the Blue."

Soldier News

With all the gratitude that may be felt over the safe return of so many of the Butler soldier-boys, the readers of the QUARTERLY must feel the let-down in the news and the interest of the magazine. Not only to the alumni and the students have the letters from oversea and from home camp been a pleasure, but request for them has come from entire strangers. The spontaneity and noble spirit of these boys as seen in their letters to the QUARTERLY made not only history, but were also at times literature. They will be sadly missed, and the editor knows not wherewith to fill their lack.

Information Needed

Will any one who knows whether the following have been in service kindly notify without delay the alumni secretary? It is imperative that she have this information, with the address of each man, or the name and address of some one able to supply the information:

Hugh Wheeler Abbett, John W. Adams, Horace H. Allen, William E. Arbuckle, Elmer Andrews, John Samuel Anderson, John L. Avery, Robert Rudolph Adam, Mont K. Baird, Edward Bruce Baker, Carl Berry, Walter Burford, Paul E. Bennett, Morton D. Bryant, Burt Baker, Okel Briggs, Price Brooke, Jacob Brickert, Homer Bishop, Isaac Barnett, Conwell B. Carson, Harold Chamberlain, Willard H. Craig, Daniel F. Cross, Leo K. Cline, French Clements, John Cullen, Edwin Earl Davis, Leslie Davis, Charles DeFlon, Joseph Madison Dawson, Marion Eldredge, Carleton B. Ellis, William Henry Evans, Herman M. Foster, Charles E. Fuller, Samuel E. France, Oscar Frederick, Henry Faunce, Vernon Gardner, Robert M. Gray, Lester Grose, Holmes R. Gabberts, Albert Grier, Elmer C. Glasgow, Paul Churchill Goar,

Joseph Gyarmati, William Francis Gessler, Fred L. Heaton, Joseph Harrington, Franchen Hauser, Maurice Hollingsworth, Leslie Earl Harris, Robert Heath, John W. Hutchings, Edward Jacob Hirshman, Clarence Hagemeyer, Harry Humphrey, Joseph Hayes Jackson, Roy Oliver Johnson, Ray V. Jones, Irvin James Kerrick, Anson Kellems, Weeden Koontz, Jesse Floyd King, Francis Logdon, George F. Lewis, Herbert S. Leach, Norman K. Milholland, G. Rudolph Miller, Ernest Mock, William Maguire, Frank Merrick, Leroy Mitchell, William A. McCord, Leroy McGheyey, Dorus T. Macy, Arthur Mason, Leland Mills, Willard L. McDowell, Charles Morgan, William Merrill Murphy, Alva Edson McConnell, William F. McDermott, Charles Raymond Mead, Charles H. Meredith, William Charles Mills, Edward Marburger, Wilbur H. Nicholas, Harry Noble, Tracy O'Brien, Paul O'Brien, Clarence Prichard, Theron Kirke Patterson, Joseph Peek, Franklin Phillips, Chris. Wesley Parks, John Austin Refiner, Fred Rawlings, Jesse Calvin Robinson, Josiah J. Roberts, James W. Rose, Nathaniel Rose, William C. Rarick, John Clifford Reed, Floyd C. Robertson, Claude Robertson, Elbert Robison, Charles Dupont Ralston, Philip Stone, Floyd Stalcup, Samuel A. Swayne, George Shea, Harrie Eugene Smith, Mervin Stanton Smith, John Nelson Springer, Harold Hollis Smith, Samuel Stokes, George Errin Springer, Truman Spencer, Merle Templeton, James Teeter, Ralph Ryland Tomlinson, James Thom, Frank Marion Thomas, Ralph Raub, Lee Thomas, Carlos Thompson, Gordon Thomas, Oral M. Titus, Stanley Thayer, Elmo Scott Wood, Charles Francis Wolfe, Thomas Fred Williams, Albert Woerner, Byford Ernest Wagstaff, Henry Wajenberg, Claude Joseph Watson, Raymond Wilson, Leon Zerfas.

Personal Mention

Miss Urith C. Dailey, '17, is student secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of the State University at Eugene, Oregon.

Rev. E. C. Bradley, '14, for fourteen years rector of the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church, of Indianapolis has resigned and removed to Lee, Massachusetts.

Leroy C. Hanby, '17 has been discharged and is attending the Indiana Law School.

Major Carlos W. Bonham, ex-'16, has been transferred to the 82nd Field Artillery at Camp Bliss, El Paso, Texas.

Miss Julia Mae Hamilton, '18, is spending the winter in New York, attending lectures in the secretarial department of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cottman, '90, have gone to Madison, Indiana, for residence for the present year where Mr. Cottman is engaged in writing the history of Jefferson County.

President and Mrs. Howe, '89, accompanied their daughter, Charlotte, to Cambridge where she entered Radcliffe College.

Miss Pearl Forsyth, '08, is located at Richmond, Virginia, where she is in charge of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stephenson, parents of MacCrea Stephenson, ex-'12, who fell to death in his plane, September 19, 1918, have gone to France to visit the grave of their son near Jarny.

Will D. Howe, '93, has resigned his position at Indiana University to enter the publishing house of Harcourt, Brace and Howe, located at 1 West 47th Street, New York City.

James Layman Schell, of the 11th regiment of the United States Marines, and son of H. S. Schell, '90, has returned from eleven months of service in France. He has re-entered Butler.

Rev. E. E. Moorman, '99, after eleven years of service at the Englewood Christian Church in Indianapolis has resigned to accept the pastorate of the Christian Church at Frankfort, Indiana.

Dr. Samuel McGaughey, '97, discharged July 10, has since been surprised at receiving his commission of major. He has returned to his home in Irvington to resume his practice of medicine.

Samuel H. Shank, '92, made a brief visit to his home in July. He was again called home in September by the illness of his father, Mr. Shank has retired from diplomatic service and is now engaged in business in New York City.

Virgil Dalrymple, '98, is Headmaster of the Urban Military Academy of California, located at Los Angeles. Richard Moore, '18, is instructor in mathematics in the Academy. He had been in the mathematical department of Butler, but resigned to enter military service.

Robert M. Mathews, '06, and Mrs. Lena Diggs Mathews spent the summer in Indianapolis. They are now located in Duluth, Minnesota, where Mr. Mathews is in charge of the mathematical department of the High School.

Sylvester H. Du Valle, '12, after discharge from service, attended the Indiana University and completed his course leading to a master's degree. His thesis was upon "The Legal Status of Negro Education." Mr. Du Valle is the first colored person from Indianapolis to attain this degree.

Miss Jean Brown, '19, is teaching English in the Noblesville High School. Miss Grace McGavran, '19, is teaching languages in the Greensburg High School. Miss Mary Brown, '19, is at Washington University where she holds a teaching fellowship in biology.

The Ragsdale-Rumpler wedding was decidedly a Butler affair. Dan Mullane, '14, was best man. The ushers included Sergeant B. Wallace Lewis, '15, Captain Kenneth Badger, ex-'13, Lieut. Eugene E. Sims, ex-'18, Lieut. Clifton E. Donnell, and Joseph Mullane, ex-'14.

Captain William R. Mathews, ex-'14, has received his Croix de Guerre with palm. Captain Mathews was in the drives at Argonne, St. Mihiel and Blanc Monte Ridge, being wounded in the last engagement. The award made by the French authorities was for bravery in action in July, 1918.

Lieutenant Robert M. Eichelsdoerfer, ex-'19, after visiting his parents in Shelbyville, Indiana, in July, was ordered to take a relief train into Corpus Christi, Texas, which was swept by the gulf storm. He is now located at one of the military posts of Texas.

In the Freshman class are seen: Ruth Alice Bales, daughter of B. B. Bales and Mrs. Emma Engel Bales; Paul V. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown; Ruth Fillmore, daughter of C. M. and Mrs. Fillmore; Hazel Harker, daughter of Samuel A. and Mrs. Harker; Robert Schmuck, son of Adolph and Mrs. Mary Brouse Schmuck. Thus history repeats itself.

On Sunday evening, August 17, Miss Graydon entertained at supper upon her lawn the latest arrived soldier-students. Among the number were seen: John I. Kautz, Paul V. Brown, Robert Larsh, John Paul Ragsdale, B. Wallace Lewis, Whitney R. Spiegel, Ralph E. Stephenson, Harold K. Roberts, Fred Witherpoon, Willard Oilar, Ed. Wagoner, Francis Payne, Justus W. Paul, Henry Jameson, Philip C. Lewis, Paul H. Moore, Hobart Boyd, Layman Schell, George H. Kingsbury, W. W. Hughel. There were also present: Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown, Mrs. Paul Ragsdale, Mrs. Justus Paul, Mrs. Philip Lewis, Miss Jean Brown, Miss Mary O'Haver, Miss Mildred Hill, Miss Virginia Kingsbury, Miss Lydia Jameson, Mrs. Alex. Jameson, Mrs. Francis Payne, Miss Katharine Kautz. Mr. Brown gave a most interesting talk upon the prominent men he had seen while abroad, touching upon many things which had impressed him during his travels.

John Thomas Lister, Ph. D., has been made assistant professor and head of the department of Spanish in Wooster University. He will also teach some classes in French. Prof. Lister secured his

B. A. degree in 1897 from Butler College. He holds the Ph. B. ('03) and M. A. ('16) degrees from the University of Chicago and this summer received a Ph. D. from that university. Prof. Lister has taught at the Colorado State Teachers' College, Olivet College and Northwestern University from which place he goes to Wooster. In 1917, Prof. Lister edited, with Prof. Owen of the University of Kansas, the Spanish drama "La Conjuracion de Venecia."

Marriages

MATHEWS-BOYER.—On April 12, in Decatur, Indiana, were married Captain William R. Mathews, ex-'14, and Miss Boyer. Mr. and Mrs. Mathews are living in San Francisco, where Mr. Mathews is on the staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

RAGSDALE-RUMPLER.—On July 26, at Indianapolis, were married Captain John Paul Ragsdale, ex-'12, and Miss Mary Louise Rumpler, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Ragsdale are at home in Indianapolis.

WILLIAMS-BOURGIN.—On July 30, in Paris, were married Lieutenant Clayton E. Williams, ex-'16, and Mlle. Fernande Bourgin. Mr. and Mrs. Williams have arrived in Indianapolis.

HOPPING——.—On August 16, at Bujinaire, were married Lieutenant Andrew D. Hopping, '17, and Mlle. Gabrielle ——. Mrs. Hopping's maiden name has not reached the College. Mr. and Mrs. Hopping will remain in France for the present.

BACHELOR-BURT.—On September 6, in Seattle, Washington, were married Mr. Chester A. Bachelor and Miss Anna Howell Burt, '08. Mr. and Mrs. Bachelor will make their home in the West.

OUSLEY-O'HAYER.—On September 7, in Irvington, were married Lieutenant Harold Paul Ousley and Miss Mary Katherine O'Hayer, '19. Mr. and Mrs. Ousley are living in Memphis, Tennessee.

SPIEGEL-TALGE.—On September 11, in Indianapolis, were married Captain Whitney Rau Spiegel, ex-'18, and Miss Irene Talge. Mr. and Mrs. Spiegel are at home in Indianapolis.

GUEDEL-KIEFER.—On September 15, in St. Louis, were married Dr. Clarence E. Guedel, ex-'14, and Miss Luella Kiefer. Dr. and Mrs. Guedel are living in Indianapolis.

SPIEGEL-ANDREWS.—On September 16, in Indianapolis, were married Lieutenant George Spiegel, ex-'16, and Miss Alberta Andrews. Mr. and Mrs. Spiegel are at home in Indianapolis.

BODENSICK-SCHAKEL.—On September 21, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Edward Bodensick, ex-'18, and Miss Ellanore Schakel, ex-'18. Mr. and Mrs. Bodensick are at home in Indianapolis.

SEXTON-KENNEDY.—On September 27, in Irvington, were married Mr. Marshall Cullen Sexton and Miss Lela Florence Kennedy, '18. Mr. and Mrs. Sexton are at home in Cincinnati, Ohio.

STEPHENSON-HILL.—On October 18, in Irvington, were married Lieutenant Ralph Everett Stephenson, ex-'18, and Miss Mildred Hill, '18. Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson are at home in Indianapolis.

KAUTZ-GUIRL.—On October 19, in Chicago, were married Lieutenant John Iden Kautz, ex-'18, and Miss Doris Guirl. Mr. and Mrs. Kautz will be at home in Indianapolis.

Births

BONHAM.—To Major Carlos W. Bonham, ex-'16, and Mrs. Bonham on July 31, at Watertown, New York, a son—Carlos W., Jr.

GLASS.—To Mr. and Mrs. Francis Elbert Glass, '15, on August 5, in Indianapolis, a daughter—Marjorie.

KERCHEVAL.—To Dr. Leonard Kercheval and Mrs. Betty Stephenson Kercheval, '16, on September 8, at Sheridan, Indiana, a daughter—Mary Margaret.

MATHEWS.—To Mr. Robert M. Mathews, '06, and Mrs. Lena Diggs Mathews, on September 2, in Indianapolis, a son.

Deaths

BELLISLE.—On August 1, at Evanston, Illinois, Rene de Poyen-Bellisle, twenty-six years of age, was swept off the pier by waves and dashed to death against pilings before help could reach him.

Mr. Bellisle taught Physics in Butler College in the year 1917. His students and friends have received the news of his untimely and tragic death with sorrow.

HOPKINS.—Mrs. Eliza Martin Hopkins, widow of Professor John M. Hopkins, formerly honored professor of Greek in Butler College, died on August 15, at Elloam, Montana.

There are among the alumni those for whom the above announcement has deep significance. There are those with whom the memory of that 16th day of October, 1877, has never vanished, and this accounts for the fact that in the intervening years there has not failed to appear in the old Greek recitation room a visible expression of remembrance of the professor who suddenly in the college building on that day closed his eyes upon earth. It was

a wonderful day, the autumnal coloring so brilliant as to remain undimmed by the years—the very glory of the Lord seemed to shine round about.

Professor Hopkins did much toward making the College of his day truly forceful. Many students look back upon his training with appreciation and gratitude. Energy, sincerity, scholarship, high seriousness of purpose, personal responsibility, were not themes of his conversation, yet he impressed them indelibly upon all who touched him. He simply lived the great virtues.

Life at thirty-two is beautiful. To be then called from a home in which were young children, from a village in the formative state, from a college sorely needing his force and wisdom and scholarly ideals, is still mystery.

And so it was that a young wife bravely took up the burden suddenly laid upon her with three children, one a baby of ten days. With splendid hope and strength and faith she walked through the years, proving herself more than conqueror of the things which bore heavily and which hurt. An uppermost thought was to grow into what from his heavenly home her husband would wish her to be. And surely she succeeded at costly price. One may fancy the proud welcome of her strong sweet soul after forty-two years of separation upon their forty-eighth wedding day.

The following appreciation has been written for the QUARTERLY by Miss Annie Tibbott, ex-'78:

“Early on the morning of April 15 came the message, ‘Mother went home this morning.’ It was a great shock to me for it meant that another dear friend had passed beyond the veil that conceals the immortal from the mortal eyes.

“A flood of memories almost overwhelmed me as I tried to realize that never again should I clasp the hand, behold the face, and hear the voice of Mrs. Eliza M. Hopkins with whom I had been intimately acquainted for more than forty years. I saw her after six years of happy married life suffer the loss of an idolized husband. Then I saw her courageously struggling to take the whole burden of earning for and educating her two daughters and one son.

How hopeful and cheerful she was, when she was again crushed cruelly by the untimely death of her oldest daughter just blooming into young womanhood.

“Then I saw her as she bravely put aside her grief for the sake of her splendid son and her sweet daughter, both of whom have lived to show their worthiness of the care and love bestowed so lavishly upon them. Here memory’s picture glows more brightly and I see her smiling, happy face as she looks on proudly as her son leads his bride to the altar. It seems but an hour or a day later that her heart is again gladdened by the happy marriage of her daughter. How radiantly happy she was when she became a grandmother. Now the picture shows her surrounded by Milton, Florence Mabel, Wallace, Elizabeth and Lois. But there are others in the shadow coming forward. There is Jessie, the foster-daughter, who came to Mrs. Hopkins years ago seeking a home and a mother to encourage and to assist her in fulfilling her desire to become a foreign missionary. Now Jessie has come home on a furlough from far-off China with her husband and four children. What a happy group they make. Is it surprising that at last the dear self-sacrificing mother should become almost transfigured in the eyes of her loved ones, and that sweet peace should radiate from her countenance upon all around her?

“But the scene is changed and Mrs. Hopkins and I are together. We are climbing the Kentucky hills with a group of young men and women, or little boys and girls, and I hear her say with the Psalmist: ‘I will look to the hills whence cometh my help.’ We join the young people in singing, ‘I love my mountain home.’ Again we are leading the exercises in morning chapel, or in the Mission Circle; or we are sitting together on the upper veranda and enjoying the ever changing beauty of the hills and the whispering of the pines. Whatever the occasion, we are together, ever together.

“The picture changes once again and my friend is with her children who want to care for her as she has cared for them, and she is very very happy. Her letters are full of the enjoyment of the scenes and the life about her and are delightful.

“I should like to quote from a letter of a friend Mrs. Hopkins and I both loved: ‘I feel that I have lost a friend indeed. She was always so sweet to me and I always felt better after reading one of her letters. What a beautiful life she lived! I’d like to think when I reached the end of the way that mine had been so well lived and so helpful as hers.’

“All who knew and loved her will miss her sadly; yet we would not call her back, for

“*‘She rests in God’s peace; but her memory stirs
The air of earth as with an angel’s wing.’*”

HELMING.—Mrs. Joanna Parker Helming, wife of Rev. Oscar C. Helming, ’88, died on October 19, at Northfield, Minnesota, where on October 22 she was buried. To Mr. Helming and his family the QUARTERLY sends its sincere sympathy.

Our Correspondence

B. A. MARKHAM, ’05: “I don’t intend to miss that QUARTERLY. Keep it up by all means—\$2 or \$5, but keep it up!”

WILLIAM F. CLARKE, ’92: “I have enjoyed greatly the letters from the boys and other war material appearing from time to time in the ALUMNAL QUARTERLY, and am glad Butler had an honorable part in the great struggle.

“So far as I know the QUARTERLY is a unique publication and it must be a very patent factor in maintaining and promoting the prestige of Butler. I particularly enjoyed the reminiscences, etc., in the Commencement number of this year.”

OMAR WILSON, ’87: “The QUARTERLY came a few days since. I’ve just finished reading it for the second time. What a number! It seems to me I’ve missed half my life by not being at Butler

during this last Commencement season. Although my boy's name could not figure in the list, yet it seemed to me all the time when reading what was said of our soldiers that he and I had a share in all your memorial services."

MRS. EMMA S. HALDEMAN: "Thank you for the QUARTERLY. I wept over it, and it was some time before I had eyesight to read what the boys had said on that wonderful Soldiers' Day. It seems to me that they have the spirit in them that the makers of this Republic had. If we only had more of it, I should feel far happier over the future of my country. A little more dependence on God and less on men—a just acknowledgement of Him.

"Butler is a wonderful little college. It would have been most satisfactory to me if my nieces and nephew had had the privilege of being under its care. I like all it stands for. I'd like to play Mrs. Hearst to it and be as generous as she was to the University of California."

Notice

The annual alumni fee has been raised to two dollars for the purpose of paying the expense of issuing the QUARTERLY. This increase goes into effect October 1, 1919. Send your fee as soon thereafter as convenient to the alumni treasurer, Stanley Sellick, Butler College, Indianapolis.



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Butler Alumnaal Quarterly

JANUARY, 1920
Vol. VIII No. 4

INDIANAPOLIS

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Freightage of mighty ships, across wide sea they sailed; spirit of youth was theirs, world bright with promise, high-lift with noble daring. So then; now under sod of fields they died to win, their bodies lie. Shall we not weep for them and weeping, yet through mist of tears discern rainbow promise of happiness supreme? For hath it not been said: 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.

SCOT BUTLER.

Butler Alumna Quarterly

VOL. VIII INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1920 No. 4

The Memorial Service

Prayer

BY DR. JABEZ HALL

Fill us, our Father, with an understanding of Thy marvelous providences by which Thou art leading the world by slow and steady processes of discipline and of development into that higher ideal for which we were created, that each shall be in the image and likeness of God. Grant that we shall attain to that power of possessing and ruling this world, the forces and energies of which are playing upon us, bringing about the great events of history, the great movements of the moral and the spiritual progress of mankind. Grant that we may have a heart in us akin to Thine as we come to know that it is love that must finally rule and establish the peace and the unity and the harmony of all Thy people, and that in the end the glory of God shall be seen among men as they walk in love, in fellowship, in true brotherhood as Thy children made one. And now we pray Thee, gracious Father, that Thou wilt stir our hearts to unusual heights of appreciation for the marvels that we have seen and for the wonders that surround us, for the tasks that are before us and for the hopes of the better day that shall come out of the sorrow and suffering, the devotion and sacrifices of those who have given themselves wholly to the task of serving men in the way of that service which is pleasing to Thee and like unto Thine own service which Thou art rendering

unto us moment by moment unceasingly. And wilt Thou grant, our Father, that there may be here today as elsewhere wherever these things are being transacted all over our land, a peace which shall comfort the hearts that have known the bitterness of sorrow, the disappointment of crushed hopes, all of those things which have been borne in behalf of the great task which has been upon Thy people in this part of the world, and wilt Thou grant that there may be joy for sorrow, the spirit of gladness and the spirit of perfect approval in place of the spirit of heaviness and of overburdening sorrow.

We praise Thee for what Thou art doing in the great institutions of learning all over our land where the names of those who have made the utmost sacrifice are recorded in enduring monuments that generations yet to come may read and be reminded of those who have fought that men might be free, that men might have a chance to live their life without being burdened and oppressed by those who use them for their own advantage and for their own aggrandizement.

We pray, Gracious Father, that we may be sensible today that we are a part of the wonderful movement that embraces not only our land, but all the inhabitants of the earth, from the savage in his weakness to the highest type of man that has yet come upon earth. Wilt Thou grant, we pray Thee, that we may see in the whole task the love and the providences of God and His redeeming grace to those who in holy service lift the burden and bear it and sanctify it and make it a glorious uplift for all mankind.

Father, sanctify the sorrows of life, the memories of the past, the hopes of the future, and grant that today we may pledge ourselves to do and to be all that the highest inspirations and greatest influences that have been playing upon our hearts and lives have foretold. Grant that we be not false to any of the greatest and best ideals, but that we go on steadily improving in mind and heart in the service we render unto Thee by loving and serving mankind.

Hear us, we pray Thee. Grant Thy blessing on this service. May the young who are here find a fresh and high impulse to be

and to do the utmost in the great cause of human development and advancement, and may our nation not hold back from its full share in doing the things that are yet to be done to make this world a better world, more akin to Thee and to Thy purposes. So guide and elevate, so purify and bless the thought of the mind and the toil of the hand, all that is done in the name of humanity, that Thy kingdom may come and Thy glory be seen upon earth, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The Memorial Address

BY DR. ALLAN B. PHILPUTT

“They counted not their lives dear unto themselves.”

We are the first nation in history to wage a disinterested war.

In the conclusion of his great address, delivered to a joint session of the two houses of Congress April 2, 1917, calling for a declaration of war against Germany, President Wilson said:

“It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars. . . . But the right is more precious than peace and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority, to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and peace. God helping her she can do no other.”

And so, the war came to America. We all remember with what solemn acclaim these words were met throughout the nation. For an instant the people paused as if overawed by the contemplation of the tragic emprise. There was silence and half-concealed emotion. Then a stir, as when a mighty wind takes possession of a forest.

Then we heard the tramp, tramp, of men—the young men of the nation. They came from shops and farms, from cities and towns, from college halls; football athletes, cloistered students, tillers of the fields, sturdy mechanics, sons of affluence and sons of hard, grinding poverty, anemic idlers and vicious rounders, all amalgamated in the hot crucible of a war for freedom. The nation was mobilized. Everybody helped. Those who could not go carried the pangs and agonies of it in their souls. They kept faithful vigil in the night of sorrow and woe.

Soon millions of men were wearing the khaki and in time many of them slipped away over the hazardous seas. Anxiety filled our hearts until they were safe landed “over there.” They kept going, going, and going, and all wanted to go. Then we heard of the unflinching courage in the stress of battle. We expected nothing else.

On the 25th of September, 1918, began the greatest battle of all time, the line of which reached from the English channel on the north to Belfort on the south; greatest in the number of guns employed, the number of men engaged, the aggressiveness of the attacks, and the strength of resistance. Our boys were there. They fought and died at Belleau woods, Chateau Thierry, the Argonne, and elsewhere. In the nick of time they had come, turning the tide and bringing the war to a decision. The soul of the nation was thrilled, and the enemy surprised, at their daring. Oh, the glory of it all—and the sadness.

And now it is all over. The guns are still, death-dealing missiles no longer hurtle through opposing ranks, warships are within safe harbors, and commerce goes and comes unchallenged by the devilish submarine; but fifty thousand of our brave boys sleep their long sleep in France, the land they died to make free from the heel of the invader. Yes, they sleep there, humble crosses marking their

graves, and the grasses now grown for more than a year waving a soft requiem above them. They died as soldiers wish to die, facing the foe and falling in the line of duty.

*“On fame’s eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.”*

The words of that ancient hero and apostle of liberty might be inscribed at the gates of their resting places:

“None of these things moved us, neither counted we our lives dear unto ourselves.”

They felt that they were there to do a job, that a great task was laid upon them and to its accomplishment they were going to give everything that they possessed. They gave the last full measure of devotion.

Nor must we forget that our memorial rolls contain the names of many, just as brave and just as eager, who by sickness or accident yielded up their lives on this side of the water, in the training camps ere they had heard the sound of gun or felt the thrill of battle. Some of them died of broken hearts because they could not get across. These, too, were martyrs for their country.

We are met today to place here a tablet containing twelve names of young men who belonged to Butler College. It is a day big with meaning to us all. We wish to honor them. We wish to have them in everlasting remembrance. It is right and proper that we should do this. The College claims them as her very own. They have shed honor and lustre upon their Alma Mater. We have received far more honor from them, however, than we can bestow upon them. Their cheery voices once rang out in these halls, on the campus, on the athletic field, and wherever the youth of the college foregathered. Their beautiful faces come back to us today across the brief space of time, and we can hardly yet realize that they have entered into the silence. They hear not our poor mumblings of praise. Through the sacrament of death, they have passed to the sweetness of immortality. These were boys like thousands

of others, ordinary citizens, so we thought them, before the war, who walked our streets, attended our schools, whose parents we know as like ourselves, self-respecting Americans. It was these boys who went over the top, and through that avalanche of death achieved the impossible. The picture is awful—but it is glorious. The angel of death was busy there, but another angel was there whose work it was to record those high moments in human history where men simply lift themselves out of the common place into the bigness of self sacrifice.

As I see it, the one solid contribution that we have made to that strife was the plain, ordinary soldier; not the charging knight on horse-back, but the citizen as you meet him everywhere and who donned a uniform for the crusade. We borrowed guns, airplanes, and war stores from our allies and in exchange we gave them men—and such men! As another has described it, “there was the farmer’s boy from Iowa, a ‘cracker’s’ son from Georgia, a lumber jack from Oregon, a metal worker from Pittsburgh, a petted youth from the suburbs, and a pallid son from the slums, a laundryman from San Francisco, a gangster from New York’s east side, graduates from our proudest universities, Yale, Harvard, Princeton—but every one in this man’s army and navy a man, fused out of opposite antecedents and environments into phalanxes that could either sit tight or clean out deadly gun nests, or challenge the mystery of the seas, tho’ many a laddie in blue had never before seen the great waters. The average man furnished the pith and moment of the enterprise.”

Yes, they had a rendezvous with death, but ere death vanquished them they proved that it is possible for man in a supreme hour to take upon himself the characteristics of divinity. The world honors them.

There stands in Whitehall, that broad street in London which leads from Westminster to Trafalgar Square, the simple and severely plain cenotaph marked with two dates, at one end “1914,” at the other “1919,” and between these four solemn words: “To our glorious dead.” And there in silent salute the armies of the world marched by on that indescribable day in July and then day

by day, 'tis said, the people come to bank the monument with flowers, and to hallow it with tears and prayers.

And now what of it all? Emerson says: "Humanity can win no battle which does not lead to a greater." This fact tests the calibre of our souls. Shall we be faint-hearted because of an unending struggle? The brave man looks not at the battle but at the victory. There is ever the unfinished task, for the world's deliverance must be made perpetual. We have come but a little way from the Marne and the Argonne, yet too soon we seem forgetful of their stern lessons, and solemn warnings. We must not forget. Let us hear the voice of John MacRae bidding us to catch and hold high the torch flung by falling hands to ours, and warning us lest we break faith with those who die. After times of high daring men seem to sink back to indifference and inaction, even to low aims. But the urge of the Spirit returns, and the call to high adventure; for each generation has to defend its own liberties. We will not forget. General Jan Smuts, on leaving England for South Africa, said:

"Doubt not that we are at the beginning of a new century. The old world is dying around us. Let it also die in us."

Once more we hear the great creative Spirit,

"Behold I make all things new."

The hard crust of our former life has been melted in the furnace through which we have passed. Many old formulas sound hollow enough now. Surely we can do better than to fall back into the ancient order. Surely the price we have paid will bring us something more than just to return to the point from which we set out. Yes, let the old world die in us. A new world dawns, a new era is advancing, and such times are difficult. They test our patience, our faith, and our fortitude. They call for sacrifice and suffering, the birth pangs of a larger freedom.

If we have so soon tired of hearing about democracy it is because we have defined it too meanly. For democracy is more than a form of government, it is a spiritual force, it is an expression of the

irrepressible longing of the human soul for freedom and opportunity. It will ever be the goal of a rising humanity. As a matter of government it may sometimes seem to fail, but as an ideal nothing short of it will meet the natural demand for liberty and brotherhood. It is the master passion of the age. Freedom of body, and mind, and spirit, equality of political right, and opportunity, these are the master ideals and aims of democracy and the God-given rights of the soul.

We talk about the new era, but how much are we willing to give that it may come in? Are we big enough to pay the price? Our Pilgrim fathers paid the price and they have not lost in stature despite the passing years. The Revolutionary heroes stand out through the mists of more than a century. The men of 1861 gave us a strong Federal unity. Are we of pigmy size, that we shall not prove equal to the times in which we live, to "carry on" for truth and justice? It is very difficult when one is old to enter the second time into the womb of circumstances and be born again.

There are some who hold back, cherishing the old time privilege, animosities and rivalries. But such I cannot believe to be the temper of our people as a whole. Our colleges and universities are already astir with the energy of the new day. Our churches are reaching out and claiming tremendous tasks. Capital and labor, commerce and trade are face to face with new adjustments. There are eddies and swirls of reaction but the tide of advance is on. The 20th century is yet young and its great outlines cannot now be predicted. It is enough that we know there is always timber in God's forest, always trees growing, out of which to hew a ship's keel or battering ram. What crises may await us we cannot surely tell, but our faith is that we shall always have men equal to the hour. We believe in great men, we follow leaders and we always will. But less than ever shall we be the dupes of false leadership. The people think, public opinion rules. This is a nation in which a man is worth more than the gold of Ophir. This has been a people's war and henceforth we shall have a people's government. Men and officers went in at the decisive hour, because they had a hard piece

of work to do, which they had been trained to do and which had to be done.

You must have noticed that with the possible exception of Ferdinand Foch the united armies have produced no magic name, no leaders the sight and mention of whom stir the blood. But as fits a war for democracy there resounds the glory of Britain's "First Expeditionary Force;" the Poilus, who said at Verdun, "They shall not pass;" the brave Belgians who clung to their last strip of land; the Italians who fought above the clouds; the Americans, who, with no hankering after war, showed a two-handed capacity which could not be overcome. It is the average citizen who sacrificed his career and abandoned his well-ordered path and went to the colors that is the hero of the war, and his name is legion.

So here's to the boys both living and dead, to those who got to the front and to those who did not; to those who fought and to those who helped the fighters; to the men and the women who ministered in things material and in things spiritual, to all who endured as seeing Him who is invisible; we will hold you in everlasting remembrance. By your toils and pains you have added to the power of righteousness, to the elevation of duty, to the integrity of church and state, to the justice, peace, and welfare of mankind. Your work in the earth has been so well done that we may entertain the hope of its permanency.

Truly this is a blessed moment, may its meaning, its consecration, its communion divine, become our lasting possessions. We who could not enlist feel that we bring something to the altars and covenants of an hour such as this. During your absence we labored for your succor. Churches, schools, fraternities, clubs, neighborhoods, everybody from the oldest to the youngest desired to do his part. Our money was poured out like water and our labor without stint. Our National Will marched with your tramping feet. You were remembered at every ebb and flow of the bloody tide. Those dreadful battle lines and deep-dug trenches ran not alone through Flanders and France, they ran through the very hearts of far-off watchers here at home. Men and women prayed that never prayed before, and healing came to us, to our provincialism

and prejudice. France, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Britain, Canada, Australia, have all been transfigured before us and we behold them in the majesty of righteousness battling in an indestructible allegiance for Freedom. We now have an international outlook. Our reproach among the nations has been wiped out. They will no longer speak of us as isolated, indifferent, lovers of a soft peace and of defiling wealth. They have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, for without asking reward the United States launched an invincible force at a critical juncture and turned desolation into rejoicing.

There is an undying fire in the souls of men and the brighter it burns the truer, happier, freer will be the life of us all.

I want to say to any who wear the star of gold, that with all your sorrows and heaviness of heart, you are to be envied. Those who have gone from you proved themselves to be greater than you ever knew them to be or dreamed they could be. They did their duty in a way that leaves no question. By their valor the world today is free from the menace of Prussian slavery.

My final word is to you all. The fact that brave American boys sleep in the soil of Europe lays an increasingly mighty charge upon us to see that the ideals for which they fought shall be the guiding stars of our future history. We must prove ourselves worthy to take up and carry the task which their lifeless hands have dropped. *Because* these men sleep under the humble white crosses over there we must be stronger and better Americans and we should, in the immortal words of Lincoln at Gettysburg, "*Here and now* under God highly resolve that America shall have a new birth of freedom; that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Our Heroic Dead

BY KATHARINE MERRILL GRAYDON

Perhaps youth is the same in all countries. Perhaps the youth of every land in the days of "Arms and the Man" sees visions and holds true to ideals. It is hard for us to believe that there is any manhood like our own; and we cannot but think that the gallantry we know and love and mourn is an American gallantry peculiar to the lads of our free race.

Our thoughts may have their truth; but there were never deeds of high courage which did not make the blood run faster in all young veins the world over. Some talk of Achilles; some of Alexander; some of Sir Galahad. Has not a *young man's dying* proven the mightiest force ever known? For, even though dead, "in Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

We are here to commemorate the immeasurably great service at the immeasurably great price of twelve Butler youths. When, in that Spring of 1917, the trumpets blew and the horizon broadened, the great ages were reborn before our eyes; and no Raleigh or Sidney or Gilbert ever went to death with a lordlier heart than these young men upon whom the end of the world had come. Our boys, like St. George, that great knight of God who rode out in the olden time to kill the dragon which had been devouring women and little children, sprang to the defense of what is just and true and holy. And no finer thing can be said of men than that they defended justice and truth and righteousness. These boys had thought, had talked, had measured the cost—oh, they had measured that cost! They had flung away their idols and had met God. Their willingness to sacrifice themselves seemed part of some high secret religion of their own; and yet, to the last, they kept their boyish sense of humor, their hope, their love of life. These boys had nothing to gain from the war, except their own souls. They had everything to live for. Countless virtues slumbered within them. Countless hopes were wrapped in their well-being. Heirs to the treasure of living were they. Now, their splendor lies slain on foreign field or has been snuffed out in home camp.

That their faces may be known by those who in the years to come find a college home within these walls, the Alumni of Butler wish to place in this Chapel their pictures. Here they are:

Marvin Francis Race entered the College with the class of 1921. He 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 from his home in the northern part of the city for drill at 7 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, 1919. He wanted to live; he fought to live, but he did not shrink from death. Unafraid he answered the last roll call, and we feel sure the Captain of his salvation was 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 reaches far.

Henry Reinhold Leukhardt, of the class of 1912, was here not long. He was a star player on the football team of 1908, and was made of the stuff of which real athletes are made. He entered the Air Service, but was later transferred, at his own request, to the Infantry of the Regular Army.

All the energy and fire and skill of football were turned into the far nobler game in which the world was then engaged. He was restive in the home service, eager to get oversea. To an influential friend he wrote (this shows "Heinie's" spirit as well as his speech,

not always choice): "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 here 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.

Sergeant Leukhardt died of pneumonia on October 2, 1918, at Camp Pike, Arkansas.

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.

Henry Clarence Toon belonged to the class of 1915. He had served a long training in warfare with ill health, and, educated by disappointment, he had won many battles. After repeated efforts to enter the service, he had been accepted in the Radio Department of the Navy and had been assigned to the Great Lakes Station. Exposure and work overtaxed his strength, and in January, 1918 (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 our first to fall. He went to his death as heroically as any on the battlefield. We honor him, as we honor them.

Corporal Guy Griffith Michaels, of the class of 1911, died in Virginia, on April 10, 1919.

Guy Michaels was not with us long, leaving to devote himself to medical studies. As an oculist he practiced his profession in Noblesville. He was of the United States Marines and had been in service in France for more than one year. The last weeks had been

spent in the Quantico Hospital, from which he had been discharged a few days before his death. He had hoped to reach home on the day he was brought home.

MacCrea Stephenson was a member of the class of 1912. He 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, we knew instinctively he was a young man of fine temper.

MacCrea belonged, at the time of his death, to the 11th Aero Squadron. It is known that a squadron of six planes left their base on the evening of September 18, 1918, on a bombing expedition. Weather conditions were against them, but despite almost insuperable cloud banks, the formation had performed its mission and had turned back, when a squadron of fifteen Fokker-type enemy planes encountered them and all but two were forced down near the German line. Let me quote from a letter by a brother of Lieutenant Stephenson, who on furlough had gone in search of information: "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 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 kilometers 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 here one may look over the hills to where they fell. I wish I might write the pride I felt as I stood there, the thousand things which passed through my mind, but it is impossible. From the peasants we learned that MacCrea fired his guns till his plane struck the ground."

One of our poets tells us that "the greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a hero." Lieutenant Stephenson, then, left to the world the greatest of heroic gifts. I think one sees it in his face. 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 knew "'Tis God's voice calls."

Kenneth Victor Elliott was a dramatic figure. He came upon our vision, unknown, the fall of 1916. A dignified, thoughtful bearing declared he knew his own mind and had a purpose in the coming. He was never "hale fellow," but 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 Navy, thus traveling around the world. As a boy he must have dreamed greatly. Scarcely out of boyhood he had converted these dreams into reality. Kenneth had that rare force of bringing things to pass. Then 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 one of our 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 on converted that im-

pression 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 your son had 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 merey. And I like to think of him as he said good-bye 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."

This, though said of one, is true of all these boys—"They sail somewhere, beyond our knowing, in tranquil seas, with friends about them and happy isles ahead."

Hilton U. Brown, Jr., of the 7th 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 battlefield 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 distil
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.”*

Yes, we ask and wait.

Robert Edward Kennington, of the 58th Infantry, fell heroically fighting at Chateau-Thierry on August 4, 1918.

Robert was a student here during the years 1911-1913, afterwards graduating from the Indianapolis 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 officers' training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. Later he was sent to Gettysburg, then to Charlotte, then to France. While leading his men through a German barrage-fire, he was instantly killed.

ROSS. "Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought
But like a man he died."

SIWARD. "Then he is dead?"

ROSS. "Ay, and brought off the field . . ."

SIWARD. "Had he his hurts before?"

ROSS. "Ay, on the front."

SIWARD. "Why, then God's soldier be he."

Robert was a downright man of action, full-blooded, intensely alive, simple, lovable, not troubled overmuch with brooding introspection and the pale east 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 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 bar association a former Butler man said, in part: "We of the profession whose ideals and whose duties were dear to him, adopt this memorial to a brave young soldier who gave his life that civilization might be made secure, and that happiness might become possible for all humanity.

"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, kindness 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."

John Charles Good took the full college course with us, graduating with the class of 1917. Charles was a favorite with everybody, participating in general college 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 an unusual combination of gentleness and strength. His kindness and his smile linger with us. He despised a little or a mean act. He was open and honorable in all his dealings. He loved life in his large and sunny way.

He did not see the active service for which he longed, but his friends know he would have met any crisis with a full measure of devotion. He did his duty, and he did it well. Lieutenant Good died of pneumonia on March 30, 1918, at Camp Dodge, Iowa. A world of hope closed when this only son was laid in Fall Creek cemetery. But in death he has become a light shining through the mists and pointing the way to the eternal truth of God.

Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robinson graduated with the class of 1915. He belonged to us by strong ties seen and unseen. He was manly, forward-looking. He stood for progression in all academic interests, whether athletics, 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.

Bruce 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 heartrending sacrifice, and we mourn him. But he lives. Somehow he lives. And we who knew and who loved him do not forget that the war has touched him to immortality.

Wilson Russell Mercer came to us the autumn of 1918 from Anderson, Indiana, the only child of a mother otherwise alone. He was inducted into the Student Army Training Corps on that memorable October 1, when on the green below, we saw two hundred and fifty students swear allegiance to their land. On December 11, Russell died of pneumonia at the hospital unit. It would seem that we might have kept our boys here in Irvington, but it was not so.

Russell was a man of athletic and scholastic promise. In high school he had been a basket-ball 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.

With him, as with all of these boys, it is difficult to see how this groaning world can spare him. "But my ways are not your ways, saith the Lord."

Marsh Whitney Nottingham entered college with the class of 1919. He 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 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." I understand it has been 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 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 with the agonizing world. He enlisted as a camouflage artist. His oversea service with the Headquarters Company of the 76th Field Artillery was brief as it was intense. He fell in action while leading a party across No Man's Land on July 31, 1918.

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 everyone

in life, and in death it was the same." That smile in the picture 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" as expressed in the citation accompanying the distinguished service cross received by his parents.

Those of us in the faculty row who knew these boys still see them in the Chapel gatherings. Burnt into our memories are their vivid, beautiful faces. They seem never absent, and I feel in the years to come we, in the heat and weariness of our little strife, will often kneel before this shrine to gain strength and courage and the power to overcome.

We now learn of you, boys. You are teaching us great lessons: that patriotism means such exalted living that dying is not the harder part; that, though we now see through a glass darkly, there is no mystery in God's purposes; that the only true valuation of life is the spiritual valuation; and that, if we catch your fire, we must forget self, despise cares, defy death, and hold to the faith that the things that matter are the things of which no stroke of man or of fortune can rob us; that, "Earth changes; but thy soul and God stand sure."

Presentation of the Tablet

BY CLARIS ADAMS

At this time the tablet on the east wall of the chapel was unveiled by Lieutenant Earl T. Bonham.

It is my privilege very briefly and very simply to perform a task which to each one of us is indeed a labor of love. We have gathered this afternoon as the sons and daughters and friends of Butler College, proudly bearing to our Alma Mater a precious gift. We come to enshrine upon the historic walls of this beloved institution a tablet sacred to those heroic dead, a tablet which was forged in the flame and smoke of battle, inscribed by the tears and prayers of countless loved ones, and hallowed by the supreme sacrifice of those to whose immortal memory it is erected as an imperishable memorial.

More than a year has passed since the dark clouds ceased to thunder their hymn of hate at Armageddon. More than a year has passed since the merciful hand of Peace came to bind up the wounds of a broken world and heal the sorrowing heart of humanity. More than a year has passed since the last hero fell fighting for his God and his country. And yet, although more than a year has passed we still cannot cast our eyes across to Flanders field and view the spectacle of the world except through a veil of tears. But every tear is jeweled, every grief is gilded, every sorrow is crowned by the pride of those who know that these, our loved ones, could not have died in a higher or a holier cause.

*“As He died to make men holy,
So they died to make men free.”*

And those who die in freedom's cause never die in vain.

Life is only an opportunity to serve, and who shall say that these who have fallen in the radiant morn of early manhood did not serve mankind as they could not serve although they had lived and labored three score years and ten. There is not need of brazen tablet, there is not need of art, of song or story to impress the

names of these twelve immortals upon the hearts of this generation. But we who are their beneficiaries, the beneficiaries of their heroism and sacrifice, desire thus to perpetuate their glory that succeeding generations of youth as they come into this mighty institution may read upon that tablet the heroic story of the glorious past, may catch inspiration from the lives of these, from the sacrifices of these, and thus achieve higher and nobler things, that they may resolve that they will preserve the fruits of victory so dearly gained, that they may catch the courage to defend, if need be, in their turn, these institutions of ours which these twelve have defended with their lives and sanctified with their blood.

This is not an hour of sorrow, it is an hour of ineffable pride and love. "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."

A bugler sounds "taps" from a distance.

Acceptance of the Tablet

BY PRESIDENT HOWE

On behalf of the College it is my honor and privilege to accept this tablet given to us by alumni and friends of Butler. I congratulate those friends and alumni today for this good work which they have done. They have done a twofold good work. In the first instance they have honored themselves. It is no longer possible for us to honor those names that are graven on that tablet. Their honor is secure, imperishable. But it is good for us who live to show that we can still recognize great merit and great sacrifice made on our behalf; and, our friends, you who have made this possible, have done in the first instance a good work for us all who have had a share in the gift.

In another sense it is a good work. A few weeks ago for the first time I stood in the great memorial library of the oldest of our eastern universities. This library is in memory of a gifted man who died in a great ocean disaster some years ago. And in that structure there is a hall in which is housed the library which he himself had gathered together, and his picture is there. And just outside of that hall there is a rotunda, and in that as I passed by I saw a number of such frames as this. That school, because of its numbers, of course sent many, many hundreds into the struggle, and there were some scores of just such pictures as this in that hall, and as I looked at those pictures I was stirred as I never have been stirred before. There they were, just such faces as these, looking into our eyes, clear and steady, with a challenge to come on and fight. There was Quentin Roosevelt glancing across his shoulder at you; there was Osric Watkins, one of our Indianapolis boys, dear to many of us, and many, many others. I felt a thrill such as I had never felt before. I felt that I had entered upon a holy spot. It was to me a Holy of Holies. The next day I went back to have the same experience once again, and for all time, my friends, that hall will have within it just that influence that will go out to those who step within its limits. And so those who have given to us this tablet and this group have made it possible for us to have the same sort of influence. In the years to come the boys and girls that are here will pass under that spell just as I did and you will when you know the place is sacred as the hall of which I speak. And how much may that not mean to some one of the student boys and girls who may be downcast, or discouraged, or disheartened? How much may that not mean in a moment of great temptation in the way of strength and uplift and saving grace? And so I am grateful to these alumni and friends who have made it possible for our boys and girls to have here in this room, which has become sacred to us because these lads have come and gone from it, a chance at the inspiration that comes because of great lives lived and great sacrifices made. It is a good work that you have done for us.

A Plea to the Alumni of the American Universities for the Lille Hospitals and University

BY PROFESSOR HENRY VAN DYKE

Princeton, December 8, 1919.

To all Americans who love France I make this plea for help for the suffering city of Lille.

Lille is the center of the most populous and formerly the most prosperous industrial district of northern France. Ten years ago, in 1909, I was there as a university lecturer, and saw something of the teeming, orderly, laborious life of the place. In the city and its adjacent suburbs and towns there were hundreds of thousands of working people; the innumerable shops and factories were in full swing; the university classrooms and the public schools were alive with the spirit of youth and progress; the medical schools and hospitals were keen on their job; the very air of the place, though smoky like that of Pittsburgh or Cleveland, had the same hopeful, energetic, true republican quality in it which makes the welfare of the whole community the goal of all real advance.

It was a thoroughly French provincial city, you understand, and therefore a better index of the French character than Paris, which has been sometimes spoiled by tourists; but at the same time it had the touch of what we fondly call "the American Spirit"—the forward-looking spirit—which made me feel more at home there than in almost any other city of France.

The men of highest intelligence, finest culture, sincerest faith, were the most devoted to the common welfare. The men who worked with their hands went forward eagerly under such guidance. There were labor troubles, of course, but they were never insoluble.

Then what happened? In 1914 the Hunnish hordes descended upon Lille, fierce in their lust of conquest. The city was not defensible from a military point of view, yet it would not surrender, and suffered three days' heavy bombardment. But something worse

was in store for it. Lille knew the vilest horrors of German military occupation.

Where were the men of Lille? All of them under 48 years of age were mobilized the very first day of the war, and during four years they fought on one cent a day and never any news from home. Three times the Lillois were sent through the hell of fire at Verdun. Of the 700 students in the University, 125 gave their lives in battle.

What happened to their women ^{and} children while these Frenchmen of Lille were on the line of defense, fighting our battle against the Hohenzollern Empire of the World? What happened to their homes, their schools, their hospitals, their factories, while the Germans held them under their brutal power? What did they find when, at last, they came home? Read the story of the occupation of Lille, the deportations, the obscene outrages, the willful destruction, not of private property, but also of the industrial plants on whose efficiency the workers depend for their living. It was the "sabotage" of a city life.

Of 157 factories working in 1914 only seven or eight are now in operation; the others are still in their gutted condition and awaiting the machinery from America.

"Nine out of ten children in Lille show signs of tuberculosis," writes Colonel Mygatt of the American Red Cross.

"The Lille children have suffered during four years in a way that American children have never suffered," writes an American woman, Mrs. Duryea, who knows whereof she speaks. But the hospitals, especially the children's hospitals, are so poor that they cannot always give even codliver oil free. Yet Lille is trying bravely to go on. She has not lost heart, although she has lost almost everything else. In the recent elections, the men of Lille, by an overwhelming majority, voted against Bolshevism. But they need to be helped. Their children must be cared for.

Professor Ernest Dimnet, a distinguished scholar and churchman of France, who represents Yale in Paris and recently was Lowell lecturer in Boston, has come to America to ask aid for the children's hospitals connected with the university mentioned above. The

sum that he wanted on his arrival was small—a hundred thousand dollars—yet he has worked six months without collecting more than a fraction of it. We Americans have many calls to give for good causes, still we have not yet come to “the bottom of the bag.” Our “University drives” must not and shall not fail. But it will help, not hinder their success if we aid a sister University whose endowment perished in the war. Remember that to people who have lost everything the figures published in our press concerning the drives must appear tantalizing.

It is confidently hoped that the alumni of all American universities will respond. Send your contribution, large or small—a dollar keeps a child in hospital two days—to the editor of this paper or directly to the Lille Fund, care of Henry Clews & Co., bankers, 15 Broad Street, New York City. Give the name of your own university or college in this country. You will like to read it some day, inscribed on the wall of the University of Lille.

In America we believe that France must not die—neither by invasion nor exhaustion. She has been bled for the world, but she must not be bled white. The world needs the French Republic. She is our friend. We must help her to stand fast. She is the frontier of freedom. Lille, her northern outpost city, desolate and suffering, has a claim upon our hearts which we cannot deny.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

The Lille Fund Committee consists of Marshal Foch, Cardinal Gibbons, Admiral Sims, William Howard Taft, President Nicholas Murray Butler, Henry Van Dyke, and James Byrne. The Committee possesses a rare autograph letter of Marshal Foch, a whole page entirely from his hand, which it will be glad to donate to a responsive American university or college.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Butler College Memorial Service

An Appreciation of the Memorial Service

There have been many gatherings in the old chapel, but never have Butler's sons and daughters joined in so solemn and beautiful a ceremony as that on Sunday afternoon, December the fourteenth, in memory of the young men, students of Butler College, who died during the years 1917, 1918, and 1919, in the service of our country.

From the time that the exercises opened with martial cornet music until Dr. Hall's quiet benediction, the chapel, filled with college students, alumni, and friends, and decorated only with masses of palms and the American flag, was pervaded by a spirit of reverence and solemnity. From the walls looked down the pictured faces of men whose lives are a part of Butler and in whose lives Butler has formed no small part. On the platform stood an easel with the victorious palm leaf above pictured faces a short while since familiar in these college halls. On the east wall veiled with their country's flag hung a tablet inscribed with the young martyrs' names. A great flag was suspended outside below the windows and, lifted occasionally by the driving wind, billowed majestically up against the window panes as if to add its tribute.

After a prayer by Dr. Jabez Hall, breathing the spirit of faith and hope and sacrifice for righteousness' sake, Kipling's hymn,

"Lest We Forget," was sung by Mr. Frank M. Ketcham and Mr. William S. Alexander. The memorial address of the afternoon was delivered by Dr. Allan B. Philpott and its strong, fine message in praise and memory of the brave and beloved dead brought comfort and pride to the bereft.

Following the address Mr. Ketcham and Mr. Alexander sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," after which came Miss Graydon's personal tribute to "Our Heroic Dead." No one who did not hear Miss Graydon's talk can realize the beauty and the sympathetic love of the formal, public homage paid to twelve boys, most of whom she had known familiarly and affectionately as students in her classroom. At its close she presented to the College in the name of the alumni the picture of the young man she was commemorating. Standing with her hand resting on the picture's frame, Miss Graydon gave the short life story of each boy.

The bronze memorial tablet, hung on the east wall and covered with the Stars and Stripes, was then unveiled by Lieutenant Earl T. Bonham and the tablet was formally presented to Butler College from the alumni by Mr. Claris Adams. The short and eloquent presentation speech will never be forgotten by those who heard it,—full of high patriotism, it rang with admiration and fervent appreciation of the student-soldiers who had paid the supreme price. Mr. Adams closed by turning to the tablet and reading the words of the inscription engraved there. The classic beauty and significance of the lines were sympathetically interpreted and were made more effective as the speaker ended with the clear notes of the bugle sounding "taps."

The tablet and the picture were accepted in the name of the College by President T. C. Howe, and, after singing "America," the audience was dismissed with a benediction by Dr. Jabez Hall.

One cannot write of this beautifully conceived and perfectly executed tribute from the College to the young men whose loss it mourns and whose sacrifice and death have added lustre to its name, without continually bearing in mind the devotion and the energy of Katharine Merrill Graydon. Although the College, from the time of the signing of the armistice, has planned to observe a

memorial day, it was Miss Graydon who arranged the details of the memorial services; it was she who determined that the pictures of the twelve brave lads should keep alive their memory among college students in the years to come; and it was she who resolved that a bronze tablet should hang on the Chapel wall.

EVELYN BUTLER.

The Tablet

The history of the tablet is briefly told. It is the workmanship of the John Williams Inc. Company of New York City. Its dimensions are $45\frac{1}{2} \times 23\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It has been placed on the east wall in the space between the first and second windows, where formerly Joe Gordon's picture hung. The form is simple and dignified, with a plain beveled edge and embossed lettering. The design is:

1917

1919

IN MEMORIAM

HILTON U. BROWN, Jr.
 KENNETH VICTOR ELLIOTT
 JOHN CHARLES GOOD
 ROBERT EDWARD KENNINGTON
 HENRY REINHOLD LEUKHARDT
 WILSON RUSSELL MERCER

GUY GRIFFITH MICHAELS
 MARSH WHITNEY NOTTINGHAM
 MARVIN FRANCIS RACE
 BRUCE PETTIBONE ROBISON
 MACCREA STEPHENSON
 HENRY CLARENCE TOON

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

It may be needless to assert that the chaste inscription is the expression of Scot Butler. Who but President Butler could give so elegant, so lofty, a form to thought?

The tablet is the gift of some of the alumni. It had been hoped that every member of the Association would wish to contribute to this sacred cause, and to this end 800 letters were sent to the members, the most of them asking for one dollar. To these 800 letters, 187 members responded. Had it not been for the kind contribution of a few former students unasked and the generous response of a few faithful ones, the tablet would not be an accomplished fact. From the fund received there was sufficient to have a photographic copy made of the twelve boys, which, framed in a group, also hangs on the Chapel wall.

When the undertaking was set in motion it was hoped the contributions might be so general that a tablet might be made memorial to the thirteen students of the old University who gave their lives to their country in the Civil War. Though belated, such recognition ought to be paid to these heroes, also, it seems. If it be in the heart of any graduate of the College to make a contribution to this high cause, a check may be sent to the treasurer, Stanley Sellick, Butler College, Indianapolis.

The Old Regime Passes

Franklin won a 14-0 victory over Butler Friday in a football game that meant more than a mere contest won or lost for both teams. For Franklin the victory was a slight solace for the most disastrous football season in the history of the college, disastrous because of the unexplainable collapse of a team whose championship hopes were justly founded on as good and seasoned material as ever was in the state.

For Butler the defeat marked the last milestone on the long road out of the wilderness of haphazard athletic effort and the first glimpse of the promised land of athletics, scientifically directed. The day of the old regime passed Friday for Butler with the last

game of the 1919 season. It is certain that next year will see an athletic director in charge and things arranged so the 1920 squad will not be forced to campaign under the heartbreaking handicaps that this year's team underwent.

Hail to the 1919 Butler team, the martyr eleven! These buddies never won a game, but they never quit fighting. The gameness of these boys, combined with the futility of their efforts, at last convinced the authorities that the responsibility of a college toward its students does not end with the classroom, and that one of two things is necessary, athletics on a scientific basis or no athletics at all. And President Howe is for athletics.

In future years when the fruits of success are gathered, and the going on the championship road is good, some old grad will get up at the championship banquet and tell the members of a cocky championship Butler eleven how they owe their success to the grit and determination of the 1919 martyr team that never won a game on the gridiron, but forced the authorities to give Butler teams the support they deserved.

He will tell them of Perkins, who played in the line and in the back field, was acting captain during Mullane's absence and was daddy to the whole bunch; he will tell them of Mercer, who, with the score 50-0 against him, stood on his one-yard line and dared the whole DePauw team to put a play through him; he will tell them of Phil Brown, who went into every game knowing that one smash on his bum knee would mean being carried off the field, and yet booted the ball for fifty and sixty yards while he lasted; he will tell them of Sanders, the guard who wasn't good enough for Franklin the last year before he went away to the big war, and yet had enough stuff in '19 to play through the Franklin game and break up play after play, although he was a marked man from the first by his former cofootballers; he will tell them of Captain Pike Mullane, who was laid up all season and then came back against Earlham and Franklin and tried to make up for a whole season's playing in two games; he will tell them of the days when so few were out for practice that one side of the line had to line up against the other side for scrimmage; he will tell them of Jack

McKay, Justus Paul, Tow Bonham, Cully Thomas and Joe Mullane, who took time away from their business and gave the team what coaching it got, taking their places in the scrub lineup when practice material was scarce.

Truly the Butler Alumni will see that this 1919 team did not fight and lose in vain.—THOMAS A. HENDRICKS in *The Indianapolis News*.

Butler at the Convention

The International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, held in Cincinnati, October 13-19, was a notable occasion. Over four thousand registered delegates were present from all over the world. The one great forward step taken was the unification of the missionary, benevolent and educational boards of the church. The Board of Education voted to call two more secretaries, one to be a campaign secretary and the other to work in state universities. The following Butler men's names appeared on the program: Carey E. Morgan, Grant K. Lewis, H. L. Herod, L. E. Sellers, and H. O. Pritchard. The latter, as secretary of the Board of Education, delivered one of the outstanding addresses of the convention.

But the hour when the Butler spirit was at high tide was at the college dinner at the Hotel Gibson on the evening of October 17th. The spirit of fellowship and good cheer, the spirit of determination and hopefulness told again the story of what Butler is and is to be. Nearly a hundred of the faithful and their friends were regaled by the "eats" of Cincinnati's finest hostelry and by the wits of the speakers who left nothing worth while unsaid.

After President Howe had spoken of the present work and outlook of the college he called upon the following speakers: Carey E. Morgan, '83; T. W. Grafton, '80; James M. Monroe, '71; E. P. Wise, '87; George Kneffer, '97; Judge Ed. Jackson, Clarence Reidenbach, '12; Dr. David Owen Thomas.

At the close a rousing Butler yell told the sojourners at the Gibson that we had come and seen and conquered. Hurrying away to the convention these Butlerites began looking forward to the college convention dinner in 1920. At these annual gatherings happy are the memories and hopeful are the prospects to those who never fail when the college calls and whose answer always is, Yea, Butler.

The following were present: B. F. Dailey, '87, and Mrs. Dailey; Glen Cruse, '12; John S. Hussey, ex-'89; J. C. Burkhardt, '97; Ferris J. Stephens, '17; Milo J. Smith, ex—; C. M. Burkhardt, '08; Harry F. Lett, '15; Elvin Daniels, '13; C. R. Berry, '12; A. H. Moore, '11; O. E. Tomes, '04; L. E. Sellers, '91; Robert Sellers, '84; H. H. Martindale, '11; Clay Trusty, '08, and Mrs. Trusty; T. W. Grafton, '80, and Mrs. Grafton; E. P. Wise, '87, and Mrs. Wise; George W. Knepper, '97; Mrs. W. S. Moffett; Stanley Sellick, '16; Warren Grafton, '22; Cecil Franklin, ex-'07, and Mrs. Franklin; Shelley D. Watts, '00; Dr. Jabez Hall; W. V. Nelson, '12, and Mrs. Nelson; Lyman Hoover, '22; Judge Ed. Jackson; Miss Lola Conner, '17; C. L. Reidenbach, '12, and Mrs. Reidenbach; Carl H. Barnett, '10; E. E. Moorman, '99; T. A. Hall, '92; Dr. and Mrs. David Owen Thomas; J. F. Findley, '90; Carey E. Morgan, '83, and Mrs. Morgan, '84; Jasper T. Moses, and Mrs. Moses; A. E. Waters, '03; Mrs. A. M. Chamberlain; F. E. Davison, '14; George L. Moffett, '11; Hally C. Burkhardt, '13; Edward L. Baird, '09; C. M. Fillmore, '90, and Mrs. Fillmore; Carl Burkhardt, '09. B. F. D., '87.

The Experimenter

THE BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY extends its welcome and congratulations to the appearance in the academic world of a monthly magazine of the quality of *The Experimenter*. This magazine made its collegiate bow in October, 1919. It is published by the students of Wellesley College. The editor-in-chief is Miss Mavis Clare Barnett, 1920, daughter of John W. Barnett, '94, and to her is due the new idea in the magazine which has won the unqualified approval of faculty and student body.

The "Campus Forum" declares, "We shall never progress unless on some subjects we differ with one another. The purpose of the 'Campus Forum' is to provide a means of the expression of college opinion with greater scope than that permitted by the 'free presses.' Contributions to this department are invited from all or any subjects which would be the better for active discussion. It is the hope that both faculty and students will find here a common stamping ground for debatable questions.

"The industry to think, the courage to think independently, is now a world demand, and college problems to this end may here be discussed."

A glance at the contents will declare the character and variety of the first issue; a perusal of these contents will assure of the attainment of the *raison d'être*: Wellesley and the World Crisis; College Training for Organized Labor; What of the League; The Fate of Shantung and Imperialism; A Summer Course in Sociology; Sonnets on Shakespeare; Short Stories; Poetry.

That she may keep up her high standard of thinking womanhood, that she may live long and be happy, is the wish our QUARTERLY extends to *The Experimenter*.

Change in Management

The Alumni Secretary has been granted a six months' leave of absence, which she will spend in Hawaii. In her absence, beginning with January 1, Miss Juna Lutz, '17, instructor in mathematics in the College, will perform the secretarial duties. The QUARTERLY will appear as usual, under the management of Miss Sarah E. Cotton, Miss Corrinne Welling, '12, Stanley Sellick, '16, and Professor Johnson.

Miss Graydon goes to Honolulu upon the invitation of former students to assist with the Centennial Missionary Celebration to be held in April—a truly romantic celebration. The story of the work of the missionaries there is one of those brilliant pages in the history of missions whose accomplishment men may well celebrate.

Founder's Day

Founder's Day will be observed as usual upon February 7. Arrangements are in the hands of a faculty committee of which Professor Henry Gelston is chairman. It is hoped there will be general response on the part of the alumni and friends of the College, and that they will turn out as never before to the evening dinner at the Claypool Hotel, as well as to the various features of the program. As the day falls upon Saturday the committee expects an unusual number of out-of-town alumni and former students and let us see to it that there is no disappointment.

Committees Appointed

The Nominating Committee to report at the annual Alumni Meeting in June is B. F. Dailey, '87, chairman; Miss Mary A. Zoercher, '17; Dr. John K. Kingsbury, '06.

The Supper Committee for the Commencement Reunion is Mrs. Alexander Jameson, '90, chairman; Mrs. H. U. Brown, Mrs. T. C. Howe, '89; Mrs. Maud Martin Davis, '12; Miss Maud Russell, '11.

Personal Mention

O. E. Tomes, ex-'04, spoke in Chapel on December 5.

Carl R. Loop, '00, is United States consul at Valetta, Malta.

Arthur Shoemaker, '87, visited friends in Irvington in December.

Mrs. Jessie Breadheft Chalifour, '14, visited College on November 21.

Miss Irma Stone, '16, is teaching at Laporte, Indiana.

Mrs. Mary O'Haver Ousley, '19, of Memphis, Tennessee, attended the memorial service.

Miss Mildred Jessup, ex-'18, is teaching in the high school of Woodlake, California.

Miss Doris Kinneman, '19, is teaching in the high school of Nauvoo, Illinois.

J. N. Jessup, '90, is living in Lafayette, Indiana, where he is in charge of the Christian Church.

In the Freshman class are Margaret Mann, daughter of Henry T. Mann, '90, of Florida, and Louise Higbee, daughter of O. C. Higbee, of Lebanon, Indiana.

Miss Genevieve New, '17, is teaching English and French in the Girls' High School of Atlanta, Georgia.

Daniel Sommer Robinson, '10, was honorably discharged from the United States navy as chaplain on October 2, 1919. He is now instructor of philosophy in the University of Wisconsin.

Frank E. Davison, '14, is successor of E. E. Moorman, '99, as pastor of the Englewood Christian Church of Indianapolis.

Hally C. Burkhardt, '13, has accepted the pastorate of the Central Church of Warren, Ohio, and began his duties on December 1.

Veterans of the world war have organized in our midst posts of the American Legion named for Bruce P. Robinson, '15, for Robert E. Kennington, ex-'15, and for Hilton U. Brown, Jr., ex-'19.

Earl S. Farmer, '15, has resigned his charge at Sandusky, Ohio, and is now located at Broad Ripple, Indiana.

It was a disappointment at the College not to have Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Bull, '97, present for the memorial service. Plans had been laid for their attendance, but at the last business held Mr. Bull in Pittsburgh.

Frederick E. Schortemeier, '12, is now located in Indianapolis as assistant secretary of the republican state committee. For four years Mr. Schortemeier was private secretary to Senator Harry S. New. His many friends greet him upon his return to his home city.

Ivy L. Miller, '06, has been appointed by the state board of health as acting superintendent of the food and drug division of the board, in the absence of H. E. Barnard. Mr. Miller is drug chemist in the division, and has been with the state board of health for seven years.

Mallie J. Murphy, '08, who has recently been doing publicity work with the Red Cross both in the United States and France, has returned to Indianapolis to become director of the Chamber of Commerce.

Horace M. Russell, '05, of Amarillo, Texas, spent October 26 in Irvington. Mr. Russell's kindly remembrance of College days and deep interest in the College of the present as well as the College of the future is most pleasant. And the College reciprocates the feeling and wishes Mr. Russell well in all his ways.

Robert Larrick Keiser, ex-'12, has been appointed United States consul at Colombo, Ceylon. He has gone to the Orient for the first time in consular capacity, having served in Europe for five years, recently at Bordeaux, France, and in the Azores. Mr. and Mrs. Keiser (Helen Reed, '12) spent several days in Indianapolis before leaving for their new post.

Miss Virginia McComb, '01, has resumed her "Tours." She offers for 1920 attractive trips to the countries and battlefields of central Europe. Tours are also offered in America, including the Grand Canyon, Pacific Coast, Alaska, Yellowstone Park, Glacier National Park. Miss McComb's temporary address is 264 South Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The annual football banquet was held at the Y. M. C. A. dining hall on the evening of December 5. A goodly number of faculty, alumni and undergraduates was present. The spirit of the occasion was all that could be desired. Following an ample chicken dinner, this program, interspersed with college songs and cheers, was given, with President Howe presiding: "Butler's Football Record," by Hilton U. Brown, '80; "How We Used to Do It," by H. O. Pritchard, '02; "What I Expect of Butler," Thomas A. Hendricks; talks by ex-Captain "Pike" Mullane, '20, and Captain Phil Brown, '22; "A Better Athletic Management," Justus W. Paul, '15.

Congressman Merrill Moores, ex-'76, made a brief visit to Indianapolis during the holiday season. He recently returned from a trip through France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and other European countries as a representative from the United States congress on the council of the interparliamentary union. He is deeply interested in the international situation, as he understood it there in

connection with our foreign relations. As a member of the council, Mr. Moores had an opportunity to meet leading men of most of the European countries, including representatives from Germany, and they talked freely with him about conditions.

In regard to the peace treaty and the league of nations, Mr. Moores did not find among allied men of eminence a disposition to insist on the league exactly as it was drawn by the Paris conference. These men thoroughly realized, he said, that it will be to their interest to have the United States as an active member of the league, and they are willing to accept a settlement of the question the way the United States wishes it.

Mr. Moores believes the allied nations will be willing to accept such reservations as the United States senate finally makes in regard to the league of nations. He believes that reservations should be made and feels that a satisfactory settlement of the matter will finally be reached.

Mr. Moores is a member of the house committee on foreign affairs. In connection with the work of this committee he has given considerable time to the question of bringing back the bodies of soldiers buried abroad and he feels that legislation will be enacted soon that will provide for the return of the dead.

On Thursday, December the eighteenth, at the University Club, a luncheon was given by the members of the Woman's Faculty Club of Butler College in honor of Miss Katharine Graydon. In the private dining room on the second floor of the club twenty-one ladies were seated at a long table. A basket of Christmas flowers, in the center of which burned a Yule candle, decorated the table, and at each end were pink roses, sent by Mrs. E. N. Johnson; at Miss Graydon's place was a corsage bouquet of pink sweet peas, the gift of Mrs. H. L. Bruner. The guests in short after-dinner talks took advantage of their opportunity to express to the guest of honor appreciation of her untiring work for the college, and to wish her bon voyage, a happy visit in Honolulu, and a safe return. Miss Graydon in a few words acknowledged the many tributes of grateful admiration paid to her.

Marriages

NEGLEY-HOOVER.—On July 20, near Bridgeport, Indiana, were married Mr. Arthur O. Negley and Miss Alma Rose Hoover, '08. Mr. and Mrs. Negley are residing with the bride's mother at her country home.

BROWN-EWING.—On October 22, in Miami, Florida, were married Mr. Archibald A. Brown, ex-'20, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown, and Miss Mabelle Janet Ewing. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are at home in Transylvania, Louisiana.

RUSSELL-WINKS.—On November 3, in Washington, D. C., were married Sergeant Albert M. Russell and Miss Mary Loraine Winks, '15. After a short stay in Washington Mr. and Mrs. Russell will be at home in Birmingham, Alabama.

SIMS-PIGMAN.—On November 12, in Indianapolis, were married by Mr. Stanley Sellick, '16, Mr. Eugene E. Sims, ex-'19, and Miss Mary Belle Pigman, '19. Mr. and Mrs. Sims are at home in Indianapolis.

VAN TASSEL-WEYERBACHER.—On December 6, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Charles Jackson Van Tassel and Miss Irma Weyerbacher, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Van Tassel will make their temporary residence in Indianapolis.

HARRIS-McDONALD.—On December 27, in Detroit, Michigan, were married Mr. Wilmer Carlyle Harris, professor of history in Butler College, and Miss Mary McLellan McDonald. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are at home in Irvington.

Births

VANDEWARK.—To Mr. Floyd Vandewark, '17, and Mrs. Fay Douglas Vandewark, ex-'18, on December 3, a daughter—Martha Katharine.

PEARSON.—To Mr. Ernest Pearson and Mrs. Evelyn Utter Pearson, '17, in the Belgian Congo, on December 5, a daughter.

Deaths

ANDERSON.—There are among the alumni who remember with respect and affection Professor Melville B. Anderson. This scholar had charge of the department of modern languages in Butler College during the years 1877-1882. Afterwards he was long head of the department of English in Leland Stanford Junior University, from which he has of recent years been retired upon the Carnegie fund. While living in Irvington there came to Professor and Mrs. Anderson two little sons. The elder, Balfour, beautiful to look upon, rare in spirit, died at the age of eighteen. The younger, Malcolm, has died within the year.

Malcolm Playfair Anderson graduated from Stanford University with the class of 1904. From his fifteenth year he had been a member of several collecting expeditions. Before receiving his degree he had tramped thousands of miles collecting and studying the flora and fauna of Arizona, California, and Alaska. Later he was chosen by the London Zoological Society to conduct the Duke of Bedford's Exploration of Eastern Asia. In 1909-1910 he again went to Asia in the same service, traveling extensively through China, in the desert to the north beyond the great wall, and in the mountains on the border of Thibet. In later years he went twice to South America.

From a letter written by Professor Anderson are these words: "Last summer when the call went out for men to work in the ship-yards, Malcolm responded to the call. His motive was every whit as patriotic as it would have been had he enlisted in the army, which he was precluded from doing. On the 21st of February his life was ended by a fall from a scaffolding at Moore's shipyard in Oakland.

"It is not for me to make a public estimate of his character and achievements. He was a good man, greatly beloved, just, sincere, loyal, serene. . . . I may add that fame in the scientific or literary world is something to which he would never have dreamed of aspiring; but that he has left a reputation among the many good judges who knew him for something better than fame,—for

manly courage, and honor united with delicacy of speech and feeling. He inherits the blessing upon the pure of heart.”

ARMSTRONG.—Mrs. Mary Brandon Armstrong, widow of Addison F. Armstrong, died on October 27, at Kokomo, Indiana, at the age of seventy-nine years. To Mrs. T. C. Howe, her only child, and to President Howe, the QUARTERLY extends its sincere sympathy.

The passing of Mrs. Armstrong is a decided loss to Butler College. She had long been interested in the conditions about the College and together with her husband had done much to enlarge and to enrich the life of the institution. Indeed, Mrs. Armstrong was interested in all good things, and her beneficence was felt far. Of her the *Kokomo Tribune* of October 28 said:

Mrs. Armstrong had been a resident of Kokomo for more than half a century. The beginning of her residence was back in the days when the town's population was small, its material possessions meager and its prospects unpromising. All who have had the privilege of knowing her will attest that she gave goodly service toward the community's improvement along educational and spiritual lines and that she was second to none in the bestowal of benevolences and in many other works that had in them the highest element of human helpfulness.

Mrs. Armstrong belonged to that group of worthy women who did so much to inculcate worthy aspirations in Kokomo in the yesteryear. Nearly all of them are gone, but the influence of their lives abides and will linger as long as any are left who remember their day and generation. Mrs. Armstrong was a leader in that group. With head and hand and heart she and her associates labored to better the common lot of the people of Kokomo and to sweeten life for all. It was a needed work and it was nobly done. One by one they have been called away. Soon the last of them will have left us, but the fragrance of their fine influence, the luster of their lofty-minded lives will outlast any marble that may be erected to their memory. Their works were wrought of the pure gold of real goodness—untouched by any tarnish of selfishness, unblemished by any seeking for recognition or reward.

PIER.—Earl Harriman Pier, son of Mrs. Clarinda Harriman Pier, '79, and Rev. Lewis A. Pier, '82, died at Del Monte, California, on November 11, at the age of thirty-six years.

Mr. Pier graduated at Stanford University and began the practice of law in San Francisco in 1908. He was at the time of his death assistant United States Attorney and a useful member of his profession.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Pier in their great loss the QUARTERLY sends its deep sympathy. They are now living in Los Angeles, California.

Our Correspondence

CLAIR MCTURNAN, ex-'11: "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 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.”

JASPER T. MOSES, '02: “I have your letter of October 1 affording me the privilege of making a contribution toward the memorial for the Butler men who have given their lives in the defense of freedom in the recent war. . . . Do you know of any of the students who were in school from 1899-1903 who are in or near New York City at the present time? (Mr. Moses’ address is 105 East 22nd street, New York City.) . . .

“I am hoping that the plans for enlarging the College plant and its usefulness, which have been hinted at in the recent number of the QUARTERLY, will be carried out successfully. I always felt that if the College authorities were a little more aggressive that the city and state would rally to their support and we could have a really great institution of education—great in things material as well as spiritual and intellectual—in Irvington.”

The spirit of the letters accompanying the contributions to the tablet may be seen from the following:

“Gladly given.”

“I cheerfully comply.”

“I am very glad to enclose check for such a purpose, and shall give more if needed.”

“I deem it a privilege to be able to assist in this gracious and tender memorial.”

“I am surely glad to be privileged to have a part in commemorating Butler’s heroic dead in so fitting a way.”

“Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to make a gift to the tablet fund in honor of Butler’s martyrs.”

“This is a splendid project. I knew every one of the boys personally and the least we can do is to perpetuate their memory.”

“Butler’s record in the ‘Great War’ has been an inspiration, and I am delighted to have a small part in paying tribute to our honored dead.”

“The placing in the Chapel of a bronze tablet memorial to the soldier-students who gave their lives ‘for country and for God’ is a suggestion I heartily endorse, and am pleased to have a part in.”

“I am happy to send this contribution. If one were only sure that he had the fine courage to give himself to the making of ‘the dream of democracy’ for which they died a reality, this meagre contribution would seem less of a desecration.”

“Enclosed is my little part in helping to place the bronze tablet in the Chapel at old Butler in honor of her soldier-students who went forth to do and to die in the cause of world freedom. Though there are many calls for financial aid in worthy causes in these times, I feel that I can not refuse so worthy a cause as this.”

“It is a privilege to be allowed to have a share in placing a memorial to Butler’s soldier-students. I can never think of Butler without picturing to myself the sturdy brown boy whom everybody loved, little Hilton Brown. I should like to feel that my small contribution will help to make his name, in particular, a lasting memory in the College halls.”

“It gives me great pleasure to send my contribution to the placing of a memorial tablet of bronze to the soldier-students of Butler College who gave their lives so freely for a great ideal. I am glad Butler College has bethought herself of honoring those heroes by this timely enterprise. I feel myself honored by our Alma Mater having shown in this way her appreciation of her heroic dead. Let their names and the object of their great sacrifice be kept before those who shall hereafter enter Butler.”

MARGUERITE HUBBARD, '12: “Would you like to hear a word about the work I am doing here in California? I was so fortunate as to acquire my Master’s Degree in social economics from the University of California in May of 1918. The following August I accepted a position with the State Industrial Welfare Commission and now have charge of the mercantile industry of the state. The work is all-absorbing and big things are being accomplished. We have under our jurisdiction the minimum wage, the maximum hours, and the standard conditions under which all women and miners are employed.

“On July 1, 1919, we established a new minimum wage of \$13.50 per week for all women and miners (experienced) in the mercantile industry, and in August and September the same wage became effective in laundries, factories, hotels, restaurants, canneries, packing houses, general and professional offices, and in all unskilled and unclassified occupations. So, you see, we are really doing things out in this western land. Our headquarters are in San Francisco and there is a very active branch in Los Angeles.

“I have just returned from a delightful motor trip through southern California, going as far as San Diego. The diversity of scenery in this state is appalling—almost in a single glance one

can see the ocean, the beautifully cultivated foothills, and the broad fertile valleys with the lofty, rugged mountains always in the background. I had a good visit in Riverside with Grace Mathews Wigley and her family. She has a fine son and daughter. In the spring I saw in Seattle Clara Nelson Seagrave and Edna Trueblood Hadley. So, many Butler people are loving this western land as I love it."

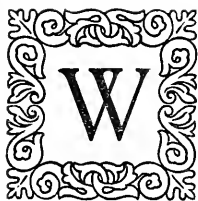
DORIS B. KINNEMAN, '19: "Enclosed please find my contribution to the memorial fund for our brave soldiers. I am truly thankful to the one whose enterprise has made such a memorial possible. It is the least we can do for those wonderful men who so willingly gave their lives for us.

"I understand the College is flourishing as not before, and it is with great pride that I think of the three years I spent in her midst.

"I am now teaching English and French in the high school at Nauvoo, Illinois. You probably know that this is the original settlement of the old Mormons. There are many interesting remains of their life here, and even more interesting tales, some of them without their imaginary side. At least, it is worth while to hear of them and to examine their old homes, built down on the flats beside the river's bank and to talk to some of their children. These Mormons of later generation call themselves the 'Latter-Day Saints,' but they speak with pride of the 'older religion,' as they call it. The newer town, in which I am located, is situated high on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi, and, surrounded by miles of vineyards, reminds one of the stories he has read of southern France."

Notice

The annual alumni fee has been raised to two dollars for the purpose of paying the expense of issuing the QUARTERLY. This increase went into effect October 1, 1919. Send your fee as soon thereafter as convenient to the alumni treasurer, Stanley Sellick, Butler College, Indianapolis.



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