

Curtana † *Sword of Mercy*

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

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† Fore Words †

An Introduction to the Sixth Issue

Welcome to the sixth issue of *Curtana † Sword of Mercy*. We trust the special articles make the wait worthwhile.

Unpacking the Contents

We begin with a pair of articles that address the same subject from significantly different perspectives.

The continent of Africa is arguably the most exciting locale for observing military chaplaincy today. It includes several chaplaincies with mature legacies, as well as a number of nascent experiments in providing chaplain care. Some countries currently without a chaplain corps, are considering reinstating one. It is exciting to observe how these countries seek the advice of more established chaplaincies, and then proceed to place their own, African imprimatur on the process.

The two observations come from senior (retired) American chaplains who have assisted their African counterparts in this effort. The first through formal international military linkages, and the second via an independent, para-church ministry that focuses on serving Christians in the armed forces. For “transparency,” I will mention that your editor has assisted in the instruction of foreign chaplains under the auspices of the latter ministry. And, I can assure everyone from personal experience that the curriculum expressly seeks to instill within new chaplains the same commitment to providing interfaith ministry that characterizes military ministry in the United States.

Our first article is written by James Hoke. He served as one of the coordinators of the first major international chaplaincy conference conducted in Africa, and offers an “official” perspective of what it accomplished. Like our next writer, Hoke completed a distinguished military career, retiring as a colonel in the Army.

The second piece was contributed by Rich Young, who is the Executive Director of the International Association of Evangelical Chaplains. In that capacity, and in relationship with the Association for Christian Conferences, Teaching and Service, he has taught chaplains around the globe.

Our third article describes the ministry of a true hero. Recently, many decades after the close of the Korean War, Father Emil Kapaun was awarded the Medal of Honor. It was well-deserved. His example of being willing to lay down his life for the soldiers in his care will provide inspiration and example to chaplains of all faiths. Anyone who becomes *half* the shepherd Kapaun was will be an amazing chaplain indeed.

The timing for the final article in this issue is rather providential. After considering the witness of a Korean War hero, we turn to a fictional veteran of that same conflict whose example continues to influence the formation of contemporary and future chaplains.

The “article” is actually a rather casual interview conducted with William Christopher, who played Father Francis Mulcahy in *M*A*S*H*. The conversation ranges from his career to his personal life and back again. Fans will find it an enjoyable read, and chaplains just may gain an insight or two into what works in their own ministries.

We have several pieces of unpublished poetry in this issue, from the pens of Jim Cosgrove and a new contributor, James Martin. We also include some historic poetry—most notably some of the poetry written by C.S. Lewis while a soldier during the First World War. (It should be noted, of course, that these were written during the atheist phase of his life.)

Jonathan Newell provides a review of *The Long Way Home: An American Journey from Ellis Island to the Great War*. Reading it reminds one of how the Union army recruited immigrants as they were disembarking from ships during the War Between the States. It proves once again that immigrants have consistently done their share in defending their adopted homeland.

Our regular features—biographies of military chaplains and random references to military ministry—complete the issue. Please enjoy it and recommend it to others.

Special thanks go to Les Broadstreet and Nora Duggan for permission to reproduce their portraits of Fathers Kapaun and Mulcahy respectively.

† Articles †

The First World Military Chaplain General's Conference

James Hoke

It all began on Sunday, February 1, 2006 as aircraft began arriving at the Cape Town South Africa International Airport bringing over 100 delegates from 41 countries and five continents to the first ever World Military Chiefs of Chaplains Conference.

Friendly and courteous members of the South African National Defense Force (SANDF) met the delegates and expertly guided us through the airport onto waiting vans and busses. We were then whisked off to our “home” for the next week, the Cape Sun Hotel, a beautiful venue to begin such an historic Conference!

Upon arrival at the Cape Sun we were warmly greeted by uniformed SANDF Chaplains under the able supervision of Chaplain (Rev) Cornelis, given instructions for registration, and taken to our rooms.

That evening, at the aptly named “Castle of Good Hope,” all the delegates, many with their spouses, met and renewed old friendships enjoyed the choral ensemble and learned how to play African drums.

The atmosphere was relaxed and the address by the Deputy Minister of Defense, Mr. Fezile Bhengu, set the tone for the Conference whose theme was reconciliation and healing. In the following days the delegates would be challenged to think through how they will guide their respective national chaplaincies in response to the weighty matters the Conference Theme espoused.

As the first to ever attempt to host and convene such a World Military Chaplains Conference the SANDF Chaplain General and his staff were under considerable pressure. However, this Conference did not come about overnight, but was the product of years of planning and transparent negotiating between Chaplain

General Cornelissen and myself who at the time was the United States European Command's Staff Chaplain for African Military-to-Military Religious Affairs.

Laying the Foundation for Shared Ministry

The planning began on a cold and wintry evening at the United States Military Armed Forces Recreation Center's Edelweiss Hotel in Garmisch, Germany on February 14, 2006 during the NATO Military Chief of Chaplain Conference where the Chaplain General of SANDF has been an invited guest since 1999. It was here that Chaplain General broached the subject with me for a World Chaplain General's Conference. I immediately pledged my wholehearted support of Chaplain General's idea. I would utilize the expertise that my office had accumulated over the past 17 years with sponsoring the NATO Chief Chaplains Conference to help make the World Conference a dream come true.

I mention this to impress upon the reader that great and wonderful things, such as the World Chaplains Conference, seldom happen without the Blessings of God, deliberate planning and a lot of trust between peoples and Governments. This is especially true in today's political climate.

In the summer of 2002 I had been invited to South Africa, by then Chaplain General F.F. Gqiba, to work with a team of SANDF Military Chaplains on the second leg of developing the Masibambisane Project into a program that would stress ethics, morals and values. This project would become the CHATSEC Program. Which, in my humble opinion, remains the foremost HIV/AIDS prevention-training course available anywhere in the world today!

I was immediately impressed with the dedication and spirituality of the South African Chaplains that I met and would work with. I became especially well acquainted with Chaplains Cornelissen, Makalima and Dill. Over the next seven years I would cement my friendship with these men and make new friends with a great number of African military chaplains.

To me the building of personal relationships, especially for people who are spiritual leaders, is vital to the fostering of programs that benefit the spiritual, moral and ethical lives of our armed forces.

This was especially evident as Chaplain General Cornelissen planned and developed the agenda for the World Conference. Under the theme of "The Role of the Chaplain in Reconciliation and Healing in Post-Conflict Reconstruction," military Chiefs of Chaplains from around the world would spend the week discussing the problems that face our world today and consider appropriate responses that military chaplains might initiate.

The Conference Begins

On Monday the Conference officially opened. The masterful Master-of-Ceremonies, Colonel (Rev) M.A. Jamangile, kept us under control and the sessions flowing in a timely manner. His task of trying to control over 100 “preachers” was like trying to herd cats!

In the opening address South African Minister of Defense, Mr. Charles Nqakula, outlined the broader concepts of reconciliation and healing that is being done at the Governmental Ministerial level and encouraged and challenged the SANDF, and the Chaplaincies of the World, to take their respective places in the fight for freedom and peace. His quote from Henry Ford was quite apropos; “Obstacles are those frightful things you see when you take your eyes off your goal.”

The keynote speaker was Archbishop emeritus Desmond Tutu. A well known religious leader and a man of passion, he encouraged the delegates and spouses who delayed their program to listen to the speech, with his straight forward talk about what freedom, reconciliation and healing is all about at the street level.

Our main lecturer for the rest of the day’s work would be Professor Miroslav Volf, Professor of Theology at Yale Divinity School in the USA. Professor Volf a Croatian/American dual citizen expertly guided us through the theological maze of healing and reconciliation on a high academic level.

During the lectures and responses by the delegates, many issues were raised as to the ethical conflict that a military chaplain might encounter when his duties in serving the State go against his religious beliefs. A great synergy was felt when it was realized, that to a person, all chaplains felt it was more important to obey our religious teachings rather than man’s. And furthermore, that it was our sacred prophetic duty to advise our leadership of ethical and moral violations – even at the cost of our own personal comfort.

To have this feeling run through the Conference was electrifying! A common bond was thereby formed between the delegates of the four major faith groups represented: Christian, Muslim, Jewish and Hindu.

The evening’s social function was held on a South African Navy Frigate where the Flag Officer Fleet, Rear Admiral R.W. Higgs, welcomed us and expressed his personal views and faith. His speech was a splendid testimonial to all the delegates as to how important the personal faith of our senior leaders is in forwarding the concepts of healing and reconciliation.

On Tuesday the delegates would be blessed with lectures from Professor C. Villa-Vicencio as to the role of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of South Africa in reconciliation and healing. Professor P. Gobodo-Madikizela, Department of Psychology, University of Cape Town followed his lecture, with a

presentation on the African concept of “UBUNTU” as part of reconciliation and healing.

These two brilliant lectures set the stage perfectly for Anglican Father M. Lapsley, Institute for Healing of Memories, Cape Town, to share with the delegates an example of a community based on the reconciliation and healing model. His poignant video of the ground breaking work being done at his Institute gave us all hope that people can be healed and reconciliation and peace be brought to light through honest and open communications.

What made Fr. Lapsley’s presentation even more stirring was that he himself was the victim of a vicious letter bomb meant to destroy his sacred voice as it called out for freedom and justice during the South African Apartheid years. After loosing both hands and one eye and being seriously burned Fr. Lapsley today dryly comments, “the irony is that the only automatic weapon I have ever used is my own tongue. They eventually took away my hands and left my weapon reasonably intact.”

A Transformation in Self-Perceptions

During the breaks it was becoming evident to me, as I talked with my colleagues, that they were beginning to see themselves not so much as Chiefs of Chaplains representing specific nations but as men and women of faith all working together for the human race to be able to live together in peace and harmony.

In the days that followed many discussions would be held publicly and privately as to how Military Chaplains can effect change through the utilization of our prophetic voices of faith.

To this end recommendations were made to examine the possibility to hold another World Conference in three years time with the long-term goal to become officially recognized at the Governmental level. This would allow us to address the United Nations on matters of healing and reconciliation from the military point of view. During the next few days groups met to discuss regional issues with the hope that chaplains would form regional military chaplain conferences based on those of the NATO Alliance, SADC and the North American Conference.

In summary, the consensus of the participants was that this World Conference was indeed blessed by God! The desire for peace between religions was expressed by all the faiths represented as we talked, prayed and listened to one another. It is my fervent hope that as time rolls on faithful and inspired men such as Chaplain General Cornelissen will come forward to lead the military chaplains of the World to unite for peace and healing.

It would seem that since our armed forces are on the cutting edge of peacekeeping operations we should also be on the cutting edge of healing and reconciliation operations.

I would be remiss, however, if I did not mention the wonderful program set-up for the spouses. Under the able direction of Chaplain General's wife, Lizette Cornelissen, the spouses were given a super whirlwind tour of the beauties that await any visitor to the Cape Town region.

A Personal Ministry Transition

For me the World Conference was a bittersweet event. Even though it was the glorious result of years of hard work between the Chaplain General and myself it also signaled the culmination of my 41-year Military career and my retirement from active military service.

Because of this, it was my distinct honor and privilege to bestow upon Chaplain General, on behalf of Chaplain Mark Schreiber, of the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod Ministry to the Armed Forces, the Bronze Saint Martin of Tours Medal. The citation read:

The Saint Martin of Tours Medal is given to Lutheran Chaplains who through sustained service have exemplified the finest qualities of our profession. It is not bestowed lightly or without diligent scrutiny. In the 147 years of the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod Military Chaplaincy the St. Martin of Tours Medal has never before been conferred on a non-Lutheran Chaplain. So, it is with great honor and privilege for me to present to my dear friend and colleague in ministry, the person who showed me through word and deed what "Ubuntu" is really about Brigadier General (Rev) Marius Cornelissen, Chaplain General Republic of South Africa, the Bronze St. Martin of Tours Medal.

I returned with joy and peace in my heart to my homeland on the Great Plains of Nebraska in the center of the United States of America, confident that what the Chaplain General had conceived of, planned and brought to life was indeed in accordance with God's will and would bring the world one step closer to peace and healing.

Nations Attending the World Conference

- C = Christian
- H = Hindu
- J = Jewish
- M = Muslim
- O = Orthodox Christian

Europe (20)

Austria ^C
Belgium ^J
Bosnia & Herzegovina ^M
Cyprus ^O
Czech Republic ^C
Denmark ^C
Estonia ^C
Finland ^C
France ^J
Germany ^C
Greece ^O
Netherlands ^J
Norway ^C
Poland ^C
Romania ^O
Spain ^C
Switzerland ^C
Sweden ^C
United Kingdom ^J
Ukraine ^O

Africa (15)

Botswana ^C
Burkina Faso ^C
Burundi ^C
Congo Brazzaville ^C

Core D'Ivoire ^C

Ghana ^M
Lesotho ^C
Madagascar ^C
Malawi ^C
Namibia ^C
Seychelles ^C
South Africa ^{H-M}
Swaziland ^C
Zambia ^C
Zimbabwe ^C

Middle East (1)

Jordan ^M

Asia (1)

India ^H

Pacific (2)

Australia ^C
Malaysia ^M

Americas (2)

Canada ^C
United States ^C

Total:

100 Delegates from 41 Nations and 5 Continents.

James L. Hoke, PhD, enjoyed a number of prominent assignments before retiring from the United States Army. He also served as a missionary. He worked extensively supporting NATO chaplaincies while Deputy Command Chaplain at the United States European Command.

Empowering Global Chaplaincies

Equipping International Military Chaplains

Rich Young

James, a dedicated Christian, grew up in small town America. Always wanting to be a soldier, James enlisted in the military immediately after high school. Completing basic training and military schooling, he soon found himself at his first duty station. He began to note, however, that something was missing in his military experience. Sundays rolled around and there was no place on base to go to church. Weeks passed by and there were no Bible studies or activities available to nourish his Christian faith. The calendar soon brought Christmas, then Easter, but there was nothing special planned to celebrate these two holidays that were so important to him. He thought this was quite strange, but then things grew stranger yet when his unit deployed to a combat zone.

While many soldiers put on a brave front, they were deeply afraid as they faced the possibility of their own death and their eternal destiny. The problem was they had no one to talk to and to share their feelings with. The bullets soon started flying and James noticed that wounded soldiers had no one to pray with or comfort them. Soldiers were killed, but no one came around to help the survivors deal with the loss of their comrades. Yes, something was missing. Not only were there no chaplains to help James and others deal with the realities of life in combat, there was no freedom for James to nurture and practice his Christian faith in his nation's armed forces.

Sadly, the scenario above is contemporary reality all over the world. There are countless nations where there is no military chaplaincy, or where those serving as chaplains are not effectively trained for this specialized ministry. That fact is precisely why the International Association of Evangelicals (IAEC) exists.

History of the IAEC

The International Association of Evangelicals is a volunteer, 501 (c)(3) nonprofit ministry, which has answered a call for assistance from a score of nations around the globe. It began as a result of a seed that was planted at the July 4, 1997 National Conference of the Military Christian Fellowship (MCF) of Brazil. The Brazilian MCF invited several other countries to send delegates to the conference. Six countries, including the United States, responded by doing so. Among the attendees was a young man from Angola who was attending seminary in Brazil. His hope was to complete seminary, return to Angola, and become the first chaplain in the Angolan military. He reported many obstacles to overcome, including a need for chaplain training that would equip him for ministry in a

military setting. He asked if there was any organization that could help people like him. After significant discussion and prayer, it was agreed such a ministry was truly needed.

Chaplain (Colonel) James Edgren, United States Army (retired), who at that time was the Executive Director of the National Association of Evangelicals Commission on Chaplains, was one of the delegates from the United States. He had been invited to the conference to speak to a small group of evangelical chaplains in the Brazilian Armed Forces. Upon learning of the problem facing the young man from Angola, Chaplain Edgren expressed the need of a ministry to his Commission and further suggested that they start such an organization. The Commission approved the idea, initially making the IAEC a ministry of the National Association of Evangelicals (NAE). Chaplain Edgren became its first Executive Director. IAEC has now become independent of the NAE since the IAEC is international in scope while the NAE is not.

The foundational concept of the IAEC was to provide a community—a community where evangelical chaplains, those preparing to become chaplains, and those doing the work of chaplains, would feel they belonged. It was created so they wouldn't feel alone, would have a mechanism for sharing prayer requests and answers to prayer, could be trained for military ministry, and could turn to the community for help in dealing with problems. The IAEC has been establishing this community through chaplain training, international conferences, offering free membership in the IAEC, and developing an international venue for sharing prayer requests.

Procedures of this Interdenominational Ministry

The vision of IAEC is “to bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to every man and woman in the Uniformed Forces of every nation of the world.” IAEC’s mission is “to assist in the training and encouragement of international evangelical Christian chaplains worldwide and in the establishment and growth of chaplaincies worldwide, which include evangelical Christians.”

The Board of Directors (BOD) oversees and supervises the work of IAEC. The current BOD consists of retired chaplains, line officers, and one Non-Commissioned Officer, coming from all branches of the military. The Board also includes three international representatives.

Most requests for training to IAEC originate either with the individual nation’s MCF or the Cru Military Ministry within the country. Once a request is received, an IAEC team leader contacts the requestor to begin the dialogue. A Memorandum of Understanding (MOU), outlining the responsibilities of IAEC and the host nation, is signed in early the discussion. While IAEC trainers fund their own trips, the ministry itself pays for translation and printing of presentation slides and the assembling and transportation of notebooks for the

students. The Host Nation agrees to pay for the food, transportation, and lodging of the IAEC team while they are in country.

IAEC trainers are all evangelical Christians. However, with their broad base of military experience, they also understand the concept and importance of providing ministry in a respectful, pluralistic setting. Students of all faiths are welcome to the training, but IAEC only sends teams where evangelical Christians constitute part of the class. This approach allows the IAEC to fulfill its vision while acknowledging the reality of diverse religious environments. While the primary target audience is chaplains, or those doing the work of a chaplain even without the title, others involved in military ministry are also invited to attend. This includes civilian pastors close to military installations or representatives from Cru Military Ministry.

Various training options are possible, depending upon the need and availability of students. Most popular is the 60-hour Basic Chaplaincy Course, which is taught over a two-week period. IAEC also offers a 40-hour training course. Although classes may vary slightly between countries, the core curriculum for training includes classes that would be familiar to all clergy and military chaplains serving in nations with significant educational resources. For example: Call to Chaplaincy, Biblical View of the Military Profession, Universal Principles and Roles of the Chaplain, Hospital and Prison Ministry, Critical Incident Stress Management, Suicide Awareness and Prevention, Counseling, Chaplain Commander Relationships, Professional Ethics, Working in a Pluralistic Society, Unit Ministry Plans and Leadership. Ministry to Patients with AIDS is also an invaluable class in many of the locales where training is conducted.

The training sessions conclude with a formal Closing Ceremony in which students are given Certificates of Completion and an IAEC lapel pin.

Establishing a New National Chaplaincy

One particularly exciting dimension of the IAEC's work involves helping countries without formal chaplains to create one of their own. They enthusiastically stand by to assist nations who do not have a government-authorized chaplaincy for their uniformed services. IAEC offers material and resources that are helpful in justifying a chaplaincy to respective governments. Once authorized by the Host Nation's Constitution or legislature, IAEC can then assist with the actual establishment of the chaplaincy, helping a nation "think through" concepts and principles for an effective chaplaincy as the very foundation is laid.

This international work is not conducted in "competition" with official governmental organizations, such as the United States Department of Defense. IAEC regards their work as complementary, and as has already been stated, they

only conduct courses in countries and regions where formal invitations have been issued to them.

ACCTS Chaplain Interaction

IAEC also partners with the Association for Christian Conferences, Teaching, and Service (ACCTS) in a Chaplain Interaction (CI) program. The ACCTS brochure on CI describes it like this: “This two-week course of instruction, conducted in the United States, includes many of the classes listed above. Spouses attend some of the same classes, and also receive separate instruction in the principles of a Chaplain’s Spouse’s ministry and organizing the women of a chapel community for ministry. While in the United States, the internationals stay with Christian U.S. military host families. This interaction often proves to be the most important part of the program, as the delegates and their hosts both come to appreciate that, despite differences in culture, color, and accent, they are ‘All One in Christ Jesus’ (Gal 3:28) the motto of the 139-member worldwide Association of Military Christian Fellowships.” Interaction with serving U.S. military chaplains is another important aspect of the experience, as the delegates hear from those on the front lines about the challenges of chaplaincy in today’s military, and discuss how to meet the demands of operational ministry. Planned social events such as Pot Luck Dinners afford other opportunities for interaction with U.S. military Christians and provide memorable fellowship. Delegate testimonies are a popular alternative to guest speakers at such events, and are always a blessing to those who hear them.

A highlight of each CI is a marriage retreat conducted over the weekend. Couples leave their host families, and along with CI staff, travel to a nearby retreat center. The weekend consists of classes, free time, fellowship, singing, prayer, and fun. Not only do the couples get to experience the retreat, but they are also provided with all of the material so they can conduct their own retreats upon returning home. CI staff also includes all notes and briefings on the digital devices they send home with the students.

CI concludes with what is often a very moving Closing Ceremony. Couples are attired in either their native dress or their military uniforms. The Program Director of CI presents Certificates of Completion to attendees. Encouragement is given from God’s Word. This is followed by sharing Communion. The ceremony concludes around the altar with prayers for the delegates as they are commissioned to return to their countries to fulfill the Great Commission. Then come the hugs, tears, and a lot of picture-taking as everyone says good-bye and prepares to return home.

God has used CI in many ways. One example is with the women who attend. Some are delegates, of course, including chaplains. However, most are the spouses of chaplains and women from at least one African and one South

American country returned to their countries to begin dynamic new ministries for military wives.

Together, IAEC and ACCTS have instructed uniformed chaplains and senior military Christians from a wide range of nations. These include:

Argentina	Kyrgyzstan
Bangladesh	Lesotho
Barbados	Liberia
Brazil	Madagascar
Bulgaria	Malawi
Canada	Moldova
Cameroon	Mongolia
Central African Republic	Namibia
Colombia	Nigeria
Costa Rica	Panama
Dominican Republic	Papua New Guinea
Ecuador	Peru
El Salvador	Republic of Korea
Grenada	Romania
Guatemala	Sierra Leone
Guinea-Bissau	Sri Lanka
Haiti	Suriname
Jordan	Trinidad
Kazakhstan	Uganda
	Zambia

No More Left Without a Shepherd like James

Military ministry is biblical. Three examples are John the Baptist's ministry in Luke 3, Jesus healing the Centurion's servant in Luke 7, and the first outpouring of the Holy Spirit after Pentecost on a military family serving far from home (the household of Cornelius). IAEC and CI are two ways God is strengthening and equipping the Body of Christ for ministry to the military. Our hope and prayer is that God will bless and use these ministries to open the doors for the Gospel in the uniformed services around the world and that He will further His Kingdom through them. Nothing would make us happier than to know we've ended the situation we began with . . . where a young soldier found himself without access to a supportive chaplain.

Chaplain (Colonel) Rich Young, U.S. Army Retired, spent four years as an enlisted Marine and twenty-five years as an Army Chaplain. He currently serves as the Executive Director of the International Association of Evangelical Chaplains. You can contact him through their website: <http://iaechap.com>.

An Overdue Medal of Honor

Chaplain Emil Kapaun's Korean War Martyrdom

Robert C. Stroud

War is a terrible thing. No sane person would argue that. And yet, in this crucible of suffering humanity manifests some of its noblest virtues. Courageous, self-sacrificial acts can become commonplace. Warriors do not hesitate to place themselves between the defenseless and those who seek their oppression or destruction. In so doing, they often forfeit their own futures.

Precisely because unbelievably gallant acts are common, they are taken for granted and never properly recognized. Then too, there are those many cases where the witnesses to such heroics did not survive to tell the tale. In those fortunate situations where survivors are able to relate the impact of particular choices made by these extraordinary individuals, we are all encouraged by their stories. A prime example of this is found in the familiar story of the Four Chaplains who surrendered their life vests to others and sank beneath the freezing Atlantic on the slippery deck of the USAT *Dorchester*.

Those four men were awarded a specially minted medal intended by the United States Congress to be equivalent in prestige to the Medal of Honor.

The Story of Chaplain Emil Kapaun

Recently the Medal of Honor was awarded to another chaplain. A modest Roman Catholic priest who served his troops with compassion and humor during combat, and the subsequent horror of captivity. The North Koreans were ruthless captors, and the concept of the Geneva Conventions was utterly foreign to them. Countless prisoners of war perished in their hands, and the fates of many of those who surrendered to their “mercy” remains unknown.

Fortunately, however, the courage of Chaplain Emil J. Kapaun was universally attested to by the men of his unit who witnessed his testimony as he defended their lives, lifted their hopes, and ultimately offered his own life for others.

An essay entitled “Under Fire: Army Chaplains in Korea, 1950,” written by the United States Army Chaplain Corps Branch Historian offers a fine overview of the context in which Kapaun served.



Chaplain Emil Kapaun. Portrait © by Les Broadman.

The start of hostilities in Korea during June 1950 caught most American officials off guard, and those in charge of the U.S. Army Chaplain Corps were no exception. For the previous five years, America's military focus had been on divesting itself of the huge force that had been employed during World War Two. There were 8,141 Army chaplains on active duty as that war ended in 1945; by the end of 1947, only a little more than 1,100 remained. Nearly 500 of those transferred to the recently-established U.S. Air Force in 1949. On the eve of the North Korean attack on South Korea, there were 706 active duty Army chaplains, with more in the National Guard and U.S. Army Reserve.

With war again a reality in 1950, the Army had to rapidly expand. Having just gone through the painful process of involuntarily releasing chaplains from active duty and forcing them into reserve status, the Chaplain Corps now had to reverse the process and recall reserve chaplains to active duty. Chaplain authorizations would more than double in the coming years, topping out at 1,618 in 1953. Even though numerous chaplains entered the active force through

reserve component mobilizations, individual recalls, and an intense recruiting effort, the number of chaplains serving never matched what was authorized. Many veterans of World War Two were understandably reluctant to volunteer for combat duty again, and popular support for the war would wane during its final years as the conflict devolved into a stalemate.

While America mobilized in 1950, America's Army went to war. The first American ground forces to deploy to Korea were the divisions that had been stationed in Japan as occupation forces following World War Two. In trying to stem the tide that was the North Korean invasion of South Korea, many hastily-deployed American units found themselves in desperate situations; it often came down to more of a battle for survival than it was an attempt to inflict harm on the enemy. Chaplains assigned to those units found themselves spending far more time comforting the wounded and praying for the fallen—and trying to evade capture—than they did in ministering to the living.

The first chaplain to serve in Korea deployed there with the initial American ground force to enter the conflict: Task Force Smith, an under strength battalion of the 24th Infantry Division's 21st Infantry Regiment. The battalion's chaplain, Carl R. Hudson, had been looking forward to a routine tour of garrison duty in Japan upon his assignment to the unit a few weeks beforehand. Chaplain Hudson and the rest of the task force's 540 soldiers had little time to do anything after settling into a defense position just north of the town of Osan during the early morning hours of July 5, 1950. A large force of North Korean tanks and infantry attacked just a few hours later. By early afternoon the task force was completely overrun, its survivors scattered. Chaplain Hudson, along with the battalion's surgeon and a large group of walking wounded, spent most of the following night and day making their way southward to the safety of the nearest American unit.

Other chaplains of the 24th Infantry Division had experiences similar to that of Hudson during that difficult month of July 1950, narrowly escaping, as one American position after another fell before the North Korean advance. All survived, with the exception of Chaplain Herman G. Felhoelter of the 19th Infantry Regiment. With his battalion falling back as the American position along the Kum River collapsed, Felhoelter volunteered to remain behind with a group of critically wounded men. A North Korean patrol came upon the group and executed the prostrate soldiers and their praying chaplain. Felhoelter was the first of twelve chaplains to die in action or as a prisoner during the Korean War. The second also perished in July 1950, when Chaplain Byron D. Lee of the 35th

Infantry Regiment (25th Infantry Division) was mortally wounded during an attack from an enemy aircraft.

Amazingly enough, no chaplains were captured during those confusing initial months of the Korean War despite all the American setbacks. That would change within a few months, however. After the front stabilized at the Pusan Perimeter and then the Inchon Invasion changed the strategic focus of the war, during the final months of 1950 American units and other forces of the United Nations command no longer retreated but instead advanced deep into North Korean territory. China entered the war in October 1950, when American and South Korean troops approached the Yalu River, the border between Korea and China. The first major American-Chinese clash took place near the town of Unsan during the first week of November, when a powerful Chinese attack overwhelmed the 1st Cavalry Division's 8th Cavalry Regiment. The regiment's battered 1st and 2^d battalions managed to withdraw, but the 3^d battalion was surrounded and largely annihilated. The 3^d battalion's chaplain, Emil J. Kapaun, was captured.

The 1950 Chinese counteroffensive generated heavy casualties on both sides. Within a month of Kapaun's capture, three more chaplains also became prisoners of war: Kenneth C. Hyslop (19th Infantry Regiment), Wayne H. Burdue (2^d Engineer Battalion, 2^d Infantry Division), and Lawrence F. Brunnert (32^d Infantry Regiment, 7th Infantry Division). Two other chaplains were killed during those weeks: Samuel R. Simpson (38th Infantry Regiment, 2^d Infantry Division) and James W. Conner (31st Infantry Regiment, 7th Infantry Division). The fate of the four captured chaplains was unknown until the release of surviving American prisoners in 1953. Sadly, none of the four chaplain POWs survived their incarcerations.

For the opening battles of the Korean War, as with most wars, those who are already in uniform at the start of the conflict bore the burden of the opening battles. The eight chaplains lost in 1950 were all members of the pre-war Chaplain Corps. Six were veterans of World War Two. Burdue, Lee, and Simpson had served continuously since the 1940s without a break in service. Hyslop, Kapaun, and Felhoelter also served in World War Two, but were released from active duty in 1946. Within two years, however, they decided to continue their service to God and country; all three volunteered for recall to active duty in 1948. Conner and Brunnert joined the others in the pre-war era, being commissioned in 1948 and 1949 respectively.

None of these eight veteran chaplains knew what the year 1950 would bring, but all rose to the challenges that came with ministering to soldiers under fire. Only a few received public recognition for the actions that ultimately cost them their lives: Conner was awarded the Silver Star, Felhoelter the Distinguished Service Cross, and Kapaun received numerous awards. It is safe to say that all eight earned the undying thanks and gratitude of the soldiers they served—the only award for which any of them would have asked.

As this essay shows, Kapaun was not alone in dying for his friends. The murder of Chaplain Felhoelter as he knelt caring for wounded soldiers left behind in the hasty retreat, is especially bitter.

As mentioned above, Kapaun was a veteran of World War Two. Born in 1916 to Czech immigrants, he served as an auxiliary chaplain at Herington Army Airfield in 1943. In July 1944 he joined the Army. Initially he served personnel at Camp Wheeler in Georgia. He was then sent to India, promoted to captain in 1946, and discharged later that year.

In 1948 he rejoined the Army, serving at Fort Bliss, Texas. January of 1950 found him stationed near Mount Fuji, and part of one of the first units dispatched to Korea.

The official Army website includes the following description of Chaplain Kapaun's service in Korea.

Chaplain Emil J. Kapaun, while assigned to Headquarters Company, 8th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division, distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism, patriotism, and selfless service between Nov. 1-2, 1950. During the Battle of Unsan, Kapaun was serving with the 3rd Battalion of the 8th Cavalry Regiment. As Chinese Communist forces encircled the battalion, Kapaun moved fearlessly from foxhole to foxhole under direct enemy fire in order to provide comfort and reassurance to the outnumbered soldiers. He repeatedly exposed himself to enemy fire to recover wounded men, dragging them to safety. When he couldn't drag them, he dug shallow trenches to shield them from enemy fire. As Chinese forces closed in, Kapaun rejected several chances to escape, instead volunteering to stay behind and care for the wounded. He was taken as a prisoner of war by Chinese forces on Nov. 2, 1950.

After he was captured, Kapaun and other prisoners were marched for several days northward toward prisoner-of-war camps. During the march Kapaun led by example in caring for injured soldiers, refusing to take a break from carrying the stretchers of the wounded while encouraging others to do their part.

Once inside the dismal prison camps, Kapaun risked his life by sneaking around the camp after dark, foraging for food, caring for the sick, and encouraging his fellow soldiers to sustain their faith and their humanity. On at least one occasion, he was brutally punished for his disobedience, being forced to sit outside in subzero weather without any garments. When the Chinese instituted a mandatory re-education program, Kapaun patiently and politely rejected every theory put forth by the instructors. Later, Kapaun openly flouted his captors by conducting a sunrise service on Easter morning, 1951.

When Kapaun began to suffer from the physical toll of his captivity, the Chinese transferred him to a filthy, unheated hospital where he died alone. As he was being carried to the hospital, he asked God's forgiveness for his captors, and made his fellow prisoners promise to keep their faith. Chaplain Kapaun died in captivity on May 23, 1951.

Chaplain Emil J. Kapaun repeatedly risked his own life to save the lives of hundreds of fellow Americans. His extraordinary courage, faith and leadership inspired thousands of prisoners to survive hellish conditions, resist enemy indoctrination, and retain their faith in God and country. His actions reflect the utmost credit upon him, the 1st Cavalry Division, and the United States Army.

Before his capture, he had earned the nickname "To-The-Sound-of-the-Guns Kapaun" due to his propensity to hop on his bicycle and rush to the sound whenever he heard gunfire.

The men imprisoned with Kapaun attest to his contribution to their own survival. As Lieutenant Mike Dowe, a young West Point graduate wept while he was carried to "the death house," Kapaun tried to comfort him with the words: "Hey, Mike, don't worry about me. I'm going to where I always wanted to go and I'll say a prayer for all of you." Another young officer who helped carry him to his final rest watched him offer forgiveness to his Chinese tormentors with his final breath.

But the men don't merely remember the chaplain's death. They recall his humor, making games of counting lice on uniforms, and courage, even pushing the barrels of Chinese rifles away from his fellow prisoners. Sergeant Herbert Miller, a World War II combat veteran offered this account. Playing dead in a ditch, his ankle broken by an explosion, he hid beneath the corpse of an enemy soldier. However, a Chinese soldier discovered him and "pointed his gun at my head. I was looking into the barrel. I figured to myself: 'This is it. I'm all done.'" Kapaun crossed the dirt road, and pushed the enemy aside. "Why he never shot him, I'll never know. . . . I think the Lord was there directing him what to do." Kapaun

carried Miller, both men aware that since the crippled soldier couldn't march, he would simply be slain where he lay. As a prisoner, Kapaun sought the intercession of Saint Dismas, the Good Thief, as he violated guards' orders by foraging for food, that he provided to starving soldiers.

Hundreds of soldiers attributed their survival to his intervention and sacrifice. They advocated for years that he receive the Medal of Honor. And now that he finally has, there is one remaining goal for the Roman Catholics in their number. Many are calling for Kapaun's sainthood. Those efforts are underway, and he has already been granted the title "Servant of God," which is the first step in that journey.

Chaplain Kapaun's Medal of Honor Narrative

Chaplain (Capt.) Emil J. Kapaun, while assigned to Headquarters Company, 8th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division, distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism, patriotism, and selfless service between Nov. 1, 1950 and May 23, 1951. During the battle of Unsan, Kapaun was attached to the 3rd Battalion of the 8th Cavalry Regiment, which was assigned to provide a rear guard for the regiment's withdrawal.

As Chinese Communist forces encircled the battalion, Kapaun moved fearlessly from foxhole to foxhole under direct enemy fire in order to provide comfort and reassurance to the outnumbered soldiers. When Chinese commandoes attacked the battalion command post, Kapaun and other members of the headquarters withdrew 500 meters across a nearby river, but Kapaun returned to help the wounded, gathering approximately 30 injured men into the relative protection of a Korean dugout.

The battalion repelled the Chinese attack shortly before dawn Nov. 2, but found itself defending a small perimeter, entirely surrounded by enemy troops. Kapaun spent the day rescuing wounded Americans from the no-man's land outside the battalion perimeter. Despite continuing enemy fire, he repeatedly crawled to wounded men and either dragged them back to the safety of the American lines or dug shallow trenches to shield them from enemy fire. As the day passed, it became clear that the battalion's position was hopeless. Kapaun rejected several chances to escape, instead volunteering to stay behind and care for the wounded. At dusk, he made his way back to the dugout, now 150 meters outside the American perimeter, where more than 50 wounded men had been gathered. Among the injured Americans was a wounded Chinese officer. As Chinese infantry closed on their position, Kapaun convinced him to negotiate for the safety of the injured Americans.

Shortly after Kapaun's capture, he intervened to save the life of Staff Sergeant Herbert Miller, who was lying in a nearby ditch with a broken ankle and other injuries. As a Chinese soldier prepared to execute Miller, Kapaun risked his own

life by pushing the Chinese soldier aside and hoisting Miller to his feet. Kapaun carried and supported Miller for several days as the prisoners marched north, until their column reached Pyoktong.

After a few days at Pyoktong, Kapaun and other prisoners were marched to a new camp. In addition to their wounds, many of the Americans were weakened by the meager rations of boiled corn and millet, while others suffered from dysentery caused by the contaminated water they drank. Kapaun worked tirelessly to bolster the morale of the prisoners. Moving from group to group during rest stops to encourage the men to take care of each other and keep going. During the marches themselves, he led by example in caring for injured soldiers, refusing to take a break from carrying the stretchers of the wounded while encouraging others to do their part. At the next prison camp, Sambukol, malnutrition began to cause pellagra and beriberi among the Americans, and Kapaun again risked his life, dodging guards after dark to steal additional rations from the Chinese captors, which he distributed evenly among the prisoners.

When the American prisoners were transferred back to Pyoktong in January of 1951, their situation went from bad to worse. As malnutrition and dysentery combined with extreme cold weather and overcrowding, prisoners began to die by the hundreds. Kapaun continued to risk his life by sneaking around the camp after dark, foraging for food, caring for the sick, and encouraging his fellow soldiers to sustain their faith and their humanity. On at least one occasion, he was caught and brutally punished for his disobedience, being forced to sit outside in subzero weather without any garments.

In March, the Chinese instituted a mandatory re-education program in which they tried to persuade their captives to renounce the war, reject their religious beliefs and embrace communism. Again risking punishment and torture, Kapaun patiently and politely rejected every theory put forth by the Chinese instructors. Later that month, Kapaun openly flouted the Chinese prohibition against religious services by conducting a sunrise service on Easter morning, 1951.

A short while later, Kapaun began to suffer from the physical toll of his captivity. A blood clot in his leg nearly killed him. The Chinese, wary of Kapaun's influence over the other prisoners, refused to provide medical assistance. His fellow prisoners helped Kapaun recover, but within a couple of weeks he began to suffer from pneumonia. Over the protests of his fellow captives, the Chinese transferred him to their filthy, unheated hospital, where he died alone. As he was being carried to the hospital, he asked God's forgiveness for his captors, and made his fellow prisoners promise to keep their faith.

Chaplain Emil J. Kapaun repeatedly risked his own life to save the lives of hundreds of fellow Americans. His extraordinary courage, faith and leadership inspired thousands of prisoners to survive hellish conditions, resist Chinese indoctrination, and retain their faith in God and their country. His actions reflect the utmost credit upon him, the 1st Cavalry Division, and the United States Army.



We read in Kapaun's Army biography that he was carried to "a filthy, unheated hospital where he died alone." A more accurate account would conclude that he died separated from his flock, but in the Presence of his Lord who promised to be with him always, to the end of the age.

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Medal of Honor Citation

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress, March 3, 1863, has awarded in the name of Congress the Medal of Honor to

Chaplain (Captain) Emil J. Kapaun
United States Army

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty:

Chaplain Emil J. Kapaun distinguished himself by acts of gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty while serving with the 3d Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division during combat operations against an armed enemy at Unsan, Korea, from November 1-2, 1950. On November 1, as Chinese Communist Forces viciously attacked friendly elements, Chaplain Kapaun calmly walked through withering enemy fire in order to provide comfort and medical aid to his comrades and rescue friendly wounded from no-man's land. Though the Americans successfully repelled the assault, they found themselves surrounded by the enemy. Facing annihilation, the able-bodied men were ordered to evacuate. However, Chaplain Kapaun, fully aware of his certain capture, elected to stay behind with the wounded. After the enemy succeeded in breaking through the defense in the early morning hours of November 2, Chaplain Kapaun continually made rounds, as hand-to-hand combat ensued. As Chinese Communist Forces approached the American position, Chaplain Kapaun noticed an injured Chinese officer amongst the wounded and convinced him to negotiate the safe surrender of the American Forces. Shortly after his capture, Chaplain Kapaun, with complete disregard for his personal safety and unwavering resolve, bravely pushed aside an enemy soldier preparing to execute Sergeant First Class Herbert A. Miller. Not only did Chaplain Kapaun's gallantry save the life of Sergeant Miller, but also his unparalleled courage and leadership inspired all those present, including those who might have otherwise fled in panic, to remain and fight the enemy until captured. Chaplain Kapaun's extraordinary heroism and selflessness, above and beyond the call of duty, are in keeping with the highest traditions of military service and reflect great credit upon himself, the 3d Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment, the 1st Cavalry Division, and the United States Army.

The Legacy of Father Mulcahy of *M*A*S*H*

An Interview with William Christopher

Robert C. Stroud

Today's military chaplains continue in a gallant tradition. The vast majority of those who preceded them served with integrity and bequeathed a proud heritage to those in the ranks today. Countless thousands—more likely, millions—of military men and women have heard the comforting and encouraging words of military chaplains when they were most needed.

In that lineage of selfless chaplains, many individuals stood especially tall. The finest example in modern history is the legacy of “The Four Chaplains.” This interfaith group of clergy forced their life jackets onto those who had none during the sinking of the U.S.S.T. *Dorchester*. Their heroic and calming actions after their transport ship was torpedoed in the frigid North Atlantic saved many lives. The nation was so deeply moved by their noble sacrifice that Congress created a unique Four Chaplains' Medal intended to be equal in honor to America's Medal of Honor.

Although their deaths occurred in 1943, in the midst of the fury of the Second World War, many recall the significance of that historic day. Few, however, recall the names of the individual chaplains: George Fox, Alexander Goode Clark Poling, and John Washington. May they rest in peace and may their example encourage chaplains in the United States and beyond to be willing to offer the last full measure of ministry to those entrusted to their care.

Many chaplains have perished along side their troops. Like the aforementioned ministers, they too laid down their lives for their neighbor. Those directly touched by their courage never forgot. Some chaplains even received the Medal of Honor. And, like the soldiers, sailors, airmen, Marines and Coastguardsmen with whom they served, many more *deserved* to receive that decoration.

An Irony of Human Existence

Although the ranks of the chaplaincy have included numerous courageous chaplains and chaplain assistants, few are recalled by name. They are not “famous,” so to speak. But, of course, they never sought fame. Their names are known to their Creator, and that is sufficient.



Father Francis Mulcahy. Portrait © by Nora Duggan.

Yet, life is filled with paradoxes. And, given the valiant testimonies of countless chaplains, it is ironic that one of the best known and most influential chaplains ever to serve—was not actually a chaplain at all.

Chaplain, First Lieutenant (later Captain) Francis Mulcahy—skillfully played by William Christopher—served a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital in Korea for eleven long years. And he continues to offer comfort, wisdom, humor and grace every day, in syndication throughout the world. The simple yet profound story of *M*A*S*H* spanned 251 episodes, and lasted nearly four times as long as the Korean War itself. The final episode was viewed by 125 million viewers, and will likely never be toppled from its throne as the most watched television show in history. (Only the Super Bowl has eclipsed that number.)

The program became a worldwide phenomenon. It entered into syndication while new episodes were still being created. And it rapidly spread to other nations. The show continues to air, and many of its fans were not even born when *M*A*S*H* was first broadcast in 1972.

Father Mulcahy, a Roman Catholic priest, was the unit's sole chaplain. As he matured he transitioned from a sometimes befuddled cleric, to an indispensable

member of the healing team. Mulcahy proved an asset in the operating room, and his ministry to the soldiers around the camp earned their trust and respect.

Very few American chaplains would be unfamiliar with the character of Father Mulcahy. Many, in fact, have their favorite *M*A*S*H* moments, featuring the harried chaplain. The first generation of commissioned chaplains who grew up exposed to the series has essentially served a full career and retired. A second generation of chaplains who watched the program in syndication is in uniform today. It would be fascinating to study the degree to which Father Mulcahy subtly influenced the expectations of actual chaplains and the shape of their ministry.

Father Mulcahy would not be the gentle shepherd he is, were it not for William Christopher. It's true that, like nearly all of the characters, a different actor performed in the original film. It's also a fact that the pilot of the series featured a different actor in the role. But following that first episode, Christopher was cast as the chaplain, and he made the character his own. Through the years he brought a depth and maturity to the character that was not foreshadowed by the earthy film version.

It helped that Christopher shares many of the traits of his old alter ego. He too is a mild, generous, compassionate, humorous, witty, forgiving, creative, and humble man of soft-spoken faith. As an evidence of his humility, throughout our interview, Christopher consistently deflected my praise toward the ingenuity of the series' writers and the skill of his fellow cast members. I, however, remain unconvinced. I do not believe Father Mulcahy would ever have evolved into the gracious icon he is, if he had been played by a less gifted actor.

As this lengthy introduction suggests, this article is not a typical interview. Nevertheless, an interview it is. And, although Father Mulcahy is one focus of the conversation, the interview is not with him, but with Christopher, a talented actor with an admirable professional career that continues today. Following a short biography, the "interview" will follow. It can be divided into three elements.

The first portion deals with Christopher's background, and leads into the second section which discusses at length the way his son's disability led him and wife Barbara to become early advocates of autism research and care. The third part addresses aspects of his prolific career apart from *M*A*S*H*. The final section deals more directly with his development of the fictional character, Father Francis Mulcahy, who has become a virtually "real" chaplain in the minds of many.

The Interview

Educational Background

You attended the same high school in Illinois as Charlton Heston, Ralph Bellamy, Rock Hudson, Ann-Margaret, Bruce Dern, Virginia Madsen and

Adam Baldwin. To what do you attribute so many successful entertainment careers originating in the same locale?

I can't answer that. It's interesting. When I first went to New York I looked up Ralph Bellamy. I think he was president of the Actors' Equity at the time, and I went to see him. I had a friend who was my parent's age who was a good friend of his. He recommended I use his name and see Ralph. So, I did and we chatted a bit, but Ralph Bellamy made it very clear he couldn't help me. That didn't bother me. I never knew any of the others.

That area of the Chicago suburbs is rather affluent and New Trier is a fairly well funded high school. It's a township high school that services four different communities on the north shore. Many of the graduates go on to college. It's the kind of place that encouraged the arts. There were a lot of music options available, and many plays were performed. As a member of the class of 1950 at New Trier, I was in numerous plays and that was somewhat formative in making acting my career choice. I imagine that rich artistic environment may have been very influential in a similar way in the lives of some of these other people as well.

Charlton Heston went to Northwestern, attending the School of Speech, and was very prominent. Of the others, I don't know of anybody else at the School of Speech, but Northwestern was close by and graduated a lot of people who continued in the theater.

Why did you choose to attend Wesleyan University?

I went to Wesleyan because, for one thing, I wanted to get away from home and see somewhere new. But it was also a small liberal arts college, which appealed to me. Another thing was the fact they had just started offering a theater major.

The idea of a small liberal arts college and New England appealed to me and I also considered Williams, Amherst, Swarthmore, and Dartmouth. However, since Wesleyan was the only one that I knew had a theater major with an active drama department where a theater major actually got academic credit for being in plays, I decided to attend there.

And there you joined the Sigma Chi Fraternity?

Yes, I did. Wesleyan, in those days, was all male. And just about everyone had some relationship with a club. There was a group called the John Wesley club, which consisted mostly of people who really weren't too interested in fraternities. Many joined this John Wesley club because it had nothing to do with needing to be chosen.

When I arrived at Wesleyan, with about 200 freshmen in my class, we all went around to the different fraternity houses and met people there. It was a matter of

a fraternity sort of selecting their new members, through the process called “pledging.”

So they were picking pledges for initiation into the fraternity. And actually, I wasn’t chosen at all in that first round. Sigma Chi came to me later and asked me to join their group, their “dining club,” which was a little larger group than Sigma Chi itself. But after I joined their dining club, it was pretty clear to me that I would probably be asked to join the fraternity itself. I didn’t really care which group I joined. I won’t say, though, that I was so confident I didn’t care about who liked me. I just mean, I figured that things were going to work out for me and even if I didn’t join a fraternity right away, I would probably get to know people and join one later.

There were actually a couple of fraternities I even preferred over Sigma Chi, but Sigma Chi was the first to ask me to join their eating group. It was a fun group but many of my friends were not in Sigma Chi.

Other than that, Wesleyan was very small—only 800 students. And there were a few grad students, but not too many, and most of them in the sciences. Because it was so small, you could pretty much get to know everybody on campus.

Have you maintained a relationship with the fraternity?

I haven’t. One of the things about fraternities in those days was that some, including Sigma Chi, had a clause about not allowing blacks in the fraternity. And I really wasn’t aware of that. But, as time wore on, more black students were admitted to Wesleyan and it raised the question in my mind. I came from an area which is sort of WASP [*white Anglo-Saxon Protestant*]. Wesleyan was also pretty similar to what I was accustomed to, but within Sigma Chi we began to discuss integration more. By the time I became a senior, there was a growing consensus that segregation was wrong.

I don’t know how many fraternities had similar racial clauses. But I’m proud to say our fraternity decided to challenge the national position on this issue. Our house ultimately decided to give up our membership in Sigma Chi. They maintained their charter as a fraternity house group, and renamed themselves.

So they surrendered their charter so they could become multiracial?

Yes. I felt sort of angry at Sigma Chi when I found out this policy existed. But, I must admit, I wasn’t so hidebound by my principles that I quit.

But you participated in those discussions about those policies being unjust?

Yes, I did. We agreed it was wrong and crazy, but you know, back in the 50s (I graduated in 1954), there was far less political thinking, there in the ivory tower. At least, there at Wesleyan we didn’t get very political. As far as campus life was

concerned, it was awfully shielded from that type of thinking. Also, the civil rights movement hadn't yet begun. When someone grows up it takes a while to recognize and then fix what you find wrong in the world around you.

Marriage and Family Life

How long have you and Barbara been married, and to what do you attribute the longevity of your marriage, given the rather inhospitable Hollywood environment?

Well, I guess marriages don't always last in the acting community. I'm not sure, though, what the statistics would be. In the *M*A*S*H* group, Allen [Alda] has been married a long time, and Jamie [Farr] has been married a long time, and Harry [Morgan] was married a long time. We were not apt to choose a mate and have that change. I also came from a family background where divorces seemed rather shocking.

I remember my son once noting many of his friends had parents who were divorced and he said: "They're really lucky because both their parents have nice homes; they go to their mother's house and there's one swimming pool and their father's house where there's another swimming pool." (Well, I don't particularly like swimming pools, so we never had a one.) I considered it remarkable he would even think such a thing.

When I was growing up, it seemed nobody was divorced. I came from that background and ideology. When Barbara and I met through a friend, we experienced an immediate rapport, and a complete synchronization of our feelings and our orientation toward life. We liked the same things. We were open to the same things. We became extremely good friends right away. So much so, I really didn't want to be without her.

I sought her company. She was two years behind me, and went to Northwestern to train as an actress. She decided she wanted to give that up, but she was very sympathetic toward the idea that I should be an actor.

Actually, she had seen me on stage when she was in high school. Then, she was a senior in high school when I was a sophomore at Wesleyan, and I was in a production there. Her drama teacher in New London, where she attended high school, knew the man running the Wesleyan theater. This was unbeknownst to me at the time, but this drama teacher brought a group of her drama students, from New London up to Middletown, to Wesleyan, to see that production.

So, Barbara told me later that she had seen me when I was on stage at Wesleyan. We met when I was a senior and she had moved to Northwestern University in the School of Speech. She was back in New London with her family on spring

break. And her former drama teacher (this is two years later), was in a program at Wesleyan doing graduate work.

I knew her former teacher there. This woman said, “I know somebody you’d like to meet! She’s one of my students from New London. She’s on spring break now and I would like to invite her to come up to Middletown. Could you show her around the campus?”

So Barbara came to the campus and we met for the first time. We met at a coffee shop on campus and we talked and enjoyed each other’s company. And I showed her around. There happened to be a play going on at that time and I was in it. So I said, “Would you like to come and see this production?” She said she’d like to, and returned another day to watch the play.

And then she left. Her spring break had ended but mine hadn’t come yet. So, when my spring break arrived I went back to the Midwest, and she had returned to Northwestern, then in Evanston. So I looked her up and we went out together. We laugh about that today, it’s so long ago . . . We’ve been married for 55 years, now! Actually, we celebrate our 55th anniversary tomorrow!

So, anyway, then I went into the Army. I was drafted. We dated that little bit and wrote a few letters back and forth, but I graduated from college and entered the Army. When I got out of the Army, I decided I’d better go to New York and try to start some sort of career. I was really scared to death. After a few weeks in New York, I decided to go up to Wesleyan, just to see my old school and to talk to the drama teacher and say hello to people I might know. When I got there I found out there was a play going on and Barbara was in the play! While I was in the Army she had begun working at the Wesleyan library.

So I attended the play, and saw her there, in the Wesleyan theater—just as she had once seen me. We went out together that very night and talked. She said she was going to move down to New York. So I said, “Great! I’m living there now, and we could get together.” That’s exactly what happened. She moved down to New York a while later, and we began to spend all our time together.

So we were married. She actually got me my first job. Working for the Lionel Corporation. You know the people who make the trains. We both worked for them. As a matter of fact, I proposed to her in the advertising department of Lionel. I said we really ought to get married. So we did. We both wanted it. That was in, like November of 1957; so we said, well let’s get married right away! I asked her to come home for Christmas with me, and she did and met my parents. Then, I went to meet her parents.

We announced that we wanted to be married right away, and we pushed very hard because we didn’t care whether we had any kind of elaborate marriage ceremony, but her parents were set on some sort of a wedding. So, the earliest we could persuade them to go was February 1st, which was pretty fast. It was already

the 1st of January when we told her parents and they said, “We’ve got to have at least a month to prepare.”

Well, we had a nice wedding. We were married in a Catholic church. It was interesting, because I had to take instruction, since I was not brought up as a Catholic. Barbara had been, and her parents said it would mean a lot to have us married in the church.

So I had to receive instruction. When I attended instruction, I was genuinely hoping to learn a lot about Catholicism. The fellow who provided it, was the chaplain at New York University. (I simply went to NYU and looked up a priest there.) He really wasn’t very interested in providing it to me. He seemed to consider it an extra burden, having to take me on for instruction.

He didn’t teach me very much. He taught me what he thought he had to, and then he gave me a certificate to give to the priest in Glastonbury, Connecticut, where Barbara’s family had moved. It’s much closer to Wesleyan, actually. And so we were married in a Catholic church in Glastonbury.

February 1st. I always laugh and say I had an “arranged marriage.” That drama teacher who knew both of us was apparently quite correct in thinking we would like each other.

I assume you expressed your deep gratitude to her?

Yes, we both did. We laughed when one of our friends, one of our theater friends, said to us then—to both of us, to our faces when we were together—“Well, I think each of you is great, but I think you both could have done better!” Barbara and I have always laughed about that. That we both could have done better. I don’t see how! You asked about why we have enjoyed a long marriage. It’s really wonderful to marry somebody you like a whole lot.

Barbara and I have spent a great deal of time over the past 55 years talking about the world, and life, and we never grow tired of each other. I can’t say we haven’t ever disagreed a little bit. We laugh about the minor differences we’ve had that we humorously call “fights.” I believe we’ve never had any real fights.

I think you embodied what I try to tell young people in premarital counseling. We can be attracted to our spouse for many different reasons and you may share all kinds of *interests*, but what’s really going to be the glue that binds you together is sharing the same *values and dreams*.

Yes, that’s true. That’s true. And also, you know, marriage is a compromise. It’s like a contract. An agreement that you both feel committed to. I think marriage is wonderful. I sort of wonder why people who really like each other simply live together. Well, we live in a different kind of world today. A lot of people seem to be willing to live together and not marry. Then they sometimes don’t stay

together, and I guess that's their choice. Everyone is so different. You can't make rules for everybody, I guess.

I feel the same way. We've been married now for 35 years, and I cannot imagine living life any differently. I would never have *wanted* it to be different.

Yes. In looking ahead in my own life, I would not have wanted to live it without Barbara. We got involved in working with disabilities because of our son Ned, and we knew a colleague we worked with on this subject who quoted statistics on families with disabilities and how many of their marriages fell apart. Then he would also say that these family struggles can *bring people closer together*. In Barbara and my case, I guess that's true, because we share the same values. When our child faced the disabilities Ned had, it was just absolutely clear to us what we wanted to do to make his life happy and meaningful. We both felt exactly the same way.

I was very lucky that when we began to work on this with Ned, and we began to experience real, what could be called "stress," I got the role in *M*A*S*H*. I got *M*A*S*H* at just the right time, and it was thrilling for *both* of us because Barbara has always been very much a part of my career.

Not only was it exciting when I had this career break, it also lifted this tremendous financial burden off of us. There was an obligation to spend extra money on Ned's needs, and we didn't have to worry. We didn't have the money worry, at least. Of course, I didn't know *M*A*S*H* was going to run for 11 years. But, it was a wonderful time in our lives, even though it was very challenging. Helping Ned reach his full potential was not always easy.

Service in the United States Army

We'll be talking about the challenges and rewards of being Ned's parents in a moment. Right now let me ask you more about your Army service. So, you had already finished college?

Yes, I finished college in 1954, and the draft was still on. Of course, I had been deferred. I knew high school classmates who had gone to Korea. I was pretty sure I would be admitted to a college and I was very happy it was Wesleyan. That kept me out of the Army during the war.

When I finished at Wesleyan, I knew I'd be drafted. Fortunately, since my birthday was in October, I thought I probably wouldn't be drafted for a few months. So I managed to get a summer job in the theater. This was a wonderful transition for me. In fact, it was sort of the first big break I experienced, as I worked in this summer theater and joined the union. I had a rewarding experience there.

When that ended, I spent about eight weeks out of the summer in New Hampshire. I returned home and then went to the draft board. I said, "I know you're going to draft me, and the sooner the better." So, in other words, *I volunteered for the draft.*

I was drafted and served two years of the Army. This was during the last two years Barbara was in college. And I wrote her. She always laughs because I wrote her one letter, or maybe two, during the two years. She still has that letter from me.

Where were you stationed during your Army service?

Well, I did advanced infantry training, which I didn't like too much, at Fort Ord, California. However, I'd never been to California and I considered that aspect kind of nice, being sent to California. It could have been far worse. After that, I assumed I'd go to Korea. But we were selected to go as a unit to Germany, to replace a unit there.

We all shipped out to join the same infantry division, the 5th division, in Augsburg, near Munich. So I was stationed in Augsburg. And I was just one of the troops. We did maneuvers and I carried a radio for a second lieutenant in the light weapons infantry company. It was fascinating in a way. I did not especially like being in the Army, but I figured the best thing to do was to do what was expected of me.

I met other sorts of people, who were not like me but were good people. Looking back I think it was a really great experience to be in the Army. I thought, at the time, I get to see Germany while marching all around in it.

Marching around in the maneuvers was very fascinating. I also tried to speak German as much as I could, because I had studied German in high school. So that was interesting too. I like languages. The whole experience was so different from anything else in my life.

I'm not terribly religious, but I have always felt there is some meaning to it, to life. That this was supposed to happen, I mean, my military service. If I had to shoot people while fighting in a battle, I don't know what I would have done. But that was not my call. That was not asked of me. What was asked of me by the Army was simple. It was easy.

It was so simple that one should be ashamed *not* to be able to accept it. It was in response to our country's need, what we were going through when the draft was on during the Korean War. I was thankful I didn't have to risk my life like so many others but I truly felt the burden should be shared.

The fact is I didn't have to sacrifice in the way so many did, who faced terrible things. Those of us in the Army then were quite aware of how many of our comrades had died in Korea. It was extremely moving. We heard discussion, when the truce was signed, about possibly earning a medal because of the war. But I felt, I certainly did not deserve any medals for what I was going through. [*All Korean War era veterans received the National Defense Medal, while the Korean Service Medal was reserved for those serving in Korea proper.*]

I thought the Army was sort of a formative experience because by osmosis, without any conscious process at all, I was changing and learning things. Like Father Mulcahy in *M*A*S*H* when he talks about learning. Do you remember that episode, "The Interview?"

Yes, it was a quite impressive, in part because it airs in black and white like the movie reels it emulates. [*"The Interview," broadcast in 1976, was one of two episodes of M*A*S*H included on TV Guide's 1997 "100 Greatest TV Episodes of All Time." Three seasons later the powerful theme was revisited in the two-part "Our Finest Hour."*]

Unfortunately, if you see it today on television, you'll find that interview show has been severely cut. All of the *M*A*S*H* episodes are edited because they put more commercials in them now than they were designed for. There are wonderful scenes in that show where Cleve Roberts [*a bona fide WWII and Korean War correspondent*] interviews all these people at the *M*A*S*H* unit. It was based on, Edward R. Murrow's own reporting from Korea.

There's a scene where Father Mulcahy is asked, "Father, do you think your experience here has changed you?" and Mulcahy goes off on this riff about when he's in the operating room and he sees the surgeons warming their hands over the open wounds.

I'm very proud of that scene, because for me it was a pretty important piece of drama to do and I am quite happy with how it turned out.

I was horrified to find out that now, in many reruns, that entire Father Mulcahy scene is cut. I felt rather distressed when I heard that. But that's how it goes. *M*A*S*H* was great for me. I can't complain. But, I feel Father Mulcahy is talking about something there that he's not intellectualizing. He's just saying, "I know I'm different. I'm changed." Who could be exposed to such trauma and not be?

And I feel like that about my Army experience. I thought it was very good for me and I'm glad I served, but I abhor the idea that we were taught to kill people.

I understand.

Because they do. To have an infantry you . . . well, that's what you do. You teach people to kill, and that's truly awful. But, that's the way life is. And we, I, trained to do that very thing.

It's over, but I think everybody should be able to do something for their country. When you finish high school or college, whatever, you're not ready to be a full-fledged citizen, and I think we really ought to encourage some form of civic service for all of our young people.

I really believe it's beneficial. I don't know what kind of service it should be. Many young people join the Peace Corps and things like that, but that's voluntary like today's military.

I think we should have the Army we have now. I know though that some volunteered only because it's a better life than they might be facing without enlisting. Then they are sent to places where they're being killed. And it's really unfair that the risk isn't shared. I feel we should restore the draft.

I hope though, that the fighting stops. But, in any case, I feel we should have some type of compulsory service. I think that would be good. I don't know for sure.

I agree with you. And if you offer people choices, in terms of how they would prefer to serve, I think it would make them better citizens and strengthen our nation at the same time.

To be shaken out of your complacency and get to know other people different than you is good. Hearing other points of view is valuable. It takes a long time for most of us to figure out what we believe.

“Classical” Memories from the *M*A*S*H* Set

A few moments ago, while discussing your tour of duty in Germany, you mentioned improving your facility with the German language. Is it true you've been a lifelong student of Homeric Greek?

Yes.

Did you really keep a copy of Homer with you, on the set?

Not literally, although I often brought it to the set with me. In college I studied Homer for one year. We were taught just enough Greek to have some appreciation of the poetry. It was a class about the civics of Homer and Greek poetry, and I liked it very much. But I didn't do very well.

The reason I didn't do well is because I had a terrible time with the vocabulary. I failed a few of the exams and I just barely passed. So, after the course was over, which I had taken my sophomore year, I put all that stuff away and tried to get better grades for the rest of my time in school. When I got to New York, I found I

had a lot of time on my hands and it was sort of a scary business. That was just before I hooked up with Barbara, who really kind of saved me.

When I first got to New York, I wanted something to occupy my mind and I thought, why don't I go back to the Greek studies? It was really always something I thought I might do. And I decided, now that I've got all this time on my hands, while I'm trying to figure out how to attack being an actor, I'll just return to the Greek. So I started learning, and I picked up a few tricks for learning vocabulary.

I got so it became fun, and I continued working on it. And I haven't given it up, I still read it! I review my Greek vocabulary and I still read Homer.

I used to do it on the set, and it amused my colleagues. Harry was always saying, "It's all Greek to me!" Harry was a wonderful guy and just enjoyed saying that to me. He would repeat it over and over. I didn't mind their ribbing because I truly enjoyed all of the people there. We were very social on *M*A*S*H*, and we used to sit around in chairs all together on the set. It was a lovely experience because we all genuinely liked each other.

Alan and Mike [Farrell] used to play chess a lot. When one of them was missing, we had an electronic chessboard and they could play against that. I didn't dare play since chess always made me very nervous. Nevertheless, Alan actually coerced me into playing chess once. (Is anyone really interested in all these stories?) Well, he coerced me into playing chess, and I sat down with him and said, "all right I'll play you *one* game, and one game only, because there is too much stress in this game."

So there we were, he was playing very cavalierly and not concentrating too much, I guess, and I was working very hard to make sense of all the moves. And I was sitting there and it was my move, and Mike arrived on the set. As he came in the door on stage nine, he walked over to the chairs and looked at the board. I still hadn't moved. Alan was making jokes and saying, "Hurry up, come on Bill."

Mike asked, "Whose move is it? Is it your move, Bill?" and I said yes. He whispered in my ear to move the bishop to this queen's something or other. So I looked at that, and realized that really was a wonderful move. So I did it, and the game was over! I had beaten Alan! In one move!

After I had played, Mike smiled and said, "Checkmate to you Alan." And Alan stared at the board. Then he said, "Bill, Bill, Play me again! Play me again!"

"No," I said, "I agreed to one game only! Goodbye!" So I got up and moved over so Mike could sit down and I could return to reading Homer. That was the only game I played, and I beat Alan not even knowing what I was doing!

That is particularly funny because you already had everything perfectly poised for the checkmate move when Mike arrived to point that fact out.

Yes, and I didn't have any idea! Mike looked at the board, and studied the board, and he finally realized, *Bill's got this game*, but only if he makes this one move. A move I probably wouldn't have made without his advice! I'm not a good chess player. Anyway, where were we?

We were talking about the Greek, and I have another question on that subject. Have you ever applied your knowledge of Classical Greek to reading any parts of the New Testament in its Koine Greek?

I tried reading the Bible a bit. But it's not as much fun, I guess. Every once in a while I think I should want to read the Bible, just because it is the Bible. Homer is very meaningful to me and I think it's because of the mechanics of a language. Not because of the contents, but the mechanics of the language in Homer. It is so intricate and musical. After all, it is poetry.

Right, and the Greek of the New Testament actually is "Koine," which was the more pedestrian, commercial version of the language.

Yes, it's Koine. It's a little different from what I have studied. A lot of the rules of grammar are sort of relaxed a bit, and the use of the language is slightly different, and there are many words I don't know. The Homeric vocabulary is pretty small.

In the episode entitled "Dear Peggy," you are at the bottom of a mass of humanity attempting to set a record in order to make the cover of *Life* magazine. Since it took far longer to film than to view, I've heard when people inquired if you were okay, you joked that fortunately you had your copy of the *Iliad* with you. Is that true, or fanciful?

Oh, yes. I had to come out of the jeep last. I may have said I was fine because I had a copy of the *Iliad* with me. But I didn't have it with me, of course. I recall that Loretta [Swit] was very amused. I remember coming out of that crowd—with all those nurses on top of me—and I said something she thought was quite funny. I can't remember precisely what it was. I *do* remember the incident, and if someone else related that's what I said, I imagine that it was.

From the Army to the "Navy"

Well, it was definitely memorable enough for others to recall it for you. Earlier in your career you played the role of a soldier in "The Private Navy of Sergeant O'Farrell," featuring Bob Hope.

Yes, that's right. My parents went to see the movie, and on the marquee of the theater they had those little pictures of various scenes from the movie. There was one picture of Bob Hope sitting in the jeep, talking to me.

In the picture, I'm standing right next to him. When my parents saw that, they thought, this is great. They went to the manager of the movie house and asked, "Could we have that?" He said, "When the movie finishes, I just throw that stuff away. So, I can give it to you." Then they told him, "That's our son in that picture." So they got the picture, and mailed it to me! And I still have it.

It was a wonderful picture. I enjoyed the experience of meeting Bob Hope.

Bob and his wife, Dolores, had a strong marriage like yours, one that lasted 69 years.

Well I guess Bob Hope must have married somebody he really liked!

You have played so many military roles, and you are a veteran yourself.

Actually, when I came to Hollywood the first job I had was in *Gomer Pyle: U.S.M.C.* I already knew how to put on those military boots. I hadn't been in the Marines, but it was about the same, you know. I was well acquainted with wearing fatigues and boots, although it felt rather strange to be getting back into uniform.

But those episodes of *Gomer Pyle* revealed you still looked sharp in a uniform.

Well, I guess. I never thought about it. Whether I looked sharp, I mean. In *Gomer Pyle* they dress you and make you look just the way they want you to look, the same as in *M*A*S*H*. In *M*A*S*H*, we used the same wardrobe person and the same exact wardrobe they used in the movie. Father Mulcahy's outfit was just the same as from the film. I mean, I don't know if it was the exact same clothes, of course. But I was wearing that hat, a battered fedora, straw hat, and the whole turtleneck. Not exactly Army issue.

No, not exactly Army issue. But your uniform varied between scenes. Sometimes you wore an actual clerical collar for worship services.

Yes, a few times. When Margaret gets married, I remember I wore a clerical collar. And a couple of other times.

And then that time where you all dyed your hair orange, you have something around your neck.

Oh dear, I can't remember.

That scene reminds of outlandish episodes from the late sixties like in the original *Star Trek* series where they would encounter hippies on other planets.

It's amazing how many of the actual details of all of the episodes are so difficult to remember after all these years.

Well, as you say, you don't regularly watch the show.

No, I don't. I loved watching it when we made it, because I was very aware of what was involved in the process. It was an educational experience; I thought I would become a better actor by watching. I watched the daily shootings because each day we could view the previous day's work. Then, eventually, you had it all cut together and you'd see the final version. So it was there, if you wanted to learn. I've heard of some actors who never want to watch themselves. But I'm not that way.

Notes on the Christopher Family Tree

You've certainly led an interesting life, but are you *really* descended from the father of Paul Revere?

That's right. I'm a direct descendant of the family through Revere's sister, Mary. There were a couple of children in a fairly large family, I think. I don't know what other brothers and sisters there were, but I know one was Paul and one was Mary. And Mary is like my five-great-grandmother.

Do you think you inherited any traits from your Revolutionary forefather?

I doubt it. I visited the Paul Revere house in Boston, since I thought it would be fun to see. I learned in talking to them, I really *am* part of the family. In 1976 CBS produced *Bicentennial Minutes*, where someone would speak for a moment about Revolutionary history. They had various people from television and elsewhere who spoke about anyone they desired to pick. I was chosen to offer one of historical pieces.

The most I could say was "this is William Christopher a descendant of the Revere family." I stated I could hardly lay special claim to him as my "Uncle Paul," since he belongs to all Americans. That's the way I feel my family ties to that famous patriot.

We are *all* related to each other, if you want to go back far enough. So, I don't feel it's any exceptional thing, but Paul Revere certainly was an interesting person. It's sort of fun too, being related to someone historic. I have a piece of glass my mother said belonged to Paul Revere. It's a saltcellar. Barbara and I say, "Shall we get Paul Revere out on the table?" I don't know whether it really was Paul Revere's, but it's come down to the family with that legacy . . . or myth.

The family had come to the New World as Protestant refugees from France. They were Huguenots, who were seeking religious freedom when they immigrated to the colonies.

Did that Huguenot heritage influence your family?

Not directly. I'm sort of interested in genealogy, but who we become doesn't matter too much in terms of who our ancestors were. Everyone is related to all sorts of people, noble and otherwise.

Speaking of ancestors, now more recently of course, your great-grandfather was a Methodist minister.

Two greats back. My great-great-grandfather was born about 1800 or so. He was born in England. In Kent, he heard the firebrand kind of preachers preaching Wesleyanism, Methodism. He was quite inspired as a 17-year-old. How much education he had, I don't know, but he suddenly decided he was going to the New World to proclaim the gospel.

Well, it was hardly the "New World," but America, to which he wanted to travel because of the Native American population. He was very worried about people going to Hell. He thought he might come to this country and save endangered souls. So he pursued that and was sent to Sault Ste Marie.

But it was extremely cold up there, and he didn't like that. So he moved down to Chicago. This was about 1830. He became a circuit rider. He helped build a church out of logs and it became the First Methodist Church of Chicago. My great-great-grandfather did not have a specific parish though, since he was a circuit rider.

He was living in Chicago. He had a general store that he started. He left that business mostly up to his wife and his two sons. They ran the store while he climbed on his horse and rode around the Chicago and Fox River area, where he preached. The demands of his ministry sort of wore him out, because it was very rough going. I don't know how long he lived, probably up to 1860 or so. He might have been sixty, or maybe just in his fifties, when he died.

His son was my great-grandfather. He wrote a few things about his father and his mother, another immigrant, a Welsh woman. So they sort of related to their European roots a bit. My great-great-grandfather was utterly dedicated to this idea of riding around preaching and he was terribly upset with what was happening to the Indians. He wasn't, as far as I know, able to do much to prevent it. But he was very troubled by the way the Indians were treated. He felt they were treated like they weren't human, especially when they were driven out of areas they had called home for generations. They were always being corralled and sent away. The treatment of the Indians in the neighborhood he was familiar with there in Illinois was pretty awful.

He was shocked by that. Native Americans used to be common around Chicago, of course. They would come to the store and peek in the windows. My mother vividly remembered these stories about the store and the Indians and her great-grandfather as a circuit rider. As the generations pass though, it gets a little bit more vague.

He was probably quite a person. And, so I happily claim that Methodist heritage. But my great-grandfather was extremely strict, and he didn't believe in singing or dancing, or even smiling very much. My mother remembers her grandfather as being extremely rigid Methodist.

I guess I didn't inherit much of that stern feeling myself, but our family belonged to the Methodist church in Chicago . . . and then in Evanston, where they moved after the fire. The family was very dislocated by the infamous Chicago Fire. They relocated to Evanston where they became members of the First Methodist Church.

So we were all Methodist. After my parents married they moved to Glencoe, Illinois, where I grew up and there was no Methodist church there. There *was*, however, a church made up of union of Methodists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians I think. Our family always attended that church. And when we went to see my grandmother, we all attended the Methodist church.

So the only clergyman in your family you're aware of was that great-great-grandfather?

Yes. My grandmother always felt the ministry was a noble calling and that I should be considering the clergy as something that might interest me. But, I always wanted to be an actor.

The acting pay is better, I think. Well, at least you can make a living at it.

If you are an accomplished actor like yourself.

I've been very lucky. You know, I had three big breaks. One was getting that first job working in the theater in New Hampshire, which just came out of nowhere. Joining the profession then, in 1954 that was great. It gave me a lot of confidence when I finally moved to New York. Then I got a play in New York in 1963.

I got a job in the theater that took me on the road. Barbara and I were traveling for a year. That was a show called "Beyond the Fringe." I got seen by an agent in California while we were playing Los Angeles. And he said, "I'd like to have you out here, and I would love to sign you. When the tour's over, come out to live in Hollywood and I can get you work." So, when the tour ended, we returned to New York, and Barbara and I packed up and quit our life there.

We realized this was a great opportunity. We came to Los Angeles and I did start to work in television. So, that was a big, big break for me. And then the final break, of course, was working in *M*A*S*H*. Those three events don't exactly sum up my career, but they were key milestones. There's been a lot of peripheral work, of course. But those were the critical things that happened. I was just very, very thankful it all worked out.

As a Methodist did you find it a difficult stretch to play a Roman Catholic priest?

No, I didn't find it a stretch because I didn't feel very religious one way or the other. I was interested in it when I went to get instruction, in order to be married in the Catholic Church. I thought, *this priest could talk me into becoming a Catholic if he wants to*. But he didn't take any interest in me at all. And that amused me. It made me sort of smile about the fact he didn't realize he had a ripe plum for the picking. He didn't want to bother with that, and so I didn't learn too much about Catholicism.

One thing great thing did happen while I was in "Beyond the Fringe," that was the show I did in New York. I had a sermon, a mock sermon to preach in the show. I wore a clerical collar. My grandmother came and saw it, and she was most amused. I was playing like an Anglican priest preaching a sermon, and it's the most ridiculous sermon you've ever heard. It was very funny.

"Beyond the Fringe" was a group of skits, a four-person review. We performed it on Broadway for a month. Then I was in the national company and did the tour. I wore this clerical collar, and that makes a nice link between that experience and *M*A*S*H* because in *M*A*S*H*. My grandmother didn't live to see me play a Catholic and my mother always joked, "your grandmother would have rolled over in her grave to see you playing a Catholic."

Thoughts on Playing Religious Characters

I'd like to read a passage from a letter Barbara wrote following the first season of *AfterM*A*S*H*. Then I'd appreciate your comments on it.

"We have been pretty pleased with *AfterM*A*S*H* but are hoping it will be stronger next year with more personal life developed for Fr. Mulcahy. The writers still have a tendency to see a priest as only priestly and not as a man, and the priestly part is pretty cliché. This despite lots of research and some meetings with absolutely wonderful, real-life, entertaining, witty, vital men who are priests."

Well, that's true. I met with this one guy who had been a military chaplain. Father Wojtowicz was his name, though I'm unsure of the spelling. He's not living now. He was Polish and was delighted to learn Barbara was half Polish. Anyway, I met with Father Wojtowicz a lot. I felt it was important since I was going to play this

civilian role. He offered me all sorts of wonderful insights about the life of a priest and the differentiating of diocesan priests and religious priests. I kept a lot of his notes. I may still have them.

This was when *M*A*S*H* had just ended, and with *AfterM*A*S*H* beginning, the idea arose about exploring Mulcahy's personal life. I talked to the writers about this, and they decided, "Well, you know, we don't feel the network is very interested in that, so what we want to do is concentrate on the hospital."

Well, I thought that was a provocative idea, because since the hospital was a Veterans Administration Hospital, a lot of fascinating stories could be told about the lives of returning vets. We could have considered the problems veterans experience, and their need for a chaplain and counseling. Also, when we began *AfterM*A*S*H* we intended to have Father Mulcahy battling his own problems with alcohol.

I thought maybe we should continue that dramatic undercurrent. But they said, "No we can't do that. We need to have him get over that right away because people might not like him struggling with alcoholism."

There was also the fact Father Mulcahy returned from the war deaf. You may recall the massive explosion that crippled him at the end of the war. I thought that would be great dimension of his character to maintain. Having him working with sign language would clearly develop the fact he understood what disability was like. Well they didn't want to do that either. They wanted to have him get well by some magic cure. So he gets over that too.

I really felt that in developing the hospital, what they really ended up doing was ignoring the drama and making it all rather silly. I feel the two guys who were doing most of the writing for *AfterM*A*S*H* were quite talented. Unfortunately, they were restricted, I think, by the vision CBS had for *AfterM*A*S*H*.

It didn't go so well. I believe the idea was excellent, examining war's aftermath in the lives of the wounded passing through a veterans hospital.

Right. I've read about your disappointment with *AfterM*A*S*H* elsewhere. I agree with your assessment. When I watched the series it came across a bit trite. But as you have said in the past, if it were a one-hour drama, something like *St. Elsewhere*, it could have been successful.

I honestly think it could have been. The ensemble cast we had were all solid people, proven actors. We began with existing characters that already had people who cared about them. There was one thing I must admit that we lacked. Consider the Hawkeye character in *M*A*S*H*. He was a kind of an engaging, strong and romantic leading man, and I think that really helped *M*A*S*H* a lot. And Alan was awfully good at playing that role.

*AfterM*A*S*H* didn't have that. After a while they recognized this. I think in the second year we developed this element in a doctor who was a rather acerbic and who had lost a leg in the war himself.

This theme wasn't included in the beginning of *AfterM*A*S*H*. He joined the cast in the hope that, since he was a good-looking young guy, he could fill that gap in the cast's balance. Maybe they were right, but it proved a little too late.

When *AfterM*A*S*H* started the first year, we were sort of "in place" of where *M*A*S*H* had been. We inherited its great following. *AfterM*A*S*H's* ratings were very strong for the beginning of the first year. I don't know how we ended the first season, but well enough to be renewed for a second season. [*The show ended the season ranked tenth out of all network programs.*] And then the second season, we were put opposite a show called *The A-Team*, which was an action drama. It was an hour show on NBC, with strong viewership. *AfterM*A*S*H* was up against a half hour of that show, and lost tremendously in the ratings to *The A-Team*.

Since you spent so many years living in a Californian version of Korea, I'm curious whether you have ever visited the *actual* Republic of Korea?

No, I never have. I thought we were going to once. There was an invitation extended to go to Korea, but it was withdrawn for some reason. I suppose it was due to financial considerations. Somebody had tentatively worked out something so the Korean government was going to sponsor it. I think it was during the *M*A*S*H* years that they were trying to set up a trip to Korea for us. Unfortunately, it was never came about.

Ironically, we often heard people talking about our set in the hills of Malibu Canyon. People who had spent time overseas would say, "This looks amazing! It looks just like Korea!"

***M*A*S*H* was regarded by many as an anti-war program, beginning as it did during America's involvement in Vietnam. Some cast members, such as Mike Farrell, have been noteworthy political activists. Have you ever felt any desire to speak to political issues?**

Well, I know of those who do, and I think Mike has done fantastic work. What he's been involved in most recently, of course, is the capital punishment issue. I feel strongly about that too, and I contribute money to his cause.

Autism has been my personal cause and I kind of restricted myself to that. But, I don't know. Now it's gun control that I can't help but feel strongly about. We all do what we can, and I've joined a few marches. Mostly for causes like reducing hunger. You know of George Regas? He's a crusading minister in Pasadena. I have joined him on a few things.

I assume you received occasional complaints about your portrayal from some religious traditionalists. If so, what sorts of criticisms were made, and how did you field them?

I wouldn't object to receiving criticism. I think it's a valid thing. But I have to honestly tell you that I've never experienced any criticism. That may surprise you, but I've *never* had any criticism. I don't know why not. Maybe it's because people are slightly in awe of Hollywood, and entertainers. People think of actors, successful actors especially, as being kind of special people. And sometimes *actors* think of themselves as special people, too. I mean that's pretty silly, isn't it? After all, we're just people. But, anyway, I wouldn't have minded hearing from people if they were critical of my work.

That is very interesting because your personality seems so similar to the persona of Father Mulcahy—the gentleness, the compassion, the humility, and the humor. I can't find anything in Father Mulcahy to criticize, but knowing how critical some people are, I assumed a handful would write in and say you should be behave “this way” or portray him in a different fashion.

Right. Well, I haven't found that true.

I was once asked though to go to the Chapel of the Four Chaplains. And I really felt there's no valid reason why *I* should be asked to speak there. I feel very humbled when I think about the four chaplains, their lives and their sacrifice. [*The story of the Four Chaplains is referenced in the introduction to this interview.*] I couldn't say no when I was invited. So I went said that other people wrote Father Mulcahy and I was not speaking my own words. Despite that, I possessed the greatest respect for those four chaplains and for others who have followed their example in giving their lives for others. I can't remember exactly what I said, but I vividly recall how humbled I felt in that chapel dedicated to their memory.

People seem to think about Father Mulcahy as though he was sort of perfect person. Well, perfect but still human, I hope. They didn't see any major character flaws in him. I'm just a lucky actor, getting to play a character that worked so well for me. A role that fit so smoothly with my own personality, and a character that so many people liked.

As for receiving criticism, I never had anybody say you shouldn't have done this, or should have done that.

That's a wonderful testimony. The same kind of dynamic is at work in this interview. Even though from your vantage point Father Mulcahy was merely a fictional character you played (albeit masterfully), he seems very “real” to viewers who grew to love him. For example, through Father Mulcahy, you have had a significant influence on people serving in the military chaplaincy.

That is kind of amazing. I guess I never really thought about that possibility too much. I mean, what is, is.

Well, I think it's something you can rightfully be proud of.

Oh, I am proud of it. I'm pleased my performance as Father Mulcahy means something, that it is valuable to others. After all, everyone likes to do meaningful work. Hearing that some people feel my work was important to them is encouraging.

The attributes you modeled are the very things that make good chaplains good. Your integrity, your humanity, your sympathy and empathy, your humor, all of those traits.

Well, you see, that's really the writers who are doing that. I can't take credit for it. Well, it is me doing a part of it too. I *could* say they wouldn't have been able to do it without me. But, I couldn't have done it without them either.

Father Mulcahy was created by the writer H. Richard Hornberger, whose pen name was Hooker. But he wrote a Father Mulcahy who was quite different from the way he developed on the series. When they made the movie, they made him more sympathetic, but still held more closely to the book. When they did the television series they felt they should make Father Mulcahy a little different, and not be a sloppy priest who didn't really have much heart or compassion. So that shift was a conscious decision.

I think Larry Gelbart who created the pilot for *M*A*S*H*, and was very instrumental in setting the tone for *M*A*S*H*, really created *this* Father Mulcahy character. He worked to make the role include a little more of the quality you describe.

It's great seeing you are a truly ecumenical cleric. Just a few years ago you received great reviews as Lutheran pastor E.L. Gunderson in the touring musical comedy "Church Basement Ladies." What was that like?

Well, that's true. You know that was nice to be able to switch over and play a Gunderson. I like the whole Midwest, especially those Minnesota Lutherans. My other grandfather was from Sweden, so that helps fill out the family picture.

The Mixed Blessings of Special Needs Families

We'll return to your role as Father Mulcahy momentarily, but now I'd like to ask a few questions about your son, Ned. Thank you for writing the book, *Mixed Blessings*, in which you and Barbara share the story of raising an autistic son. Was it emotionally difficult to reveal your very personal experiences in such a very public way?

Well, it was, a little bit. Both Barbara and I felt it was worth doing. And we wanted the story to be very complete. So, we discussed the journey together in detail, and considered the emotional cost of bringing it all back up. We found the letters she had written to her mother that we included in *Mixed Blessings*. Not only did they help us greatly with reconstructing details, they were invaluable in reconnecting with the powerful emotions we had experienced.

There was a certain amount of pain in reliving it all, and reviving our memories so completely. It was odd how many details we thought we remembered, that we didn't remember quite correctly. Without the letters to guide us, we might have made some small mistakes. Not that anyone would know, or that it would really matter with the substance of the story, but the letters brought a lot back and ensured the book was accurate. But yes, it *was* kind of painful. A little bit.

I imagine you have had parents express their gratitude for your openness?

Yes, we have.

Since the book's out of print, and you mentioned to me earlier that Abingdon Press had approached you about the possibility, are you contemplating updating and rereleasing it?

No, we really aren't. It was right moment to write it when Ned had reached the 20-year mark, and we felt that Devereux, where he was living, was developing an excellent autism program. They were very upbeat about that, and having them ask us made us seriously consider it. We had never written a book, but when we found the letters it all kind of came together. Now, we're older for one thing, and more distant from those events. Also, reconstructing the subsequent 20 years would be challenging. I mean, we can talk about it, but we don't have any intention of putting it into book form, and Abingdon really hasn't been very pushy about that.

They thought maybe we could take the original book and update it, but we just don't feel inclined to do that. What we want to do is devote our attention to Ned's life, as it is now. We also have our grandchildren, and we still travel and we're in good health. We're visiting China soon. Those are things we are really drawn to now, and we are not interested in doing a book.

The computer came at just the right time to help us with that project. Barbara was interested in using the new technology. Using the capabilities of storing stuff and having the ability to organize material so easily. Barbara loved what the computer could do. When we first got our computer, that was another thing that sort of pushed us forward into the book. But we don't have any of that momentum now.

When he was quite young, Ned displayed an extraordinary ability to learn things, but you became anxious about how differently he learned than his older brother, John. At one point you wrote, "perhaps we have a genius on

our hands.” Did that possibility make his disability even more difficult to accept?

I don’t think so. It might have made it easier in a way. We didn’t know what we might need to deal with in unlocking his potential, or what he might eventually be able to realize. We ended up experiencing the whole spectrum of fear and hope. Because we had considered the worst, we were encouraged there was still potential for his growth. I think it spurred us on to work and strive to develop a life and home that would promote Ned’s potential.

There are certain autistic people who show remarkable brilliance in certain ways. We didn’t know exactly what might develop with Ned. I want to tell you quite frankly, not that I’m disappointed or that it suggests anything negative, but Ned doesn’t evidence this sort of exceptional intelligence. We do think his intelligence is pretty good, in fact, it is honestly pretty great. But, at the same time, his disability is also very great.

It’s really uphill for him to do a lot of stuff. Many things are challenging for him. We want him challenged, and he *is* by his staff, so we don’t feel disappointment. I mean, it’s too bad he’s so disabled—that his autism is the way it is. But it is.

You can’t provide any medication that’s going to change that fact. Medications sometimes help in certain cases. They change things, for example, making him more mellow. “Mellow,” maybe that’s the wrong word; it sounds like he’s getting sedated, which isn’t the case. I think Ned has certain aspects of his physiology have been helped by the medications he’s on.

For instance, he has a seizure medication. He experienced, we think, one grand mal seizure. That is something we would never want him to experience again. So we want him to remain on that particular medication. We like and trust the UCLA doctor who prescribes for him very much. And we feel we’ve got a good mix of the different medications.

You know, the “genius” consideration—that was just a passing thought. We didn’t know what to expect.

When did you give up your desire to adopt a little sister for your boys, which you allude to in your book?

Early on. When Ned’s problems seemed so large. That was our calling, to work with Ned. And, of course, we had John too, and he was not to be neglected. We had to find a balance and, we felt we couldn’t balance more than our two sons. So, we made that decision pretty quickly after we recognized Ned’s problems were not going to go away.

And now, you’ve got your grandsons.

Yes, the youngest is three, and the oldest is seven. They are precious kids. They're bright, and beautiful, and fascinating. They are just wonderful to behold, that family.

How did you and Barbara survive the many disappointments caused by failed interventions when Ned was young? For example, the assessment of one doctor that he was “retarded,” and nothing could be done other than to “take him home and love him.”

We regarded this particular guy as a young psychologist, who may not even have finished his studies. Maybe he was still in his early practice, a student who hadn't earned his doctorate yet. In any case, we felt he was in the wrong field. We thought he couldn't possibly know us, and advise us to just accept a limited life for our son.

Still, that *was* rather devastating. On the other hand, we believed he was so obviously wrong. There was another doctor we talked to who also said Ned was retarded. That was said to Barbara without me (I was working on *M*A*S*H* that day.) Barbara was pretty shattered. But we both believed that people make mistakes.

And it didn't matter to us, really. Because that advice was what we were *already* doing, giving Ned love. We felt very committed to the principle that we had taken him into our family and we remained acutely aware of John's position in the family. John had personally helped us adopt Ned, including joining us to see Ned when we first got him.

John was a very good talker, at a very early age. When he was two, he could hold a conversation with an adult. That was just about the time we were talking with the person from the adoption agency. John took her into his room and explained the things in his room to her. He was actively involved and knew this whole interview was part of the process of getting himself a baby brother. And when we saw Ned, and I think we quote this in the book, John said, “That's a nice baby.” He really did say that.

Then we brought Ned home and didn't recognize right away, of course, that we were going to have problems. But we were immediately a family. It didn't matter what Ned was going to be like.

You asked, “What was our reaction.” It wasn't easy to hear that stuff. But Barbara and I did have each other. There are too many families who got divorced over this kind of thing, rather than drawing together and supporting one another.

At one point the doctors removed Ned's diagnosis as “autistic,” since “on the yardstick of autism, [they] would put him at the one-inch mark.” Did that help, or hinder, his growth?

I don't think it did anything at all. I mean, the doctors could offer us their opinion, as to how Ned might fit on a scale. But Ned was Ned, and he lived with *us*. And we knew him better than anyone. We dealt with him all the time, so it didn't matter how they assessed him. The prognosis is so iffy and we pretty well understood at the time it was guesswork. We felt that the people who said Ned was retarded were wrong, because we had seen these glimmers of things that were amazing. For example, his early reading of words.

We recognized his autism was great enough that it might be a terrible impediment to his full rich life. But we still knew what we were prepared to do. We would work hard to allow him to develop to his full potential, no matter what. We were always searching for new ideas and approaches to making this a reality.

You know, diagnosis is just a word. Except that it may help with the funding. Basically, that's all. Ned was classified as aphasic at one time because it provided better funding to assist with his treatment.

There's one specific conversation in *Mixed Blessings* that shows you are married to a wise and bold woman.

Therapist: Mrs. Christopher, you sound as if you expect the whole world to revolve around Ned.

Barbara: No, not really, but I do think that *his therapy* ought to revolve around him.

I love that!

Yes. You'd like Barbara. She's quite brilliant. She helps me by cutting right to the point, too.

You describe how Ned occasionally watched television and that he loved the helicopters of *M*A*S*H* but was indifferent to seeing his father on the show. That sounds like the reaction of a typical young boy to me, but was it different than John's behavior, and how did it make you feel?

Well, he's sort of fascinated with spinning things. That's what the helicopters were. Whenever helicopters flew in the sky, he would say helicopter. And he could tell from the sound that it was going to be a helicopter, too. Since he recognized helicopter sounds and liked to see them, I think that's why the helicopters at the opening of *M*A*S*H* entertained him. He had no other interest in the story.

As for John, I can't remember too well. I can't remember if ever talking much about *M*A*S*H*, but he watched *M*A*S*H* with us. I think John may have felt a little self-conscious about the fact that I was on television. His friends would see me on television and might think of me as sort of, you know, a super human being.

John survived. We were commenting about John and John's feeling about having an autistic brother. We always felt he handled it very well. John should write his own book. I think he may have held in certain things, but that's too personal for me to comment on. It must have been hard for John in ways that I might not understand. Now he's a grown man, and he's having a wonderful time with his family. He loves Ned and often takes his kids to see him at Ned's house.

I'd like to read a passage from *Mixed Blessings* that discloses a key to success with autistic children. Then, I would invite your comment.

As always, it was comforting to deal with someone who saw Ned as bright. We began to see that this was one of the clues to dealing with him. When teachers or therapists considered him retarded and treated him as such, he didn't do well. When they recognized that he was bright and gave him challenging material to work with, he could do very well. Or pretty well. Or well enough to give us hope.

I think that speaks for itself. It is really true and we still think that today.

I've read few things as shocking as the assessment of one psychiatrist you visited. If anything could drive Father Mulcahy to administer a pugilistic lesson to someone this surely qualifies.

He recommended that we get rid of Ned. We had tried with Ned, but he had gone as far as he could go. We had adopted this child; we had reached into the barrel and had pulled out a rotten apple. It was time to realize this and to relinquish him to the state. . . . We would be able to write him out of our will; we would have no more financial responsibility. Ned was classically autistic. Ned had no future.

That was at UCLA. I kind of forgive this guy. I mean, he's just starting out and maybe, either he's gotten out of the field or else he's gotten better—I hope.

It wouldn't do any good to punch him really. I see how someone might feel like that could help. I don't have pugilistic instincts really. I suppose I might, under the right circumstances. We put it in the book because other people may still suffer that kind of experience, and we wanted them to know they are not alone. That sort of defeatist comment may be disappearing too. It was many years ago, and things have changed.

Throughout your book, you display a deep concern for your son John. In one passage you write: "Through it all we were doing our best to see that John had some chance to have fun with us, but those moments were too few." I know this is a common sentiment of parents with children who require additional attention. Do you have advice for those trying to establish this balance in their own homes?

Well no, not really. It's so personal and it's extremely hard to do. We were very fortunate. I didn't have to worry about paying the bills since I was working on *M*A*S*H*.

I took John to the set, and I took Ned there too. I had time to spend with both of our sons. Not every parent or every family has that freedom. With *M*A*S*H*, we only shot six months of the year. And the other six months I had free.

I could spend a lot of time with family. During my six-month hiatus off the show, I didn't go to work at all. I was just home. As I recall, I don't think I did. I may have done some small theater jobs or plays, but not many. Maybe I made some commercials, but not very many. I remember one conflict now, with the [YMCA] Indian Guides and a commercial. But that was an exception. I have no regrets. You do the best you can.

When we wrote that *Mixed Blessings*, our idea wasn't to offer authoritative advice. We merely wanted to share what *we* did. That's all. I don't feel we ever tried to tell others how they should care for their children.

You end *Mixed Blessings* on an optimistic note. Ned had moved to a residential campus of Devereux, unimaginable advances in the treatment of autism are being made each year, and there are growing “phalanxes of enthusiastic, hard-working people” eager to work with Ned and others like him so he can fully enjoy his life. Since the book was published in 1989, if it's not too personal, could you bring us up to date on Ned's progress the past two decades?

I think this idea that there are a lot of people involved in helping is important. There were numerous examples of dedicated professionals in *Mixed Blessing*. It's not what you desire to face in your life, having a severe disability to deal with, but it does happen. It is part of everyday life, and it happens all the time.

One of the positive things that may occur is that you'll meet some wonderful people along the way. Some really wonderful helpful people. We certainly did! Throughout all of our experience with Ned we have consistently encountered amazing people.

Ned is in a program now that is available to parents in California, called Supported Living. Ned has some exceptional staff, and you can't always assume you are going to have the greatest staff. We love our staff, and Ned's current progress. We feel we've created a life for him where he is genuinely happy. A life that allows him a healthy amount of involvement in the community, and keeps him active. We're delighted with that.

I just received a book in the mail. It's called *Miracles and Moments of Grace, Inspiring Stories, from Military Chaplains*, by Nancy B. Kennedy. It just happened to come in the mail today, and Barbara just now put it in my hands. Maybe I'll take a look at it, but our life now with our grandchildren, our travel, and Ned, is so very full. Plus, I still study my Greek. I may even learn some Chinese. We shared a wonderful trip to Turkey, and I learned some Turkish. I love languages. I'm not very good at it, but I still like it.

My life I feel is extremely full. I still work, if I can. I was recently on *Days of Our Lives*.

That's right, you played another priest.

Yes, another priest, Father Tobias. So, with all of that, I'm not sure I'll even find the time to read this book on military chaplains.

You remain very active advocates for autism research and care, most recently serving as Master of Ceremonies at a major fundraiser for Eden Autism Services in Princeton, New Jersey. Could you share a bit about your public speaking on behalf of people with autism and their families?

Well, I don't really do public speaking, now. I mean, I did in the past. We had a bunch of slides, and I presented something about our life with Ned to various groups. I haven't done that for quite a while, and I don't feel like doing it now.

I guess it's just I no longer feel like doing, going through Ned's life with groups. I can do it with you, like this on the phone. Once I get started, I almost find it difficult to stop. But, I don't do it in public any longer.

This event I did for Eden was unique. Tom McCool ran the program Ned was first in, at Devereux. Then he moved to Eden, and Tom and I have remained really close. He and Kathy and Barbara and I love each other. We know their family and they know ours. So, when he asked me to emcee his fundraiser, I just couldn't say no. He's a hard person to say no to, anyway. So, I did it, but I don't intend to do any more. This was their 25th, so it was rather important.

We felt this would round out my experience with Eden. Eden is very good. I appreciate what they're doing there, but I especially like Tom. Tom McCool is a wonderful guy, and Eden has profited greatly from his leadership.

The Call of Stage & Screen

I read the following quotation ascribed to you, and I would like to have you elaborate a bit about your early attraction to the thespian life. "I've wanted to be an actor since the first grade. I watched a play being performed by the third grade class, and it was . . . magic."

Well, it truly excited me. It gave me a glimpse of this life, something I'd definitely like to do. I'm not sure how deep my creative thoughts were at that time, I just wanted to do it.

In college you were on the fencing team. Has your skill with the saber ever paid off in your acting career?

Well no, not really. I wasn't very good with the saber either, but I did try. It was sort of an experimental activity during my freshman year and I didn't stay with it.

You have experienced a varied and prolific acting career. Before considering your military roles, it appears you are the quintessential gentle authority figure. Aside from *M*A*S*H*, you appeared as a minister in a diverse range of productions, including *The Andy Griffith Show*, *The Perils of Pauline*, the film *Heaven Sent*, *Mad About You*, and just this year in that recurring role as a priest on the long-running soap opera *Days of our Lives*, a show which originally aired the same year as you secured your television debut on *12 O'Clock High*. Is that because you are basically a pleasant, erudite man in real life?

Well I don't know. The authority figure, that's sort of odd to ponder. Frankly, I never thought about that. I guess I always come across as this very straight shooter kind of person, and I don't know if authority emanates from that. But, remember you mentioned that television debut in *12 O'Clock High*. Well actually it wasn't my debut. My first thing I did was *Gomer Pyle: U.S.M.C.*

On that *12 O'Clock High* I had a very small part.

IMDb [the Internet Movie Database] says you were a patient.

Yes. I can hardly remember it. I mean, it's sort of disappeared from my memory. No, I'm sure the first thing I did was *Gomer Pyle*.

Really, I mean it's so long ago and not a part that I even think about. It's not that I wasn't doing anything. My agent did get me work soon after my move to California. Well, when I first arrived in Hollywood I didn't work for a while and I got in a play. Ah, here it is in my notes. Just looking at the day for *12 O'Clock High*—it was shot on 7-29-65 and the first *Gomer Pyle* I did was on 7-28-65. I always remembered that *Gomer Pyle* was first.

A Distinguished & Diverse Military Career

You've had quite the onscreen military career. Marching rather quickly through your varied assignments, could I ask you to comment on each of them? You played a wounded member of Army Air Corps on *12 O'Clock High*, as we just noted. We discussed earlier how you served as a soldier in *The Private Navy of Sgt. O'Farrell*. But your television career received a great boost when you enlisted in the Marine Corps, where you had a recurring role as Private Lester Hummel on *Gomer Pyle*. When you auditioned, were they originally considering you as a recurring character?

I'm not certain, but I think so. I talked to one of the guys who, I think was one of the writers. I walked into the production office and he approached me and said, "You know I suggested your character." He told me, "We thought some sort of a

professorial character for *Gomer Pyle* would provide a good contrast. In saying that, he made me think that maybe they were thinking of this guy, PFC Hummel, as a potential regular. I never became a regular, but I did work in nearly fifteen shows.

I appeared over three different seasons. But they didn't seem to feel they needed me as a regular cast member. After all, they could always job me in anytime they wanted me.

You look so young in those pictures. During the same years there you returned to WWII again in *Hogan's Heroes*, where you played four different characters, including a German soldier.

Yes, I think so. I mean I do remember they were all different. At one time *Hogan's Heroes* regular Larry Hovis had the possibility of doing another show. [*Hovis played Sergeant Andrew Carter, the resident explosives expert.*] I sort of took his material when they asked me to come in and read. They said they wanted me to do this particular show and I was in an episode Larry wasn't in. They said if I did well they might consider me coming onboard if he left the show.

So, if they wanted to recast his part, they might use me. I was pretty pleased about that. Anyway, I think I only did one show in Hovis' place. Apparently, the project he was being considered for did not materialize, so he stayed with *Hogan's Heroes*. Yes, that may have been a near miss for me, or perhaps not. It was one of the last ones I did. I played one of the guys and I had a fairly decent part.

Well that was a fun show I remember. One of the best things about *Hogan's Heroes* was that I got to know Gene Reynolds. Gene had been a child actor who was then directing *Hogan's Heroes*. I worked on the show a couple of times when he was directing, and I got along well with him. Later he turned up as one of the senior producers of *M*A*S*H*.

That was a big help to me, I think, in getting *M*A*S*H*. I mean, *Hogan's Heroes* was great, but you wouldn't know it was a stepping-stone to *M*A*S*H*. In a way though, it was. You do small parts on various projects and once you've worked on enough things people get to know you. It's kind of like an apprenticeship. Then, if you're in the right place at the right time, like I was with *M*A*S*H*, you have a chance to get something really good.

After numerous civilian roles, you next donned a uniform as an Army doctor in an episode of *Good Times*.

Oh yes. That was a change for me because *Good Times* was shot live before an audience. And the other shows I worked on, *Gomer Pyle* and of course *M*A*S*H*, were all S.A.G. shows. They were all Screen Actors Guild shows, shot with a camera in a movie-like technique.

The other shows were done by a different union. They were shot on tape. TV in those days was on tape. That's the way *Good Times* was produced. I did very few jobs like that. In fact, I think that may have been the first.

I liked that experience and I guess one of the reasons I got that role was I had gotten to know the producer, Allan Manings. A lot of these people know each other. Manings was a very good friend of Jim Fritzell, who was an old friend of mine who I met when I first came out to Hollywood. Jim wrote many episodes of *M*A*S*H* with Everett Greenbaum. Jim and Everett wrote the popular *Mr. Peepers* [a situation comedy that was broadcast live, 1952-55].

They actually created *Mr. Peepers*, but they wrote on *The Andy Griffith Show* too. I'm not sure if they wrote the pilot of *Gomer Pyle* [which aired as the finale of the fourth season of *Andy Griffith*]. They did write for *Andy Griffith* back in the days when Jim Nabors was on it. They were proud of the birth of *Gomer Pyle*.

That's how I knew these people, because I had gotten on the *Andy Griffith*. Jim was a big help to my career, and I knew a couple of other people like him. It didn't hurt to know people. Jim and I became good friends. I only mention that here, because it illustrates you don't succeed all by yourself. Other people can sometimes have an enormous effect on your success.

A Unique “Civilian” Role

After other acting jobs, including providing voices for the *Smurfs* television series, you became a veritable icon for the military chaplains in *M*A*S*H* and as one of the few Veterans Administration chaplains ever portrayed, on *AfterM*A*S*H*. But we'll discuss these roles at greater length in a moment.

Yes it was fun, working on the *Smurfs*. The director of the *Smurfs* did a lot of things for Hanna-Barbera.

I never had much success in voice over work. I have done some television and radio commercials and a few other projects, because I have a sort of distinctive kind of voice. But I was hoping to have a much larger career in voice over work. I did get a promising job with Hanna-Barbera when they were going to do a show called *Super Ted*. I was going to play the lead in *Super Ted*. It was an animated program about a super teddy bear [created by a Welsh animator].

In the children's cartoon he wears a cape, as superheroes tend to do. He somehow unbuttons his furry coat and underneath he is Super Ted. Unfortunately, that project never materialized. I remember read for it and got the job and I was very excited. They made a pilot, but they didn't make any more episodes of *Super Ted* at that time. They did end up making thirteen episodes later, in 1989, using a teenaged actor in the lead role. Gordon Hunt, who worked on the *Smurfs*, was the Recording Director. Gordon is the father of Helen Hunt.

Gordon did a lot of directing for Hanna-Barbera. I got to know him through going in for different readings. Finally I picked up a couple of things. And one of them was the *Smurfs*, but the most important one would have been *Super Ted*. There weren't too many *Smurf* episodes I did, maybe eight or nine.

Early Chaplain Encounters

Religion did not play a recurring role in *Gomer Pyle*, but several actors played chaplains during its run. Besides Douglas Bank and David Lewis who each appeared once, Peter Hobbs portrayed a chaplain in two episodes. Coincidentally, he also appeared as two different senior officers on *M*A*S*H*. Did your two careers intersect in any other ways of which you are aware?

Oh really! No, I never was aware that he worked on *Gomer Pyle*. And he wouldn't be aware of my working on it either, since we didn't work on the same shows. So we'd never have met. Even when we worked on *M*A*S*H*, I probably never had any scenes with him.

I neglected asking an important question earlier. When you were in the army, do you recall having any personal interaction with Chaplains?

Not directly. I did interact with chaplains when my friend was killed. I was terribly shocked. I was in Germany at the time, and he and I had bought a Volkswagen together. We used to drive to Munich regularly. On one occasion when I was busy, he drove to Munich alone. Coming back to the post, he crashed and was killed. Not only were we friends, we also came from the same hometown. Because of that, the Army decided to send me home with his body.

I was the military escort and attended the funeral alongside his family. I knew his family, but not very well. That was how I ended my assignment in Germany. I lived there for almost as long as one normally would for a tour of duty. The accident occurred around the end of October and in November I came back with his body.

I was half shaken up myself by his tragic death, and talked to the chaplain. I also wanted to ask him about what I might expect to be involved in, serving as an escort. I think it was actually the Chaplain who came to me and asked, "How do you feel about this?" I don't know whether I had any choice to decline serving as an escort, but I wanted to do it. I was happy because I thought having someone they knew in that role could be helpful to the family.

Somebody was going to do it. They said that very often escorts are people who didn't know the dead soldier's family at all. They said in this case being able to send me would be especially meaningful to the family, since I knew the fellow very well.

That was a very unusual experience. And when I came back to this country I didn't have all that much time in. Then I only had less than a year remaining on my enlistment, by the time I finished that escort duty. I think the burial was in December, and I had to wait a long time at the Air Force base for the body to arrive. I was sent to Delaware to wait for the casket.

Then, as soon as the casket arrived in the country, I was temporarily relieved of my duty while the casket went by plane. I also flew to the Midwest, passing over where I grew up and where his family currently lived. I reported in with the military there, north of Chicago, resumed my escort duties and attended the funeral.

After that, I was informed where I was supposed to proceed, to resume my regular duties as a soldier. I was sent to Fort Campbell, Kentucky, which was an Airborne base. The reason I was sent there was because it was where my division was supposedly headed.

And until my division rotated back, I had no official duties there at Fort Campbell. I was just hanging around, and I met some Special Service personnel and they said, "since you've been an actor, maybe we can get you into Special Services, and out of the infantry." So I thought I would apply for that and I wrote an application and put it on the captain's desk. At the time, it was a sure thing to go through. Then I discovered to my great surprise that my division was not coming to Fort Campbell.

So, rather than working in Special Services, I was ordered to Fort Ord, California where I had recently trained. Frankly, Fort Ord was extremely preferable to Fort Campbell.

Nobody was present in the captain's office when I learned about my division's diversion, so I just found my application form and tore it up.

I realized then that I had just gotten saved by this odd turn of events. If I was in Special Services at Fort Campbell I'd be doing ping pong contests and things like that, or maybe working in the post movie house, but California was a lovely place and infinitely better than Fort Campbell (no offense to Kentucky).

So, I was sent directly to Fort Ord. My division didn't actually arrive for quite some time and I only had a few months left in the Army. I was able to get special duty while I was at Fort Ord, in the Finance Corps. Nobody was especially interested in having me do anything, so I applied to Finance Corps to work for them as a clerk. I worked for them as a clerk and I ended up with lots of free time. I ended up working in a civilian theater off post in my off time. I was still in the army, but I also worked in some plays. So that was very nice. Fort Ord turned out to be a great experience. I'd already been there and I knew what it was like before I returned for my final months of military service.

Winning a Signature Role

Your love for the stage is apparent, and you even pursued it while you were on active duty. I read that while you did not feel comfortable directing a television episode, that you are comfortable directing live theater. Why the distinction?

Yes, that's true. The reason is that the two are very different. I don't know precisely. I just have a better feeling for the theater and I don't feel I would be particularly good at cutting film together. For one thing, that just doesn't interest me.

So they would have probably given you the opportunity if you were interested?

I don't know. They might have, if I had been very, very hot for it. Mike Farrell directed an episode. Harry Morgan directed an episode. A few people did, but I didn't really want to.

I think one of the things that actors do is they look for a chance to direct because they want to learn the craft, and it gives them another avenue for work. I passed that up because back then I just didn't feel it was right for me.

In *Mixed Blessings*, you describe yourself as feeling optimistic during your drive to Twentieth Century Fox to read for the part of Father Mulcahy, since your "grandmother had always thought of [you] as a likely candidate for the pulpit." Were you surprised to find the producers of *M*A*S*H* agreed?

Well, not so much when they agreed. I was extremely surprised when I first received the call from my agent to go to Twentieth Century Fox. You see, they had already made the pilot, and I no idea that they were going to replace the guy who was originally cast as Father Mulcahy, and I was surprised to learn that. I was sort of overjoyed and I thought, *this is fate*. It's wonderful! And then I did think that my grandmother's spirit would be helping me out. When they decided to use me, I was very pleased and thankful.

You made Father Mulcahy completely your own. Were there any other characters in the series you think you might have enjoyed playing?

I would say no, because when I got there, I wasn't actually a regular. There were only six regulars and I felt Father Mulcahy would be a useful character for various storylines, so I figured that I would probably work enough. As it turned out I did at least half, actually about two-thirds of the shows those first couple of years.

The writers got to know the actors and really wrote specifically for them, like McLean and Alan. They wrote material that was very good and that the actors could do awfully well.

They wrote Mulcahy for me, in a way. I don't know if Jim and Everett worked on the first *M*A*S*H* scripts, but as I mentioned earlier, I knew them from working on *Gomer Pyle*. On *M*A*S*H* they wrote stuff for Father Mulcahy that was always wonderful for me. And the other writers did too. The writers get to know the actors in terms of the way the characters are developing, and they skilled writers, like we had, write stuff that works very well for the person, the actor.

It just fit me pretty nicely, like a glove. But it was a tailor made glove. It wasn't like I was cast in a play that was written by George Bernard Shaw and I was absolutely just the right person to play the part. *M*A*S*H* was sort of created and recreated all the time to capitalize on the strengths of the cast.

I didn't want to do any other part. Mulcahy appealed to me a lot. I mean, I found it was extremely interesting trying to portray this guy who had this role as a spiritual counselor. The vocation of being a priest and having his life devoted to that holy purpose, while simultaneously having all this killing going on around him, fascinated me. I was excited about having to figure out how to deal with it. In the show you see Mulcahy having a few genuine crises, and that kind of thing appealed to me.

I was always eager for the writers to write more stuff about that type of struggle. The difficulty of being a chaplain in war, in a combat situation. They didn't disappoint. They consistently wrote good stuff for Mulcahy. Essentially it focused on the surgery in the hospital, of course, and not about religion or the priesthood per se. But we did explore some of those other dimensions, and I was delighted to have that role.

Many people are surprised to learn that during the first couple of seasons, Father Mulcahy was an occasional character, and it wasn't until later that they recognized your presence was integral to the entire camp dynamic. Can you describe that transition for us?

The transition occurred almost from the beginning when I first worked on *M*A*S*H*. They were looking for a somebody to play Father Mulcahy who had kind of—I learned this later—who had a slightly offbeat quality. They found that in me, and they liked it. So although I wasn't initially signed as a regular I did some pretty interesting shows even during the first year. The second and third year I could sense the inevitability that I should be able to become a regular. I pushed my agent to try to establish that, and eventually it did happen.

Then I got billing upfront with the regulars, instead of at the end for the actors who were just jobbed in for the shows. Still, I *always* felt, even as a non-regular—Klinger and I were both non-regulars at the beginning—well, from the start we were both considered by the other cast members pretty much as though we were regulars.

We all sat together, we all knew each other, even from the first days. I was accepted kind of as a regular as though they all felt Father Mulcahy was going to become a regular part of the show. That is the impression I got from the actors themselves. It is true there is some kind of a hierarchy on a set and occasionally those hierarchies can be a bit apparent. Some shows are more welcoming than others, and *M*A*S*H* was extremely welcoming to me. In fact, it was a universal fact that other people who were just jobbed in were always accepted by the regular crew, as one of them.

I mean, I have worked on some other things where the regulars were a little more . . .

Standoffish?

Standoffish . . . well, I was going to say “greedy of their space.” That’s a little too strong. There must be a nicer way to say it. A little more protective of their status. Enough for it to show a little bit. But maybe I’m too sensitive, in thinking I noticed that on a few of the other shows I’ve done, when it really wasn’t true. In any case, it’s no secret there is kind of a hierarchy.

*M*A*S*H* was incredibly friendly. Looking back on those years, comparing how I was treated before and after I became a regular, it doesn’t strike me as being any different. The cast and crew were always nice.

Several cast members, Gary Burghoff, Wayne Rogers, McLean Stevenson, and Larry Linville left the show before it ended. Did you ever have any thoughts about departing early?

No, I never did. I never did. As a matter of fact, I remember saying to Gary, “Gary, you know it’s such a wonderful character you’re playing. They write great stuff for you, you have this wonderful material to play and you’re just superb in this role, I hate to see you leave.”

And he said, “Well, I’ve just done Radar too much, I don’t want to do it anymore.” I don’t remember ever having that feeling about Father Mulcahy, but it’s a very personal matter. McLean, I think, thought he was going to get another show and he was going to get bigger and better things to do. I don’t know why Wayne left. I couldn’t say about Larry either. As for me, I never felt like I wanted to leave.

Sharing in the Honors Accorded to *M*A*S*H*

In 1983, just six months after filming the final episode of *M*A*S*H*, you joined Alan Alda, Mike Farrell and Gene Reynolds in unveiling a new exhibition at the Smithsonian Museum of American History. How significant did you regard the event at that time?

*M*A*S*H* did make a kind of history and maybe something of it did belong in the Smithsonian. We were really very pleased. The Smithsonian has so much stuff, that it was my understanding it would be on display for a certain amount of time and then it would be going into storage. For *M*A*S*H* they sort of setup “the Swamp” there at the Smithsonian as an exhibition, and displayed other items from the show. I don’t know how long that lasted.

Due to its huge popularity, the exhibit, “M*A*S*H–Binding Up the Wounds,” lasted significantly longer than originally scheduled, about a year and a half.

*M*A*S*H* got a lot of focus, high awards and special treatments. It was discussed frequently. In one sense, as wonderful as it was, it didn’t seem exceptional. This was just one more accolade. I don’t want to sound jaded though, because the Smithsonian is truly impressive, I grant you that.

Were you just a little bit proud when they included Father Mulcahy as one of the 3 ¾ inch M*A*S*H action figures?

Well, I have to confess I didn’t originally know we were all included. I didn’t even know that the Father Mulcahy action figure existed until somebody sent me one. Yes, that was impressive.

One thing I can’t forgive is the cutting of that episode, “The Interview.” I’ve already described how excessively they edited it. I mean the *way* that it’s cut is what’s painful. I was talking to somebody the other night, who is a big *M*A*S*H* fan and he wanted to chat about *M*A*S*H*. He still watches it, although I’m not certain what channel it’s currently airing on. I mentioned to him that in the edited versions that great scene of mine is not in present, and it disappoints me. I mean, being included among the action figures is very nice. Sure, I like that. But having the best scene I ever did in *M*A*S*H* cut because they wanted more commercials, *that* hurts.

Behind the Scenes

Some people think it’s disrespectful to joke in certain military or medical settings, but they might be shocked to discover how accurately *M*A*S*H* portrayed the banter that you often find in each. Do you see a therapeutic value to using humor in these settings?

I think everybody would agree there is therapeutic value in humor. It may strike some people as being too flippant during moments when things are very serious. I know there were episodes where they were kidding around and all of a sudden something happened in the surgery that they didn’t anticipate, and in that moment of crisis, they instantly stopped kidding around. You can see how important the welfare of each patient was to all of them.

I'm sure this sort of thing does happen in surgeries, where the surgical team casually chats and that sort of thing. I don't know that from observation. I haven't seen much in the way of real life surgeries, hardly anything.

The cast of *M*A*S*H* clearly became a close-knit family. Despite the sad loss of several of your fellow actors, I understand many of you still get together.

Well we haven't for quite a while. We used to get together more when Harry was around. Harry Morgan's death sort of put a damper on that. Maybe one reason we got together was because we had Harry, and we all used to enjoy getting together with him while we had the chance. I attended a play recently, that Loretta was in, and there I saw Jamie and Mike. That was the last time I saw them, and it was just the four of us.

I understand that, especially during long-running series, the writers welcome suggestions from the actors themselves. What are some of the elements of Father Mulcahy that were proposed by *you*?

Wow, just a few things. Piano playing I like to do, because I like Scott Joplin. I've always been in love with the Joplin rags, and he has sort of been eclipsed by all the current music. I was able to give him some national attention, although my playing was pretty bad.

It wasn't until the movie *The Sting* came along, that you saw Joplin music popularized. Marvin Hamlisch arranged it all, and performed it. He was quite brilliant. He did a lot of it orchestrated, especially "The Entertainer" that became so well known. [*The song hit number three on the Billboard charts and his adaptation earned Hamlisch an Academy Award.*]

I was proud to say that I got Joplin a national hearing before Hamlisch though, despite my bad playing.

I think you need not apologize for your playing. You played just the way I would expect someone near the frontlines to play, and as well as any chaplains I know. Besides, wasn't that piano intentionally a little bit out of tune?

Well that hides a lot of mistakes, playing a piano that's beat up. But anyway, that was one thing I suggested. Then they brought the boxing thing totally out of left field. I had to learn how to punch a bag. I had to practice and practice to do a little of that on camera. That really was me, punching a bag. That aspect of Father Mulcahy didn't come from me at all.

Let's see, what else might have come from me? I think I already mentioned that story about Father Mulcahy and the nurse [*in "Nurse Doctor"*]. Adding some complexity to Father Mulcahy's relationships was an idea I suggested to them that they kind of toned down. That was the only other thing I recall right now.

Thoughts on Father Mulcahy & the Chaplain's Role

The remaining questions are being asked because they relate specifically to Father Mulcahy's role as a military chaplain. They are drawn from some of the specific scenes and dialog in the series. As you said earlier, you were only playing a role. However, since you did perform the role so long and so well, and as he is known to millions of viewers around the world as the character you developed, I would appreciate it if you could offer brief comments on the following subjects.

Well, I can try. But, as I said before, the words themselves were the creation of the excellent writers we had on *M*A*S*H*. I was only responsible for their delivery. But I did attempt to deliver them sincerely. Most of the lines, and the scenes themselves, are essentially jokes. They were written to be amusing and entertaining, so I'm not sure what sort of useful comments I can offer.

Thank you. Let's see how it goes. Some people have a very limited understanding of the chaplain's contribution to the mission.

Mulcahy: Anything I can do?

Potter: Pray.

Mulcahy: Oh. That's all I ever get to do.

"That's all I ever get to do . . ." I think your comment on that is certainly valid, that people have little understanding of what chaplains really do. But you see that even that comment is spoken by Father Mulcahy in a humorous manner.

It's written to be amusing and I think one of the reasons I got this part was because they thought that I could play lines a little bit tongue in cheek and a little wily. That sort of quip became part of the character of Mulcahy. There are a number of things in the dialog that are not intended to be taken literally, since he's making little jokes.

Exactly. There's a great example of that in the next question. You revealed that chaplains were good for more than one stereotypical thing. You broke down the restrictive walls of people's expectations. In this scene you were called to the hospital because someone was near death.

Nurse: Father Mulcahy, are you all right?

Mulcahy: I'm just out of breath. I ran from chapel.

Hawkeye: Happily you ran for nothing, Father, no last rights today.

Mulcahy: Well, thank heaven. Ah, could I show you something in a "get well" prayer?

Yes, said in a light manner, but true.

Father Mulcahy quickly gained the respect of the troops through what we commonly refer to as a comprehensive "ministry of presence." In the episode "Dear Dad," Hawkeye writes to his father: "Father Mulcahy—he's a

terrific guy, our priest, but I never tell him because I don't want to foul up his humility. I can tell you this, I don't envy him this parish." And, in a subsequent letter Hawkeye expresses his respect once again by writing: "I guess the sanest guy in the outfit is Father Mulcahy. It's a wonder he doesn't go deaf from the sound of all the commandments breaking around here." The suggestion here is that you remain a beacon of personal integrity, without alienating your flock by condemning their own moral shortcomings.

Well, this is Hawkeye writing, as you said, so it's really his observation.

Yes, that you are not judgmental. It's ironic precisely because some people think that is what most chaplains are like, obsessed with the sinfulness of the world around them.

Well, yes. That may be what some people's idea is about chaplains—but certainly that gets dispelled pretty much with the character of Mulcahy. He's not like that at all.

I was just thinking about the way Hawkeye is writing. I think in "*Dear Dad*," he offers descriptions of everybody. I can't remember the episode exactly. He's just making comments on Mulcahy, without my physical presence. The writers were establishing a character there, in one of the early shows.

Some of your actions may have seemed trite or contrived to critics, but people might be surprised at some of the things we chaplains are requested to do in caring for others. Case in point, in "The General Flipped at Dawn," you rush off saying: "If you'll excuse me, I promised to bless a goat cart. Some folks down the road are going into business for themselves."

That's kind of silly.

Yes, it's an exaggeration, but we chaplains really *do* that sort of thing.

Yes, I know. I think we found it amusing that chaplains do that. Where exactly that came from, I don't know. Some lines in *M*A*S*H* were inspired by people who wrote in and said things to the writers, trying to give them ideas. They may have picked that up from some letter they got. I have no idea. It was kind of a funny image and it found its way into the dialog.

Still, *some blessings* are just a bit much to offer. In "House Arrest," Colonel Blake says to Radar: "I'll be down at the new latrine. Father Mulcahy's blessing the lye." Now, having used field latrines, I'm well aware of how important it is for the chemicals to work properly, but isn't a line like that just a little hard to say with a straight face?

Colonel Blake was written in a singular way. McLean, as Blake, says a lot of absolutely outlandish things, and this is one of them. As you say, this line is hard to say with a straight face. He did say a lot of kind of ridiculous lines and they

were written specifically because of his skill in delivering that absurd kind of humor.

The writers did that with everybody at times. They just happened to write that way for McLean a lot. Blessing the lye is an outstanding example of that. It's just so silly that it appealed to the writers. Like I said, different writers were writing various shows and you get a little different quality. That's kind of the stuff they often wrote for Colonel Blake, and it disappeared after he left the show. They didn't write quite the same kind of lines for anyone else.

Then you get "*The General Flipped at Dawn.*" I can't remember who wrote that, but of course the General was played by Harry Morgan and he was supposed to be so nutty. I can't recall exactly how the episode ended but he does insane things to everyone when they're standing in line there and he's inspecting the troops.

And during that the general's formal inspection in that episode, we witness the chaplain being treated to flippant jargon and pro forma military fastidiousness.

Blake: This is our chaplain, Lieutenant, Father Mulcahy.

General: There are no atheists in foxholes!

Mulcahy: I've heard that.

General: I'd like to see a shine on that cross, Father.

I know there is a joke where Klinger comes out in a dress and Morgan says something like "not now, not now Marjorie," or something. That was a funny episode and of course Harry was rather special on *M*A*S*H*. There was no talk at that time that he was going to come back. They had cast him because he was kind of a distinctive guest to have on the show.

Every chaplain can relate to the way people regard chaplains as someone different than the rest of the unit, especially when it comes to language. For example, once when you are leaving the Swamp (the doctors' tent), Colonel Blake crashes into the tent door and nearly knocks you over. All chaplains have heard variations of his comment: "Why don't you watch where the hell . . . Oh, I'm sorry, Father. I thought you were a regular person."

They put it in there to suggest the absurdity that the priest, the chaplain, is anything *but* a real person. I mean, he *is* a regular person. To have Blake treat him that way, saying, "Oh, I thought you were a regular person" is absurd. They made a joke out of it, but as you say, I think pointed out how people act differently around chaplains. I must say though that they overused variations on that particular joke.

Many people are surprised to discover chaplains on the front lines, or wherever military members go. In "Five O'Clock Charley," Hawkeye and Trapper John are sharing a martini.

Hawkeye: It's not an uncommon phenomenon, you know.

McIntyre: Hmmm?

Hawkeye: For medical men and professional guys to get gung-ho. The 325th has a paratrooper rabbi.

McIntyre: A *real* rabbi?

Hawkeye: Oh, yeah.

McIntyre: A paratrooper?

Hawkeye: In every way, except he won't jump on Saturdays.

The joke about a rabbi not being willing to jump on the Sabbath. No one could take Hawkeye seriously about a lot of the things he said. But Alan had that line for a laugh.

But it accurately reflects the genuine desire of many chaplains to offer support on the front lines. Typically, chaplains are eager to be with the troops who are most vulnerable, just as you revealed in “Mulcahy’s War.”

Yes, I know that's true. That was a great episode for me. It changed my status, because it gave me a major focus in *M*A*S*H*. That was one of the first shows where Mulcahy had a lot to do and I received focused attention. It made me feel very good to get those shows when they came along. The first year there weren't too many, because it was a general bill for me.

Even though chaplains do their best, sometimes we make mistakes, as in the episode “Radar’s Reports.” A wounded prisoner of war grabs a blade and Mulcahy attempts to disarm him. Radar types: “Father Mulcahy tried to calm the prisoner by yelling ‘Bung Chao,’ thinking it was Chinese for peace and friendship. Unfortunately, it really means, ‘your daughter’s pregnancy brings much joy to our village.’”

Radar says this ridiculous thing about the incident that is, of course, just a silly joke.

I remember one of the first episodes Mulcahy needed a Bible and he grabs a dictionary by mistake. He's talking to Hawkeye, and all the while Mulcahy is thumping the book authoritatively.

They thought I could do the quality of playing they wanted in scenes like this. They liked to write that material for Mulcahy. So, Mulcahy making a mistake like this . . . I mean it's absurd that “Bung Chao” could mean the stuff he says. It's just a joke. And *M*A*S*H* is full of that kind of humor.

Chaplains who serve in Korea have maintained the strong bonds of support for orphanages that was so vital to the wartime chaplains represented by Father Mulcahy. In one episode you assemble a huge fundraiser: the “First annual Polly Adler Birthday Cookout Picnic and Barbecue. All proceeds to go to Sister Teresa’s Korean Orphans’ Fund.” What do you think of this charitable work, which has spanned more than six decades and involved many thousands of American soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines?

The hospital's involvement with the orphanage was a nice thing to include and there are a number of shows where the orphanage is highlighted. There was even a show where I was holding a baby. The support of the 4077th for Sister Teresa's Orphanage showed that humanitarian concerns for innocent victims were never forgotten by the troops serving there.

The episode “Kim” addresses the common practice of compassionate Americans who adopt Korean orphans. You celebrated with Trapper John his wife's encouragement to proceed with just such an adoption.

McIntyre: [*hugs Hawkeye*] We did it!

Hawkeye: Father, we had a baby!

Mulcahy: I was sure [*the letter contained*] good news. [*Mulcahy shakes McIntyre's hand*] Congratulations—father!

McIntyre: Thank you—Father. [*kisses Mulcahy's cheek*]

Hawkeye: We're up to our navels in fathers. [*pulls out cigars*] I've been saving this, just in case. I have to ask you, just one apiece, please.

McIntyre: You know something? This is probably the nicest day we've ever had here.

Hawkeye: If we had a balcony, we could throw money to the peasants.

Mulcahy: Your happiness is inspiring.

McIntyre: Maybe this is why I was sent to Korea.

Hawkeye: Maybe, but I wouldn't underestimate your draft board.

McIntyre: Up until now, I thought my being here was senseless. For the first time, I think I have a real reason for being here.

Mulcahy: That's the beginning of faith, Trapper.

Hawkeye: Father, you made a big score this morning. Don't press.

Yes, Trapper's wife says they're so happy about the decision to adopt. That theme with Trapper wasn't continued, I mean you don't hear Trapper talking about adoption anywhere else. There's no other allusion to it, as far as I remember. In writing a show like this there would be things certain writers would introduce that the producers would like. These subplots would get into that episode, but not necessarily be further developed in subsequent shows. I've forgotten all about this idea that Trapper and his wife were adopting a Korean child.

Could I ask you what you think of the charity work done with orphanages in general?

I'm happy to comment on that. The work with orphans was something I didn't know anything about, until they put it into *M*A*S*H*. I believed at the time that they were writing it accurately, and I considered it a very appropriate activity to have Mulcahy involved with. It seems natural that a chaplain would feel compelled to help care for these children. It was useful a useful device for the show, expanding on this concept of Korean orphanages. So I was glad about that.

As far as my personal feelings go, I think it's wonderful that charitable work could go on in another country, which was sort of under the umbrella of the American's presence at the time. I don't know very much about the details or how things have

transpired since then. After all, I'm just an actor and I was given stuff to play, and I did the best I could with it. It is good to hear though that American military members are still actively supporting orphans in Korea.

In “L.I.P. (Local Indigenous Personnel)” you perform a wedding for a GI who is marrying a Korean national who has already had his child. Unfortunately, he had lied to the farm girl, *pretending* to marry her earlier so she would allow his advances. Corporal Walker confesses to Hawkeye that now he wants to bring her back to the States and “I had the cook marry us. He used to be an altar boy.” It feels great, stepping in and redeeming a tragic situation like that, doesn't it?

I can't remember the show well and the fact that he's confessing to Hawkeye sort of makes me wonder why they didn't have him confessing directly to Father Mulcahy. He was probably seeking his advice on how to proceed. But one thing that did happen in *M*A*S*H*, is that there were times when I felt Mulcahy could have been used and wasn't. But I didn't complain. In this case it turns out that Hawkeye's advice was to turn to Mulcahy to help sort out the mess.

*M*A*S*H* tried to come off on the side of resolving problems because it was a weekly show and they didn't want to alienate people. *M*A*S*H* comes off pretty well in that regard. It didn't leave things unresolved or end with a depressing message. All of these people on *M*A*S*H*, even Charles who entered the show being kind of a villain, have positive traits. As his character becomes more developed, it's revealed he's not so bad after all. There was a real reticence to have any truly bad guys. I mean there were a few, but not many. The *M*A*S*H* movie was much more rugged, and even the doctors Hawkeye and Trapper possessed aspects that were not necessarily so commendable.

But in this television series everybody comes out smelling like roses, pretty much. Things tended to get fixed up well by the end of the episode. I couldn't identify how many episodes there were, where terrible situations are left bad at the end. Problems tended to get resolved. Sometimes, in just a few lines, everything is tied up into a neat bundle. Of course, life itself is rarely like that.

I sound like I'm criticizing the show for being too soft, but I don't know if that is valid. I would also tend to defend it on the basis of the fact that it was just that. It did communicate some great things. As I mentioned, being a weekly show, they wanted to *concentrate* on the good things, so it was a very positive kind of show throughout its run. It never got dark, like some more modern shows tend to. Some contemporary programs are much less clear and leave the audience unsure of just what the attitude and goal of the producers is.

*M*A*S*H* arose during an era where they wanted to project a very positive message. Also, since it was dealing with the horror of war, they wanted to underscore that antiwar theme. At the same time, they knew not everyone agreed. They understood there might be some people who would feel a little more

aggressive militarily and more comfortable with war, and they had no desire to alienate potential viewers.

*M*A*S*H* desired to make a real anti-war statement since the Vietnam war was just beginning to wind down at this time. We started shooting *M*A*S*H* in 1972, and the war ended in 1975. Basically, the show wanted to be on the right side of history.

You sensitively portray the doubts that even clergy often feel. This was particularly clear in your prayer following the loss of your hearing at the end of the war.

Mulcahy: Dear Lord, I know there must be a reason for this, but what is it? I answered the call to do your work. I've devoted my life to it, and now, how am I supposed to do it? What good am I now? What good is a deaf priest? I pray to you to help me, and every day I get worse. Are you deaf, too?

You also revealed the hope that can deliver us from the despair which threatens to overwhelm us.

Mulcahy: I was anxious to get back to the parish, and coaching boxing for the C.Y.O., but lately I've gotten kind of interested in working with the deaf. Of course, not doing parish work, I'll miss hearing confession, but after listening to you people for so long, I think I've just about heard it all.

This was a nice element that got added to the script. It wasn't in the original version, the explosion and the deafness. I was glad to see them add that because it gave Mulcahy more significance. During the course of that final episode, something transforming happened to him. He wasn't the same person. At the end of the episode when they're going home, he's actually returning home with his own injury, which I thought was powerful. I was glad to see that added to the story. I expected Mulcahy's loss of hearing to be used dramatically in *AfterM*A*S*H*. Unfortunately, it was written out.

When the donations for Sister Teresa's hit a dry spell ("four IOUs and an offer to give the bishop a nose job") you undertake the questionable approach of joining a poker game.

Mulcahy: Excuse me, any room for a poor pulpit-pounder?

McIntyre: Fall right in, Father.

Mulcahy: You're very kind. You see, I'm hoping to raise some funds.

Sergeant: I gave at the office.

McIntyre: No extra help, Father. [*looks heavenward*]

Mulcahy: Oh, no, no.

[*Later in the episode*]

Blake: [*dealing*] All righty boys, once around the horn.

Mulcahy: I'm afraid my coffers are empty.

McIntyre: I'd like to help, Father, but I lost my diploma in the last hand.

Sergeant: [*the big winner*] No hard feelings, Father?

Mulcahy: Oh, heavens, no. I think I'll just go curl up with the Good Book.

The poker game was considered a nice device for having people sitting around in relaxed way. And I was glad to have Mulcahy written into it occasionally. I wasn't always there, and this may be one of the early ones. The one you cite here includes making that joke as he leaves.

He's saying something in a humorous way, but he's also making a positive comment on what he does with the spiritual side of his life. Mulcahy doesn't divorce himself from others, or demand people be something they're not. He wants to come across as a regular guy as much as he can. But he still reinforces the fact that he is, after all, a spiritual leader, a priest.

People often mistake meekness for weakness. I think it is possible for some to confuse those traits in Father Mulcahy.

Hunnicutt: You know, Father, the first time I met you, I thought there's this nice decent guy, kind of sweet and gentle, you know? How's he ever gonna last out here? I got to tell you, you're just about the toughest bird I know.

Mulcahy: Well, I'm certainly a lot luckier than some of the people we've seen come through here.

That is a great example of the rapport between BJ and Mulcahy. I guess that was extremely easy to play, because I got to know Mike pretty well, and got along with him very well. I genuinely admired him. As you know he did a lot of humanitarian work. He has a deep desire to reach out to those in need. He did a lot of visiting overseas, where he could make a difference. Even after he joined *M*A*S*H*, I think he visited refugee camps. And he wrote about that. [*In Just Call Me Mike, Farrell also describes his own military service in the Marine Corps.*]

His interest in humanitarian efforts continues today, and he is one of the leaders in the charge for eliminating the death penalty.

Chaplains have often been called upon to provide educational or morale talks. The following interchange strikes close to home.

Burns: Have you ever given a lecture on temperance, Father? On the evils of drink?

Mulcahy: Well, no I haven't. But on the troop ship I was asked to give a lecture on uh, the sex thing.

Burns: Good!

Mulcahy: Well . . . being celibate, I didn't feel qualified. They called in a Protestant. He had a film. About two sailors. One was from Cleveland, ostensibly, and the other from a small rural area. The city boy decided to stay on his ship and write his high school sweetheart, a lovely young girl, with a megaphone on her chest.

Burns: Father, please. This is important.

Mulcahy: The country boy got mixed up with a young lady who lived in a trailer with three other young ladies and . . . a man with a whip.

Burns: Father...

Mulcahy: Broke his wristwatch and everything.

Ah, the temperance lecture . . . that's just silliness. I mean really it is. In fact, it was a little difficult to play because it's so utterly ridiculous. There were times when they would write something that I felt was quite silly. I didn't want to have Mulcahy portrayed as too foolish. A little bit, yes, but not *too* foolish.

And to go on and on . . . “one was from Cleveland, ostensibly, and the other one had a megaphone on her chest . . .” I mean, that's so absurd. I knew who the writers were who wrote that. Well, I guess I could just laugh at it.

Chaplains actually *do* have to present all kinds of talks, including—especially during that era—presentations about morality, as a deterrent to that scourge of the military, sexually transmitted diseases.

I know. When I first went to New York, it was just shortly after the Korean War, in 1956. I worked at the Army Signal Corps and made movies for the Army. Of course I'd been in the Army myself and seen those training movies. Anyway, that's enough comment on that.

You were the catalyst for good humor and camaraderie. In the episode “Movie Night,” after the projector self-destructs, you rescue the evening by beginning a round of enthusiastic singing with:

Mulcahy: A chaplain in the Army has a collar on his neck. If you don't listen to him, you'll all wind up in heck.

Everybody: Oh, I don't want no more of Army life. Gee, Mom, I wanna go home.

It was a nice moment. I had difficulties with the piano playing and somebody actually had to dub that in later, because my piano playing wasn't good enough. We sang the song together and I have to confess they dubbed in the piano playing later.

Occasionally, chaplains themselves are in need of encouragement.

Hawkeye: You're not eating, Father. You know something I don't know?

Mulcahy: Something's troubling me.

Hawkeye: Think of me as your mother, Father.

Mulcahy: May I make a confession?

Hawkeye: As long as you don't use any real names.

Mulcahy: For some time now, I've been comparing the disparity of our callings—doctor versus priest. You fellows are always able to see the end result of your work. I mean, you know immediately if you've been successful. For me, the results are far less tangible. Sometimes . . . most of the time . . . I honestly don't know whether I'm doing any good or not.

Hawkeye: I used to have a professor in med school who always said, “God cures the patients, but the doctor takes the fee.”

Mulcahy: Do you think that's true?

Hawkeye: I'm able to do a lot of things in surgery that I'm not really good enough to do.

Mulcahy: Thanks, Hawkeye.

That was a very nice scene. A professor saying, “God heals the patient and the doctor takes the fee” is a good line of Hawkeye’s. It shows Hawkeye as rather humble and that he is not divorced from having a spiritual nature himself. When he says, “I’m able to do a lot of things in surgery that I’m really not good enough to do,” it’s very thought provoking. The scene is really more about who Hawkeye is, than Mulcahy. But Mulcahy is a good listener, something he’s often called on to do.

Chaplains are typically good-natured, and that can make us the victim of practical jokes—but only when the troops regard us as part of their family.

Mulcahy: [*wearing a dress*] While I was showering, someone stole my robe and left me this . . . this . . . house frock!

Klinger: Better not take it off, Father, or you’ll be a defrocked priest!

Mulcahy: How would you like to get last rites, [*raises his fists*] . . . and a few lefts?

Oh yes, the house frock, that joke with Klinger. Him saying, “you’ll be a defrocked” and me asking which guy gets the “last rites.” It still makes me laugh.

I think that’s exactly how you know when you’re in with people. When they’ll do something like that, joke with you in that sort of way, it’s an expression of affection.

Right. I guess you mentioned that specific incident because you liked it. You thought it was good writing and it worked well, not just for the show, but also for Mulcahy.

Successful chaplains are frequently addressed by different titles like Padre or Chaps. In the heartrending episode “Abyssinia, Henry” as Colonel Blake prepares to rotate home to the States, he bids farewell to each of his key personnel, he says to you: “You old sky pilot, you.” Your response is especially poignant in light of his impending death. “Bless you, Henry Blake. Your work here will never be forgotten.” How important do you regard genuine friendship and mutual respect for providing effective ministry?

What can I say? I mean, I didn’t write these lines. As I’ve already said several times, somebody else wrote them. But the lines they wrote for Mulcahy were effective lines. I used to say it’s the writers who count, and sometimes the writers would disagree and say “we’re not the ones who are important. It’s the way you’re playing the character that allows us to write these lines, since we know how you’ll deliver them.” So maybe I should take *some* credit, a small amount, but I still feel as an actor the most important thing is the lines we’re given to do.

Another example of knowing you’re a member of the team comes when not just an individual, but the whole unit, is willing to tease you.

Hawkeye: And now for the moment no one has been waiting for: the Father Mulcahy sound-alike contest.

[*Father Mulcahy passes Hawkeye his hat*]

Hawkeye: *[imitating Mulcahy]* My word, Hawkeye, this jocularity is most unseemly.

[Hawkeye tosses hat to Klinger]

Klinger: *[imitating Mulcahy]* How can you make jokes at a time like this? Ooh.

[Klinger passes hat on]

Burns: The post-op is collapsing and the O.R. is on fire.

[passes hat to Margaret]

Houlihan: And somebody has broken into the sacramental wine.

[the hat continues making its rounds]

Oh yes, that was funny. I had to laugh at that too, because I thought their imitation of Mulcahy was very funny.

I didn't think they sounded very much like me, but that's all right. I got the idea of how they think I sounded. You know as an actor, that a very interesting insight too.

I've read that sometimes they imitated you off camera too.

Yes they did. It's true.

Father Mulcahy is not *all* gentleness. When it's called for, he can be quite stern. In the following scene, Major Winchester has weaseled his way out of running the camp's charity drive, and Father Mulcahy returns to him the collection ledger.

Mulcahy: Well, it's back! Major, it is a very low and unscrupulous person who abdicates the opportunity to do good work for his fellow man. Tell me, are you such a person?

Winchester: Certainly not. Every Christmas I give \$2 to the postman.

Mulcahy: My, my, you certainly give till it hurts.

Hawkeye: Well, what do you expect, Father? He's the kind of person who would give a drowning man a glass of water.

Yes I was firm with him. His character grew over time. He started out, like I mentioned a moment ago, as a villain. He was not at all admirable, but over time he changed. Maybe the viewers felt he was changed by the very fact of being there. It would change anyone.

Despite regulations that sometimes protect chaplains from dreaded "additional duties," most of us can relate to having to help out with the broad range of details that need to come together in support of the mission. In "The Life You Save," you are in charge of the garbage detail.

Mulcahy: There just isn't room for anymore.

Potter: Well, Padre, you gotta ditch it someplace. Preferably downwind.

Mulcahy: I can't. Winchester has all the transportation lying around in little pieces on bed linen.

Houlihan: That's what I want to talk to you about.

Hawkeye: Colonel, the motor pool has been taken completely apart and Klinger has to get to the 8063rd right away.

Potter: Why?

Hawkeye: Because . . . It's a long story, but whatever idiot was in charge of the mess tent before I was, stuck me with 75 missing trays.

Mulcahy: I'm the idiot who stuck you with those trays. And it was 50!

I can't remember this episode very well. Mulcahy is clearly doing something here that might not normally fall to a chaplain.

It reminds me of when we were doing *AfterM*A*S*H*. I talked with some chaplains, some priests, including Father Wojtowicz, who I mentioned to you earlier. He had been a military chaplain, but he had also been a diocesan priest. So he had a parish, and he shared lots of ideas of how it was living together in the rectory with others, and how there might have occasionally been a little bit of friction, due to different duties falling to different people.

This doesn't remind me of the relationship stress, but it suggests that sometimes the chaplain might have to do something he wouldn't expect to do. And I guess if you are a priest and do have a parish, a lot of things *would* come up, where you might be called on to do something you don't necessarily feel you were trained to do. But you need to do it anyway. So I guess throwing things like that at Mulcahy is good, and reflects reality.

It's difficult to please everyone. When you're in charge of ordering the films to be show at the 4077th, your boss criticizes the appearance of one more combat film.

Blake: Father, this is a lousy idea. The movie was supposed to take their minds *off* the shelling.

Mulcahy: Lord knows, I tried. I sent for *The Yearling*, a dandy picture. About a boy and his pet deer. You see, his mother didn't want him to keep it, but they became very emotionally attached.

Blake: I know, I know. My cousin Floyd had the same thing with a goat. So, uh, what happened to *The Yearling*?

Mulcahy: Oh, the jeep was hijacked by some Buddhist monks.

Blake: Monks?

Mulcahy: The driver told me they'd all gotten haircuts that day and wanted to celebrate.

Oh yes, "The Yearling." This is another exchange with Blake where he and Mulcahy verge on the ridiculous. Exactly how to read that line I'm not sure, since it's so absurd. I can't remember the episode perfectly, but I think Mulcahy is just being a little bit silly and kidding around with Blake.

There was another Blake scene where he and Mulcahy were talking together, but about two completely different things. This reminds me of a little bit of that one, where Blake and Mulcahy are talking a past each other. The conversation goes a little bit awry. It's supposed to be amusing and that's the main reason why it was

written. That the jeep was hijacked by Buddhist monks verges on being ridiculous, but I assume we played the scene and it worked out alright.

Many chaplains have been intimidated by other chaplains who outrank them. Although the episode turns out well for you, they can relate to your trepidation about a senior chaplain’s impending visit.

[Klinger wins a real egg in a poker game and plans to have it for breakfast.]

Mulcahy: I’d prefer a few milligrams of prayer.

Hunnicut: The guys giving you static?

Mulcahy: The static is coming from higher up.

Hunnicut: The Lord teed off at you?

Mulcahy: God forbid. Actually, between the Lord and the troops. Colonel Maurice Hollister. The Divisional Chaplain.

Hunnicut: I don’t know him.

Mulcahy: They call him Attila the Hun of chaplains. He’s coming here this afternoon to inspect me and the operation of my flock.

Hunnicut: Don’t sweat it. Hawkeye says you’re the best chaplain in the business.

Mulcahy: Really? Did he really say that about me?

Hunnicut: Uh-huh.

Mulcahy: Ah, that crazy agnostic. Do you need me, B.J.?

Hunnicut: Not until Sunday.

Mulcahy: If you do, I’ll be ironing my cassock. *[pause]* I’d better iron my underwear too. Hollister’s very thorough.

Yes, that was a very good show I remember. Ned Beatty was a talented actor and a rising star. They were quite glad to get him. He was an interesting person to play the scene with. Yes, it ends with needing to “iron my underwear too.” Once again, it’s pretty silly, but Mulcahy does say those sorts of things. They thought my delivery would work. I remember the whole playing of that scene.

One of the most memorable plotlines involved your accompanying Radar to the frontlines to retrieve a wounded soldier—in direct disobedience to Colonel Potter’s clear orders that you remain. You have to perform a tracheotomy to save his life. Did you gain any special insights during the making of that episode?

No, not me personally. But Mulcahy certainly did, and that was a pivotal episode. I already commented on Mulcahy’s growth earlier. That was a very important show for me since it did broaden the understanding of what Mulcahy’s work was. It revealed how he was growing and changing through being in a situation which demanded things of him he was not trained for. When he performs this tracheotomy, despite his lack of training, he’s able to do it successfully. He finds the strength to cut the hole in the guy’s neck as Hawkeye was directing him, and he stays cool while he does it. And that was a very nice thing, seeing that developing in Mulcahy.

Working in a religiously pluralistic environment means chaplains need to exhibit some flexibility not required by civilian clergy. You use a wonderful analogy in the episode “Dear Sis.” You are offering a blessing over the radio for Radar’s cow back in Iowa.

O’Reilly: Do you think you can do it in Methodist?

Mulcahy: I’m a piano player, Radar. I’ll transpose.

I think that’s another excellent line written by Fritzell. Mulcahy’s jokes are really a special kind of humor, and they work well.

When Colonel Potter assumes command of the 4077th, he calls together his key staff, who arrive to find him reviewing their records.

Potter: Father Mulcahy?

[*Mulcahy extends the cross hanging from his neck*]

Potter: Yes, of course. [*looking through files*] Uh-huh, mm-hmm, uh-huh. You’re clean.

Mulcahy: Thank God, sir.

Potter: Catholic?

Mulcahy: Yes, sir.

Potter: Can you do a Methodist thing for me on Sunday?

Mulcahy: I handle all denominations, colonel.

Potter: Any other Methodists in the outfit?

Mulcahy: Two or three.

Potter: Good, I hate to sing alone.

Yes, Methodist services. I also had to perform a *bris* in another episode and offer Hebrew prayers. Actually, when Hooker wrote the *M*A*S*H* book, from which all of this sprang, he mentioned other chaplains of other denominations. There was never an impression that Mulcahy was alone.

Mulcahy is a main character, but it does mention at least one other chaplain [*“Shaking Sammy,” who is assigned as the chaplain of the local engineering unit*]. I can’t remember the details though, since it’s been some time since I read it.

As I said, there’s no sense in the book that there’s only one chaplain. When we did *M*A*S*H* for television, we didn’t have any allusions to any other chaplains. Mulcahy really seemed to be alone. The only chaplain the 4077th had. I really don’t think that would have been the case. I don’t know that much about MASH units but having only one chaplain assigned to the 4077th is not the way the book was written. I doubt this would really be accurate.

You’re correct that it would be unusual, and if there were only one assigned, in the American military it would be a Protestant who would call a priest to address particular requirements. The chaplain would request Roman Catholic support the same way he would coordinate other resources to cover diverse interfaith spiritual needs.

It's interesting you told me that now, because I wasn't aware of that fact. But in our case having a solo chaplain was just to make M*A*S*H the show it was. They decided to only have one chaplain and have it be Father Mulcahy and have him provide these other services. To carry on. It would have been more realistic with other chaplains, but that's the way they did it. And this scene just underscores the fact he's the only chaplain.

In the intriguing episode entitled “Exorcism,” you display your interfaith knowledge. “The Koreans practice every religion known to man, including shamanism. . . . The belief that spirits inhabit trees and houses and people.” You’re not intimidated when a Shamanist priestess is invited in to perform an exorcism before a local Korean civilian will allow himself to be treated. Major Burns, however, declares: “Now, just a minute, Bub. U.S. regulations do not allow for heathen practices on government property.” In truth, with the commander’s permission, nearly *any* religious practice is allowable on a base.

I remember the exorcism show well. That episode was fun because we had the great costumes. Major Burns, of course, objects. And Burns, as usual, is wrong.

In a more serious incident, in “Life with Father” you are called upon to conduct a *brit milah* (circumcision) you mentioned earlier. Relaying Morse Code prayers from a rabbi aboard a nearby aircraft carrier, the needs of the infant American dependent are met, despite the physical unavailability of a rabbi.

Yes, the *bris* I mentioned before. I really practiced those Hebrew words. We had a fellow on the show who was hired to run lines with actors. He didn't have any other job, he was just available to run lines with actors who wanted to. And he happened to be Jewish, and actually originally had thought about becoming a rabbi.

So I went to him and asked how to pronounce these words. After he told me, I practiced so when it came to shooting my scene, I think it was Larry, one of the producers, who said, “You sound too glib, you're doing it too *well*, Bill. We don't want Mulcahy to sound that good, so stumble a bit and don't sound quite so proficient.” So I laughed because I'd work so hard sounding so Jewish and I was directed to tune it down a little and not sound so much like a real rabbi. I enjoyed the fact I had the chance to do it.

In recent years, the military has grown very wary of chaplains attempting to proselytize personnel from their existing belief system, but it was something *you* were able to joke about. In “Mail Call,” you find Trapper John at the Club, drunk and playing the piano.

Mulcahy: Is something bothering you, Trapper?

McIntyre: I'm not Catholic, Father.

Mulcahy: Well, all in good time. Which is more than I can say about your piano playing.

That was very funny. You say, Mulcahy adds, “Which is more than I can say about your piano playing.” Was Trapper playing the piano? I’d forgotten about that all together. I don’t think he did that much, maybe because I was on the show and they didn’t want everyone playing.

And, speaking of alcohol, there is the famous episode where you unintentionally become slightly tipsy when ordered by the acting commander, Major Frank Burns, to deliver that stirring temperance message. Because of the huge crowd—it’s a mandatory formation—you were nervous and Klinger encouraged you to take a small bracer.

Mulcahy: [*fully vested, clears throat*] My friends, let me quote from Leviticus ten. “Do not drink wine, or strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when you go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die. It shall be a statute forever, throughout your generations. My friends, the Lord said this to Aaron, after the passing away of his beloved sons Nadab and Abi’hu. [*wipes perspiration*] It’s rather warm in here. Radar, would you open one of the stained glass windows? [*which the mess tent chapel, of course, does not have*] My friends, let me quote Leviticus ten. “Do not drink wine, or strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee . . .

Hawkeye: We saw this.

Mulcahy: Friends, let me tell you something. However compulsory it may be. There’s no film. I am live. Now back to where we were when you last heard from me. It was with Leviticus on the tenth, I believe. “Drink thee not, nor thee, thou sons, lest ye die. Nor congregate at the corner tabernacle.” I’d like to take a short sabbatical. Or a cup of coffee, or, I wonder, is there a doctor in the tent?

Any suggestions for how a chaplain can recover from that sort of embarrassing public display?

Oh yes, the alcohol show. I felt that was a little bit tricky too, because they wanted it to be funny. How drunk was Mulcahy? He’s not used to drinking at all. Actually, the way Mulcahy was written in the book and the way he was shown in the movie is different in this regard. In the book he likes drinking the sacramental wine and getting a little bit high, but they took that out. They felt the people would not respond favorably to that. We couldn’t have Mulcahy do that because it would go against his grain. Since it would be objectionable to some people, they avoided the subject.

However, by the time we got to *AfterM*A*S*H*, he has become an alcoholic. But then, that’s jumping way ahead, so getting back from where this comes from . . . Klinger encourages him to take a drink because of his nervousness. Mulcahy doesn’t take too many sips, and they’re small. Mulcahy starts out correctly but he gets so confused that he asks Radar to open one of the stained glass windows. I found that a difficult line to say because Mulcahy would have to be pretty far gone before he’d say something like that. I was given the line and I didn’t want to throw it away. I didn’t want to object to it, and go to the writers and say I think that’s going too far. So I did it as it was written.

It was so long ago that I saw the show I can't remember how the scene comes off, but I thought that was quite a challenge, going with these lines and having Mulcahy come off as a real person. One of the things I wanted to do was to be able to play the comedy. McLean has some lines, which were way out in left field, and somehow the way he was able to play those lines, you still believed he was a real person. Because of that he was able to do some very serious lines too, and it worked fine.

But you know *M*A*S*H* is a television show. It isn't real life and there were times when funny jokes crept in that may have been the writers giving more of a nod to comedy, than to making *M*A*S*H* a real show about real people.

It got close to that line here. But I went ahead and did the best I could. At the end, where he asks if there's a doctor in the tent, he's really losing it.

As for suggestions as to how a chaplain can recover from that sort of embarrassing public display? I guess I pretended it never happened. Because there's no follow up to this incident, as far as I remember.

Another profound moment of painful compassion occurs in the episode "Life Time."

Mulcahy: Dear God, I've never asked you for this before, and I don't know what You're going to think of me for asking now. But if you're going to take him anyway, please take him quickly so we can save the other boy.

Yes, that was a very serious moment. These two shows come very far apart, the show where he gets a bit tipsy while giving the lecture, and this show where he really gives you pause when he prays if God is going to take the patient, to take him quickly. This really is a very moving moment.

Considering these two questions together is rather stunning. It shows the range of acting we actors are asked to do. They came very far apart in terms of years, and in *M*A*S*H* development too.

You didn't avoid controversial issues, like people questioning their vocations. When your sister is contemplating leaving her religious Order, it causes you tremendous consternation. This scene, which you alluded to earlier, is superbly performed. You and Colonel Blake are so focused on your own concerns (he thinks his wife may be having an affair), that you don't even realize you're not listening to each other.

Mulcahy: Kathy, Kathy, Kathy, how could you think of such a thing?

Blake: [*bursts into Mulcahy's tent*] Father, I've got to talk to you about my wife.

Mulcahy: My sister wants to leave the Order.

Blake: There's guilt all over this letter.

Mulcahy: She's such a fantastic nun. I'd stack her up against any nun in the business.

Blake: I gave her whatever she needed, even if she didn't want it.

Mulcahy: God smiled on her from the start. Imagine! A basketball scholarship at the Holy Name Academy.

Blake: Appendixes, adenoids, tonsils . . . I took something out of every member of her family, and all freebies.

Mulcahy: She's been teaching. She loves children. Now she thinks she might like one of her own.

Blake: Lorraine can be a little flirty, especially after a couple of scotch and seven-ups.

Mulcahy: Now she wants my approval. I don't know what to tell her. I don't know what to say.

I like the concept of this very much. The idea of talking across each other and not really hearing each other, and having it continue for a few moments. I've seen this kind of writing before. I mean this is not the first time it's being done, where two people are together and they're talking about different things, not really listening to each other, and then when you hear the sum of their conversation it has quite a comedic effect. I felt that's what they were aiming for. In fact, I thought they might even have gone a little further with it. Maybe it worked. I'd like to see this episode again, rather than judge it on the basis of merely reading the words. I liked McLean very much, and it was always fun to play things with him.

I want to reiterate my gratitude for your generosity in answering these questions. And, I want to thank you one last time for the positive role model you provided for the formation of two generations of military chaplains.

It's amazing to think that could be true. You know it wasn't my purpose to leave any kind of lasting mark. I'm simply an actor, and now *M*A*S*H* has been over for a long time. I created Mulcahy and it's past and I've done so many things since, so I tend to think of my career that way. It was very wonderful that it came along when it did, and every actor should be so lucky as to have such a wonderful experience in his life. As for influencing chaplains, that wasn't my intention, but if I did have a positive impact as you say, I'm very glad.

Robert Stroud retired from the United States Air Force chaplaincy after a dozen diverse assignments. These included his initial billet in the 12th USAF Contingency Hospital and a brief stint as the sole chaplain for a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital during a major international military exercise in Thailand.

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† Martial Poetry †

Military Muses

On Eagle's Wings	Jim Cosgrove
Red, White, & Blue	James E. Martin
Tribute to a Fallen Soldier	James E. Martin
Tribute to a Drill Instructor	James E. Martin
French Nocturne	C.S. Lewis
Victory	C.S. Lewis
Apology	C.S. Lewis
A Foreshadowing of Epics	Robert C. Stroud
Hauntings	Rupert Brooke
Heaven	Rupert Brooke
Aboard, at a Ship's Helm	Walt Whitman
Bivouac on a Mountain Side	Walt Whitman
The Last Invocation	Walt Whitman
Shillin' a Day	Rudyard Kipling
Tommy	Rudyard Kipling
Butterflies	Rudyard Kipling

Contributors:

Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) wrote idealistic sonnets during the First World War. He was an established English poet before the war in which he perished.

Jim Cosgrove has served as an Australian Anglican Army Chaplain for more than two decades. He is a gifted poet who also composes children's hymns.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was a versatile English writer primarily remembered as champion of British imperialism. He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907.

Clive Staples Lewis (1898-1963) was a prolific writer who served as a British officer during WWI and was severely wounded. He wrote many influential religious works.

James E. Martin is a retired United States Air Force veteran and Baptist clergyman who has published a collection of patriotic poetry.

Robert C. Stroud is a retired United States Air Force chaplain. He has a journalistic background and reveals even the most serious writers can still have poetry in their souls.

Walter Whitman (1819-1892) was one of America's most influential poets who, in turn, was deeply influenced by serving as a volunteer nurse during the Civil War.

On Eagles' Wings

James Cosgrove

Have you seen the eagle fly so stately blithe and free
Carried by the slightest wind for near eternity?
Graceful, proud, commanding, strong as o'er the land she flies
Powerfully aware of her supremacy of skies.

Have you heard the parable of how she learns to fly?
Do you know the way she gains this lordship of the sky?
When her time is right her mother takes her from her rest
She takes her chick and drops her from her safe home aerie nest.

The frightened chick it does its best to slow its fast descent
So new, unsure it flaps with might till all its strength is spent
And just before it seems to lose its bargain with the sky
It's caught upon its mother's wings and taken back on high.

O'er and o'er this game of stealth and art is played at will
Each new time the frightened chick discovers strength and skill
Till comes the time when mother's watchful eye regards with pride
No further need to catch her charge as on the winds she rides.

So necessary each time she'd been the vehicle of love
So necessary to catch her chick and take her back above
But now her care has brought to birth a freedom new unfurled
She sees her charge has come of age in strength to face the world.

Oh fly upon the winds with joy be proud and strong and true.
Fly with thanks remembering the love revealed to you.
Love and wisdom, stern and strong, unyielding in its quest
To bring to birth in those it loves the best—the very best!

You can see this parable enacted through life's days
You can see this love proclaimed in life's grand myriad ways
Yes proud we fly for when we fall, in faith our spirit sings
In sureness of the One who catches us upon His wings.

Red, White, & Blue

James E. Martin

The banner of red, white, and blue,
Is a beautiful sight, 'tis true.
Endeared by many, scorned by some,
Its place in history securely won.

Under this banner many proudly serve,
From duty they are sworn to never swerve.
In distant lands, away from those dear,
Overcoming hardship, privations, and fear.

Some may still ask why they go.
Why do they such devotion show?
“The answer is simple,” they proudly say,
“We would never have it any other way.”

© 2013 by James E. Martin.

Tribute to a Fallen Soldier

James E. Martin

A soldier gave his life today,
Away from home, so far away.
He had often wondered how it would end
As he, his energy did all expend.

Back at home his family cannot believe
Those horrid words they had just received.
So young was he, yet how he had aged
In those many months the war had raged.

He died knowing he had done his best.
Now his body will be laid to rest.
Will the price he paid be remembered well?
What words will they his loved ones tell?

Will a nation's gratitude his family know?
For the devotion to duty he did so bravely show.
His memory will live on though he be gone,
May honor and respect be properly shown.

© 2013 by James E. Martin.

Tribute to a Drill Sergeant

James E. Martin

He stood there as we departed the bus,
Nobody but he could make any fuss.
First impressions are those that last,
And his was certainly made very fast.

He seemed larger than any in the crowd.
To ensure that all heard, he was very loud.
He immediately began barking out commands.
Which were heard throughout the land.

Speech was heard that was not very cool,
Words you had never heard in Sunday school.
An atmosphere of command was quickly in place,
And to question that authority would bring you disgrace.

Hours quickly turned into days,
As we began to learn his ways.
To regular hours and regular chow,
We readily adapted – somehow.

Activities of both mental and physical sort,
Required each of us to quickly contort.
Impossible it seemed each and every day,
To accomplish all that was thrown our way.

When it seemed that all energy was spent,
Another task from him was sent.
To even hint that it could not be done,
Was another victory by him won.

Day after day we labored through,
Finding things easier to do.
As pounds were perhaps lost and more energy found,
We came to realize that we were “graduation” bound.

The obstacle course was one final test
To discover ourselves at our best.
He stood there laughing as we would crash,
Or into the mud sometimes splash.

Finally, it all came to an end,
And that last day with him we would spend.
To finally realize that it was really done
And the impossible race had been well run.

Looking back after these many years,
With much satisfaction, and occasionally with tears,
That man who once seemed to have no heart,
Gave to many a fresh, new start.

© 2013 by James E. Martin.

French Nocturne (Monchy-Le-Preux)

C.S. Lewis

Long leagues on either hand the trenches spread
And all is still; now even this gross line
Drinks in the frosty silences divine
The pale, green moon is riding overhead.

The jaws of a sacked village, stark and grim;
Out on the ridge have swallowed up the sun,
And in one angry streak his blood has run
To left and right along the horizon dim.

There comes a buzzing plane: and now, it seems
Flies straight into the moon. Lo! where he steers
Across the pallid globe and surely nears
In that white land some harbour of dear dreams!

False mocking fancy! Once I too could dream,
Who now can only see with vulgar eye
That he's no nearer to the moon than I
And she's a stone that catches the sun's beam.

What call have I to dream of anything?
I am a wolf. Back to the world again,
And speech of fellow-brutes that once were men
Our throats can bark for slaughter: cannot sing.

Note: Lewis' regiment arrived at the front and assumed
a position near Monchy-Le-Preux, where this poem
reveals his initial reaction to war's horrors.

© 1919 by Clive Staples Lewis.

Victory

C.S. Lewis

Roland is dead, Cuchulain's crest is low,
The battered war-rear wastes and turns to rust,
And Helen's eyes and Iseult's lips are dust
And dust the shoulders and the breasts of snow.

The faerie people from our woods are gone,
No Dryads have I found in all our trees,
No Triton blows his horn about our seas
And Arthur sleeps far hence in Avalon.

The ancient songs they wither as the grass
And waste as doth a garment waxen old,
All poets have been fools who thought to mould
A monument more durable than brass.

For these decay: but not for that decays
The yearning, high, rebellious spirit of man
That never rested yet since life began
From striving with red Nature and her ways.

Now in the filth of war, the baresark shout
Of battle, it is vexed. And yet so oft
Out of the deeps, of old, it rose aloft
That they who watch the ages may not doubt.

Though often bruised, oft broken by the rod,
Yet, like the phoenix, from each fiery bed
Higher the stricken spirit lifts its head
And higher-till the beast become a god.

Notes:

1. Roland (Hruodland), a Frankish warrior whose story grew to mythic proportions during the later medieval period.
2. Cúchulainn, mythical Irish hero who single-handedly defended Ulster against an army.
3. Iseult (Isolde), who falls hopelessly in love with Tristan in the Arthurian legends.
4. Triton, Greek deity who is the son of Poseidon and fathered a race of mermaid-like creatures.

Apology

C.S. Lewis

If men should ask, Despoina, why I tell
Of nothing glad nor noble in my verse
To lighten hearts beneath this present curse
And build a heaven of dreams in real hell,

Go you to them and speak among them thus:
“There were no greater grief than to recall,
Down in the rotting grave where the lithe worms crawl,
Green fields above that smiled so sweet to us.”

Is it good to tell old tales of Troynovant
Or praises of dead heroes, tried and sage,
Or sing the queens of unforgotten age,
Brynhild and Maeve and virgin Bradamant?

How should I sing of them? Can it be good
To think of glory now, when all is done,
And all our labour underneath the sun
Has brought us this—and not the thing we would?

All these were rosy visions of the night,
The loveliness and wisdom feigned of old.
But now we wake. The East is pale and cold,
No hope is in the dawn, and no delight.

Notes:

1. Despoina (Despoena), in Greek mythology, was the daughter of Poseidon and an unwilling Demeter. Commonly known by the name Persephone, she was abducted by Hades and made the queen of the underworld.
2. Troynovant, the name for London based on the mythological tradition that it was founded by a Trojan refugee.
3. Brynhild, in Norse mythology, is a Valkyrie who awakened from an enchanted sleep.
4. Maeve (Medbh), a legendary Irish queen.
5. Bradamant (Bradamante), a female Christian warrior whose lance could unhorse any knight it touched.

© 1919 by Clive Staples Lewis.

A Foreshadowing of Epics

Robert C. Stroud

Filthy trenches greeted the novice soldiers' eyes,
their two imaginations envisioned greener lands.

Crimson combat splashed red their vision,
and colored portraits one day painted with their words.

The frontlines were barren,
scarred earth stripped of all life.
Fallen trees mimicked casualties,
not even the smallest of creatures escaped death.

Volunteers both, the young officers were,
vowing to protect their homeland from its Hun foe.

In the depopulated wastelands of war,
hope was crushed, dreams of glory dispelled.

Sewage flooded trenches bred disease,
denuded horizons unveiled Nature humbled.
Technology harnessed for a sole harsh purpose,
the merciless extermination of one's fellow man.

Loss of friends too great to number,
gouged lingering wounds in both men's core.

Two war-scarred souls,
never regained youth's former innocence.

Cruel frontline landscapes,
hinted at the desolation of Lantern Waste.
Grim no-man's land proved itself to be,
a mere foretaste of Mordor.

Escape from the wounds of combat
would not be their good fortune.

Each of the soldiers a casualty became,
hospital beds provided them refuge.

Ambulances mired in mud's tight grasp,
struggled to ferry handfuls to shelter.
Yet even among sterile medical wards,
Dark Mars continued to reap his severe toll.

Despair might easily have crushed them,
leaving hollow shells, bereft of former spirits.

Yet with the hearts of sobered poets,
the two men survived war's cauldron.

Out of the mud rose a bud of hope,
from blood-soaked soil ascended a ray of light.
Even amidst the relentless horror,
God had not forsaken them.

Witnesses to horrors they would never describe,
they honored the fallen with lives well lived.

Literary glimpses of bloody folly,
would only hint at conflict's crushing specter.

One veteran sustained by his faith,
the other an unwitting atheist in his foxhole.
The two destined to become fast friends
carrying their own crosses in their Savior's wake.

Rising like phoenixes on heated drafts,
lifted skyward by combat's flames.

Grand adventures God had planned for both,
undying tales to compose through their gifted pens.

Calormenes, minotaurs and vile orcs,
would never ultimately prevail.
Nor could witches or goblins forever cast down,
Aslan's beasts or Rivendell's elves.

Noble Narnia and Middle Earth,
anointed testimonies to parallel epiphanies.

Inspiring vast armies of readers,
more real to some than their mortal homes.

Sagas riddled with battle,
both tales continue to whisper.
Hold fast—all is never lost—
for with God, hope ever endures.

Hauntings

Rupert Brooke

In the grey tumult of these after years
Oft silence falls; the incessant wranglers part;
And less-than-echoes of remembered tears
Hush all the loud confusion of the heart;
And a shade, through the toss'd ranks of mirth and crying
Hungers, and pains, and each dull passionate mood,
Quite lost, and all but all forgot, undying,
Comes back the ecstasy of your quietude.

So a poor ghost, beside his misty streams,
Is haunted by strange doubts, evasive dreams,
Hints of a pre-Lethean life, of men,
Stars, rocks, and flesh, things unintelligible,
And light on waving grass, he knows not when,
And feet that ran, but where, he cannot tell.

© 1915 by Rupert Brooke.

Heaven

Rupert Brooke

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud! – Death eddies near –
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time.
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth
One Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

© 1915 by Rupert Brooke.

Aboard, at a Ship's Helm,

Walt Whitman

Aboard, at a ship's helm,
A young steersman, steering with care.

A bell through fog on a sea-coast dolefully ringing,
An ocean-bell—O a warning bell, rock'd by the waves.

O you give good notice indeed, you bell by the sea-reefs ringing,
Ringing, ringing, to warn the ship from its wreck-place.

For, as on the alert, O steersman, you mind the bell's admonition,
The bows turn—the freighted ship, tacking, speeds away under
her gray sails,
The beautiful and noble ship, with all her precious wealth, speeds away
gaily and safe.

But O the ship, the immortal ship! O ship aboard the ship!
O ship of the body—ship of the soul—voyaging, voyaging, voyaging

© 1892 by Walter Whitman.

Bivouac on a Mountain Side

Walt Whitman

I see before me now a traveling army halting,
Below a fertile valley spread, with barns and the orchards of summer,
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt, in places rising high,
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes dingily seen,
The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far, some away up on the
 mountain,
The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-sized, flickering,
And over all the sky—the sky! far, far out of reach, Studded, breaking out,
the eternal stars.

© 1892 by Walter Whitman.

The Last Invocation

Walt Whitman

At the last, tenderly,

From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the
well-closed doors,

Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;

With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,
Set open the doors O soul.

Tenderly—be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold O love.)

© 1892 by Walter Whitman.

Shillin' a Day

Rudyard Kipling

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in "pore."
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the thickness,
Of sorrow and sickness I've known on my way,
But I'm old and I'm nervis,
I'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.
(*Chorus*) Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay—
Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,
When we rode Hell-for-leather
Both squadrons together,
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'
An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better,
So if me you be'old
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Metropold, won't you give me a letter?
(*Full chorus*) Give 'im a letter—
Can't do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'—runs with a letter!
Think what 'e's been,
Think what 'e's seen,
Think of his pension an'

GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN.

© 1936 by Rudyard Kipling.

Tommy

Rudyard Kipling

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
 The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
 The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
 I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:
 O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
 But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play,
 The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
 O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
 They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
 They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
 But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!
 For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";
 But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide,
 The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
 O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
 Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
 An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
 Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.
 Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
 But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,
 The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
 O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
 But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
 An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
 Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;
 While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind,"
 But it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in the wind,
 There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
 O it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

© 1936 by Rudyard Kipling.

Butterflies

Rudyard Kipling

Eyes aloft, over dangerous places,
The children follow the butterflies,
And, in the sweat of their upturned faces,
Slash with a net at the empty skies.

So it goes they fall amid brambles,
And sting their toes on the nettle-tops,
Till, after a thousand scratches and scrambles,
They wipe their brows and the hunting stops.

Then to quiet them comes their father
And stills the riot of pain and grief,
Saying, "Little ones, go and gather
Out of my garden a cabbage-leaf.

"You will find on it whorls and clots of
Dull grey eggs that, properly fed,
Turn, by way of the worm, to lots of
Glorious butterflies raised from the dead."

"Heaven is beautiful, Earth is ugly,"
The three-dimensioned preacher saith;
So we must not look where the snail and the slug lie
For Psyche's birth. . . . And that is our death!

© 1936 by Rudyard Kipling.



Resurrected Biographies



Nicholas T. Allen

United States Army Chaplain

(26th Connecticut Infantry)

Source: *History of Connecticut Baptist State Convention, 1823-1907*

(Smith-Linsley, 1909): 261.

Allen, Rev. N.T. Born in North Kingston, Rhode Island, December 28, 1815. Died in Groton, while still pastor of Poquonoc Bridge church, March 29, 1900, at the age of 84 years and three months. For fifty-eight years he had been an active and faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

He served as Chaplain of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut Volunteers in the Civil War. His sympathies were very strong, and so tender were his words in the house of mourning that he was often called on to officiate at funerals. He is said to have attended over a thousand such services. Almost all his pastoral work was done in southeastern Connecticut. His praise was in all the churches.

† Curtana †

Benjamin W. Arnett, Jr.

United States Army Chaplain

(Spanish-American War)

Source: *Centennial Encyclopedia of the African Methodist Episcopal Church*

(A.M.E. Church, 1916): Volume 1: 27.

Arnett, Benjamin W., Jr., eldest son of Bishop B.W. Arnett, was born in Brownsville, Pennsylvania, in 1866, attended public schools and Wilberforce University, from which he was graduated with the degree A.B. in 1886. He later attended Columbia University, New York. For many years he was a teacher, having taught in Birmingham, Ala.; at Campbell College, at Allen University, at the Georgia State Industrial College and at Edward Waters College, where he was at one time president.

He was chaplain of a regiment of United States Volunteers during the Spanish-American war. He has served as pastor at Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, O.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; Jamaica, N.Y.; Union, Philadelphia, and Bethel, New York, where he built the new edifice, and is at present pastor. He was also presiding elder of the Springfield (Ohio) and the Harrisburg (Pa.) Districts, and was secretary of the Allen Christian Endeavor League, 1900 to 1904. He was twice married and has

one daughter. The honorary degrees A.M. and D.D. have been conferred upon him.

A photograph accompanies this biography in the original volume.

† Curtana †

Emmons Paley Bond

United States Army Chaplain

(14th Connecticut Infantry)

Source: *History of Connecticut Baptist State Convention, 1823-1907*

(Smith-Linsley, 1909): 261.

Bond, Rev. E.P. Died at Suffield, at the age of 75. He was born in Canterbury, Connecticut, September 6, 1824. Baptized at Tolland in 1840. Fitted for college in Suffield, and graduated from Brown University in 1851. Studied theology at Hamilton. Pastor in New Britain. Chaplain of Fourteenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers. For five years Principal of Connecticut Literary Institution.

Pastor in Agawam, Massachusetts; Professor and Acting Principal in Peddie Institute, New Jersey; Pastor at Wethersfield, at the same time assistant editor of the *Christian Secretary*. His scholarship was wide in its range, and accurate in its results. He was restrained by peculiar modesty from a personal aggressiveness equal to his capacity.

† Curtana †

William Hadley Brockway

United States Army Chaplain

(16th Michigan Infantry)

Source: *Historical Collections*

(Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, 1894): Volume 21: 69-72.

Rev. William Hadley Brockway, of Michigan conference, passed to his eternal rest at his home in Albion, at three o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1891. He was born at Morristown, Vt., Feb. 24, 1813. He learned the blacksmith trade when quite young, but found time to attend school considerably, and acquired a very good knowledge of English. At the age of seventeen he was happily converted at the first camp-meeting ever held in Franklin county, N.Y., and within a year was granted license to exhort at Malone, N.Y., at that time his home.

In 1831 he came to Michigan, and his new acquaintances, perceiving his call to preach, admonished him of his duty. He demurred, saying that he would earn money at his trade and pay others for preaching, but they would not hear to it. Finally he yielded, and was duly licensed to preach the gospel, the first Methodist preacher so licensed on Michigan soil. In September, 1833, being twenty years

old, he was recommended by Ann Arbor quarterly conference (the first ever held at Dexter appointment) to the Ohio conference. Rev. James Gilruth was presiding elder, and Wm. H. Sullivan and Luther D. Whitney were the circuit preachers at that time. His class in conference included L.L. Hamline, Edward Thompson and Thomas Nast, all since distinguished.

Brother Brockway's first appointment was Huron mission, extending from Ypsilanti to the Detroit river and Lake Erie, between Detroit and Monroe. His second appointment was Mt. Clemens. Next, Saginaw mission, Ypsilanti circuit, Dearborn, and then Lake Superior mission district for ten years, serving also as chaplain at Fort Brady, Sault Ste. Marie, for eight years. In 1848 he made his home in Albion, serving as agent of the college, presiding elder of Indian missions in the lower peninsula, pastor at South Albion and Concord, and again as agent of the college. He never superannuated, but held the supernumerary relation for several years, and was successful in various business enterprises, such as building houses and stores and grading the railroad from Lansing to Jonesville, which work he accomplished in sixteen months.

Brother Brockway was married to Miss Clarissa Porter, of Erie, Macomb county, Mich., Nov. 9, 1836. Four children blessed this union, Solomon P., Leonidas H., Wyat [sic] S. (who died at Fort Brady, aged three years), and Mary A., now the wife of Prof. Samuel Dickie. Sister Brockway was a good Christian, a true wife, a faithful mother, and blessed their home for thirty-five years, dying in peace, July 4, 1871. Brother Brockway was again happily married, May 1, 1872, to Antoinette Baxter, of Jonesville, Mich., an accomplished Christian lady, who survives to mourn together with their daughter, Martha Antoinette, now in her eighteenth year.

So pleasant were all his domestic and ministerial relations that Brother Brockway once said to us: "It seems to me sometimes that I have only been having one long, beautiful dream." He loved the church, gloried in the ministry, enjoyed the conferences, was a Methodist preacher about fifty-eight years, was well known by thousands of people in this State, and highly respected by all. His long and useful record is without a stain.

We learn from the *Albion Recorder* that it was a bronchial difficulty which compelled Brother Brockway to retire from the active ministry.

On one of his circuits he had thirty-two appointments to meet every four weeks, and had to travel through swamps and forests a distance of over three hundred miles to get to them. To attend his first conference at Springfield, Ohio, he journeyed a distance of three hundred miles on horseback. His early pulpit work took him nearly all over the State, and largely among the Indians. He would preach to twenty-five or thirty fur traders or labor with the Indians, who too often were supplied with whisky and became offensively drunk. Many a class was formed, many a mission started, and many a modest place of worship erected through his efforts.

In politics Mr. Brockway, originally a democrat, became a prominent republican, was elected a State senator, was sergeant-at-arms in 1863, and was a member of the House of Representatives in 1865-71. When the village of Albion was organized in 1855 he was elected one of the trustees; in 1857-8 was president, and he has since been a member of the council in all nearly twenty-five years. For almost forty years he has been a member of the board of trustees of Albion College, and for many years was its treasurer. For four years he was president of the board and chairman of the executive committee. While he has not given to the college at any one benefaction a large sum, his donations have been continuous. It is safe to say that no man, living or dead, except David Preston, has given to the institution so much in money. For its welfare the best years of his life have been spent.

He was commissioned chaplain of the 16th Michigan infantry and served for sixteen months. Then failing health compelled his return. He was a member of the order of Odd Fellows and of the county and State pioneer societies, also of the Sons of Temperance. He was one of the founders of Bay View. The details of his privations, struggles and hardships, would fill a volume. His was a rugged character. He was self reliant, persevering and energetic to a remarkable degree. Had this not been so he could never have accomplished one-half what he did. He was sturdily honest and open in his dealing. He knew no methods but those that were straightforward. He was never politic, never resorted to circuitous and devious paths to reach the desired end. He will be missed sorely in the community in which he has been so important a factor. He has been a success in life because he has fitted the place which was assigned him, and it was an important place.

Of the last hours and the funeral services of Bro. Brockway, Pastor R.W. VanSchoick writes as follows:

My Dear Dr. Potts:

In reply to your inquiries concerning Brother Brockway's sickness, death and funeral, I will say that Nov. 16, the day after his return from conference, he went out on the street for the last time. Returning to his residence, his symptoms were so alarming that the family physician, Dr. Collins, was summoned. His judgment, as well as that of all who called to see him, was that this was his last sickness. No effort to relieve his sufferings or stay disease gave the least promise of success.

His devoted wife and near friends did all in their power to restore his failing strength, but all in vain. As his pastor, I was at his bedside nearly every day until the last. He said to me: "I think my work is done. Heretofore when the doctors have given me up I said I wouldn't die, and I didn't. But now I feel that I am having my last sickness; disease has too strong a hold on me to be shaken off. I

would like to live longer for the sake of that little woman (his wife) who has done so much for me and for my children. It also seems as if there were more work I could do, but if God wills otherwise, it is all right.”

I told him how we were praying that God would permit him to stay with us. “Well,” he said, “that is very kind; it is so kind in them to think of me. I didn’t know so many were interested in me. I have tried to do my duty. I haven’t made any great profession, but have done my duty as I understood it. I wish I could have done more.”

The day before his death he sent a beautiful bouquet of cut roses to Mrs. W.R. Clancy, who is very sick, accompanied with the characteristic message: “It’s a race between us which shall get to heaven first.” On his last night, while his wife and Prof. Dickie were at his bedside, he repeated:

On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

A little before this he selected his bearers, saying: “I want my neighbors from the different churches to carry me to my grave.” Death and the grave held no terrors to him. Brave of heart, trusting to Jesus, he was not afraid to die. His funeral was held in the Albion Methodist church Saturday afternoon, Oct. 24. Dr. Fiske, who had charge, spoke of his relation to Albion college; the pastor, of his relation to the Albion Methodist church; Dr. M.M. Callen of his relation to Michigan Methodism; Rev. Washington Gardner spoke of him as a citizen and soldier, and Dr. D.F. Barnes of his relation to Bay View. Rev. Geo. S. Hickey and Dr. Levi Master, former pastors, conducted the devotions. Prof. Scheffler presided at the organ, conducting the singing. The services throughout were very impressive.

Among the ministers present were J.E. Parker, of Detroit conference, and the following from Michigan conference: James Hamilton, N.L. Bray, W.M. Colby, L.M. Edmonds, G.L. Mount, E.O. Mather, A.A. Knappen, A. Hunsberger, B.S. Taylor. P.J. Freeman, W.J. Elmer, H.P. Henderson, O.H. Perry, H.D. Jordan, B.E. Paddock, M.W. Knapp, and others.

The college faculty were present in a body; all the members of the Delta Gamma society; also delegates from all the college classes and fraternities; the Albion post of the G.A.R. were in attendance, and a vast concourse of the business men and citizens joined in the universal tribute of respect and love to Brother Brookway’s memory. When his body was laid to rest in Riverside cemetery all

felt that the new-made grave held all that was mortal of one whose record as a benefactor of Albion College and of the religious and business interests of Albion had never been surpassed.

† Curtana †

George R. Darrow

United States Army Chaplain

(3rd New Jersey Infantry)

Source: *History of Connecticut Baptist State Convention, 1823-1907*

(Smith-Linsley, 1909): 268.

Darrow, Rev. George R. Born in Montville, September 29, 1820. Died at Butte, Montana, October 16, 1906. He was baptized in 1841 by Elder Jabez Swan, into the fellowship of the First New London church. He was licensed to preach in Montville in 1847, and ordained in Greenport, Long Island, in 1848. He was pastor in Providence, Rhode Island; West Boylston, Hyde Park, and South Abington, Massachusetts; Camden and Trenton, New Jersey, and Willimantic, Connecticut. He served as Chaplain in the war for the Union. The last twenty years of his life were spent in the West.

† Curtana †

William Hammett Hunter

United States Army Chaplain

(4th United States Colored Troops)

Source: *Centennial Encyclopedia of the African Methodist Episcopal Church*

(A.M.E. Church, 1916): Volume 1: 122.

Hunter, William Hammett, business manager of the Book Concern 1872-1876, was born in Raleigh, N.C., June 21, 1831, of slave parents, but became free in early childhood, his father purchasing his family and removing to Brooklyn, N.Y., where William received his elementary education. In the meantime he worked in a jewelry establishment in Newark, N.J., assisting in smelting and refining. Not satisfied with his limited education, he entered Wilberforce University, where he remained three years, and later was ordained as a minister of the A.M.E. Church.

In September, 1863, while filling the charge at Water's Chapel, Baltimore, he was appointed by President Lincoln, chaplain of the Fourth U.S. Colored Troops, Colonel Samuel Duncan, the second colored chaplain commissioned in the United States. He served until the end of the war, being mustered out in May, 1866, and then resumed his ministerial duties, first in Washington, D.C., and later in many important charges of his church. In 1872 he was elected manager of the Book Concern and served until 1876. At the close of the war he married Miss

Henrietta, daughter of Rev. John Jordan, of Baltimore. He died at Hunter's Heights, Anacostia. D.C.. October 16, 1908. His widow died July 9, 1912.

Graft Martin Pile

United States Army Chaplain
(54th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: *Proceedings of the Annual Convention of the Allegheny Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Pennsylvania of the United Lutheran Church*
(United Lutheran Church in America, 1908): Volume 68: 45-46.

At 2:30 p.m. [5 October] Memorial Services were held in honor of the members of Synod who died during the last year. . . .

The Rev. G.M. Pile was born at Somerset, Pa., in the year 1825. He ended his earthly pilgrimage on March 8th, 1912, at De Soto. Missouri, at the ripe old age of eighty-seven.

Brother Pile entered the ministry of the Lutheran Church in 1856, and during his active ministry served in numerous pastorates, among them being Somerset, Lavansville, Bakersville, Centerville and Indiana, Pa., and at Springfield, Ill.

During the later portion of his life he was not engaged in the active ministry, but had lived a retired life at De Soto, Missouri, until the time of his death. He enlisted in the Civil War as a chaplain, in which capacity he served for three years.

Whilst Brother Pile retained his membership in the Alleghany Synod, he has lived for many years in the far west and has not attended its sessions, hence there are none of the present members of this Synod who were personally acquainted with him or his active ministry in the pastorate.

We greatly regret the passing away of the old veterans in the ministry, and hope that many of the young men of the Church will heed the call to fill up the depleted ranks. (I. Hess Wagner).

† Curtana †

George W. Prioleau

United States Army Chaplain
(9th & 10th Cavalry, 1895-1915)

Source: *Centennial Encyclopedia of the African Methodist Episcopal Church*
(A.M.E. Church, 1916): Volume 1: 181.

Prioleau, Rev. George W., Chaplain, United States Army, was born of slave parents, L.S. and Susan A. Prioleau, in Charleston, S.C., attended the public schools of that city and Avery Institute. In 1875 he attended Claflin University, Orangeburg, S.C. During the winter months, from 1875-1879, he taught the primary public school, Lyons Township, Orangeburg County. He was converted

and joined the A.M.E. Church, St. Matthews, S.C., his father being pastor. Served his church as leader of the choir, Sunday school teacher, superintendent, class leader and local preacher. Joined the Columbia, S.C., Conference, December, 1879, under Bishop Brown.

Was assigned as pastor to the Double Springs Mission, Laurens County, S.C. December, 1880, was sent to Wilberforce University by the Columbia, S.C., Conference, but the conference having failed to support him, he did so himself by working at his trade during hours of recreation, in the harvest fields of Green and Clark Counties, Ohio; and was assisted by his father. Was assigned to the Selma, Ohio Mission by Bishop Shorter in the year 1881, held this charge three years. Graduated from the Theological Department, Wilberforce University, June, 1884, with the degree of B.D. Taught in the public school, Selma, Ohio, September, 1884, to September, 1885; in connection was pastor of A.M.E. Mission, Yellow Springs, Ohio, North Ohio Conference. Was appointed pastor of A.M.E. Church, Hamilton, Ohio, September, 1885.

Was married to Miss Anna L. Scovell, class 1885, Wilberforce University, December 23rd, 1885. Appointed pastor of A.M.E. Church, Troy, Ohio, by Bishop Campbell, 1887. Was elected to fill the chair of Ecclesiastical History and Homiletics, September, 1889, and in this connection was pastor of Trinity A.M.E. Church, Wilberforce University. Appointed Presiding Elder Springfield District, Northern Ohio Conference, A.M.E. Church, September, 1890, in connection with duties as instructor Wilberforce University. This dual position was held until September, 1892. Elected delegate to the general conference held at Philadelphia, May, 1892. Was elected secretary for four consecutive times of the North Ohio Conference; president North Ohio Sunday School Institute for three years. Was appointed pastor of St. John's A.M.E. Church, Xenia, Ohio, in connection with professorship at Payne Theological Seminary. Associate Editor A.M.E. Sunday School Lesson Leaf for three years.

Was appointed Chaplain of the 9th Cavalry, U.S. Army, by President Cleveland, April 25th, 1895, with the rank of Captain, and served with the regiment until November 15, 1915, twenty years, six months and twenty days. Transferred to 10th Cavalry November 15, 1915. Was married after the loss of his first wife February 27th, 1902, to Miss Ethel C. Stafford, Kansas City, Kansas, February 20th, 1905. Two girls, Mary S. and Ethel S., are the fruit of this marriage. The Chaplain has crossed the Pacific Ocean six times, four times with his regiment and twice on detached service. He is a 33 deg. Mason, Odd Fellow and was initiated as a K. of P. Appointed D.D.G.M. by G.M.N.C. Crews, Jurisdiction of Missouri, over Arizona and New Mexico. Organized William H. Carney Lodge, No. 89, G.U.O. of O.F. Reorganized Joppa Military Lodge No. t 50, A.F. and A.M. He paid off a long standing debt of nearly \$1100 on church at Troy, Ohio, and built the present structure. Paid off a large debt on St. John's Church, Xenia, Ohio, and Payne A.M.E. Chapel, Hamilton, Ohio.

His reports have always been satisfactory to the Bishop. Many souls were

converted through his preaching at Hamilton, Selma, Xenia, and in the army.

Payne Theological Seminary conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in June, 1895, but after fifteen years, on account of his high conception of the meaning of the degree, and the prevailing abuse of it, he publicly disclaimed all rights to the degree June, 1910, at Wilberforce University, just before he preached the baccalaureate sermon to the class of 1910.

A photograph accompanies this biography in the original volume.

† Curtana †

Gabriel Richard

United States Militia Chaplain

(1st Michigan Militia, 1800s)

Source: "A Catholic Priest in Congress" by Thomas A.E. Weadock

Historical Collections

(Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, 1894): Volume 21: 432-47.

Rev. Gabriel Richard was one of the historic characters of Michigan, and in reality one of the notable men of his time, but the fame of the clergyman, like that of the lawyer, is ephemeral. They are not seekers of fame though often makers of history.

When this society, through the learned Dr. Shea, honored me with an invitation to read a paper on Father Richard, it was my purpose to write a brief connected story of his life, and especially that portion of it which was spent in the national legislature; but on reading "A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Very Reverend Gabriel Richard, R.C., Pastor of St. Anne's Church, Detroit, 1798-1832," written by a member of this society, Richard R. Elliott, Esq., of Detroit, and published in *The Michigan Catholic*, that idea was abandoned. Another very complete sketch was written by one of Father Richard's parishioners, James A. Girardin, Esq., of Detroit, and read by him before the Historical Society of Wayne County, in 1872. It appears in Volume I, *Michigan Pioneer Collections*. A brief sketch of him, under the title of "*Un Martyr de la Charité*" was published by Lefort, of Lille, France.

Father Richard's life affords material for a volume, but the limits of this paper forbid more than an outline sketch of a man, who, born of a good family in France, emigrated to America to fill a professor's chair in St. Mary's College; then became a zealous missionary among the Indian and half-breed settlements in distant Illinois and Michigan; who set up the first printing press west of the Alleghenies; who was so patriotic in his adopted land that he was made a prisoner of war by the British general at Detroit, after Hull's surrender; who was vice president and held six professorships in the University of Michigan; the associate

of Lewis Cass; and who was the only Catholic priest who ever sat in the congress of the United States.

The writer, in order to complete this article begs leave to insert a short biographical sketch, penned by Rev Francis Vincent Badin, who was assistant to Father Richard at St. Anne's, and was with him at his death. It appeared in the *Democratic Free Press*, September 27, 1832.

We are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Badin and one of our citizens, for the following biographical sketch relative to the reverend deceased whose death we noticed last week.

Mr. Richard was born at Saintes, in France, on the 15th day of October, 1764. His father was a gentleman of distinction, and his mother a descendant of the learned Bossuet. He was educated at the College, of Angers and received ecclesiastical orders at the Catholic Theological Seminary at Paris in 1790. On account of the revolution he left his native land under the directions of the Rev. Mr. Emery, for America, where he had conferred upon him, prior to his departure, the appointment of professor of mathematics in St. Mary's College at Baltimore, Md.

Shortly afterward he was called as a missionary and sent to Kaskaskia, Illinois, to preach the gospel to the Indians. Six years were devoted to this useful employment with the greatest solicitude and ceaseless industry, and his mind during that period, as he often said, seemed to be much enlarged and strengthened in teaching the children of the forest the rudiments of education and of gospel freedom. In 1798 his labors as a missionary ceased, and he came to this city and founded the present church of St. Anne. The difficulties which he had to encounter were great and by many of the people are too well remembered to require further mention here. In 1809 he visited Boston, and while on his visit he purchased a printing press and type, with which he commenced the publication of a newspaper (partly) in the French language, called the *Michigan Essay*. Several numbers of this publication were issued, but there being no regular mails and the population of the territory being scattered, he found it advisable to suspend publication. He then commenced publishing religious books on his own church. The laws of the territory were published, and all the printing that was required was executed under his direction.

In 1812, after the surrender of Hull, he was taken prisoner and sent to Sandwich (Canada), where he remained in the discharge of his ministerial duties and in redeeming those citizens who had been taken by the Indians. In this work of mercy his exertions were great,

and many by his efforts were redeemed from the terrors and torments which wait upon the death of an Indian captive.

He soon returned to this place, and finding his country devastated by a foreign foe and a remnant of his people left entirely destitute of grain and provisions, he purchased a large quantity of wheat for seed, which he refused to sell for money, but distributed it gratuitously to the poor and destitute.

In 1817 he commenced the stone chapel of St. Anne, and could this edifice be finished according to his original draft it would be a great ornament to our city.

In 1813 he was elected a delegate to Congress, where he faithfully discharged his duties, and his exertions for the territory and his success will long be remembered by our enterprising citizens. Notwithstanding his numerous acts of charity and duty he has faithfully and successfully discharged his duties to the church. He has at all times been its eloquent and faithful defender, using his logical powers with the greatest precision upon all important questions.

He spoke and wrote seven different languages, and the extent of his reading and his finished scholastic education rendered him a highly acceptable acquaintance to every man of erudition. His attachment to American institutions and principles of liberty has too often been manifested to need commendation at this time.

During this season, and particularly while the cholera prevailed in this place, he was successful in his endeavors to assuage the disease and soothe the afflicted. He was often called from his bed to all parts of his parish to visit the sick in their last and painful struggle. He had no fear of the disease while attending those ready to be borne to their long homes, and such was his anxiety for his parishioners, that he utterly neglected his own health, and he finally sank under his exertions and the debilitating effects of diarrhoea.

The disease assumed an alarming appearance on the 9th, and the deceased though suffering with but little pain continued to grow worse until the 12th, when he was told by Rev. Mr. Badin that his end was near. He expressed his willingness to die, and wished that the blessed sacrament might be administered, and immediately after uttered these words: "*Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domini secundum verbum tuum in pace.*" Shortly after he was asked if the extreme unction should be administered, he gave a silent consent and seemed to long to be with his blessed Saviour. His pulse continued to beat until ten minutes past three o'clock, a.m., when

his soul, tired and disgusted with the affairs of this fleeting world, winged its way to him who gave it, and left the church to mourn the loss of one of her most learned bishops.

During his sickness his room was filled with all classes of citizens wishing to aid their worthy and departing friend. His funeral was attended at four o'clock in the afternoon by a numerous concourse, and by estimation more than two thousand people of all ranks and denominations followed the remains of this profound scholar and firm supporter of the Catholic faith, this worthy friend and true lover of American liberty, to the cold and silent grave.

At first he was buried in the cemetery, but years afterward his remains were exhumed and placed in a vault in St. Anne's church, Detroit, where they remained until the property was sold, and then they were transferred to the new St. Anne's, and in a vault under the steps of the marble altar, his earthly remains have found a final resting place.

Farmer says that he was the best known of the older priests. He always took an interest in public affairs. He was chaplain of the first regiment of Michigan militia, under appointment of April 30, 1805.

He opened by request one of the sessions of the first territorial council of Michigan, with a prayer that the "legislators would make laws for the people, and not for themselves."

Father Richard's parish extended from Sandusky to St. Joseph, and on the south to Ft. Wayne, according to Dr. Shea. The tithes he commuted into a subscription of \$600, and was indefatigable in endeavoring to improve the condition of his people in every way. Especially did he give his attention to educational matters. He translated several devotional and educational works, which he printed.

In 1804, he established a ladies' academy and also a school for young men, he teaching Latin, history, etc. These did not survive the great fire of 1805.

In 1817 the University of Michigan was founded. Its first president was Rev. John Monteith, a Presbyterian, who also held seven professorships, while Father Richard was vice president, and held six professorships, and the two constituted the faculty of what was termed, in the sounding title invented by Judge Woodward, "The Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania." The language of the erratic pedant, in so far as it relates to the subject of this paper, in the act referred to, may be interesting:

13th, A *didaxia*, or professorship of *ennoecia*, or intellectual sciences, embracing all the *epistemium*, or sciences relative to the minds of animals, to the human mind, to spiritual existences, to the

duty of religion the didactor or professor of which shall be vice president of the institution. The salary of the vice president, Father Richard, who also held six professorships, was \$18.75 per annum.

Under the act of April 30, 1821, Father Richard was made a trustee of the university.

In Congress

One thousand eight hundred and twenty-three was an eventful year in territorial politics in Michigan. John Biddle, a new comer, was register of the land office at Detroit, a brother of Nicholas Biddle, president of the United States Bank, and lately an officer in the regular army, was a candidate for congress, and so was ex-Sheriff Austin E. Wing, a well known and popular citizen. Whitney, McCloskey and John R. Williams were also candidates.

Father Richard saw an opportunity to assist St. Anne's by becoming a delegate in congress, and devoting his salary to the church. The other candidates did not dream of Richard's election, but the vote was: Richard, 444; Biddle, 421; Wing, 335; Whitney, 165; McCloskey, 164; Williams, 51.

Niles Register for October 11, 1823, said: "Mr. Gabriel Richard, a Roman Catholic priest, has been elected a delegate from Michigan territory. This is probably the first instance of the kind in the United States." His district extended from Detroit to the Mississippi.

There were many Catholics in the territory, but Father Richard's vote was not confined to them, as he was always popular with his Protestant fellow citizens, but Williams was a Catholic and led a factional opposition against him. He was one of the marguillers of St. Anne's. On account of Father Richard's candidacy, he (Williams) resigned his office in the church, never returned to it, and his descendants now deny that he ever was a Catholic. This defection caused him to lose enough votes to be defeated in his second canvass. . . .

The account of his time in the State Legislature continues for several pages.

Recommended for Bishop

When Bishop Fenwick was satisfied that Detroit should be an episcopal see, many bishops united in recommending Father Richard as a suitable candidate for its first bishop. The reply to Bishop Fenwick indicated that Rome regarded the time as inopportune, and added, "Father Richard was known at Rome; his zeal, piety and labors were held in high esteem at the Roman court, and they felt sure he would do honor to the position." It was also suggested that beginning with Detroit the bishops nominate three worthy priests for a vacant or new see, designating them as worthy, more worthy, most worthy. In this case Gabriel Richard's name must be one of the three.

Father Richard, during the year before the bull reached him which would have made him a prince of the church, in his dearly loved American home, offered up his life for his flock and went to his eternal reward.

Every history of Michigan mentions him with praise. His portrait appears in Sheldon's early *History of Michigan*. Also in Shea's *Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll*, page 490. Bela Hubbard, a cultured Protestant gentleman of Detroit, has placed a statute of him in a niche in the facade of the City Hall of Detroit, and a memorial window in the new St. Anne's preserves his form and features.

Judge Campbell, who knew Father Richard personally, says on page 255 of his *Outlines of the Political History of Michigan*: "His tall and sepulchral figure was familiar to every one. He was not only a man of elegant learning, but of excellent common sense and a very public spirited citizen. He encouraged education in every way."

His quaint humor and shrewd sense, in no way weakened by his imperfect pronunciation of English are pleasantly remembered by all who had the good fortune to know him, while his brief prayer for the legislation, that they might make laws for the people and not for themselves, was a very comprehensive summary of sound political philosophy.

He succeeded Solomon Sibley delegate in Congress. He was a faithful and diligent representative, and performed his duties to the general satisfaction.

Judge Cooley, in his model *History of Michigan*, page 141, says:

Father Richard, a faithful and devoted pastor, under many discouragements, did what he found it in his power to do to restore or convert the people (of Detroit) to Christianity, and to moral and decent lives. He would have been a man of mark in almost any community and at anytime. He was a plain man, simple in all his habits.

He served one term as a delegate to the satisfaction of the people. Some of the Catholics led the opposition which defeated him. But he turned patiently and without complaint to his more legitimate work, to which he devoted himself with unwearied assiduity, when he fell a victim to the cholera, dying full of years and grateful for the long life of labor and usefulness which had been accorded to him.

I am conscious how little I have done in this paper, and how much such a noble character deserves; but from old newspaper files and musty records, from the luminous pages of our learned Catholic historian, and the works of gentlemen who stand among the first in law and letters, I have gleaned the outline of the exemplary life of the Hon. Gabriel Richard.

The biography also includes a number of footnotes which are not reproduced above.

Eli F. Roberts

United States Army Chaplain

(137th New York Infantry)

Source: *Official Minutes: Year Book, Volumes 30-34*

(Methodist Episcopal Church Wyoming Conference, 1882): 44-45.

Rev. Eli Fuller Roberts, member of the Wyoming Annual Conference, was born near Honesdale, Wayne Co. Pa., March 26th 1826, and died, at his residence in Meshoppen, Wyoming Co. Pa., Jan. 21st, 1882, making his age fifty-five years.

At the tender age of ten young Roberts lost his father, and with the exception of two years, when his uncle gave him shelter, he was obliged to provide for himself, among entire strangers, and may most emphatically be called a “self made man.” At Honesdale, when twenty years old, young Roberts sought and found the pardon of his sins, and having consecrated his young heart to Christ, he ever after bent his steps in the direction of his life work.

On September 20th, 1849, being three years after his conversion, he was married to Miss Catharine DeWitt, of Brooklyn, Susquehanna Co., Pa., a lady every way worthy to share the honors and ready to share her part of the trials, with him whose sudden and unexpected death she now so deeply mourns.

A year after marriage, with only an exhortor’s license, Rev. D.A. Shepard appointed him junior preacher on Abington circuit. At the close of his first year said charge was divided and he was made preacher in charge of the half called Newtown. Having already traveled two years, Bro. Roberts, joined the conference at its first session in 1852, was ordained Deacon by Bishop Ames in 1855, and ordained Elder by Bishop Baker in 1858.

While in Conference Brother Roberts served the following charges: Springville, two years; Mehoopany, two years; Rome, two years; Orwell, one year; LeRaysville, two years; Candor, one year; Meshoppen, two years; Skinner’s Eddy, one year; North Danby, one year; Hawley, three years; Tioga, one year; Wyalusing, two years.

Brother Roberts was always an out-and-out antislavery man. 1862, the second year of the war, found him at Candor. Here he enlisted and organized Company H, of the 187th Regiment N.Y., State Volunteers and served as their captain until he was promoted to the chaplaincy of the regiment.

He was in nineteen battles and was always found at the post of duty. He was with “Hooker fighting above the clouds,” and in “Sherman’s march to the sea,” and had the honor of following the bugle call to the rear when Lee surrendered to Grant. He often spoke of Col. Ireland and the other boys of his regiment from whose cold lips he had heard the faint, “God bless you chaplain,” and whose eyes he had lovingly closed in death.

It was well said in one of the addresses at his funeral, “Brother Roberts was [sic] maintained his Christian integrity all through his army life.” Brother Roberts was a good preacher and pastor. Indeed, he was a man who never did anything by halves. He attacked all the popular “isms” of his day with all the energy of his great soul. He kept the spiritual interests of his charge well before the people and looked faithfully after its material interests.

The church at Meshoppen into which his lifeless body was carried was mainly built by his planning and persistent energy. And the same is true of the parsonage, where several ministers took our afternoon meal in comparative silence, after bearing his body tenderly to the grave. In the long line of people who filed past to look for the last time upon his noble form, we counted nine of his ministerial brethren, and besides the more distant relatives we saw D.S. Roberts and Mrs. Mary Roberts Gay, of Meshoppen, his only surviving children, supporting their dear mother in this, their great sorrow.

Brother Roberts closed up well, being very patient all through his sickness, saying. “If it is God’s will I would like to take my place in the active work next spring, but if He wills otherwise it is all well.” Again he said “I am nearing the river, it is all well.” When his wife talked to him about dying and seeing Katie and Carrie, he spoke with much assurance “Yes, all right, it's all right.” And with “all well, all well,” trembling on his dying lips, he passed sweetly away.

“I heard a voice from heaven saying ‘Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.’”

While day by day our loved ones glide
 In spectral silence, hushed and lone,
 To the cold shadows which divide
 The living from the dread Unknown,

’Tis something to a heart like mine
 To think of thee as living yet
 To feel that such a light as thine
 Could not in utter darkness set.

We leave thee with a trust serene
 Which time, nor change, nor death can move,
 While with thy childlike faith we lean
 On Him whose dearest name is Love.

† Curtana †

Oscar J.W. Scott

United States Army Chaplain

(25th United States Infantry, 1900s)

Source: *Centennial Encyclopedia of the African Methodist Episcopal Church*
 (A.M.E. Church, 1916): Volume 1: 196.

Scott, Oscar J.W., captain and chaplain 25th Infantry, United States Army, was born in Gallipolis, Ohio, July 31, 1867. He attended the public schools during his childhood, in the vicinity of his birthplace. While still in his youth he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, from which he graduated with the degree of A.B., later earning the degree of A.M. from the same institution, and the degree of B.D. from Drew Theological Seminary. The University of Denver bestowed upon him the degrees of B.A. and S.T.B., after he had completed a course of study in that institution. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Payne Theological Seminary.

Chaplain Scott has served his church with marked fidelity and ability, having been pastor of churches at Madison, New Jersey; Kansas City, Missouri; Denver, Colorado, and of the Metropolitan Church at Washington, D.C. His work as a pastor was always of a highly constructive character, morally and materially.

In 1895 Chaplain Scott was married to Miss Nettie Poindexter, of Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. Scott possesses a rare charm, is an accomplished musician, and is in every way a fit help-mate for her distinguished husband. As a result of their union, there are three children, Albert, James and Ruth.

On April 17, 1907, while pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Washington. Dr. Scott was appointed a chaplain in the United States Army, and assigned to the 25th Infantry. Since the very beginning of his career as an army chaplain, Doctor Scott has continued to gain in popularity and efficiency. He is popular with both the officers and men of his regiment, and was recently recommended by his commanding officer as being worthy of distinction for special efficiency. He has served with his regiment in Texas, the Philippines, in the state of Washington, and is now stationed with the command in the Hawaiian Islands. While in the Philippines, he was engaged for a number of months compiling an historical, descriptive work dealing with the history, habits and characteristics of one of the old Moro tribes of the Island of Mindanao.

As a public speaker he is much sought after by congregations, Y.M.C.A. meetings and assemblies wherever he is stationed. He was kept busy addressing various gatherings while in the state of Washington, and since his arrival in the Hawaiian Islands he has been in great demand as a speaker at public meetings of various sorts. He has responded in many cases and has been the principal speaker at the Y.M.C.A., various Hawaiian religious gatherings in Honolulu as well as on the Island of Hawaii and Maui, and at clubs and associations of business men of the city.

He has organized and maintains the Young Men's Bible Study Class, the Scott Literary Society, and is said to have a larger congregation in attendance upon his services on Sundays than any other chaplain in the post.

A photograph accompanies this biography in the original volume.

Theophilus Gould Steward

United States Army Chaplain

(25th Infantry, 1891-1907)

Source: Michael A. Broadstone

History of Greene County, Ohio

(B.F. Bowen, 1918): Volume 2: 968-72.

In the varied activities of Wilberforce University there are few more prominent factors or more popular individuals than the Rev. Theophilus Gould Steward, chaplain and vice-president of the university and pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church at Wilberforce, or than was his late wife, Dr. S. Maria Steward, formerly and for years resident physician and member of the faculty of the university, lecturer on hygiene and physiology before the girls, classes, and who also was engaged in general practice in and about Wilberforce. Doctor Steward, who died on March 7, 1918, had been a resident of Wilberforce ever since 1898, having located there when her husband went to the Philippines as chaplain of the regiment which he had served in that capacity since the days of President Harrison's administration, and Chaplain Steward has been stationed at Wilberforce since 1907, when he was made a member of the faculty, professor of history and languages, later being elected vice-president of the institution. Chaplain Steward has a pleasant home, "Oakview," on the Columbus pike, in the immediate vicinity of the university.

The Rev. Theophilus Gould Steward, more familiarly known locally as Chaplain Steward, is a native of New Jersey, born at Gouldtown, in Cumberland county, that state, April 17, 1843, son of James and Rebecca (Gould) Steward, both of whom were born in that same vicinity and the latter of whom died in 1877 at the age of fifty-seven years, the former surviving until 1892, he being past seventy-seven years of age at the time of his death.

James Steward for thirty years was foreman of the finishing department of the Cumberland Nail and Iron Works at Bridgeton, New Jersey. Though a man of small education he recognized the advantages of schooling and he and his wife, the latter of whom had been a teacher in the days of her young womanhood, instilled into the breasts of their children a desire for learning that inspired all their after lives. The parents were members of the African Methodist Episcopal church and their children were reared in that faith. There are six of these children, all of whom are still living, the youngest being now sixty-nine years of age, and of whom Chaplain Steward was the fourth in order of birth, the others being the following: Margaret, who married Lorenzo F. Gould, farmer, justice of the peace and veteran of the Civil War, and lives at Gouldtown, New Jersey; William, who for years has been engaged in newspaper work at Bridgeton, New Jersey, a writer of stories and a correspondent for metropolitan newspapers; Mary, wife of the Rev. Theodore [for] whose service she draws a pension from the government, and Stephen S., a carpenter, also residing at Gouldtown.

Chaplain Steward knows little about his paternal grandparents, his grandmother,

Margaret Steward, having gone to Santo Domingo and with her what records the family had, but regarding the Goulds, his mother's family, he has a long and interesting history, the Goulds having been represented at Gouldtown, New Jersey, ever since the founding of the colony.

When the English came into possession of New Amsterdam in 1654 the colony which the Dutch had settled at Bergen before 1620 came under the control of the Duke of York, who finally made over the whole to Sir George Carteret, from whose native island of Jersey the provinces were named. Later, John Fenwick, styled knight and baronet, second son of Sir William Fenwick, baronet, representative from the county of Northumberland in the last parliament under the Commonwealth, came into possession of a considerable tract of this land in the south part of New Jersey, chartered a ship and with his children and their families and effects sailed for the colonies.

Fenwick's wife was Elizabeth. daughter of Sir Walter Covert, of Sussex, and among their children was a daughter, Elizabeth, who had married John Adams, a weaver, who with his wife and three children (one, a daughter Elizabeth) formed a part of the new colony, which in 1675 settled on the eastern shore of the Delaware River. Johnson's *History of Fenwick's Colony*, written in 1835, says: "Among the numerous troubles and vexations which assailed Fenwick. none appears to have distressed him more than the conduct of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Adams, who had attached herself to a citizen of color. By his will he deprived her of any share in his estate 'unless the Lord open her eyes to see her abominable transgression against him, me and her good father, by giving her true repentance [sic] and forsaking that Black which hath been the ruin of her and become penitent for her sins.' From this connection has sprung the families of the Goulds, at a settlement called Gouldtown, in Cumberland county."

Further on the same historian says: "Elizabeth Adams had formed a connection with a Negro man whose name was Gould." Elizabeth Adams, granddaughter of Fenwick, had five children by Gould, one of whom was a son named Levi. Three died young. All trace of Levi has been lost. The other son, Benjamin Gould, was the founder of Gouldtown and the founder of the family with which Chaplain Steward is connected through the maternal line. It is quite probable that when Benjamin Gould grew up there were no women of his own color in the settlement with whom he could have associated had he desired to do so.

In 1627 Swedes and Finns had settled on the Delaware, regarding that country as part of the province of New Sweden, and upon Fenwick's arrival there were numerous represented in what are now the counties of Salem and Gloucester, and it is recorded that Benjamin Gould married a Finn by the name of Ann. Benjamin and Ann Gould had five children, Sarah, Anthony, Samuel, Abijah and Elisha, who, it is recorded, were fair skinned, with blue eyes and light hair, the force of the mother's Ugrian blood evidently having been dominant in this progeny. Abijah Gould, born about 1735, married Hannah Pierce, who was born in 1756, third daughter of Richard and Mary Pierce, and the first-born son of this

union. Benjamin Gould, born in 1779, married Phoebe Bowen, who was born in 1788, in Salem County, New Jersey.

Benjamin Gould (-second) died in 1851, at the age of seventy-two years. His widow survived him until 1877, she being eighty-nine years of age at the time of her death. They were the parents of nine children, Oliver, Tamson, Lydia (who lived to the great age of one hundred and two years), Jane, Abijah, Sarah, Rebecca, Phoebe and Prudence. Of these children, Rebecca Gould, mother of Chaplain Steward, was born on May 2, 1820.

In 1838 she married James Steward and was the mother of the children noted in the preceding paragraph, including Chaplain Steward. James Steward's parents had gone to Santo Domingo with the Bowyer expedition in 1824 and it was known that they there became engaged in coffee growing, but after a few years nothing more was heard of them in this country. James Steward had been indentured to a man who ill-treated him so shamefully that before he was nine years of age he ran away and found shelter in the household of Elijah Gould at Gouldtown, where he was reared, later marrying Rebecca Gould, as set out above.

Chaplain Steward received excellent scholastic training for the ministerial duties he has so long and so faithfully performed. Upon completing the course in the local schools at Bridgeton he for two terms taught school. He early had turned his attention to the ministry and in due time was ordained as a minister of the African Methodist Episcopal church and held local charges.

During the reconstruction period following the Civil War, 1865-71, he labored in Georgia and South Carolina, and after some further service entered the West Philadelphia Divinity School, associated with the Protestant Episcopal church, and was graduated from that institution at the head of his class in 1880, afterward being given charges in Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware, and had charge of a church in Baltimore when, in 1891, he was appointed by President Harrison chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, United States Infantry.

For seven years thereafter Chaplain Steward was stationed with his regiment in Montana and then, in 1899, went with that regiment to the Philippines, where he remained for three years, at the end of which time he returned with the regiment and for some time thereafter was stationed at Niobrara, in Nebraska, later being stationed at Laredo, Texas, in which latter post he was serving when retired in 1907.

After a trip to the City of Mexico he returned to Wilberforce, where his wife had installed her home upon his departure for the Philippines, and at once was made instructor in history and languages in the university, two years later being made vice-president of the university, which latter position he still occupies, as well as serving as pastor of the local African Methodist Episcopal church. Chaplain Steward has published several books, including *The Haitian Revolution, 1791 to*

1804, *Genesis Re-read* and *Death, Hades and the Resurrection*. In 1909 and again in 1911 he and his wife made trips to Europe, in the latter year both the Chaplain and his wife being representatives from the African Methodist Church in America to the Inter-racial Congress held in London in that year, both having places on the program of the meetings scheduled for that occasion.

Chaplain Steward has been twice married. On January 1, 1866. he was united in marriage to Elizabeth Gadesden, of Charleston, South Carolina, and to that union were born eight children, five of whom survive, namely: Dr. Charles Steward, a dentist. now practicing his profession at Boston: Capt. Frank R. Steward, who commanded Company G, Forty-ninth Regiment, United States Infantry, during the Spanish-American War and is now practicing law at Pittsburgh: Dr. Benjamin Steward, who attended the medical department of the University of Minnesota and is at present employed by the United States government as assistant inspector in the Chicago stock yards; Prof. Theophilus B. Steward, instructor in English in the Lincoln high school at Kansas City, Missouri, and Gustavus Steward, present secretary to Archdeacon Russell, of St. Paul's (Episcopal) School at Lawrenceville, Virginia. The mother of these children died in 1893.

She was a member of one of the old free families of Charleston and a woman of exalted character. It is doubtless to her teaching and example that Chaplain Steward and her sons now living owe much of their success in life. Although of a very affectionate nature she was nevertheless endowed with a large practical intellect and very sound judgment.

Her family furnished one brother alderman of the city of Charleston, one assistant postmaster, and another, a prosperous butcher, who at one time commanded a troop of show cavalry composed of young colored men of the city who furnished their own horses and equipments. She is buried in the Gouldtown cemetery and over her grave stands a beautiful shaft on which is inscribed the just encomium: "The model wife and mother."

On November 27, 1896, Chaplain Steward married Dr. Susan Maria (Smith) McKinney, widow of the Rev. William G. McKinney, an Episcopal minister at Charleston, South Carolina, and the mother of two children, the Rev. William S. McKinney, a recently ordained minister of the Episcopal church, now a resident of Jamaica, Long Island, and Mrs. Anna Maria Holly, now a teacher in public school No. 109 at Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. Holly was graduated from the public schools of Brooklyn and later entered Pratt Institute in that city, where she took the full course, being the first colored graduate of the high school department of that institution.

A photograph accompanies this biography in the original volume.

Henry McNeal Turner

United States Army Chaplain
(1st United States Colored Troops)

Source: *Centennial Encyclopedia of the African Methodist Episcopal Church*
(A.M.E. Church, 1916): Volume 1: 230-31.

Turner, Henry McNeal, was born at Newberry C.H., S.C., February 1, 1831, son of Hardy and Sarah Turner, learned to read and write by his own perseverance; was employed, when 15 years of age, in law office at Abbeville, where lawyers assisted him with his studies.

He joined the M.E. Church South in 1848; was licensed to preach 1853 by Dr. Boyd, of the M.E. Church South; transferred his membership to the A.M.E. Church in 1858; studied Latin, Greek, Hebrew and theology at Trinity College; was ordained deacon in 1860, and ordained elder in 1862; received the degree of D.D. from Wilberforce in 1873; was married four times: Eliza Ann Peacher, of Columbia, S.C., August 31, 1856; second, Mrs. Martha DeWitt of Bristol, Pa., August, 2893; third, Harriet A., widow of late Bishop Wayman, of Baltimore, August 16, 1900; fourth, Laura Pearle Lemon, of Atlanta, Ga., December 3, 1907.

Was pastor of Israel A.M.E. Church, Washington, D.C. in 1863; commissioned chaplain U.S. Colored Troops by President Lincoln, being the first colored chaplain ever commissioned in the U.S. Army; mustered out September, 1865; commissioned by President Johnson as chaplain in the regular army; detailed as officer of Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia.

After serving a while resigned to resume his ministry; organized churches in Georgia and schools for colored children; was elected member of Constitutional Convention of Georgia in 1867; member of Georgia Legislature in 1868 and 1870; appointed postmaster of Macon, Ga., later inspector of customs and U.S. secret detective, at the same time attending to his ministerial duties.

Elected manager of the Book Concern of the A.M.E. Church in 1876; elected bishop, 1880; for years was one of principal agitators of the return of his race to Africa; visited West Africa and South Africa, and organized four annual conferences in Africa; served as bishop of Georgia 12 years, making Georgia the leading state for African Methodism.

He was a fluent speaker, man of great personal force and much versatility; founded the *Southern Christian Recorder*, the *Voice of Missions*, *Woman's Christian Recorder*; author of the "Methodist Polity," compiler of Hymn Book of A.M.E. Church; also *Turner's Catechism*, various sermons and lectures. He died in Winsor, Canada, May 8, 1915, and was buried in Atlanta, Ga. His widow, Mrs. Laura P.L. Turner, died October, 1915.

A photograph accompanies this biography in the original volume.

James Eli Wilson

United States Army Chaplain
(99th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: *History of the First Baptist Church of Haddonfield, New Jersey*
(1906): 28-29.

In 1856, the Rev. James E. Wilson was called, but resigned in 1861, to go as chaplain in the Civil War.

He was born in Philadelphia, March 17, 1830, and died in the same city June 17, 1898, at the age of 68 years and three months. Feeling called in early life to preach the gospel, he was licensed by the church in Blackwood, N.J., and after a brief term of study in Lewisburg (now Bucknell) University, was settled and ordained at Cape May Court House, N.J. Here he remained from 1853 to 1857, when he went to Milestown, Pa. This pastorate was brief, lasting only about a year.

In 1858, he accepted a call to the Haddonfield church, resigning in 1861 to enter the army, serving as chaplain of the 99th Pennsylvania Volunteers from the beginning of the Civil War until the latter part of 1862. His pastorates after the army service were at Great Valley, Pa., '62-65; Blockley, Philadelphia, '65-68; South Abington (now Whitman), Mass., '68-69; Randolph, Mass., '69-71; Burlington, N.J., '71-78; Southington, Conn., '78-80; Niantic, Conn., '80-81; Woodstown, N.J., '82-86.

During the later years of his life he was in poor health, and following his Woodstown pastorate he retired from the active work of the ministry, and made his home for some time in Woodbury, N.J., supplying the churches in Westville and Blackwood for a considerable period. His last days were spent in Philadelphia, where he died June 17, 1898. His body was buried at Blackwood. He was married, November 7, 1856, to Miss Esther Bateman, of Spring Mills (now Grenlock), near Blackwood. Seven children were born to them, of whom six survive, one dying in infancy.

† Curious Citations †

Combat Credentials Enhance Chaplaincy Ministry

A distinguished British Special Air Service soldier is converted and eventually returns to the Royal Army as a chaplain.

It seemed a natural progression to slip back into the military as a chaplain. I wanted to work with young people and I felt I had a particular understanding of young men in the army. I wanted to bring God into their lives in a way they'd understand. If they were on exercise at three in the morning, I wanted to turn up in their trenches with my coffee and my Bibles stuffed into ammunition pouches. I wanted to hear their problems and help sort them out.

So I came back into the army in 1994 as a chaplain. It's a long way from the Regiment but I won't pretend that the SAS wings haven't sometimes helped me on the job. They can make the men more inclined to listen to me. . . .

Now I'm back in the army, I have the opportunity to free-fall again at last. I also ski and canoe and climb mountains. I used to think mountains were just large things which got in the way. Now, I really believe they bring me closer to God. I've climbed the Matterhorn. I want to climb K2.

Tragically, following his biography's publication, the Army pressured Collins to resign his commission. This sorrow contributed to the author's 1998 suicide.

Frank Collins
Baptism of Fire
 (Doubleday: 1997): 373.

† Curtana †

Why So Many Civil War Chaplain Accounts Exists

As men whose profession was founded on a book, chaplains were by definition men of words. They had to use them to comfort and inspire their flocks, to bring hope to the suffering, and comfort to the bereaved at home. Not surprisingly, they were more literate than the average run of the soldiery, and both during and after the war they put their experiences and thoughts in writing.

John W. Brinsfield, et al.
Faith in the Fight
(Stackpole: 2003): 95.

† Curtana †

Sad Fate of a WWII Chaplain POW

After Corregidor fell to the Japanese in May 1942, Chaplain [Arthur] Cleveland was among those marched through the streets of Manila as prisoners of war. He was interned at Bilibid Prison in June 1942 and from there taken to Camp No. 1, Cabanatuan. . . .

Though a patient in the hospital, he worked actively with the chaplains there and taught a class for young men interested in Christian vocations. . . .

After a return to Bilibid Prison, Chaplain Cleveland was selected for the POW detail which sailed for Japan on December 13, 1944, aboard the *Oryoku Maru*. After the ship was bombed in Subic Bay, the prisoners were forced to abandon the vessel and swim ashore at Olongapo. Unable to swim and scarcely able to walk, Chaplain Cleveland was helped onto a makeshift raft by compassionate fellow prisoners. An observer states that when the tide carried the raft away from the shore rather than toward it, the Japanese turned their guns on its helpless occupants. There were no survivors on the raft, and Chaplain Cleveland's body was not recovered.

Leslie F. Zimmerman
Chaplain Prisoners of War in the Pacific 1941-1945
(USAF Chaplain Service Institute: 1993): 37-38.

† Curtana †

Blessing Missions Going and Coming Home

Catholic officers and enlisted personnel, in particular at bomber bases, seemed to be especially well cared for. A common theme that emerged from interviews with World War II air force people was the splendid care given to bomber crews. Typically flight crews were informed of a private room open to Catholics just prior to a bombing mission. There a priest would hear confession, offer Holy Communion, and anoint the crews. In the same vein, when bombers returned from missions, a priest would almost always be available to perform last rites on KIA crew members, as well as anoint and pray for the wounded fortunate enough to have made it back to base. Nearly sixty-five years later, Lee Watson, the pilot of a B-24, recalled, "Oh how we were strengthened by having Holy Communion

before a mission.” He said the chaplains “were great for us.” Just knowing they would be there “to give last rites when a plane landed, and to care for the wounded” bolstered morale enormously.

Lyle W. Dorsett
Serving God and Country
(Berkeley, 2012): 159.

† Curtana †

The Gradual Unveiling of a Civil War Ministry

2 July 1862

M’Clure House. Camp Carlisle. Wheeling, Va. Have just returned from a visit to Mr. Adison’s—the Clergyman in Wheeling. He has been but 6 months here—was in Baltimore previously, but his church was broken up by the times.

But why am I here? A Chaplain in the Army, I must follow it wherever it goes. Two months ago nothing could have been further from my expectations. But no man is master of his own fortunes.

Appointed Chaplain to Colonel Voss’ regiment—12th Ill. Cav.—on the first of June, preached my first & as yet only sermon on the 22^d & on Friday 27th set off with them in the cars for Annapolis. Our journey now half accomplished, we are stopping a few days here in camp.

Edited by Herbert B. Enderton
The Private Journal of Abraham Joseph Warner
(Private Printing, 1973): 147.

† Curtana †

Making Allowance for the Bad Taste of His Age

Of the character of our worthy Chaplain it is unnecessary to say much. Its peculiar features may be very easily collected from the following Diary. Writing as he did, without any sort of disguise, he exhibits himself, not, indeed, as possessing any very constant sense of religious obligation, but, considering the laxity of the morals of the period in which he lived, and the society in which he moved, as affording a very respectable specimen of a sea-chaplain of that æra. He enjoys his punch and his claret, and he revels in the most luxurious description of the good cheer by which he was occasionally surrounded: but he appears to have been constant in the observance of the offices of his calling; and on one occasion

he exhibits a very spirited and commendable jealousy of any interference with his professional duties.

His mind appears to have been remarkably acute and vigorous. He diligently observes whatever is new and curious, and brings to the subject a considerable share of booklearning, sometimes, indeed, inaccurate and ill-digested, and frequently mixed up with a very singular portion of superstition, but altogether affording abundant evidence of his talents and acquirements.

His poetical compositions are often very far above those of “the mob of gentlemen who write with ease;” and some of his ballads, making allowance for the bad taste of his age—the Chlorises and the Amyntas, the Phyllises and the Amaryllises—are in some respects worthy of taking their place amongst the standard compositions of this description. Upon the whole, his Diary is any thing but dull, and leaves upon us the impression of a pleasant gossiping with a quaint and witty companion, relating in a natural style some very singular adventures, and exhibiting a variety of new and curious particulars of an interesting and remarkable state of society.

Henry Teonge & Charles Knight
The Diary of Henry Teonge, Chaplain on board His Majesty’s Ships Assistance, Bristol, and Royal Oak, anno 1675 to 1679
 (Private Printing, 1825): x-xi.

† Curtana †

An Episode from the Franco-Prussian War

No salute was fired when Strassburg fell. The 28th and 29th of September passed without any signs of rejoicing; and it was not till the 30th—the same day on which, 189 years before, Louis XIV, by fraud and treachery became master of the town—that the joy of the Germans at regaining possession of a place which they looked upon as their indisputable property, was expressed in the form of thanksgiving; a Protestant service being performed on one side of the Orangerie Gardens, a Catholic service on the other. The officiating pastor in the Prussian religious camp was the chaplain of the 34th regiment.

The troops were formed into a hollow square, in the middle of which stood a group of officers. The chaplain took his place on one side of the square, beside an improvised altar composed of drums built up against a tree, and nothing could be more simple or impressive than the whole service. He took for his text the opening verses of the 105th Psalm, and gave thanks to God for the recovery of Strassburg from the hands of the foreigner and its restoration to the German race, from whom, for nearly two centuries, it had been unjustly kept. The 30th of September, instead of being associated with the loss of Strassburg, would now, he

said, be regarded as the happiest day in its history, the second birthday of the ancient German city.

After the services in the Orangerie a thanksgiving was celebrated in the Protestant church of St. Thomas, at which General von Werder and his staff were present. The general was received at the door by the clergy. The principal pastor delivered an address, in which he assured General von Werder that the “immense majority” of the population of Strassburg were German in feeling. There is no doubt that the Protestants of the city were well disposed towards Germany, and this, perhaps, the speaker chiefly meant.

It is possible that General Werder, remembering the desperate resistance of the Strassburgers, and the 150 lb. shells which he had lately been throwing into their houses, may have doubted the accuracy of the statement that the “immense majority” were glad to see him. Be that as it may, he kept his eyes firmly fixed on those of the much-protesting pastor, held him all the time, as if affectionately, by the hand, and having heard him to the close, without altering his gaze or relaxing his grasp, replied.

His answer, simple enough in itself, was delivered very impressively, and had a great effect on all who heard it. Still standing on the threshold, he said: “I am obliged to you for the manner in which you receive me. One thing ought to reassure you—my first visit in Strassburg is to the church. I am pained at the manner in which I have been forced to enter this German city; and, believe me, I shall do my utmost to heal its wounds. From my soldiers you have nothing whatever to fear. Their order and discipline are perfect; but do not forget that the same order will be expected and required on the part of the civil population. Once more I thank you for your expressions of good-will.”

The service then began. The body of the church was full of troops, the general and his staff occupying seats in front of the pulpit. The sermon was preached by Emil Frommel, royal garrison chaplain of Berlin, and field-division chaplain of the guard landwehr division.

The discourse was founded on 1 Samuel vii. 12, and was a fair sample of the military field preaching in the German armies. Pitched in the key of exultation which at the time found an echo in all German hearts and households, it had the ring of the song of Deborah and of Barak, or of those drumhead discourses to which Cromwell’s grim Ironsides listened after Marston Moor and Dunbar.

Henry Mantague Hozier
The Franco-Prussian War
 (Private Printing, 1825): Volume 2: 69-70.

Sanctifying the Secular

Ironically, chaplains can also be responsible for elevating secular holidays into “holy moments”—Veterans Day in a military institution, Memorial Day, and the Fourth of July can provide mean and solace to the larger community and can help reinforce the commonality of a mixed population.

Separating the “sacred secular” from “ordinary time” also provides meaningful guideposts; “I’ve made it through the summer—I never thought I’d be here to see another fall” are words I have often heard, prompting spontaneous words of gratitude so necessary for spiritual healing.

Stephen B. Roberts
Professional Spiritual and Pastoral Care
(Skylight Paths, 2011): 436.

† Curtana †

It’s All About Volunteerism

“I used to think, when I was first out of seminary, that it was my job to get everybody into my church, but it’s not that simple.”

“Why?” Mareike asked. “I thought that this is really what the priests do—make everyone go to church or feel guilty.”

“I don’t think so,” [the chaplain] said. “I suppose I *used* to think so. I guess maybe at home when you’ve got people who are too lazy to go to church, but there’s a difference between going to a building called a church and making a spiritual commitment. You can make somebody go to church, but you can’t make somebody make a spiritual commitment. My job is to be there for people, to provide spiritual leadership or spiritual guidance for people when they feel the need and the desire.”

“Makes sense, I guess,” Mareike said, shrugging.

“The U.S. Army is a volunteer force,” he said, smiling. “And religion within it is *definitely* voluntary.”

Jerome Prescott
For God and Country
(Berkley Books, 2009): 75.

A Harsh Assessment of Monotheism

Even in biblical times, as Jon Levinson shows, the Israelites deliberately misrepresented the religions of their neighbors. In order to maintain Jewish separateness, scripture doesn't just criticize other beliefs, it caricatures them, making them appear foolish and unattractive. Christianity and Islam in their militant phases—and one has to wonder if either has yet transcended its militancy—still extol their particular versions of monotheism at the expense of others. But what would you?

If our particular version of truth is not Truth, then religious faith becomes relative and, ultimately, even Jim Jones is justifiable. If it is Truth, how do we accommodate those who hold otherwise? The dangers of this dilemma are all too apparent.

Stanley N. Rosenbaum
 “Monotheism and the Roots of Intolerance”
 Louis J. Hammann
Religious Traditions and the Limits of Tolerance
 (Anima Books, 1988): 7.

† Curtana †

Japan's War with Russia for “Eternal Peace”

As Japanese military domination and colonial administration extended to other parts of Asia, Buddhist priests enlisted as military chaplains (*jūgun sō* or *jūgun fukyōshi*), and by the 1930s, as we will see, Buddhist missionaries and chaplains were serving the religious needs of Japanese overseas and working closely with the Japanese military to “pacify” (*senbu*) colonized Asians.

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Christopher Ives
Imperial Way Zen: Ichikawa Hakugen's Critique and Lingering Questions
 (University of Hawaii, 2009): 21.

Jeanne d'Arc was Assigned Her Own Chaplain

Still the doctors proceeded with their examinations, asking repeated questions and I suggesting many learned difficulties. Said Jeanne: "Why do you ask me all these things? I do not know even my A, B, C; but I have come, by God's command, to raise the siege of Orleans and crown the king."

Having nothing more to say, the doctors finally decided in the maiden's favor, to which they were somewhat influenced by the great reverence which she inspired among the people of Poitiers by her holiness and piety . . . The devil was not believed to have any power over a virgin. Therefore, as her power could not be from below, the logical inference was that it was from above.

King Charles VII then assigned Jeanne a command. A brave and wise counselor of the king was to attend her as esquire. She had two pages, two heralds, a chaplain, valets and guards. In a letter to his mother, Guy de Laval thus referred to the maiden: "It was beautiful to see her, in white armor, sitting on a black horse, with a small ax in her hand."

The Voices told her to send for an old sword, marked with five crosses, which was behind the altar in the chapel of St. Catharine de Fierbois. The armorer went; and such a sword was found among a heap of old weapons which had formerly been given to the chapel, and which lay near the altar. But what Jeanne loved most was her standard; on one side of which was a likeness of the Savior, seated on the clouds of Heaven, with angels adoring Him; while on the other side was written *Jhesus Maria*.

Jeanne always carried this standard in the midst of battle, seldom using her sword; as she said that she did not wish to kill any one, and that she loved her standard forty times more than her sword.

Israel Smith Clare
Medieval History
(Werner, 1893): 512.

† Curtana †

A Union Chaplain & His Horse are Captured

Captain Stone, however, with great coolness and with splendid pluck turned, and for a moment succeeded in holding a handful of his men, who poured one volley into the ranks of the pursuers, but he himself received a bullet wound and fell forward upon his horse's neck.

It was a fatal wound, as the ball lodged in his spine. But though he was partially paralyzed, he had strength enough left to hold on, and for a few moments he

galloped along with me; as however the guerrillas were sharply pursuing, and he was conscious that he could do no more in the way of rallying his men, he took the first opportunity of escape, and dashed into a wood-road branching to the left, and was lost under cover of the forest. I never saw him more. . . . His last word to me was, “Save *yourself*, Chaplain.” But I was the only officer now left on the road, and I felt that I ought to do what I could for the men who were ahead of me galloping madly away.

So I put spurs to my horse and soon caught up with them, and was advising them not to urge their horses to death, when the guerrillas were again upon us, and a volley from them brought one of our men who was in front of me to the ground, and my horse had to leap over him as he fell. Under these circumstances there was not much use advising moderation, though in a long chase it was the surest safety. We had already been pursued for three miles; and since it seemed as if the guerrillas were determined to catch us, I began, as I dashed along behind the rest of our men, to put myself and horse into the lightest running order. I pulled off my gauntlets, unstrapped my overcoat and oatbag from the saddle, and threw them away.

In a few moments I came upon one of our men whose horse had been urged beyond his strength and had broken a blood-vessel and in falling had pinned his rider under him. Not recognizing me as I galloped along, he took me for one of the enemy, and shouted, “I surrender.” And I heard the shout repeated behind me as the guerrillas came up, and I saw one of them—regardless of the Union soldier’s defenceless condition—shoot at him as he passed. Things began to look desperate for *me*. I seemed to be chased by demons.

I did not know at the time—what I learned afterwards—that the leader himself of the guerrillas—Colonel Mosby—and a dozen picked men (among them Edmonds and Munson) were pursuing *me* so persistently because they thought I was “Yankee Davis”—a native Virginian who knew all the country about and the haunts of the guerrillas, and who usually, though not *this* time, acted as a guide for our troopers in their raids into the enemy’s country.

Colonel Mosby knew his value to our side and would have given everything if he could catch and hang him. I had been thus singled out on the field and mistaken for him because I was riding a roan colored horse, and the only other of that stripe in the brigade was “Yankee Davis’.” So if I had been caught, the chances would have been —“quick shrift and short rope.” But, as luck would have it, my horse was fresh & tough, and I think Mosby’s must have been worn and tired. . . .

More than thirty years after this adventure, I went to hear Mosby lecture in Boston in Tremont Temple, and having been introduced to him as the Chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, I asked, “Do you remember me?” He replied, “No, but I remember your horse.” It was the uncommon color of my horse that came so near being my undoing. . . .

So I remounted, and taking the road over which I had just galloped, I *walked* my horse that I might not pass without notice any wounded man. I felt sure that there were at least two wounded men somewhere along the road, for I had seen them fall in the chase. As I felt my way along in the darkness, I kept calling out, “Is any wounded man here?” and soon I heard a low response and found the man whose disabled horse had in falling pinned him to the ground, and who was shot after he surrendered. It was Owen Fox, a private in my regiment who had enlisted from Braintree.

He was very weak, and I at once gave him some brandy, but I could not in the darkness bind up his wound. So I hurried to the nearest house and with some trembling knocked at the door. Every farmhouse in this section was a refuge for guerrillas, and every farmer was an *ally* of Mosby, and every farmer's son was with *him* or in the Confederate army. But I felt that suffering humanity would make a strong appeal, and I was not, in this case, mistaken. I induced the farmer to lend me a lantern and a blanket and to assist me in carrying the wounded man to his house. As soon as I saw the wound, I saw also that it was mortal. The cruel shot—fired after he had surrendered and while he begged for mercy—had pierced his body completely through.

With wet compresses I was able to stay the flow of blood, and leaving him in charge of the farmer's wife, I sallied forth again into the darkness with lantern and blanket, the farmer accompanying me, and at last found the other soldier whom I had seen fall in the chase, and we carried him into the house. He was a New Yorker, and his wound was severe but not necessarily fatal. It was now eleven o'clock, and I was several miles from the battlefield. I wanted very much to get to it, but I feared that I could not find my way in the darkness. So I concluded to watch over these two wounded men through the night, and then in the morning to press on to the care of the wounded on the field.

It was not long before it became evident that Fox could not live many hours; for his strength was fast ebbing away through that ghastly wound, spite of my efforts to stanch it. I tried to get from him some message for his wife and little ones at home, but he would not—his agonies were too great; and he kept crying out even with his dying groans, “Chaplain, they shot me after I surrendered.” He passed away at three o'clock. Then, having done all I could for the other wounded man, I lay down on the floor by his side—between him and the dead soldier—and snatched an hour's sleep.

I arose again at four with the first rays of dawn, and started out to see if I could find my hat, which I had lost when I dashed into the woods the night before. I could get along in the *evening* without it, as I did, and felt no harm, but I could not go forth without it under a July sun. So, though the chance of finding it seemed very small, I felt that I must make the attempt. But what was my dismay, as I sallied forth, to discover that my horse, which I had hitched just outside the house, had been stolen in the night. Not to speak of the bereavement of losing the faithful steed who had carried me through many perilous journeys and had saved

my life in the chase the night before, what could I do without him, left as I was, alone in the enemy's country, and thirty miles from any possible succor? But I could not stop to question; a soldier never expects to know what a day will bring forth, and learns to scorn trifles and to make the best of what *does* come. . . .

I bound my handkerchief over my head for protection from the morning damps, and as a safeguard I wound a white bandage about my waist and shoulder, like an officer's sash, in token of my peaceful mission, and as an extemporized flag of truce to keep guerrillas from firing upon me without warning. I soon found the advantage of this precaution, for as I was climbing a rather sharp ascent in the road I was startled with a harsh challenge from behind the crest of the hill—"Halt! Who goes there"—and I was immediately aware of a seven-shooter carbine levelled at me, and a rough-looking guerrilla behind it with his hand on the trigger. I answered as respectfully as the occasion required, "A chaplain, looking after the wounded."

As I had no arms, he allowed me to advance, and, a short parley persuading him of my humane mission and my peaceable intent, he allowed me to go my way with my simple parole of honor that I would give no information that day that would harm Mosby or his men.

I soon found my hat in the woods, and immediately returned with fresh courage to my temporary hospital; and after caring for the wounded soldier, I borrowed a spade of the farmer and, selecting an attractive spot under a tree a little distance from the house, I began to dig a grave for the decent burial of the body of Owen Fox, when to my great delight I saw my horse approaching, and I said to myself, the thief has heard that I am a non-combatant and attending to the wounded, and has concluded to give me back my horse. And I laughingly said to the rider as he approached, "Well! you've got a good horse there." But my laughter was suddenly changed to heaviness as he replied, cocking his pistol and taking aim at me, "You're my prisoner."

I at once explained to him my mission, and the laws of war that shielded chaplains and surgeons in the discharge of their duties on the field; but he simply presented the shotted and unanswerable argument of his well-aimed pistol, and I yielded as gracefully as I could to the inevitable.

Still I begged a few minutes to finish the burial; but he would not delay one moment, and I had to *leave* the exposed body, and the half-made grave, and the wounded soldier in the house. But I charged the farmer to care for the living and to bury the dead, and begged of him to go to the scene of the battle and with my outfit do what he could for the wounded, and then I started breakfastless on a long and tedious tramp. My captor, having no pity for the dying and no consideration for the dead, of course had no compassion for me. He made me walk in front, he keeping his pistol well in hand. My horse seemed to appreciate the shame of seeing his master driven before him, and hung his head in pity.

Charles Alfred Humphreys
Field, Camp, Hospital and Prison in the Civil War
(George H. Ellis, 1918): 100-109.

† Curtana †

Burying WWI Dead in an Interfaith Context

The next day we breathed more freely again. Our tired boys, reduced in numbers, weakened in physical resistance, but going forward day after day as their orders came, were at last to go out of the lines. Their job was done; they had reached the Sambre Canal; and though we did not know it, they were not to go into battle again. I hurried back to Joncourt, the temporary division headquarters, for the night, changed my clothes, slept in a borrowed cot, read a very heartening pile of home letters which had accumulated for some weeks, and returned to St. Souplet the next day for the burial detail. It was the 21st of October; while the division as a whole marched back to the railhead, five chaplains with a detail of a hundred and fifty men stayed behind for the sad work that remained to be done.

At this time I stopped off at the 108th Infantry for a few minutes, as they halted for a meal after coming out of the lines, and had my orderly, David Lefkowitz, detached from his unit to serve with me for my entire remaining period with the division. I had become acquainted with him during my first few days in the division and found that he would be interested to work with me as orderly and assistant. The order assigning him to this special work was made out before we left the woods at Buire. But our various units were so depleted at the time that I arranged to leave him with his “outfit” for the battle.

It was a serious deprivation to me, as Lefkowitz had been through the earlier battle at the Hindenburg Line and could have given me much assistance and advice in the front line work. Now that the fighting was over, he left his company to go with me and enjoy the comparative luxury of division headquarters until he rejoined his company to sail home from France. He was one of the many Jewish soldiers who welcomed the presence of a chaplain and gladly cooperated in every possible way to make my work successful.

Chaplain Francis A. Kelley, in charge of our burial work, laid out the cemetery on a hill overlooking the village and the battlefield. The rest of us searched the field with details of men, brought in the bodies on limbers, searched and identified them as well as possible. In doubtful cases the final identification was made at the cemetery, where men from every regiment were working and where most soldiers would have some one to recognize them.

In addition, we buried German dead on the field, marking the graves and keeping a record of their location for the Graves Registration Service. A hundred and fifty-two men were buried there at St. Souplet, the last cemetery of the Twenty-

Seventh Division in their battle grounds of France. The last body of all, found after the work had been finished and the men released from duty, was buried by us chaplains and the surgeon, who went out under the leadership of Father Kelley and dug the grave ourselves. Every evening the six of us gathered about our grate fire and relaxed from the grim business of the day. If we had allowed ourselves to dwell on it, we would have been incapable of carrying on the work: it was so ghastly, so full of pathetic and horrible details.

We sang, played checkers, argued on religion. Imagine us singing the “Darktown Strutters’ Ball,” or discussing the fundamental principles of Judaism and Christianity for several hours! The five of us were all of different creeds, too—Catholic, Baptist, Christian, Christian Scientist and Jew. Our cooperation and our congeniality were typical of the spirit of the service throughout.

On the last day we held our burial service. We gathered together at the cemetery with a large flag spread out in the middle of the plot. I read a brief Jewish service, followed by Chaplains Bagby and Stewart in the Protestant and Father Kelley in the Catholic burial service, and at the end the bugle sounded “taps” for all those men of different faiths lying there together. We could see and hear the shells bursting beyond the hill, probably a hostile scout had caught sight of us at work. Above floated a British aeroplane. Some English soldiers working on their burial plot nearby stopped their digging and listened to our service.

And so we said farewell to our lost comrades and to the war at the same time.

Lee Joseph Levinger
A Jewish Chaplain in France
 (Macmillan, 1922): 49-51.

† Curtana †

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As Japanese military domination and colonial administration extended to other parts of Asia, Buddhist priest enlisted as military chaplains (*jūgun sō* or *jūgun fukyōshi*), and by the 1930s, as we will see, Buddhist missionaries and chaplains were serving the religious needs of Japanese overseas and working closely with the Japanese military to “pacify” (*senbu*) colonized Asians.

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The Unique Disposition of a Civil War Steed

Just before moving toward Franklin, General Strahl came to me and said: “I want to make you a present,” and presented me with a splendid horse, named “The Lady Polk.” I used the horse through the remainder of the war and at its close sold her, and with the money erected in St. James’ Church, Bolivar, Tennessee, a memorial window to General Strahl and his Adjutant, Lieutenant John Marsh, both of them killed in the fearful battle of Franklin. Both of these men I had baptized but a few months previously, and both were confirmed by Bishop Elliott.

Charles Todd Quintard

Doctor Quintard: Chaplain C.S.A. and Second Bishop of Tennessee
(Sewanee University, 1905): 111.

† Curtana †

A Catholic Civil War Chaplain Defends His Faith

Yes, wellnigh on every page of the history of the United States you find recorded the brave deeds of Irish Catholics, and Catholics of all nations, including American Catholics, who labored zealously in the cause of American liberty; and still we have the mortification of hearing, through the press, from the pulpit, and even in legislative halls, the hue and cry: “Catholics will destroy our free institutions!”

Did not Catholics furnish the material to make them? And why should they destroy their own work? Why should they be debarred rights purchased by the purest blood of their noblest sons? Shame on bigots for their ingratitude! Shame on bigots for this lack of a sense of justice! Shame on bigots for casting dishonor on the memories of the men who saved their lives and the honor of this country! Shame on bigots for vomiting out spleen on the very men who, shoulder to shoulder with their own forefathers, won for them, on bloody battle-fields, the liberty they now enjoy. Hold! Enough!

Thank God, it is only from bigots any cause of complaint comes. The national finger of scorn should be pointed at such men till they hide their diminished heads behind the mountains of some remote island far beyond the borders of a free and fraternal nation. These few remarks are not intended for a general fault-finding with men not of the Catholic faith in this country. No, we have reason to be thankful to all, excepting always the bigots. Some of the finest tributes I ever read to our faith came from Protestant pens—from honest, well-meaning men. Men of this kind are more numerous in our happy and prosperous country than in any other country in the world.

Once more, let bigots cease their useless vituperation; let the Gospel, not scandal, be preached from the pulpit. Let the press temper its language and be inspired by

the noble, manly spirit of our forefathers. Let the legislative bodies allow no bigotry, but deal only in justice, equity, and truth with all men. Then, and not till then, can we call ourselves a free people, bound together by the most sacred ties that patriotic blood is able to cement.

William Corby
Memoirs of Chaplain Life
 (La Monte & O'Donnell, 1893): 69-70.

† Curtana †

Civil War Clergy from the Ranks Also Preached

We had divine services as often as it was convenient to do so. Our regiment had no regular chaplain. This writer enjoyed the distinction of being the only preacher in the regiment. (So far as I now remember.) We very often had some kind of service for the boys, either in efforts to preach or a prayer meeting, and it is a source of comfort to me to this day to remember that frequently, at the close of a hard day's march, some officer from some other company in the regiment would have a light built and send for "Company K's preacher," as they called me, to come and hold meetin' for 'em. We had one or two other preachers in the brigade who would sometimes preach for us. Now you have a good idea of how the daily routine of duties go off when we are in camp.

John W. Stevens
Reminiscences of the Civil War
 (Hillsboro Mirror, 1902): 94.

† Curtana †

Ministry of an Army Chaplain Assistant in 1898

Williams, Rev. Noah Wellington, was born in Springfield Township, Springfield, Ill., December 25, 1876. . . . In 1898, during the Spanish-American War, Noah W. Williams, with his brother John, enlisted as a member of the Eighth Illinois Volunteers, Company B. With this regiment he went to Cuba, where he spent seven months on detached duty, assisting the chaplain. He conducted a revival while there, and twenty-two of his comrades were converted, twelve of whom he assisted the chaplain to baptize in a river on the island. With the help of some of the natives he built a church, in which to hold services, paying for it with subscriptions he collected from the soldiers.

John Russell Hawkins
Centennial Encyclopedia of the African Methodist Episcopal Church
 (A.M.E. Church, 1916): Volume I: 248.

Portrait of a Union Hospital During the Civil War

I have been at this hospital for most of the past week, not as a patient, but caring to the best of my ability for the wounded and suffering sick of my own regiment, and the countless number from the other various regiments of the loyal army, scarce one of which fails to have more or less representatives here. The scenes one is called to witness here are terrible.

Ghastly wounds innumerable greet the saddened vision; men, sick nigh unto death with swamp, pestilential fevers, make their weak moans, asking for pity and for succor; exhausted soldiers, after four days' hard fighting, with scarce any food, plead for a piece of bread, or they must perish with hunger; the dying ask a word of counsel and of prayer, and to transmit some message to wife or child or mother ere the last breath be drawn and the last sigh heave their panting bosoms. The dead, too, lie on the earth beneath the sweet heavens, and their dumb, passionless forms require, as their once spirit-tenants have deserved, that those bodies lately instinct with vigorous life should be decently buried.

Richard Frederick Fuller

Chaplain Fuller: Being a Life Sketch of a New England Clergyman
(Walker, Wise & Company, 1864): 272-73.

† Curtana †

An Peculiar Episode from the Indian Subcontinent

I had been without any relaxation or help for thirteen months, and though the troops belonged to the Madras Presidency, ecclesiastically I found myself subject to Bengal. This brought me into communication with the Indian Metropolitan, good Bishop Wilson, of pious memory.

I have already stated that there was no proper church, service being held in a disused Phonyee [Buddhist monk] house. A site was selected, and the Metropolitan was coming on visitation, and to lay the foundation-stone. The Bishop was to stay with the Brigadier, the general being absent. He was a fine, soldierly man, but held peculiar religious views. I met the Bishop on landing, and went with his lordship to the Brigadier's. The latter immediately invited me to his hospitable table during the Bishop's stay, for whom I was to act as chaplain extraordinary, as he already had his domestic chaplain with him. We were invited to breakfast with him that day.

When assembled, the Bishop's private chaplain read one of the lessons for the day, which happened to be the sixteenth chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*, narrating the conversion of the jailor. After the chapter had been read the Bishop gave a concise and learned *resume* of it, and wound up by turning to his soldier

host and saying, “And so you see, Brigadier, the Baptists have not a leg to stand upon. Let us pray.”

Deeply in earnest, the good man poured forth his aspirations, not neglecting to pray by name for all his relatives. This was rather trying to strangers who were not acquainted with them.

His lordship became in his latter days slightly eccentric. He had been in his day a very powerful preacher, and he kindly consented one evening to preach in my town church. This was little better than a hut, but served in those days for me to get the sailors who frequented the place together.

On this occasion many soldiers of the garrison were present, and this is one sentence of his lordship’s discourse: “I love the British soldier. He is a fine, brave, strong, courageous fellow, a lion in the path of his enemy; but (imitating the act of drinking) when the liquor goes down, the devil goes down with it.”

Next came the laying of the foundation stone of the church. The troops were paraded on three sides of an extensive square. There was a raised dais in the centre, and the fourth side was set apart for the civilians and families of officers not on duty.

The foundation stone being laid, a hymn was sung, and then followed an address from the bishop. The ceremony over, the good old man, though infirm in the extreme, with the true courtesy of an English gentleman insisted on seeing my wife home.

The following day was appointed for the bishop’s departure. His lordship having requested me to see him on board, which under any circumstances I should have done, he talked long and earnestly with me in his cabin on my work, and then said, “Now kneel down and receive my blessing.” Verily the less was blessed of the greater. He was, as his whole life evinced, at once a bishop and a saint.

An Indian Chaplain

Episodes in the Life of an Indian Chaplain

(Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 1882): 94-97.

† Curtana †

The Incalculable Influence of Addiction

That evening a private dropped in at the regimental aid post—drunk. He had been at the service at main battalion HQ in the morning and had presented himself for Communion, which I administered. When I asked him what was the matter, the poor man said he just wanted to speak with me. I believe he really

wanted the help of God, but he was a victim of long-established habits that ruled his life.

He told me he had tried to make a fresh start before Christmas and had been drinking much less. But now, evidently, his friends had made fun of him or, quite probably, jibed him about his conduct being unworthy of one who partakes in such a service. He had taken it to heart and gone out and got drunk. That night he was down and needed help. He knelt and prayed to God to cleanse him and make him worthy, and promised to see me the next morning.

Then, to my astonishment, he begged the MO [medical officer] to give him a tot of rum. God's help would be needed in abundance to restore his self-respect and manhood.

Laurence F. Wilmot
Through the Hitler Line: Memoirs of an Infantry Chaplain
(Wilfrid Laurier University, 2003): 122.

† Curtana †

It's Not Necessarily a Sign of the Soldiers' Holiness

During the first week of October 1861, the men of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts chose [Horace] James for the elected position of regimental chaplain. One of the soldiers recorded that he thought the troops had "shown good judgment in selecting a chaplain of the orthodox faith, as no one visiting our camp for an hour could doubt their belief in the existence of the burning lake by the way they consign each other to that locality."

Patricia C. Click
Time Full of Trial: The Roanoke Freedmen's Colony
(University of North Carolina, 2001): 41-42.

† Curtana †

A Conversation about Combat & the Taking of Life

"What made you join the army? I mean, I know you're not too keen on fighting and killing, and it's been told to me that you are a pacifist. So what made you join?"

"Trust me, Top! No one has struggled with that question more than I have, but I suppose if I had to give an answer, it would be, I joined because I wanted to help. I wanted to do my part."

“Exactly! Now you know why I stayed in the army. It’s not because I love the killing; it’s because I want to save lives, and the lives that I’m saving are the men that go into battle with me. If we hadn’t taken out those Germans, who knows how many of our boys they would have taken out?”

“It just looked so brutal, Top,” Jack confided.

“Killing is killing, Chaplain, and no matter how it’s done, it’s never pretty. If you’ve got to do it, though, it’s best to make sure that you get the job done right! I don’t want men hovering between life and death in extreme agony and pain. To me, that seems much more cruel than flat out killing them. Sometimes, it just doesn’t work out that way, though, and I’m not going to go straight up and put a bullet in their head. I can’t justify that; it’s murder. If those fellas didn’t die during the fighting, when they couldn’t fight anymore, I consider them noncombatants, and I won’t fight a noncombatant.”

R.W. Griffith
The Chaplain’s Diary: WWII Jack Standridge
 (Xulon, 2006): 136.

† Curtana †

The Spiritualist Progeny of a Military Chaplain

Emanuel Swedenborg was born in Stockholm in St. James’s parish on 19 January 1688, the date being reckoned according to the old Julian calendar. . . . Emanuel was the third in what was to be a large troop of children and before their mother Sara Behm died, aged 30, she had brought nine children into the world. Their father was chaplain of the Stockholm Royal Cavalry Regiment. He was not only the regiment’s chaplain and preacher, but he also taught the soldiers how to read.

The United States military has had Swedenborgian chaplains in its rank, and they are presumably identified as “Protestant,” even though “The New Church” denies the Trinity and other historic Christian doctrines.

Patricia C. Click
Swedenborg’s Secret
 (Swedenborg Society, 2005): 15.

† Curtana †

Blurring the Roles of Chaplain and Line Officer

The circumstances attending the capture of Chaplain Mines, an Episcopal minister, were somewhat peculiar. Upon entering the field he took his place in

the ranks as a private soldier, and fought till the wounded and dying required his clerical attentions. He was taken prisoner while thus engaged, near Falls Church. His valise, containing his surplice, service books, family daguerreotypes and private wardrobe, was taken from him, and shortly after his removal to Richmond a “brother” clergyman paid him a visit of condolence in the prison, and had the effrontery to confess that the articles which Mr. Mines had lost, had been presented to him (the visitor), as *his share* of the trophies of the day.

Mr. Mines solicited, and of course expected, a restitution of this ecclesiastical plunder, but his reverend brother bluntly declined to disgorge, remarking, that as a prisoner Mr. M. should be treated with all due circumspection; and adding that if he (the Southern Chaplain) should meet with a similar misfortune, he hoped he would receive an equal degree of consideration at the hands of the Federals.

Mr. Mines replied that the Federal Government did not make war on Confederate Chaplains, and if by chance he (the visitor) should be taken prisoner, he would be released with a fitting apology for the act. He further stated that if he was himself released before the termination of the war, he had determined to rejoin his regiment as a commissioned officer, and thenceforth make fighting the *rule* instead of the *exception*. I am happy to state that he has been released, and is now, I trust, in a position which he is so well qualified to fill.

William H. Merrell

Five Months in Rebelldom, or, Notes from the Diary of a Bull Run Prisoner
(Adams & Dabney, 1862): 34-35.

† Curtana †

He Recognized the Signs but it was Too Late

He reached into his pocket and brought out a piece of crumpled paper. “Chappie, last night I wrote a little poem, and I’d like to read it to you. Do you think I’m nuts? Let me read it to you. Do you mind?”

What are the things in a soldier’s dream
When he’s away in an unknown land?
With mind and heart completely filled
With longing and aching pain—
I’ll tell you what in a soldier’s dream,
For it’s the dream I’ve always planned.

On and on he read as his poem described the little house on the hill back in Indiana and the wife and son for whom he yearned. . . . Suddenly he looked up and said “Pardon me, Chaplain, I better be going. I didn’t mean to take up so much of your time. . . .”

I drove . . . to the orderly room and, without stopping to knock on the door, walked into the office of the squadron commander. “Major, I would like to talk with you about one of your men.” He had looked up from the reports and maps as I entered the room.

“Who is he, and what’s wrong, Chappie?”

“Do you remember Sergeant Thomas? Works in personnel, I believe. He is mentally exhausted and going to pieces rapidly. I think he should be sent to a rest camp or a hospital. The man is almost ready to crack up.”

“Chappie, you know how shorthanded we are—not enough men to do the work now; I can’t spare any man unless it’s really urgent. Are you sure this man ought to go?”

“Well, I had a talk with him a few minutes ago, and it is my opinion that he will certainly crack up unless—”

The sound of a rifle shot interrupted the sentence, and we both turned to the door and stepped outside just as a soldier ran toward us saying, “Major, Sergeant Thomas just shot himself!”

Rushing across the clearing, the major and I stopped and stood looking down at the body of the sergeant. Still clutched in his hand was the rifle which had sent a ball through his head as he sat with it between his legs and wiped the barrel with an oily rag.

The funeral was over; a firing squad had rendered the last salute; the bugle had sounded “Taps.” I sat at my desk thinking of a little house on a hill above a babbling brook where a little mother waited with her son.

John S. Garrenton
The Flying Chaplain
 (Vantage, 1957): 97-99.

† Curtana †

Chaplains & Assistants in Republican Roman

In war, religion was as influential, at least, as in peace. In the Italian cities there were colleges of priests, called *fetiales*, who presided, like the heralds among the Greeks, at all the sacred ceremonies to which international relations gave rise. A *fetialis*, veiled, and with a crown upon his head, declared war by pronouncing a sacramental formula. At the same time, the consul, in priestly robes, offered a sacrifice, and solemnly opened the temple of the most venerated and most ancient divinity of Italy.

Before setting out on an expedition, the army being assembled, the general repeated prayers and offered a sacrifice. The custom was the same at Athens and at Sparta.

During a campaign the army presented the image of the city; its religion followed it. The Greeks took with them the statues of their divinities. Every Greek or Roman army carried with it a hearth, on which the sacred fire was kept up night and day.

A Roman army was accompanied by augurs and *pullarii* (feeders of the sacred chickens): every Greek army had a diviner.

Let us examine a Roman army at the moment when it is preparing for battle. The consul orders a victim to be brought, and strikes it with the axe; it falls: its entrails will indicate the will of the gods. An *aruspex* examines them, and if the signs are favorable, the consul gives the signal for battle. The most skilful dispositions, the most favorable circumstances, are of no account if the gods do not permit the battle. The fundamental principle of the military art among the Romans was to be able to put off a battle when the gods were opposed to it. It was for this reason that they made a sort of citadel of their camp every day.

Fustel de Coulanges
The Ancient City
(Lee & Shepard, 1874): 218-19.

† Curtana †

Powerful Evidence of the Grace of God

Father Goldmann's ordination took place under the oddest of circumstances . . . in a POW camp filled with seminarians who had been drafted into the fighting ranks of the WWII German army . . . in North Africa, under the ecclesiastical auspices of a French prelate who provided seminary classes for the prisoners.

My first Holy Mass concelebrated with the bishop had its own difficulties. The Latin of the French prelate did not harmonize perfectly with my German accent, as the seminarians were quick to notice. It was evident that the ordination was taking place during wartime, with the consecrating bishop and the ordained priest belonging to opposite camps. But even in war there is a love that transcends fighting armies, for here a French general was present in person and knelt before me to receive my blessing; he kissed the hands, just anointed with holy oils, of a German soldier, a newly ordained priest. . . .

The abbot preached the sermon of my first Mass in French. The theme was: think deeply, as did St. Augustine, in whose country we were; live profoundly, as did St.

Francis, to whose order I belonged; and forget one's self, as did St. John the Baptist, on whose feast day I was ordained.

Gereon K. Goldmann
The Shadow of His Wings
(Ignatius, 2000): 172-74.

† Curtana †

Well Placed Product Endorsements

The advertisement below must have been published with the permission of Chaplain McCabe (122nd Ohio Infantry) . . . since it appeared in an official 1883 publication of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



Chaplain McCabe.

Dear Doctor ;

Just came in—found your letter of June 18th awaiting me.

Moore's Lozenges are superb; afford great relief from hoarseness—**almost instantaneously**. They taste well, too, which is a very remarkable quality in a lozenge. Yours ever,

C. C. McCabe.

April 12, 1882.

Dear Doctor Moore ;

I have used your Lozenges now for **three** years whenever I needed any thing to clear my voice in both speaking and singing. I find them **excellent**. Yours faithfully,

C. C. McCabe.

Moore's Throat and Lung Lozenges

Are Sold in 10c., 25c., and \$1 Boxes.

Moore's Pilules--Malarial Antidote.

The best Medicine for Malaria, in any of its forms, to be had ; a **positive cure**.

Special rates to Clergymen for either **Pilules** or **Lozenges**.

Dr. C. C. MOORE, 78 Cortlandt St., New York,

Responding to the Need of the Orphaned

Greene County is justly proud of the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Orphans Home, which is located near the county seat. It has nearly completed half a century of its career and during these years has been the means of caring for thousands of orphans of the soldiers and sailors of the state. The agitation for a home for the orphaned children of Ohio soldiers and sailors began in 1869 and it was the city of Xenia that began the agitation.

At first it was planned to establish such a home on a private basis, with the hope that the state would later take over its management. With this idea in view a number of Civil War soldiers and citizens of Xenia and from various parts of the state met in the city hall on June 31, 1869, to discuss plans for the establishment of a home for such children as had been orphaned by the Civil War, the state being fairly well represented.

The chief address was made by Chaplain Collier, then acting as agent for the recently organized Grand Army of the Republic, and he presented the matter in such a light that he aroused the citizens of Xenia to the point where they were willing to take immediate steps toward providing a home in Xenia.

Source: Michael A. Broadstone
History of Greene County, Ohio
(B.F. Bowen, 1918): Volume 1: 763.

† Curtana †

WWI Expansion of U.S. Chaplain Denominations

Section 15 of the national defense act, approved June 3, 1916, authorized the appointment of one chaplain for each regiment of Cavalry, Infantry, Field Artillery, and Engineers, and one for each 1,200 officers and enlisted men of the Coast Artillery Corps. This was the law governing the appointment of chaplains on June 30, 1917, on which date there were 144 chaplains on duty in the Regular Army.

The section referred to was amended by the act of Congress approved May 25, 1918, under which the appointment of one chaplain for each 1,200 officers and enlisted men in all branches of the Military Establishment was authorized.

The act of Congress approved October 6, 1917 (Public—No. 79, 65th Congress), authorized the appointment of not exceeding 20 chaplains at large, for service during the present emergency, representing religious sects not recognized in the authorized apportionment or chaplains. The sects to be represented under the provisions of this act, as selected by the Secretary of War, are: Hebrews, Christian Scientists, Latter Day Saints, Salvation Army, and Greek or Russian Catholics.

Under this authority 10 chaplains at large were appointed prior to June 30, 1918. It being found that priests of the Greek and Russian Catholic churches can not become naturalized citizens of any other country, and as chaplains of our Army must be citizens of the United States, no chaplains have been appointed to represent those sects.

Annual Report of the Secretary of War
(U.S. Government, 1919): 182-83.

† Curtana †

And We Mustn't Neglect the Importance of Hygiene

As the First World War ramped up, the United States sought to rapidly address the growing need for qualified chaplains.

On February 9, 1918, the Secretary of War authorized the establishment at Fort Monroe, Virginia, of a training school for chaplains and approved chaplain candidates. The school was opened on March 1, 1918. The course of training covered a period of five weeks and included instruction in military law, international law, military science and tactics, and hygiene. The course was completed on April 4, 1918, the number of graduates being 86.

The proposed establishment at Fort Monroe of other training schools and camps connected with Artillery instruction made it necessary to change the location of the chaplains' school, and, accordingly, it was moved in April, 1918, to Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky, where the second course opened on April 20. Ninety students were graduated from this course on May 4. The third course opened at Camp Taylor on June 1, 1918, and was supplemented by an extra session beginning June 15. A class of 129 students was graduated from this course on July 5.

Hereafter, so far as practicable, all appointments of chaplains will be made from among those who have successfully completed the course of training provided for in this school.

In order to expedite appointments minor physical defects are waived and the usual formal procedure of examining boards have been simplified, the aim being to secure, without delay and unnecessary routine, the services of men who by reason of personality, tact, and experience are especially equipped to advise and guide our soldiers.



Aftermath of an intergalactic encounter, Arp 273,
poetically described as “a rose made of galaxies.”
Photo courtesy of NASA.

**“Stand fast in your enchantments and your many sorceries,
with which you have labored from your youth . . .
You are wearied with your many counsels;
let them stand forth and save you, those who divide the heavens,
who gaze at the stars, who at the new moons
make known what shall come upon you.
Behold, they are like stubble; the fire consumes them;
they cannot deliver themselves from the power of the flame.”**

Isaiah 47:12-14 (ESV)

Curtana † Sword of Mercy

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