Curtana ✝ Sword of Mercy

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

Volume 4 Issue 2 (2013)

Curtana: Sword of Mercy is published semiannually
by Scriptorium Novum Press, LLC
The New Scriptorium
Seabeck, Washington

† Table of Contents †

Fore Words

Articles

Editorials

Curtana † Sword of Mercy is published semiannually by Scriptorium Novum Press, LLC. ISSN 2150-5853. The purpose of the journal is to provide an independent forum for the preservation of military chaplaincy history and the discussion of issues of interest to those who care about military chaplaincy. Submissions and letters to the editor are welcome. Submissions are best preceded by an electronic query. The editorial office can be reached at 5965 Squirrel Place NW, Seabeck, Washington, United States of America, 98380 or curtana.journal@gmail.com. Additional information about the journal is available at justwar101.com.

† Fore Words †

An Introduction to the Seventh Issue

Welcome to the seventh issue of *Curtana † Sword of Mercy*. We're pleased to be back on our regular publishing schedule, with this issue closing out volume four.

Unpacking the Contents

We begin with an extremely timely article describing the ministry of chaplains in the United States in the wake of the changes related to the legal normalization of what was formerly considered an "alternative lifestyle." We are honored to have a senior Air Force chaplain providing the analysis, and (as always) she is sharing her owning thoughts on this transitional period rather than representing an "official" Department of Defense pronouncement. Like all good ministers, Chaplain Wheeler's interest is in how we can continue to provide the finest possible ministry to every member of the armed forces.

We follow that complex subject with two pieces in which the authors relate insights gained from their respective military chaplaincies. Chaplain Johnny Almond looks back on a lengthy active duty career. He identifies a unique lesson learned at each of his military assignments. That's an approach to reflection that many of us would benefit from following as we reflect on our own military pilgrimages.

Chaplain Steve Rogers shares a significant memory from his ongoing career which has included active duty and National Guard service. The explicit Christian tone of his contribution should not be regarded as exclusivist. Rather, it should remind each of us of events in our *own* backgrounds that were particularly inspiring. Spiritual mountaintops, so to speak.

The final article provides another biography of a Civil War chaplain. Edward Payson Roe was a Presbyterian pastor who performed exceptionally as cavalry chaplain during one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Appointed by President Lincoln near the conclusion of the war to serve as a military hospital chaplain, he set laudable standards. After the war he would become one of the foremost American writers of the nineteenth century. Though his name is not well known today, the story of his life and ministry are quite fascinating.

Some moving historical military poetry follows some previously unpublished works from the pen of James Martin.

Jonathan Newell provides a review of *The Long Way Home: An American Journey from Ellis Island to the Great War*. It illustrates how immigrants have consistently done their share in defending their adopted homeland. John Hugus reviews a provocative book entitled *Speaking of Dying*. Focusing on a group of dying clergy, the study reveals how most churches have abdicated their responsibility to discuss death. Although written from a Christian perspective, its insights are certainly applicable to many other faith communities as well.

As always, our regular features—biographies of military chaplains and random references to military ministry—complete the issue. Please enjoy this issue of *Curtana* and recommend it to others.

† Articles †

Is There a Post-DOMA Identity Crisis in the Protestant Faith Group?

Cherri S. Wheeler

A unique tension has traditionally existed under the Protestant faith group umbrella within the United States Air Force. Unlike Roman Catholic, Orthodox, Muslim, Jewish and Hindu traditions, in the American Armed Forces, the "Protestant" category has comprised a grouping of denominations which do not fit the other categories. Thus a Protestant chaplain can be Southern Baptist, Christian Science, Missouri Synod Lutheran, Orthodox Presbyterian or any of hundreds of denominations in between. We have coexisted within the Air Force Chaplaincy fairly peacefully for over 66 years. We have seen the Church of Latter Day Saints enter under the Protestant umbrella and finally in 2011 become its own independent faith group.

We have dealt with the differences in baptisms by breaking Protestants "unofficially" into two categories; infant baptizer or believer's baptizer. However, with the partial repeal of the Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA) where same-gender couples are recognized within the military with full benefits, another divisive issue has arisen under the Protestant umbrella. Some denominations believe heterosexuality is the only proper avenue for sexual expression while others are fully accepting of both heterosexual and homosexual expressions. In light of these strongly held convictions, an ever-present question has gained greater importance. How do chaplains stay faithful to the tenets of their faith group while caring for all?

I acknowledge up front that this essay will ask more questions than it provides answers. It is one Protestant chaplain's attempt to outline some of the tensions and unanswered questions that linger in the wake of the DOMA repeal. First, I would like to explore how Protestant chaplains will now share the platform for worship. Second, I will look at how marriage counseling, marriage retreats, and weddings will likely be handled by the Protestant chaplains assigned to diverse locations. Third, how contractor and volunteers will be impacted as they lead worship. Finally, what will be the career impact on chaplains?

With the partial repeal of DOMA many Protestant denominations published statements regarding their expectations for the chaplains they endorse. For some denominations the guidance has been very specific and restrictive. For example, Southern Baptist ministers, endorsed by the North American Mission Board (NAMB), have received the following mandate:

> In harmony with Holy Scripture, NAMB endorsed chaplains will not conduct or attend a wedding ceremony for any same sex couple, bless such a union or perform counseling in support of such a union, assist or support paid contractors or volunteers leading same-sex relational events, nor offer any kind of relationship training or retreat, on or off of a military installation, that would give the appearance of accepting the homosexual lifestyle or sexual wrongdoing. . . . Southern Baptist chaplains are free to lead or participate in a worship service conducted on any military installation or location designated for worship. This excludes conducting a service jointly with a chaplain, contractor or volunteer who personally practices or affirms a homosexual lifestyle or such conduct.

Various other denominations have been less specific or restrictive, commonly stating they expect their chaplains to conduct themselves based on the individual chaplain's biblical interpretation and personal conscience. Still other denominations possess standing denominational positions in support of same-gender relationships. Though many may disagree with the Southern Baptist statement, it provides beneficial clarity. There is no doubt as to what the standard is for all their endorsed chaplains. Denominations that have basically left the decision to the chaplain's own interpretation of scripture and their own conscience have provided these chaplains with very uncertain legal standing on same-gender issues.

Assessing the Current Situation

In the Air Force, the legal standing of what a chaplain can or cannot do, in regards to ministry to same-gender couples, rests totally on the endorser's statement. Where the endorser has clearly and definitively expressed their parameters on the issue, the chaplain has protection under the law to exercise what might be deemed a more "conservative" approach to this sensitive matter. However, where the endorser has been more ambiguous, their chaplains may find they have few options under the law should their personal convictions constrain their implementation of the new policies.

This issue plays out first and foremost on every chaplain staff in the Air Force. Continuing to use the Southern Baptist example, there are chaplains who will not be permitted to share a podium or pulpit with those who either practice or affirm same-gender relationships. This includes chaplains, contractors and volunteers.

Whereas *all* are welcome to attend every worship service in the Air Force . . . the Southern Baptist chaplains cannot lead in worship alongside lay leaders who endorse same-gender relationships; this could include choir leaders, lectors, paid or volunteer musicians to name a few positions. This restricts the staff on how duty assignments are made, how contracts can be written, and challenges the staff to maintain extraordinary communication with volunteers. It is not an insurmountable problem. Nevertheless, if not handled with maturity and compassion, this issue can quickly foster derision and division within a staff and the worshiping community.

The second issue that has already impacted ministries across the Air Force is how marriage retreats, marriage counseling and weddings for same-gender couples are conducted. Out of the 53 chaplains currently assigned in United States Air Forces in Europe (USAFE), *only two* are allowed by denominational tenets to provide marriage preparation or perform ceremonies/blessings for same-gender couples.

Further, MarriageCare, one of the finest programs the Air Force Chaplaincy has ever produced may only be used when offered to all Airmen regardless of their sexual orientation. What this means, is that Protestant chaplains who are endorsed by denominations who are considered heterosexuality exclusive are no longer allowed to utilize this proven tool. Correspondingly, in USAFE this means there are only two chaplains allowed to offer MarriageCare across the entire command. It does not preclude the rest of the chaplains providing marriage retreats; it just means they are no longer allowed to either use this highly successful program or access appropriated (government provided) funds to underwrite the expenses of participants. The approach some Wing Chaplains have taken is to stop all marriage retreat programs. Not the best answer, but a cautious one that ensures staying within the law.

USAFE and Pacific Air Forces (PACAF) chaplains have fewer opportunities to provide wedding services due to the Status of Forces Agreements and local laws of the countries where they are assigned. With only two chaplains in USAFE having permission from their denominations to offer any type of counseling, retreats, marriage ceremonies or blessings for same-gender couples, significant challenges are posed to chaplain staffs and the Airmen they serve.

First, the question becomes how often can one of these chaplains provide ministry to same-gender couples to supplement other staffs across the command? Second, how do staffs with no chaplain able to provide counsel or retreats for same-gender couples provide for those Airmen they serve? For USAFE and PACAF chaplains it is more difficult to refer Airmen to off base congregations, due to the lack of English speaking churches around United States military installations. There are some English speaking churches; however, few represent denominations that would be likely to be described as “gay affirming.”

The third issue the repeal of DOMA raises is questioning who can now bid on contracts and/or volunteer in worship services. Those chaplains endorsed by denominations who have very restrictive expectations on this issue cannot work with contractors or volunteers who practice or affirm same-gender relationships. Other chaplains have more leeway in who may work with them in their worship services. Staffs will now need to be very up front with their advertisement and communication as they proceed after the DOMA repeal. The policy the USAF Chief of Chaplains office published in October 2013 states in part:

> Anticipate that you may have Airmen, or their same-gender marriage partners, who serve as worship leaders, choir members, lectors, ushers, religious education teachers, and other ministry leaders. Talk with your chaplains to understand the instructions from their endorsers and then work together with your teams to determine how you will respond in these cases.
>
> Honor your chaplains' commitments to be faithful to their endorsement. Again, we "provide" and "provide for" in order to care for and show hospitality to all Airmen. Keep your MAJCOM team informed as you work together with chaplains, chaplain assistants, lay leaders, local civilian religious leaders, and others to find ways to care for Airmen and their families.

Charting the Course Ahead

The expectation is that chapels will continue to offer Protestant services which follow the Liturgical, Contemporary, Traditional and Gospel styles of worship. However, this issue of providing for all Airmen and allowing the chaplains to practice the tenets of their faith tradition creates tensions that the Protestant umbrella group may not be able to survive. Part of the reason is the perception that a particular service is not same-gender friendly because neither a contractor nor volunteer may lead worship if the chaplain responsible for the particular service holds an exclusively heterosexual orientation position.

Is the answer to these denominational differences the moving to strictly denominational services rather than inter-denominational Protestant styles of worship? Will limiting who can serve as a contractor or volunteer in a service so restrict the talent pool that the quality of worship diminishes? Would it be interpreted as a violation of law to include in a contract's statement of work verbiage words that exclude same-gender applicants?

Current leadership does not desire to move exclusively to denominational services. Such a transition would, after all, raise its own assortment of challenges. It is hoped with effective communication, compassion and alternative options that the existing Protestant styles of worship will suffice. As to the talent pool for worship services being diminished due to the aforementioned limitations, this

author believes time will tell. As to the question of law and a contract statement of work, this issue may find its way into court depending on how exclusive the wording becomes.

Finally, the issue of how chaplains' careers could be negatively impacted because of the limitations their denominations place on them will now be considered. This author believes the potential for abuse in either direction is high. Historically we have heard questions about denominational discrimination regarding a number of distinctions, e.g. liturgical versus non-liturgical; denominations that allow women clergy versus those that do not; traditional Protestant denominations versus evangelical Protestant denominations.

Added to that list we now have "gay affirming" theologies versus others who profess heterosexual exclusivity in marriage. Could this issue of ministry to same-gender couples in the areas of weddings, marriage preparation or marriage counseling provide another avenue for the Chaplain Corps to vector advocates of either approach to this issue into less-promotable tracks? Will the Air Force Chaplain Corps Developmental Team process keep such conscious and subconscious biases in check? Again, this author believes time will tell. It is definitely something that should be tracked for future analysis.

Questions Still Abound

As the Air Force Chaplain Corps continues to carefully navigate the theological, pastoral, and legal issues following the partial repeal of DOMA, it will require chaplains, endorsers and Airmen on all sides of this issue to remain focused on respect and care for all. Looking to the future, will other denominations who currently reside under the Protestant umbrella follow the Church of Latter Day Saints example and seek their own faith group designations?

Will some groups of denominations who are like minded on this topic seek to merge into a consortium for endorsement that supports a distinctive faith tradition? How will chaplains and chaplain assistants who "come out of the closet" be received within the chapel community? How will such revelations impact staffs and communities? Will the Air Force be allowed to use an identifier (code or administrative label) for chaplains who are "gay affirming" (or not) for making assignment decisions? Will this issue finally create a schism too large to be bridged, dooming prospects for the continuation of a single "Protestant" umbrella in the future?

This author will retire before learning the final answers to many of these questions. However, while in a leadership role within the Air Force Chaplain Corps it remains her responsibility and privilege to consistently advocate for superior communication, demand respect and understanding between all sides of

this issue, and finally, to seek constructive ways to Honor God, Serve Airmen, and Pursue Excellence.

Chaplain, Colonel Cherri S. Wheeler has served in many significant roles in the USAF Chaplain Corps, and is the current Command Chaplain for United States Air Forces Europe and Air Forces Africa. She is endorsed by the Southern Baptist Convention, and has displayed great sensitivity to the pluralistic environment in which she has excelled.

Military Chaplaincy Wisdom

Johnny R. Almond

It was my privilege and joy to serve twenty-two years in the military chaplaincy–three years in the Army, nineteen years in the Air Force. After serving as a pastor for ten years, I was asked to consider serving as a chaplain to America's armed forces and their families. I accepted the commission, thinking it would be good for me to vary my life experiences for the initial three year commitment—twenty-two years later, I retired.

During my various assignments, I learned many lessons as I encountered new places and interacted with people of divergent backgrounds, personalities, and religious beliefs. Following the geographical progression of my career, I wish to highlight a particular lesson learned during that tour of duty. Many of these maxims will resonate with others who have also known the joy of serving as a military chaplain.

Chaplaincy Requires a Larger Perspective

U.S. Army Chaplains School, New York City

It was quite a contrast–moving from a predictable rural Arkansas pastorate in the Ozarks to the bustling Big Apple. These ten weeks gave me a preview of the larger shifts in perspective and attitude adjustments that would be required of me in order to function effectively in the interfaith environment of the military chaplaincy.

I had pursued the typical pastoral effort of trying to build the membership of local congregations. Now I was embarking on a challenge to minister to chapel attendees from a variety of faith traditions. I had grown accustomed to relating to members of conservative Baptist churches, and *competing* with churches with different beliefs. Now I would be asked to serve in a larger world requiring both tolerance and respect for Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics and Jews.

I had been involved in a very small religious world that sadly could be bigoted, narrow-minded, and judgmental of those who thought of God and saw the world differently from Baptists. Now I would be asked to serve people in an interdenominational environment that would stretch my mind and heart more than I could have imagined. I came from a religious subculture that considered itself "the true church" and therefore had a restricted view of worship. I was about to expand my vocabulary by learning new words like lectionary, catechism, confirmation, Advent, Lent and pluralism. I had been taught that everyone who

believed differently from my denomination needed conversion. I would learn to give these "outsiders" breathing room, not merely tolerating them but respecting their right to believe as their conscience led them.

My ten weeks in the Army basic chaplain course in Brooklyn, at Fort Wadsworth, began by meeting my roommate—a Mormon—who I grew to admire deeply, though our beliefs were not always the same. Those days in class with pastors representing many churches from across America began to open my eyes to different worship styles and faith traditions—an understanding that deepened as I interacted with these members of God's family, enriching my life in ways I would not have experienced if I had continued a lifetime in a "true church" world. The chaplaincy did indeed require a larger perspective—one that helped me value God's Kingdom, not just my corner of the world.

Ministry of Presence Builds Trust and Gains an Audience

Fort Stewart, Georgia

After pastoring churches for a decade, I entered a brand new world. One day I was a civilian shaking hands, dressed in a business suit; the next day an officer in military uniform, exchanging salutes. One day my first name was pastor; the next day it was chaplain.

I had grown accustomed to spending many hours every week in sermon preparation in my study. I would alter my work schedule to include many hours visiting troops in the field. Challenged by a brigade commander to break free from a "magnetic belt-buckle syndrome" that kept me near my desk, to spending more time with soldiers in their work environment, I learned experientially the value of "ministry of presence."

Sleeping in tents with soldiers, eating what they ate, going on forced road marches with them, exercising with them at 6:30 a.m. and then running three miles in combat boots with them, firing the main gun of a tank and hearing their "way to go, chaplain!" cheers—such "ministry of presence" earned me the right to hear their concerns, listen to their heartaches, and share God's Word with them. I "paid the rent," doing things I did not relish, in order to have the privilege of preaching to them. I would learn the truth of the saying: "People do not care how much you know, until they know how much you care." It's true in church; it's true in chapel; it's true everywhere.

Creativity and Compassion Build a Congregation

Chanute Air Force Base, Illinois

The old white cantonment chapel on the other side of the base had sat vacant and forlorn for many years. It had been a long time since a worship service or religious education class had been conducted there.

One reason why I had transferred from the Army to the Air Force was the hope I would have more opportunities to preach in chapels and minister to families. So I proposed that a new worship service be started in that chapel left desolate for decades. Though hesitant, the Senior Protestant Chaplain gave me permission to publicize the "informal worship service" at that old chapel. Refurbished, repainted, and renamed affectionately "The Steeple," it would soon welcome worshipers again.

A Church of Christ chaplain and I were given shared responsibility for the service. We began by hanging flags of all 50 states on the wooden beams in the ceiling. Then we brought in folding chairs and placed them in semicircles, and hired a music leader. We organized the service simply—singing, sharing, and Scripture. First the airmen came; then the families with children. Everyone enjoyed the casual atmosphere, the fellowship
around donuts and coffee, the contemporary Christian music, the sharing of prayer concerns, and the preaching of God's Word applied to everyday life.

They said it couldn't be done. No one would come to a new service that was not traditional, formal and liturgical. But it happened, because Chaplain Bill Graves and I dared implement our dream, and reached out with compassion. The empty chapel was transformed not just by the flags, but by faith. The old cantonment chapel rocked with joy. Before long, we needed more chairs. When it comes to building a congregation, faith and love are indispensable. In a military culture that can often be impersonal, personal qualities of trust in God and care for people always work wonders.

Military Chaplaincy is Exciting

Okinawa, Japan

When my wife, Beverly, and I received orders to move to Kadena Air Base, Okinawa, my supervising chaplain Joe Matthews, assured us we were in for a real adventure. I could not have dreamed how right he was!

I served as pastor of an 8:30 a.m. worship service that grew to an average weekly attendance of 150. Given the chance to fulfill my calling of preaching, I enjoyed it immensely and made many lifelong friends in the process. I served as publicity coordinator for Protestant, Catholic and Jewish events. I edited *The Rock*, our monthly newsletter, wrote articles, and kept the base well informed related to chapel events. I served as music coordinator for the choirs and other music groups in the four chapels, and fund custodian for the largest Protestant chapel fund in the Pacific.

I also served as chaplain to a unit that flew reconnaissance missions in the RF-4 jet and refueled the SR-71, affectionately known as the "Habu." My most thrilling flying experiences came while there—a back-seat ride in the RF-4 with my hand

on the stick and the freedom to take pictures using the eleven cameras mounted under the wings. Ministry of presence was rewarded as I endured barrel rolls in the RF-4, then greeted the squadron congratulating me on surviving my orientation flight. On a refueling mission for the SR-71, I marveled that the "Habu" caught up in eight minutes with the KC-135, the refueling plane that had been flying for over 2 hours. I will never forget lying on my belly photographing those pilots dressed in space suits in the SR-71 that had flown faster than they were permitted to tell.

I have never been as busy as I was in ministry as in Okinawa. I was so busy that I think I coined a word—"hectivity"—to describe the pace of carrying out multiple responsibilities. I grew tired at times, but it was "a good tired." The sense of fulfillment that comes from serving God in ways that were truly exciting. I still believe God grants opportunities to serve Him to people who really want to, and enthusiastically enjoy serving Him. The Westminster Catechism is right: "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy God forever."

My wife, Beverly, and our four sons enjoyed Okinawa as much as I did. That sub-tropical paradise held many opportunities for fun, and we took advantage of them. None of us wanted to leave, but "home is where the Air Force sends you." Our next home would be Texas.

Perseverance is Rewarded

Brooks Air Force Base, Texas

A recently-promoted Major, I was about to cross the threshold into a new sphere of leadership—supervision—and that in difficult circumstances. After having been at Brooks Air Force Base only a few months, my supervisor got in serious moral trouble and was banned from the base. The base commander gave me the reins and I began to serve as Installation Chaplain, supervising two other chaplains, three chaplain assistants, a civilian secretary and two civilian musicians. You might not believe it if I told you the story of how everything that could possibly go wrong in staff relationships did go wrong—but trust me, it did!

Serving in a position literally above my pay grade, I was under so much stress my ears were ringing much of the time. And of course my hardest assignment was also my longest! After three and a half years of challenging ministry, I told the base commander I had learned the meaning of the word "brooks"—a verb, meaning to endure. Because I had "hung in there" and not quit, he told me I could request whatever assignment I wished, and he would do his best to see that I got it. He commended me for doing well, and promised to see that I was rewarded.

It has been my experience that hard work and perseverance are generally rewarded in one way or another. The secret of success sometimes seems to sound simple, summed up in one word—*continue*.

Integrity is Linked to Influence
The Air Force Academy, Colorado

I had not given up at Brooks, although the temptation was often there. No matter how people accused, whined, threatened, or criticized, I had stayed with the job given me. I had remained true to my convictions of what was right. Tenacity paid off. Loyalty to principles was rewarded by an assignment to a beautiful location, in a setting of a well-known architectural symbol of the Air Force Academy.

Asked to describe my work there, after a couple of years of ministry, I responded, "I spend 60 hours a week trying to help cadets survive and keep up their morale, then preach to 1500 one-time visitors on Sunday morning."

Those highly intelligent, ambitious young people and those curious tourists sitting in that breathtaking chapel kept me busy. And I hope they were influenced positively by my "ministry of presence" and ministry of preaching. Integrity and influence are inextricably connected.

The Chaplaincy Offers Worldwide Opportunities
RAF Alconbury, United Kingdom

"Here we go again," my wife said, "living on an island, on the other side of the world in the rain, driving on the wrong side of the road." There were other parallels with Okinawa—exciting chances for ministry, and opportunities to visit sites tourists often paid dearly to see.

In spite of "bone-chilling cold" and occasionally depressing weather, we really did enjoy our time in England, including visits to Germany, Switzerland, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Being only thirteen miles from Cambridge, we fell in love with that place. We were privileged to take several courses from the University, enjoy access to the library at St. John's College, and attend "Lessons and Carols" Christmas Eve at King's College.

Serving during the year when many 50 year anniversaries of World War II occurred, I was honored to give invocations and participate in those celebrations and meet veterans who had flown from those very fields in bombers that took flak from German anti-aircraft guns, protecting my liberties while I was only a toddler.

A very high honor came quite unexpectedly, when I was asked to serve as emcee of the fiftieth anniversary of D-Day at the American Military Cemetery at Cambridge. Giving the overview and explanation of events occurring that day, meeting and introducing President Bill Clinton, Prime Minister John Major, and Walter Cronkite, and praying the invocation and benediction, filled me with a humbling sense that God was giving me worldwide opportunities to serve I would

never have known had I not been a military chaplain. The chaplaincy does indeed offer worldwide opportunities to serve!

"Getting a Word in for Jesus" Reveals to Us His Presence

Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia

When I received word my next assignment would be Arlington National Cemetery, I was elated by the honor. In fact, I actually dreamed that I was standing before God after my death, and He said to me, "I worked things out so you would be a chaplain at Arlington. Why didn't you tell them about my Son?" Awaking from that dream, I promised God I would always get in a word for Jesus at every funeral at which I officiated. And I did. At each of more than 1,000 services I conducted in three years, I kept my promise to God.

Once at a Hindu service, when no one else was available to do the service, they told me to "do whatever you always do," so I did. I told them I did not know much about their religion, but I could share my faith. They heard about Jesus that day. There were many "high visibility" services, with flyovers and missing-man formations, VIPs, honor guard escorts, Air Force Ceremonial Brass music, horse-drawn caissons, and protocol ceremonies. But the most memorable service for me was that of the wife of a Bataan death-march POW, who asked me to read the 23rd Psalm and say a prayer. There in the middle of the cemetery, with just this man and his daughter, I began to quote the familiar psalm—and noticed tears streaming down his cheeks as I said the words "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death."

When I finished the psalm, I said to him, "You were there, weren't you? You walked through the valley of the shadow of death. Your wife has now walked through the valley of death; and you're walking through the valley of the shadow of death again. She made it through the valley of death by holding the Shepherd's hand, and you can make it through the valley of the shadow the same way." With just the three of us standing by that man's wife's grave, I felt Someone else there. When we "get in a word for Jesus," I'm convinced we can feel Him near wherever we are.

There is Life after Retirement

Little Rock Air Force Base, Arkansas

My final assignment lasted only a year, because of my voluntary retirement. I could have stayed another eight years in the chaplaincy, but decided that attending 23 meetings a week was not God's calling on my life. So I retired of my own will, and began to wait for the church God had for me to pastor. After five months at an interim pastorate, I prayed, "God, You choose the coordinates, and I'm yours."

God chose the coordinates—Colonial Beach, Virginia—a small town on the Potomac, an hour south of Washington, D.C., and I have served as the pastor of Colonial Beach Baptist Church since June of 2000. This loving congregation is the best thing about that small town. It's not a perfect church, of course, but they love each other. And they're engaged in several different areas of ministry because they love the Lord.

I have also been privileged to serve as Kingdom Advance Ambassador for military ministries of the Virginia Baptist Mission Board since January of 2001. When we say, "Here is my life, Lord; I want to serve You," He gives us wonderful opportunities to do that. God provides opportunities beyond our imagination, thoughts, wishes, or prayers.

There is one lesson I have repeatedly learned is absolutely true: *God is really a good God!* May He bless all those who serve Him, never forgetting those unique few who answer His call to serve the men and women of the armed forces.

Chaplain Johnny R. Almond, as this article clearly reveals, has enjoyed a diverse international ministry. He is the author of the book Gentle Whispers from Eternity: Scripture Personalized.

A Bold but Threatened Minority

Steve Rogers

The names of the two Iraqi citizens described in this true account have been changed for security reasons.

It resembled an undercover mission. The visit began with the roaring engine of an automobile being pushed to its limits, like a NASCAR or Formula One racecar rushing towards a checkered flag. Driving fast, swerving abruptly at a high rate of speed—just another day in the life of the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (OSI), I guess. But for a USAF chaplain, the ride was thrilling and it was just the beginning of the adventure.

Our small team, the OSI agents, an interpreter and a chaplain, was on its way to visit an Iraqi Christian family. I had built great relationships with the OSI during deployment and requested to patrol with them sometime. That's when they told me about the plan. We were going to visit a local Iraqi Christian family in Baghdad—a family that had asked for me to visit them as soon as possible. The trip had to be rescheduled several times due to urgent events occurring in the lives of busy OSI agents. Now, just two days before Christmas in 2010, the "mission" was a "go."

When we arrived at the home of Anwar Hashimi, he greeted us outside his home. But the greeting was unlike any I had ever received. Anwar welcomed me by kissing his fingers and then touching the cross on my uniform. I shiver in awe every time I share the story. Anwar was showing his respect for Almighty God, along with his admiration for my position as a minister in the armed forces.

Standing there, I felt like it was I who was in the presence of a man demanding respect. A warrior of a different kind . . . a tested and steadfast guardian in the generations long battle for religious freedom. In an ancient land where the gospel had taken deep root based on the witness of the very first disciples of Jesus, millions of his followers still remain after centuries of suppression and persecution.

Once inside Anwar's office, he shared about his job, his family and his faith. He proudly displayed a cross on the wall of his office and a Bible on his desk. Anwar said that he would never deny his faith in Jesus Christ. He said he was not willing to flee Iraq because his Christian faith compelled him to "tell others in his homeland about Jesus Christ, as long as he had breath to live." His bold witness was especially amazing, coming shortly after a number of Roman Catholic believers had been slaughtered just a few miles away while they worshipped God

at Mass. These Iraqi believers had been gunned down for the "crime" of choosing to believe in the Christian God rather than the Islamic faith.

After spending time with Anwar, his joy-filled wife and son Stephen, I asked if I could pray for the family. Our translator, who was Muslim, hesitated and said he had "never translated a Christian prayer." I assured him I would pray short phrases to God, speak slowly and everything would be fine. He finally agreed and I received another great privilege of the day. I was able to personally pray for Christians very similar to those who I read about regularly in wide-ranging publications. These are people little different from Americans and Europeans, except that when they courageously speak about their faith in God, they do so knowing those simple words could cost them their freedom or their very lives. What an honor, blessing and encouragement I experienced, being in the presence of such awesome heroes of the Christian faith!

After saying our goodbyes, we prepared to leave. I looked back at our translator in the rear of our car, Ahmed Allawi. Ahmed had tears running down both sides of his face. When I asked if he was okay and why he was crying, he said he was just thinking about his sister, since we were two days from Christmas. I am convinced by Ahmed's reaction, following a powerful meeting and a prayer where God was evident to all present, that Ahmed was crying over something much stronger than a memory of a sister in a distant land. I believe Ahmed recognized he was in the presence of a family of great faith and conviction. Translating that simple prayer may well have served as more than a routine part of his job.

At Christmastime, I watched as God visited again in the land where He created man in the Garden of Eden. God, of course, had never "left," but His presence was definitely felt that December day in Baghdad. It was a precious moment I will never forget, and one of the highlights of my time as a chaplain and as a minister. I found myself in the presence of true warriors, valiant defenders of the Christian faith, and daring examples for persecuted believers all over the globe.

Chaplain Steve Rogers served with distinction on active duty before returning to the Air National Guard chaplaincy which allows for the development of much longer term, and deeper, relationships between chaplains and their charges.

Exchanging the Pulpit for a Pen
Civil War Chaplain Edward Payton Roe

Robert C. Stroud

> *"One of the most prized rewards of my literary work is the ever-present consciousness that my writings have drawn around me a circle of unknown yet stanch friends, who have stood by me unfalteringly for a number of years."* (Edward Payton Roe)

From the grim battlefields of Virginia to the ashen desolation of the great Chicago fire in 1871, Edward Roe sought to communicate the peace that comes only from God. It was his very success as a pastor that would cause people to question his subsequent vocation as a writer. "How is it," some complained, "that you are forsaking the ministry for secular pursuits?" Although such remarks troubled him, Roe pursued the writing of novels as a ministry of its own sort. Fellow writer Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel, was more generous in his judgment.

> Among his million readers, thousands wrote to thank him for good that his books had awakened in their souls and stimulated in their lives. He knew the human heart, his own was so human and so great; and the vast success of his stories, however technical critics may have questioned it, was within his deserts, because it was based on this fact. No one could have had a humbler opinion of Roe's 'art' than he had: but an author who believes that good is stronger than evil, and that a sinner may turn from his wickedness and live, and who embodies these convictions in his stories, without a trace of cant or taint of insincerity—such an author and man deserves a success infinitely wider and more permanent than that of the skilfullest literary mechanic: and it is to the credit of our nation that he has it.[1]

Roe grew up in the prosperous Hudson Valley, where his father Peter had retired from business and become a serious gardener. Peter instilled the same love of nature in his son, and Roe would later write extensively on horticulture. He would also eventually move "home" to the Valley and follow in his father's footsteps. Perhaps even more fortuitously, he would employ his agricultural skills during the war, establishing a vast garden beside a military hospital. It is quite likely that the added nutrition it provided contributed to the survival of more than one wounded soldier.

---

[1] *The Critic* 10 (28 July 1888): 44.

Little distinguished the family into which Edward Roe was born on 7 March 1838. His parents had relocated from New York City to a rural hamlet called Moodna. Edward was the youngest of thirteen children and attended a private school run by his elder brother, Alfred. When he completed studies at his brother's school he devoted himself to preparation for college. Even as a young man, his interest in writing was evident. Before entering the university, he became "a contributor to the press at that early day, his work taking the form of short articles of a religious and hortatory frame. They appeared anonymously in *The American Messenger*, *The Evangelist*, and *The Independent*, of New York City."[2]

In a biography written after his death, Roe's younger sister relates a poignant story from their shared youth.

> As is usually the case with younger sisters, I always followed my brother's lead, and one summer day's adventure in particular stands clear in my memory. We little children had started off with the avowed intention of looking for wild strawberries. We had secretly planned to visit the old house where my mother was born, which was some distance farther up the valley and at the time was unoccupied, but we thought it best not to make any announcement of this project in advance.
>
> Edward had heard that in the cellar there was a stone vault in which our Grandfather Williams kept the money that General Washington had entrusted to his care until it was required to pay off the soldiers of the Revolution while they were encamped near Newburgh. Edward was eager to visit the cellar, thinking that possibly there might still be a few coins left. We entered the empty house by a back door and wandered through the rooms, he entertaining me the while with stories mother had told him of her childhood there.
>
> Then we timidly groped our way down into the large cellar and found the stone vault—but it was filled only with cobwebs and dust! When we came out and stood in the great kitchen Edward told me another Revolutionary story connected with the spot in our great-grandmother's day.
>
> A company of British soldiers had been quartered upon the family, and the old kitchen swarmed with redcoats and negro servants, for those were still days of slavery in the North. Grandmother Brewster, who was a notable cook, had just placed in the heated brick oven a large baking of bread, pies, and cake. One of the soldiers asked her if they could have these good things provided they could take them away without her knowledge, but while she was in the kitchen. She,

[2] *Class of Sixty-Three, Williams College, 1863-1903* (Boston: T. Todd, 1903).

> believing this impossible, said yes. He waited until everything was removed from the oven and placed upon a large table to cool. Suddenly a quarrel arose between several of the soldiers and one of her favorite colored boys. Fearing the lad would be killed she rushed into the midst of the crowd and at length succeeded in stopping the fight. When at last peace and quiet were restored, she turned round to find her morning's baking gone—and in a moment she understood the ruse they had practised upon her.
>
> As Edward talked the whole story seemed very real to us, but when he had finished we walked up to the old oven, and looking into its cavernous depths he said: "*That's* here and the stone vault down cellar, but all those people are dead and gone. How strange and lonely it seems! Let's go."[3]

A noteworthy early example of Roe's literary success occurred when he was selected to write the preparatory school's annual drama. It was the climax of their anniversary exercises, and Roe's effort was accepted by the faculty "without revision, an unheard of indorsement of its merits as compared with previous productions."[4] While this is worthy of mention in itself, it is the *theme* of the play which is particularly significant. It was the story of a runaway slave, entitled "The Fugitive." Roe's sympathy to the plight of southern slaves was not due simply to personal compassion. His father had harbored runaway slaves before the war, and Roe speaks of it with evident pride in his autobiography.

> [Peter Roe's] house often became a station of the "underground railroad" during the slavery era, and on one night in the depth of winter he took a hotly-pursued fugitive in his sleigh and drove him five miles on the ice, diagonally across the Hudson, to Fishkill, thence putting the brave aspirant for freedom on the way to other friends. He incurred several risks in this act. It is rarely safe to drive on the river off the beaten tracks at night, for there are usually air-holes, and the strong tides are continually making changes in the ice. When told that he might be sent to jail for his defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law, he quietly answered, "I can go to jail." The thing he could not do was to deny the man's appeal to him for help. Before the war he was known as an Abolitionist—after it, as a Conservative, his sympathy with and for the South being very strong.[5]

---

[3] Mary A. Roe, *E.P. Roe: Reminiscences of His Life* (Dodd, Mead & Company, 1899): 3-5.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] E.P. Roe, "A Native Author Called Roe," *The Works of E.P. Roe* volume 11 (New York: P.F. Collier, 1905): 12-13.

Later, during and after the war, Roe would have ample opportunity to emulate his father's compassion. To liberate the slave first. But then, not to become a vindictive overlord to Southerners during the Reconstruction . . . but to become an instrument of national restoration and healing. The attitudes of father and son were akin to those of President Abraham Lincoln, whose path Roe was destined to cross.

Roe completed his preparatory studies and entered Williams College. Although he performed well, his health was in decline. His vision deteriorated to the point where he was nearly forced to withdraw from his studies. However, with the aid of classmates who read to him, and a supportive administration, he graduated in 1861 as a "special student." Sixteen years later Williams would award him an honorary Master of Arts degree.

He now turned his attention to theological studies, and spent a year at Auburn Theological Seminary. It had been founded in 1821 by a Presbyterian pastor. Here too his studies were abbreviated. This time his early departure was due to his desire to join in the war to preserve the Union and liberate the enslaved. So, *after a single year of seminary studies*, he accepted appointment as chaplain of the Second New York Harris Light Cavalry. The regiment was recruited in honor of Senator Ira Harris, whose name it bore. Harris himself became a close friend of President Lincoln, and his daughter Clara was with the Lincoln's during their fateful visit to Ford's Theater on 14 April 1865.

The regiment's initial chaplain was actually an Episcopal priest, Benjamin W. Stone (1813-1884). The Official Roster reveals that Stone *enlisted* in the regiment on 27 September 1861 and was *mustered* as a chaplain a week later. He resigned his three-year enlistment nine months later in June of 1862. Apparently he resigned in good graces, as he was formally commissioned a chaplain on 7 May 1862 with a date of rank from 11 August 1861 (which *preceded* his actual enlistment). During the American Civil War convoluted chaplaincy careers like Stone's abounded.[6]

Roe's Early Life in His Own Words

Those who are sufficiently interested in details beyond those provided above are fortunate that he composed an autobiographical essay. The beginning of the article, which describes his pre-war life, follows.

---

[6] Stone would remain in the ministry and was serving St. Barnabas' Church in Reading, Pennsylvania when he died. *American Church Almanac and Yearbook* (1885) 55:104. Ironically, while Roe had completed only a single year at seminary, the Reverend Stone had already earned a doctorate in sacred theology when he enlisted in 1861. *Catalogue of the Officers and Graduates of Trinity College* (Hartford: Trinity, 1880): 17.

“Two or three years ago the editor of ‘Lippincott’s Magazine’ asked me, with many others, to take part in the very interesting ‘experience meeting’ begun in the pages of that enterprising periodical. I gave my consent without much thought of the effort involved, but as time passed, felt slight inclination to comply with the request. There seemed little to say of interest to the general public, and I was distinctly conscious of a certain sense of awkwardness in writing about myself at all. The question, Why should I? always confronted me.

“When this request was again repeated early in the current year, I resolved at least to keep my promise. This is done with less reluctance now, for the reason that floating through the press I meet with paragraphs concerning myself that are incorrect, and often absurdly untrue. These literary and personal notes, together with many questioning letters, indicate a certain amount of public interest, and I have concluded that it may be well to give the facts to those who care to know them.

“It has been made more clear to me that there are many who honestly do care. One of the most prized rewards of my literary work is the ever-present consciousness that my writings have drawn around me a circle of unknown yet stanch friends, who have stood by me unfalteringly for a number of years. I should indeed be lacking if my heart did not go out to them in responsive friendliness and goodwill. If I looked upon them merely as an aggregation of customers, they would find me out speedily. A popular mood is a very different thing from an abiding popular interest. If one could address this circle of friends only, the embarrassment attendant on a certain amount of egotism would be banished by the assurance of sympathetic regard. Since, from the nature of circumstances, this is impossible, it seems to me in better taste to consider the ‘author called Roe’ in an objective, rather than in a friendly and subjective sense. In other words, I shall try to look at him from the public point of view, and free myself from some predisposition in his favor shared by his friends. I suppose I shall not succeed in giving a colorless statement of fact, but I may avoid much special pleading in his behalf.

“Like so many other people, I came from a very old family, one from which there is good proof of an unbroken line through the Dark Ages, and all ages, to the first man. I have never given any time to tracing ancestry, but have a sort of quiet satisfaction that mine is certainly American as far as it well can be. My forefathers (not ‘rude,’ to my knowledge) were among the first settlers on the Atlantic seaboard. My paternal and maternal grandfathers were stanch Whigs during the Revolution, and had the courage of their convictions. My grandmother escaped with her children from the village of Kingston almost as the British entered it, and her home was soon in ashes. Her husband, James Roe, was away in the army. My mother died some years before I attained my majority, and I cannot remember when she was not an invalid. Such literary tendencies as I have are derived from her, but I do not possess a tithe of her intellectual power. Her story-books in her youth were the classics; and when she was but twelve years of age

she knew 'Paradise Lost' by heart. In my recollections of her, the Bible and all works tending to elucidate its prophecies were her favorite themes of study. The retentiveness of her memory was very remarkable. If any one repeated a verse of the New Testament, she could go on and finish the chapter. Indeed, she could quote the greater part of the Bible with the ease and accuracy of one reading from the printed page.

"The works of Hugh Miller and the Arctic Explorations of Dr. Kane afforded her much pleasure. Confined usually to her room, she took unfailing delight in wandering about the world with the great travellers of that day, her strong fancy reproducing the scenes they described. A stirring bit of history moved her deeply. Well do I remember, when a boy, of reading to her a chapter from Motley's 'Dutch Republic,' and of witnessing in her flushed cheeks and sparkling black eyes proof of an excitement all too great for one in her frail health. She had the unusual gift of relating in an easy, simple way what she read; and many a book far too abstruse and dull for my boyish taste became an absorbing story from her lips. One of her chief characteristics was the love of flowers. I can scarcely recall her when a flower of some kind, usually a rose, was not within her reach; and only periods of great feebleness kept her from their daily care, winter and summer. Many descendants of her floral pets are now blooming in my garden.

"My father, on the other hand, was a sturdy man of action. His love for the country was so strong that he retired from business in New York as soon as he had won a modest competence. For forty-odd years he never wearied in the cultivation of his little valley farm, and the square, flower-bordered garden, at one side of which ran an unfailing brook. In this garden and under his tuition I acquired my love of horticulture—acquired it with many a backache—heartache too, on days good for fishing or hunting; but, taking the bitter with the sweet, the sweet predominated. I find now that I think only of the old-fashioned roses in the borders, and not of my hands bleeding from the thorns. If I groaned over the culture of many vegetables, it was much compensation to a boy that the dinner-table groaned also under the succulent dishes thus provided. I observed that my father's interest in his garden and farm never flagged, thus proving that in them is to be found a pleasure which does not pall with age. During the last summer of his life, when in his eighty-seventh year, he had the delight of a child in driving over to my home in the early morning, long before I was up, and in leaving a basket of sweet corn or some other vegetable which he knew would prove his garden to be ahead of mine.

"My father was very simple and positive in his beliefs, always openly foremost in the reform movements of his day and in his neighborhood, yet never, to my knowledge, seeking or taking any office. . . .

"During the draft riots in 1863 the spirit of lawlessness was on the point of breaking out in the river towns. I happened to be home from Virginia, and learned that my father's house was among those marked for burning on a certain night. During this night the horde gathered; but one of their leaders had received

such empathetic warning of what would happen the following day should outrages be perpetrated, that he persuaded his associates to desist. I sat up that night at my father's door with a double-barrelled gun, more impressed with a sense of danger than at any other time in my experience; he, on the contrary, slept as quietly as a child.

"He often practiced close economy in order to give his sons a good education. The one act of my life which I remember with unalloyed pride and pleasure occurred while I was at boarding-school in Vermont, preparing for college. I learned through my mother that my father had denied himself his daily newspaper; and I knew well how much he would miss it. We burned wood in the large stone seminary building. Every autumn great ranks of hard maple were piled up, and students who wished to earn a little money were paid a dollar a cord for sawing it into three lengths. I applied for nine cords, and went at the unaccustomed task after study hours. My back aches yet as I recall the experiences of subsequent weeks, for the wood was heavy, thick, and hard as bone. I eventually had the pleasure of sending to my father the subscription price of his paper for a year. If a boy reads these lines, let me assure him that he will never know a sweeter moment in his life than when he receives the thanks of his parents for some such effort in their behalf. No investment can ever pay him better.

"In one of my books, 'Nature's Serial Story,' my father and mother appear, slightly idealized.

"Toward the close of my first year in Williams College a misfortune occurred which threatened to be very serious. Studying by defective light injured my eyes. They quickly became so sensitive that I could scarcely endure lamplight or the heat of a stove, only the cold out-door air relieving the pain; so I spent much time in wandering about in the boisterous weather of early spring in Williamstown. At last I became so discouraged that I went to President Hopkins and told him that I feared I must give up the purpose of acquiring an education. Never can I forget how that grand old man met the disheartened boy. Speaking in the wise, friendly way which subdued the heart and strengthened the will, he made the half-hour spent with him the turning-point of my life. In conclusion, he advised me to enter the Senior class the following fall, thus taking a partial course of study. How many men are living to-day who owe much of the best in their lives to that divinely inspired guide and teacher of youth!

"I next went to another man great in his sphere of life—Dr. Agnew, the oculist. He gave my eyes a thorough examination, told me that he could do nothing for them; that rest and the vigor acquired from out-door life would restore them. He was as kind and sympathetic in his way as the college president, and charged but a trifle, to relieve me from the sense of taking charity. Dr. Agnew's words proved correct; and the following autumn I entered the class of '61, and spent a happy year. Some of my classmates were very kind in reading aloud to me, while Dr. Hopkins's instruction was invaluable. By the time I entered Auburn Theological Seminary, my eyes were quite restored, and I was able to go through the first year's course

of study without difficulty. In the summer of 1862 I could no longer resist the call for men in the army. Learning that the Second New York (Harris's Light) Cavalry was without a chaplain, I obtained the appointment to that position."[7]

Service as a Civil War Regimental Chaplain

As just noted in Chaplain Stone's case, it was not uncommon for the path of a chaplain during the War Between the States to be complex. Some chaplains enlisted in the ranks before being commissioned as chaplains. Others set aside their clerical garb after a short season of service as chaplains, to take up arms as line officers. A number of line officers and soldiers (most of whom had been ordained prior to the war) laid aside their guns to assume duties as chaplains. Roe's own entry in the Annual Report of the New York Adjutant-General's report offers another example of the varying ministry path followed by many chaplains.

> ROE, EDWARD P. – Mustered in as chaplain, September 1, 1862, to serve three years; resigned, December 14, 1862; recommissioned and mustered in as chaplain, July 20, 1863; discharged, March 8, 1864, to accept appointment as hospital chaplain; commissioned chaplain, October 25, 1862, with rank from September 1, 1862, vice Stone, resigned; commissioned chaplain, October 7, 1863, with rank from January 20, 1863, not mustered.[8]

Roe was one of many seminarians eager to hasten their studies so that they might be ordained and serve as a chaplain during his nation's hour of dire need. One of his classmates said, "I remember Edward's . . . remark that if he were only through his seminary course he would join the army as chaplain. From that time I believe the purpose was constantly in his mind."[9]

During the war, Roe acted as an occasional correspondent for the *New York Evangelist*. In a letter dated 15 October 1862, he describes the religious life in his regiment's camp.

> Till within a few days past we have been enjoying splendid weather, days as warm and sunny as those of June, and moonlight nights so clear and beautiful that one could sit at his tent door and read ordinary type with perfect ease and pleasure. Of course we improved such favourable weather and held our prayer-meetings

---

[7] E.P. Roe, "A Native Author," 9-13.

[8] *Annual Report*, Volume 2 (New York State Adjutant-General's Office, 1894): 614.

[9] Mary A. Roe, *E.P. Roe*, 13.

nearly every night. I shall never forget one religious service that we had last week.

As usual a large fire was kindled in front of the chaplain's tent, and the men, having disposed of their suppers, were beginning to assemble. Soon the musical "church-call" sounded to hasten the lagging ones, and by the time our exercises commenced about two hundred were present. Our meetings are of a free and general character, open to all who are willing to take part in them. We commence by singing two or three hymns or patriotic songs in succession, the sound of music calling the men together.

A prayer is then offered, after which I endeavor by some anecdote or illustration to force home the truth and necessity of a Saviour upon the minds of those present. The Christian members of the regiment then follow in prayer, singing, and exhortation, till we are dispersed by the roll-call. We have interruptions in this, our usual programme, of such a nature, and with such frequency, that we have great reason to be thankful and encouraged. They are occasioned by the stepping forth of soldiers in front of the fire who have hitherto been silent in our meetings, and who either ask the prayers of Christians that they may be led to the Saviour, or calmly and firmly state their intention to enlist under the banner of the Cross, and urge their comrades to do likewise.

Towards the close of the service I have mentioned, three young men rose up together, and calmly and firmly one after another stated their resolution, with God's help, to live a Christian life. O that some of our cold, half-hearted professors could have been here then. Would to God that the voices of those young soldiers, as they urged with simple and earnest eloquence their comrades to come to the Saviour likewise, might be heard throughout all the churches of the North, and sound in every prayer-meeting, in our land. Such earnest tones and words would soon disperse the moral and religious apathy that seems to reign undisturbed in many localities, for they would prove that the Spirit of God was present.

It was a scene that would have moved the coldest heart, and stirred the most sluggish nature. The starry sky, the full moon overhead flooding all the landscape with the softest and most beautiful radiance, the white tents covering the hillsides, the large fire blazing fitfully up, surrounded by two hundred or more men who might readily be taken at first glance to be a band of Spanish brigands, all conspired to make a picture that any artist would wish to copy. But as you listened to the words of those young men, and the earnest prayer and songs of praise that followed, all such fanciful thoughts of banditti and romance would melt away, and the strange, peculiar

> costume of those present would become simply the ordinary dress that the rude taste or necessity of the men during their campaign had led them to assume, and the dark-bearded faces, made still more sombre and sinister by the partial light, would resolve themselves into the bronzed honest features of our American soldiers, now expressive of solemn thought and feeling. Never was a sound more unwelcome and discordant than the roll-call which broke up that assembly.
>
> After the roll-call a group generally lingers around the fire, and I often find in it those who wish to be spoken with on the subject of religion. So it happened this night. A soldier chanced to be passing by our encampment, and, attracted by the sound of music, stopped at our meeting. A few days before he had received a letter from home stating that his mother was very ill and not expected to live many days. He knew he should never see her again, and his heart was tender and sad. Thus prepared for the truth by the Providence of God, his steps were directed to us, and as he sat there and listened to those three young men as they stated their resolution from thenceforth to serve God, he too resolved to be a Christian, and has since found peace in believing. I told him how our prayer-meeting had been started by two or three Christian soldiers meeting openly for prayer, and that the same happy state of things might be brought about in his regiment in a similar manner. He promised that the prayer-meeting should be commenced.[10]

During the winter of 1862-63, Roe returned to Union Theological Seminary in New York to continue his interrupted studies. His temporary departure did not create a hardship on his regiment, since the Army of the Potomac had entered its winter quarters. Prior to the resumption of the campaign in the spring, he was back in the saddle with his soldiers.

While most unmarried soldiers waited until the cessation of hostilities to marry, Roe was not among that number. On 24 November 1863 he wed Anna Paulina Sands. They were blessed with seven children, four daughters and three sons (born between 1865 and 1882).

During the fiercest days of the war, Roe described the invaluable contribution made by committed lay soldiers to the chaplain's work.

> The rich autumn foliage that then made even poor old desolated Virginia look beautiful has dropped away, and stern winter, rendered all the more grim and forbidding by the ravages of war, now reigns supreme. Many of our number, also, like the leaves,

[10] Ibid., 16-19.

have dropped away. Some, having obtained and squandered their bounty, have treacherously deserted and sneaked away like thievish hounds.

The bullet, accident, and sickness have each conspired to lessen our number, and many a noble-hearted fellow who was always first and foremost in all a soldier's duty is now languishing in some hospital, or sleeping beneath the sod that last sleep from which no bugle call shall waken him.

It seems as if God was teaching us to look to himself, and not to men, for among those that sickness has for the present removed from our number were three who were the very stay and central pillars of our regimental church.

Especially do I feel the loss of Brother Farber, who was as noble a specimen of a Christian soldier as it has ever been my fortune to meet. Uniting culture of heart and mind with a happy disposition, a shrewd and quick perception of character, and a manner that made him popular with all, he was just such an ally as the chaplain needed in the ranks. Though he made his religion respected by all, he also made it attractive, and his society was not shunned, even by the wildest spirits of the regiment. His cheerful smile and words were better than medicine in the hospital, and I almost always found him there when off duty.

Nearly two months ago he left us for a hospital in Washington, sick with the typhoid fever, contracted doubtless by over-fatigue in his care of the sick and bodies of the deceased, and by breathing air tainted with disease. I have since received a letter from him stating that he was very sick, and that the surgeon said it would be months before he could join the regiment again, if ever. For aught I know his warfare may now be over and he at rest, for I have received no answer to my reply to his letter.

Brothers Vernon and Stillwell are also away sick. Only pastors, and they not fully, can realize the loss that such men are to a chaplain. He has so few capable, warm-hearted coadjutors in a regiment as a general thing. There is such a torrent of evil influences rushing in on every side, that he sorely feels the need of men possessing firm and established Christian characters, who would quietly and consistently stand up for, and live religion on all occasions.

Here he has none of the conventionalities and restraints of society to aid him, and even the heavenly influence of Christian parents, of pure sisters, and loving wives is weakened by distance, absence, and sin. But in grappling with the many and powerful demoralizing

> influences and vices of camp life, one soon learns that but little can be accomplished except by the direct aid and interposition of the Holy Spirit, for nothing short of the grace of God can enable the soldier to resist the evil that assails him on every side.[11]

At the end of February in 1864 a bold raid was led by General H. Judson Kilpatrick, with the goal of freeing Union Prisoners of War held in two Confederate prisons. While it was not successful in achieving that goal, it did cut a swathe of destruction across Virginia. As chaplain of a New York cavalry regiment, Roe accompanied the expedition.

Due to political embarrassment caused by the death of Colonel Ulrich Dahlgren[12] and much subsequent controversy, Kilpatrick's "reward" for his failed mission was transfer to the Western theater of the war. There he would prove useful to General Sherman during his destructive "March to the Sea."

With Kilpatrick transferred, President Lincoln was briefed in part about the "gallant" raid by one of his chaplains. Since Roe worked directly with the command staff, he offered a firsthand view. As the *New York Times* reported:

> THE KILPATRICK RAID
> Col. Streight and Edward P. Roe arrived from Fortress Monroe to-day. The latter is Chaplain of the New York Harris Light Cavalry, and accompanied the recent expedition as a volunteer aid, in Gen. Kilpatrick's Staff. He had an interview this afternoon with the President, who desired to make special inquiries in relation to the raid, which is spoken of by gentlemen in high position as characterized by boldness, daring and gallantry, and as evincing a commendable spirit of military ambition; and it is known that the President shares in this opinion.[13]

Not all Civil War chaplains took their duties seriously. Roe was among those who did. A correspondent for the *New York Tribune* reported: "Chaplain Roe, of the Second New York (Harris Light) Cavalry, is a man whose praises are in the mouth of every one for timely and efficient services. He is always with the regiment, and his whole time is devoted to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the men. He is

---

[11] Ibid., 28-30.

[12] Ulric Dahlgren led a portion of the Union forces in a planned diversionary attack on Richmond. The feint proved disastrous, and cost its commander's life. The Confederates found (and possibly modified) orders in Dahlgren's possession that commanded the burning of the city and killing of Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet.

[13] *New York Times*, 7 Mar 64.

their friend, adviser, and counselor, and commands the respect of all who know him—something that cannot be said of every chaplain in the army."[14]

Even more impressive, the following praise comes from the letter one of his troopers wrote to his parents.

> To-day is Sunday, and, as a great exception, it has appeared like Sunday. This morning we had service at headquarters, the chaplain of our regiment officiating, and I think I can safely call him a pious army chaplain, which I cannot say of any others that *I* ever knew; and notwithstanding the little respect most chaplains have shown to them, and still less encouragement, this one, by his mild, gentle, manly, humble, and Christian-like demeanor, has won the respect of all with whom he has had intercourse, from the most profane and vulgar to the most gentlemanly, which few chaplains have been able to do.
>
> In a fight he is seen encouraging the men; in the hospital administering to the soldier's wants, both spiritually and bodily. Last winter, during the worst days of a Virginia winter, I have seen him going from camp to camp, distributing his books and papers; and with his own earnings he would buy delicacies that a poor sick soldier would otherwise in vain long for. These and other innumerable like acts have gradually caused every one to at least respect him, and some to love him.
>
> His name is Rev. E.P. Roe, Chaplain Harris Light Cavalry. I have been informed that he had just graduated when he came into the army. I think Dr. P— may know him. I believe he is a Presbyterian. If you had any idea what a chaplain had to contend with, in order to lead a consistent life, you might then understand why I speak so of him.[15]

Roe's War Years in His Own Words

As above, in the autobiographical passage about his early life, the following is reproduced directly from "A Native Author Called Roe."

"General Kilpatrick was then lieutenant-colonel, and in command of the regiment. In December, 1862, I witnessed the bloody and disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and can never forget the experiences of that useless tragedy. I

---

[14] Mary A. Roe, *E.P. Roe*, 14.

[15] Ibid., 14-15.

was conscious of a sensation which struck me as too profound to be merely awe. Early in the morning we crossed the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge and marched up the hill to an open plain. The roar of the battle was simply terrific, shading off from the sharp continuous thunder immediately about us to dull, heavy mutterings far to the right and left. A few hundred yards before us, where the ground began to slope up to the fatal heights crowned with Confederate works and ordnance, were long lines of Union batteries. From their iron mouths puffs of smoke issued incessantly, followed by tremendous reverberations. Back of these batteries the ground was covered with men lying on their arms, that they might present a less obvious target. Then a little further to the rear, on the level ground above the bluff, stood our cavalry. Heavy guns on both sides of the river were sending their great shrieking shells back and forth over our heads, and we often 'ducked' instinctively when the missile was at least forty feet above us. Even our horses shuddered at the sound.

"I resolved to learn if the men were sharing in my emotions—in brief, what effect the situation had upon them—and rode slowly down our regimental line. So vivid was the impression of that long array of awed, pallid faces that at this moment I can recall them distinctly. There were strange little touches of mingled pathos and humor. Meadow-larks were hemmed in on every side, too frightened to fly far beyond the rude alarms. They would flutter up into the sulphurous air with plaintive cries, then drop again into the open spaces between the troops. At one time, while we were standing at our horses' heads, a startled rabbit ran to us for cover. The poor little creature meant a dinner to the fortunate captor on a day when a dinner was extremely problematical. We engaged in a sharp scramble, the prize being won by the regimental surgeon, who kindly shared his game with me.

"General Bayard, commanding our brigade, was mortally wounded, and died like a hero. He was carried to a fine mansion near which he had received his injury. Many other desperately wounded men were brought to the spacious rooms of this abode of Southern luxury, and the surgeons were kept busy all through the day and night. It was here I gained my first experience in hospital work. This extemporized hospital on the field was so exposed as to be speedily abandoned. In the morning I recrossed the Rappahannock with my regiment, which had been ordered down the river on picket duty. Soon after we went into winter quarters in a muddy cornfield. In February I resigned, with the purpose of completing my studies, and spent the remainder of the term at the Union Theological Seminary of New York.

"My regiment would not get another chaplain, so I again returned to it. In November I received a month's leave of absence, and was married to Miss Anna P. Sands, of New York City. Our winter quarters in 1864 were at Stevensburg, between the town of Culpeper and the Rapidan River. During the pleasant days of late February several of the officers were enjoying the society of their wives. Mrs. Roe having expressed a willingness to rough it with me for a week, I sent for her, and one Saturday afternoon went to the nearest railroad station to meet her. The train came, but not my wife; and, much disappointed, I found the return ride of

five miles a dreary one in the winter twilight. I stopped at our colonel's tent to say to him and his wife that Mrs. Roe had not come, then learned for the first time very startling tidings.

"'Chaplain,' said the colonel, 'we are going to Richmond to-morrow. We are going to wade right through and past everything in a neck- or-nothing ride, and who will come out is a question.'

"His wife was weeping in her private tent, and I saw that for the first time in my acquaintance with him he was downcast. He was one of the bravest of men, yet now a foreboding of evil oppressed him. The result justified it, for he was captured during the raid, and never fully rallied after the war from the physical depression caused by his captivity. He told me that on the morrow General Kilpatrick would lead four thousand picked cavalry men in a raid on Richmond, having as its special object the release of our prisoners. I rode to the headquarters of the general, who confirmed the tidings, adding, 'You need not go. Non-combatants are not expected to go.'

"It was most fortunate that my wife had not come. I had recently been appointed chaplain of Hampton Hospital, Virginia, by President Lincoln, and was daily expecting my confirmation by the Senate. I had fully expected to give my wife a glimpse of army life in the field, and then to enter on my new duties. To go or not to go was a question with me that night. The raid certainly offered a sharp contrast with the anticipated week's outing with my bride. I did not possess by nature that kind of courage which is indifferent to danger; and life had never offered more attractions than at that time. I have since enjoyed Southern hospitality abundantly, and hope to again, but then its prospect was not alluring. Before morning, however, I reached the decision that I would go, and during the Sunday forenoon held my last service in the regiment. I had disposed of my horse, and so had to take a sorry beast at the last moment, the only one I could obtain.

"In the dusk of Sunday evening four thousand men were masked in the woods on the banks of the Rapidan. Our scouts opened the way by wading the stream and pouncing upon the unsuspecting picket of twenty Confederates opposite. Then away we went across a cold, rapid river, marching all that night through the dim woods and openings in a country that was emphatically the enemy's. Lee's entire army was on our right, the main Confederate cavalry force on our left. The strength of our column and its objective point could not remain long unknown.

"In some unimportant ways I acted as aid for Kilpatrick. A few hundred yards in advance of the main body rode a vanguard of two hundred men, thrown forward to warn us should we strike any considerable number of the enemy's cavalry. As is ever the case, the horses of a small force will walk away from a much larger body, and it was necessary from time to time to send word to the vanguard, ordering it to "slow up." This order was occasionally intrusted to me. I was to gallop over the interval between the two columns, then draw up by the roadside

and sit motionless on my horse till the general with his staff came up. The slightest irregularity of action would bring a shot from our own men, while the prospect of an interview with the Johnnies while thus isolated was always good. I saw one of our officers shot that night. He had ridden carelessly into the woods, and rode out again just before the head of the column, without instantly accounting for himself. As it was of vital importance to keep the movement secret as long as possible, the poor fellow was silenced in sad error as to his identity.

"On we rode, night and day, with the briefest possible halts. At one point we nearly captured a railroad train, and might easily have succeeded had not the station and warehouses been in flames. As it was, the train approached us closely, then backed, the shrieking engine itself giving the impression of being startled to the last degree.

"On a dreary, drizzling, foggy day we passed a milestone on which was lettered, 'Four miles to Richmond.' It was still 'on to Richmond' with us what seemed a long way further, and then came a considerable period of hesitancy, in which the command was drawn up for the final dash. The enemy shelled a field near us vigorously, but fortunately, or unfortunately, the fog was so dense that neither party could make accurate observations or do much execution.

"For reasons that have passed into history, the attack was not made. We withdrew six miles from the city and went into camp.

"I had scarcely begun to enjoy much-needed rest before the Confederates came up in the darkness and shelled us out of such quarters as we had found. We had to leave our boiling coffee behind us—one of the greatest hardships I have ever known. Then followed a long night-ride down the Peninsula, in driving sleet and rain.

"The next morning the sun broke out gloriously, warming and drying our chilled, wet forms. Nearly all that day we maintained a line of battle confronting the pursuing enemy. One brigade would take a defensive position, while the other would march about five miles to a commanding point, where it in turn would form a line. The first brigade would then give way, pass through the second, and take position well to the rear. Thus, although retreating, we were always ready to fight. At one point the enemy pressed us closely, and I saw a magnificent cavalry charge down a gentle descent in the road. Every sabre seemed tipped with fire in the brilliant sunshine.

"In the afternoon it became evident that there was a body of troops before us. Who or what they were was at first unknown, and for a time the impression prevailed that we should have to cut our way through by a headlong charge. We soon learned, however, that the force was a brigade of colored infantry, sent up to cover our retreat. It was the first time we had seen negro troops, but as the long line of glistening bayonets and light-blue uniforms came into view, prejudices, if any there were, vanished at once, and a cheer from the begrimed troopers rang

down our line, waking the echoes. It was a pleasant thing to march past that array of faces, friendly though black, and know we were safe. They represented the F.F.V.'s of Old Virginia, we then wished to see. On the last day of the march my horse gave out, compelling me to walk and lead him.

"On the day after our arrival at Yorktown, Kilpatrick gave me despatches for the authorities at Washington. President Lincoln, learning that I had just returned from the raid, sent for me, and I had a memorable interview with him alone in his private room. He expressed profound solicitude for Colonel Dahlgren and his party. They had been detached from the main force, and I could give no information concerning them. We eventually learned of the death of that heroic young officer, Colonel Dahlgren. Although partially helpless from the loss of a leg, he led a daring expedition at the cost of his life.

"I expressed regret to the President that the object of the raid had not been accomplished. 'Pick the flint, and try it again,' said Mr. Lincoln, heartily. I went out from his presence awed by the courage and sublime simplicity of the man. While he gave the impression that he was bearing the nation on his heart, one was made to feel that it was also large enough for sympathy with all striving with him in the humblest way."[16]

Service as a Civil War Hospital Chaplain

Due to the huge numbers of casualties, there was an ever-increasing demand for hospital chaplains. Most were appointed directly for that work, but some came from service with the army in the field. Roe was among the latter group, who had seen combat. In 1864, he received an appointment from President Lincoln to serve in a hospital at Fort Monroe, Virginia, where President Jefferson Davis would ultimately be incarcerated.

Before describing his transition to a full-time hospital chaplaincy, it is worthwhile to read his description of the horrors of the field hospital, where niceties were ignored in the urgent rush to save lives.[17]

---

[16] E.P. Roe, "A Native Author," 13-18.

[17] Many chaplains are familiar with the differing levels of medical care, ranging from corpsmen on the battle itself, to "modern" hospitals with complete staffs and the latest medical technologies. The field hospital setting described graphically by Roe would be the setting of *M*A*S*H*, one of the most popular television shows ever made. The surgeons at the Korean War Mobile Army Surgical Hospital described their inelegant efforts to preserve life as "meatball surgery."

> At the hospital we found poor [General] Bayard.[18] Of all the ghastly wounds I saw that day his was the most awful. It needed but a glance to see, as he calmly stated to those who visited him, "that his days on earth were numbered." If his wound had been a mere scratch, he could not have been more cool, quiet, and collected. He talked calmly of his death as of a settled thing, and only inquired particularly how much time he had left on earth. He was told, "perhaps forty-eight hours." He did not live twenty-four. My heart sank within me as he gave me his hand in farewell, and I almost murmured, "Why are the best taken?"
>
> The large house to which the wounded were brought was now filled with mutilated and dying men. Cries and groans resounded from every apartment. Ghastly and bloody wounds met the eye in every direction. Some had their eyes shot out; the tongues of some were swollen out of their mouths; some had their bodies shot through; others were torn and mangled by shell and solid shot, and all were crowded wherever there was any space.
>
> The surgeons were hacking off limbs and arms by the dozen. The odor of blood was oppressive. One man called me to him, thinking I was a surgeon, and said that one of his wounds had been dressed, but he found that he had another, which was bleeding rapidly. Another poor fellow held up his arm to me, with a great bulging hole in it, and asked with an expression of pain and anxiety that I could scarcely endure, whether I thought he would have to lose it?
>
> Such is the horrid reality of war behind the painted scenes of honor, glory, and romance.
>
> However cold an ear the poor fellows may have turned to the story of the Cross when in health, as a general thing they were ready enough now to listen to the offers of mercy. One wounded boy had his leg taken off just as he was entering the hospital, which building was under fire all day, and was repeatedly struck. The scene from the windows of the hospital was truly splendid as night came on. Innumerable camp-fires gleamed from the hillsides, and occasionally the darkness was lighted up by the flash of cannon.
>
> But weariness, and the knowledge that our own regiment might be engaged the next day, caused me to seek a place of rest. The medical department of our brigade had been rendered small by the absence of some of its members, and it might be that our duties on the

[18] George Dashiell Bayard (1835-62) was a graduate of West Point and a veteran of the so-called "Indian Wars" of the American West during the 1850s.

> morrow would be very arduous. The ground outside the hospital was so tramped up, muddy, and filled with horses, that it was impossible to sleep there.
>
> But there was a stone alley-way under the hospital, filled with tobacco in the leaf, part of it lying on the ground, and part drying overhead. One end of this place was already filled with wounded men, but the surgeon in charge said that the other would not be occupied before morning, and that I had better stay there.
>
> As a light came I saw something white lying near the wall. I first thought it was a dog, and going up, I stirred the object with my foot. On looking closer, I found that it was a ghastly pile of arms and legs from the amputating-room. But I had seen so much of blood and horror during the day that I had grown callous. I quietly spread my blanket within ten feet of the bloody heap, and listened sadly to the shrieks and groans from the hospital above till I fell asleep.
>
> The reopening of the battle on Sunday morning awoke me, and as I was rolling up my blankets, a shell bursting near warned me to hasten. I joined the regiment, and with it recrossed the river.[19]

Roe's appointment was of great benefit to the hospital at Fort Monroe. Not only did he possess a strong aptitude for the specialized work, he also possessed many contacts at home in the North to whom he appealed for donations towards the care of the wounded. Through their generosity, Roe was able to arrange for the construction of a sizeable chapel, and a well-stocked reading room. In actuality, the reading room was more like a library, including no fewer than 3,000 volumes. At the war's conclusion, the library was transferred to Fort Monroe and the buildings were devoted to the newly established Hampton Institute (now University).

A newspaper article the final year of the war reflected the life saving difference Roe had made to the care of the wounded. No doubt his spiritual, and nutritional contributions contributed to the dramatic decrease in the hospital's morbidity.

> List of Deaths in United States, General Hospital,
> Fortress Monroe, Va., During the Week Ending Feb. 11.
>
> Levi Mayer, Co. D, 13th Indiana.
> Austin Ayers, 16th New-York Independent Battery.
> Frederick Henderson, Co. H, 11th Connecticut.
> Lewis Thornton, Co. H, 2d U.S. Infantry.
> Preston Woods, Co. F, 6th U.S. Infantry.

[19] Mary A. Roe, *E.P. Roe*, 36-38.

John S. Link, Co. D, 112th New-York.
Solomon Miller, Co. D, 62d Ohio.
Wm. Heath, prisoner of war.
Jerry King, Co. F, 117th U.S. Infantry.
Wm.L. Guthrie, Co. F, 3d Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery.
Geo. W. Avery, Co. D, 9th Maine.
Charles R. Akin, Co. B, 4th Massachusetts Cavalry.

Having transferred some 170 New-England patients North this week, and sent some 90 to the front, we now have only about 2,700 remaining in the hospital, which, together with the guards, make about 3,000 in all. The patients are doing very well. The number of deaths in a day last Summer was more than during a week now. Gen. Curtis is up, going about, lively and cheerful. He has lost his left eye. Gen. Pennypacker is still confined to his room, but is getting along very well. We are expecting a boatload of patients from the front every hour.

New wards are still going up, and the capacity of the hospital is still being extended. A large frame building, for officers and Surgeons' quarters, has just been completed, and a capacious new post-office is in process of erection.

A hospital chapel, to cost some $3,000, with all the lumber on the ground, was commenced this week. Superintended by the energetic Surgeon in charge, Dr. E. McClellan, and the Chaplain, E.P. Roe, who has already raised from the liberal people of the North (chiefly in New-York and Brooklyn) over $2,000 for this noble and praiseworthy object, we expect the chapel to "go right up" immediately. The convalescents are digging the foundation, making the shingles and working faithfully at the frame. The chapel is to be 60 by 30 feet, and calculated to seat 500, with two wings—one for a reading-room and library, and the other for the Chaplain's quarters. It is very much needed.[20]

The magnitude of Roe's accomplishments were praised by another Union chaplain who visited the hospital. Chaplain Amos Stevens Billingsley (1818-1897) declared Roe's farm "the biggest garden I ever saw. There must have been some sixty acres under cultivation."[21] Cultivating such a massive garden required the assistance of many of the hospital's ambulatory patients. It became an integral

[20] *New York Times*, 15 February 1865.

[21] Amos Stevens Billingsley, *From the Flag to the Cross* (New World Publishing, 1872): 84.

part of their rehabilitation. The following descriptions are taken from Billingsley's *From the Flag to the Cross*.

> Here [Hampton Hospital] we met with a generous, agreeable, fast friend in Chaplain E.P. Roe, U.S.A., in charge of the spiritual interests of this division of the hospital, with whom we labored hand-in-hand, till long after the rebellion was quelled and the country saved. Mild, modest, and unpretending in his nature, and progressive in his views, Chaplain Roe had a good tact to get Christians to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.
>
> Being without a chapel, we met in one of the dining-halls situated in the centre of the triangular hospital. The building was a mere shell—an upright frame, some two hundred feet long and about thirty wide, with a dingy table in the middle, around one end of which we met twice a week for many long, bloody months, and poured out our souls and hearts unto God for the salvation of the patients, the bereaved and loved ones at home, and for the salvation of our bleeding country.
>
> Being without any fire, and the hall being open, it was very cold in winter, and very uncomfortably warm in summer. But it was the best we could get, and, knowing that the blessing to be obtained through the prayer-meeting did not depend upon the house or place we met in, but upon the state of the hearts that meet, here we met regularly, and enjoyed many seasons of refreshing. Paul and Silas had a very happy meeting in the Philippian jail, with their feet fast in the stocks. And within the murky walls of this sombre hall the faithful soldier of the cross would drag his emaciated, mutilated frame upon crutches, to sing and pray.
>
> Accustomed to feats of daring and courage, men are less bashful in the army than at home. Trained to fight upon the bloody field, they are not so slow and backward to take up the cross in the house of prayer. Partaking less of *"the form"* our prayer-meetings in the hospital seemed to enjoy, or possess, more of "*the power of God"* than those usually at home. To see men hobbling along to the prayer-meeting when scarcely able to walk, and so earnestly engaged in the great work of salvation, was truly encouraging and refreshing to the soul. The warm, earnest exhortation, and the fervent, heart-gushing prayer, told that many of the soldiers lived near the throne of grace.
>
> Sometimes the recital of religious experience, incidents, and purposes was most touching, eloquent, and powerful. Their little speeches were not composed, far-fetched or fine-spun phrases: no; it was the eloquence of the *heart*—big, earnest thoughts, bubbling

up from the depths of the soul, struggling for utterance, and when they fell from lips set on fire by the Holy Ghost, it was like rain upon the mown grass. Gushing right out from the heart, their words were sharp, quick, and powerful, and, steeped in prayer, they sunk down deep into the heart and made a deep, lasting impression. Men, illiterate, with souls burning with zeal, would sometimes so electrify the whole congregation that all would melt into tears. To hear the young converts relate their own experience often arrested the careless, and stirred the soul of the lukewarm professor. The interest was often so great, and the disposition to pray so strong, that it was very difficult to get through in reasonable time. Sometimes we had fifteen or twenty prayers at one meeting.

The hall being used for eating purposes in the daytime, we always met at night, and with but a few candles "dimly burning," stuck up along the rough sides of the hall, it always presented a gloomy appearance; yet with our souls lit up by God's Spirit, and stimulated by the crisis of the dying soldier's soul, we often got very near the throne of grace, and the men often prayed as though they felt "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Praying-men from all quarters of the country putting up their prayers from this noted place, the prayer-meetings became quite a *power* in the hospital. The happy seasons there enjoyed by thousands will, doubtless, be remembered throughout eternity.

Such a spirit of *union* pervaded the meeting that we seldom inquired to what church a man belonged. Denominationalism was swallowed up in the great interests of the soul. These meetings were usually led by Chaplain Roe, but often by the author. We generally commenced by singing a hymn, and after reading a few verses of Scripture, accompanied with prayer and a few words of exhortation by the chaplain, the meeting was thrown open, and all *cordially* invited to lay aside all restraint and take part freely, and the liberty in praying and speaking fully evinced that the Spirit of the Lord was with us.

In this same gloomy hall we had preaching every Sabbath night. In this the chaplains took turns, except when visitors, or the delegates of the Christian Commission, by request, filled the pulpit. The attendance was usually good, and sometimes very large, reaching five hundred or six hundred attentive hearers. With a good choir, graced with a well-played harmonium, they made the dusty walls of the old hall ring again with their enchanting music. We usually used "the Army and Navy Hymnbook," published by the American Tract Society. . . .

Mrs. Chaplain E.P. Roe, from New York, for a while in the summer

and fall of 1864 took an active part in this noble work. With her kind heart, liberal hand, and cheerful countenance, she went round through the wards, administering both to the temporal and spiritual wants of the patients. Supplied with cordials and articles of clothing, wherever she found a needy patient, she supplied him with these things. And having supplied their temporal wants, she often ministered to them spiritually, in reading and talking to them, pointing them to Christ, and urging them to immediate repentance. With her Christian zeal and characteristic tenderness, she did much to relieve the suffering soldiers. . . .

Hospital Church Organized. Sept. 9, 1864. A Hospital union church was organized this evening, with thirty-one members, in the dining-hall. This organization was gone into after mature deliberation between Chaplain Roe and myself, and a free consultation with the patients; and it was found to work well, notwithstanding the unsettled condition of the people. We found our organization tended to give union, action, strength, and influence to the religious element. Soldiers of the cross, like soldiers of the army, do much better, and accomplish more, with than without an organization.

Jesus Christ never designed that his followers should live and spend their sojourn on earth alone; hence the organization of the church; and there are the same necessity and advantages for it in the army and hospital that exist at home. Christians of all denominations, and from all parts of the country, united under the 'banner of the cross,' can help, encourage, and protect one another in the bonds of Christian fellowship, better than when standing isolated and alone. Exposed to the strong temptations and asperities of the army, a Christian needs all the props and restraints a church can throw around him.

Church Creed. Made up of Christians of all denominations, our articles of religion, or confession of faith, were short, plain, and comprehensive. Here it is:

> *Art.* 1. "God being my helper, I will try to the best of my ability to be a Christian."
> *Art.* 2. "I will take the word of God for my guide, and trust in Christ alone for salvation."
> *Art.* 3. "I solemnly pledge myself to abstain from profane language, from alcoholic drinks as a beverage, and from all other vices in the army and camp, and will be a true soldier of my country and of the cross."
> *Art.* 4. "I will earnestly strive to win souls to Christ, and will faithfully try to watch over my Christian brother."

Without affecting other church connections at home, the reader will

> at once perceive that our creed was broad, orthodox, strong, and comprehensive. Its adoption led to the further development of the religious element, to self-examination, gave tangibility to our efforts, and seemed to be greatly blessed of God to the furtherance of the cause of Christ. This "little flock" increased rapidly, and soon numbered over a hundred. Christians of all denominations, without regard to sects, united in this common brotherhood; and denominationalism was so far swallowed up in the great cause of saving souls, that we but seldom inquired to what church an individual belonged.
>
> Wherever we found a man wearing the image of Christ, we were glad to receive him into our society. Even some of the Catholics, giving evidence of a change, were received into our little band of Christian soldiers. A number of the surgeons and ladies of the hospital also connected with us. . . .
>
> Dedication of New Hospital Chapel. The new Hospital chapel, for the want of which we labored for three years under great disadvantages, was dedicated to-day, July 16, 1865. Sixty feet long and thirty wide, with two large wings—one for a library and reading-room, and the other for the chaplains' quarters—with stained glass, and a small spire, it presents quite a neat appearance. Rev. Mr. Tisdale, Agent of the U.S. Christian Commission at Fortress Monroe, Va., preached the dedicatory sermon from the prophecy of Jeremiah; Chaplain Roe presided; Chaplain Billingsley made the opening, and Chaplain Marshall the closing prayer upon the interesting and solemn occasion. The congregation was large and attentive.
>
> Mr. Roe, who has proved himself to be a very successful beggar in raising some twenty-five hundred dollars in the North, principally in New York and Brooklyn, to erect this much needed house, soon after it was dedicated opened in it a day-school for the colored patients to learn to read, write, and cipher. The first day they had over one hundred scholars, all eager to learn. The hospital library contains some fifteen hundred volumes, many of which are large, fine, valuable, and suitable for the patients.[22]

As Billingsley's account ends, he reveals the noble role to which the chapel would be dedicated in the years to follow. From its 1865 roots in teaching reading, it was only three years before Hampton University would be established. It began as a "normal school," dedicated to the training of teachers. And, most certainly

[22] Ibid., 94-101, 120, 259-61.

influenced by the extensive gardens, it was officially known as "Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute."

In a flattering wartime article entitled "The Military Hospitals at Fortress Monroe," *Harper's Magazine* described Roe's work.

> The Chaplain is the spiritual father of the great household; the friend, the guide, the comforter of the tempted, the sorrowing, the dying. The first Napoleon, with his imperial all-grasping mind, appreciated more highly than any other military commander of whom we have record the exalted mission of the chaplain. He was the special and honored messenger of the Emperor himself; placed there by imperial power to carry the solace of religion to the couch of pain, and to report immediately to the Emperor if any of Napoleon's children—for his soldiers were his children—suffered neglect or wrong.
>
> It is beautiful to see, in these hospitals, how harmoniously and fraternally the physician of the body and the physician of the soul co-operate. I do not speak the language of blind eulogy when I say that the Rev. Mr. Marshall[23] of the Chesapeake, and the Rev. Mr. Roe of the Hampton Hospital, are extraordinary men—extraordinary in their adaptation to the work to which God has called them. Joyfully and successfully they press on in their arduous toil, ever sustained by the countenance of the surgeon in charge.[24]

Roe's Hospital Ministry in His Own Words

The following account is taken, once again, from Roe's autobiographical essay.

"My wife joined me in Washington, and few days later accompanied me to the scene of my new labors at Hampton Hospital, near Fortress Monroe. There were not many patients at that time (March, 1864) in the large barrack wards; but as soon as the Army of the Potomac broke through the Wilderness and approached our vicinity, transports in increasing numbers, laden with desperately wounded men, came to our wharf. During the early summer the wooden barracks were speedily filled, and many tent wards were added. Duty became constant and severe, while the scenes witnessed were often painful in the last degree. More truly than on the field, the real horrors of war are learned from the long agonies in the hospital. While in the cavalry service, I gained in vigor daily; in two months

---

[23] Chaplain James Marshall (1831-96) was an Episcopal priest who attended the wounded at Chesapeake Hospital at Fort Monroe.

[24] *Harper's Magazine* 29 (1864): 311-12.

of hospital work I lost thirty pounds. On one day I buried as many as twenty-nine men. Every evening, till the duty became like a nightmare, I followed the dead-cart, filled up with coffins, once, twice, and often thrice, to the cemetery. Eventually an associate chaplain was appointed, who relieved me of this task.

"Fortunately, my tastes led me to employ an antidote to my daily work as useful to me as to the patients. Surrounding the hospital was much waste land. This, with the approval of the surgeon in charge, Dr. Ely McMillan, and the aid of the convalescents, I transformed into a garden, and for two successive seasons sent to the general kitchen fresh vegetables by the wagon-load. If reward were needed, the wistful delight with which a patient from the front would regard a raw onion was ample; while for me the care of the homely, growing vegetables and fruit brought a diversion of mind which made life more endurable.

"One of the great needs of the patients who had to fight the winning or losing battle of life was good reading, and I speedily sought to obtain a supply. Hearts and purses at the North responded promptly and liberally; publishers threw off fifty per cent from their prices; and I was eventually able to collect, by gift and purchase, about three thousand volumes. In gathering this library, I provided what may be distinctly termed religious reading in abundance; but I also recognized the need of diversion. Long wards were filled with men who had lost a leg or an arm, and who must lie in one position for weeks. To help them get through the time was to help them to live. I therefore made the library rich in popular fiction and genial books of travel and biography. Full sets of Irving, Cooper, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Marryat, and other standard works were bought; and many a time I have seen a poor fellow absorbed in their pages while holding his stump lest the jar of a footstep should send a dart of agony to the point of mutilation.

"My wife gave much assistance in my hospital duties, often reaching and influencing those beyond me. I recall one poor fellow who was actually six months in dying from a very painful wound. Profanity appeared to be his vernacular, and in bitter protest at his fate, he would curse nearly every one and everything. Mrs. Roe's sympathy and attentions changed him very much, and he would listen quietly as long as she would read to him. Some of the hospital attendants, men and women, had good voices, and we organized a choir. Every Sunday afternoon we went from ward to ward singing familiar hymns. It was touching to see rough fellows drawing their blankets over their heads to hide the emotion caused by words and melodies associated, in many instances, with home and mother.

"Northern generosity, and, in the main, convalescent labor enabled me to build a large commodious chapel and to make great improvements in the hospital farm. The site of the hospital and garden is now occupied by General Armstrong's Normal and Agricultural Institute for Freedmen, and the chapel was occupied as a place of worship until very recently. Thus a noble and most useful work is being accomplished on the ground consecrated by the life-and-death struggles of so

many Union soldiers.

"In 1865 the blessed era of peace began, bringing its many changes. In October the hospital became practically empty, and I resigned. The books were sent to Fortress Monroe for the use of the garrison, and I found many of them there long years after, almost worn out from use."[25]

After the War

With the end of the conflict, Roe accepted a call to a small Presbyterian congregation that would be his only pastorate. Highland Falls was quite near West Point. He served there nearly a decade, and during the course of his ministry he sought creative ways to support a major building drive. He turned to a popular practice of his era, lecturing. His messages about his diverse experiences as a chaplain proved quite popular, and the proceeds allowed for the construction of a stone sanctuary for his congregation.

> After a little rest and some candidating for a church, I took a small parish at Highland Falls, about a mile from West Point, New York, entering on my labors in January, 1866. In this village my wife and I spent nine very happy years. They were full of trial and many cares, but free from those events which bring the deep shadows into one's life.
>
> We soon became engaged in building a new stone church, whose granite walls are so thick, and hard-wood finish so substantial that passing centuries should add only the mellowness of age. The effort to raise funds for this enterprise led me into the lecture-field and here I found my cavalry-raid and army life in general exceedingly useful. I looked around for a patch of garden-ground as instinctively as a duck seeks water. The small plot adjoining the parsonage speedily grew into about three acres, from which eventually came a book entitled "Play and Profit in my Garden."[26]

Due to Roe's success in addressing the broader civil community from the lectern, he decided to explore another medium for reaching the unchurched. A classmate from Williams College wrote, "By his gratifying experience in the lecture field Roe was tempted to venture into the more hazardous grounds of general literature, largely in the domain of fiction."[27]

---

[25] E.P. Roe, "A Native Author," 18-20.

[26] Ibid., 20.

[27] *Class of Sixty-Three*.

His first novel, *Barriers Burned Away*, was written while he served in Highland Falls. It was a first-person description of the aftermath of a nationally felt disaster, Chicago's 1871 fire. However, before examining his writing career, it is necessary to note how his life remained drawn to agriculture. His youth working in his father's gardens, his hospital ministry, with his vibrant farm . . . these did not sate his appetite, they merely whetted it.

A brief obituary in a local publication noted the magnitude of his horticultural influence.

> He engaged in the nursery business in Highland Falls and not having land enough at that place he purchased a beautiful home in Cornwall that he loved so well and where he lived and died. At this place he built up the largest nursery trade in the country, shipping millions of plants annually throughout the United States and Canada, and as far as the old world. He was a born horticulturist. From boyhood up he loved the beautiful in nature. Every flower and shrub around his beautiful home was planted by his own hands.
>
> His death was very sudden but he was always prepared to meet his Heavenly Father, who had seen fit to endow him with all the gifts that will be found in noble manhood. When we lost him we lost a friend indeed. Ministers and horticulturists came from far and near to pay tribute to one who could find time to rest only when death claimed him.[28]

Pastoral Response to the Great Chicago Fire

It was not his war experiences, but another disaster that inspired Roe to embark on his career as a novelist.

> Up to the year 1871 I had written little for publication beyond occasional contributions to the New York "Evangelist," nor had I seriously contemplated a literary life. I had always been extremely fond of fiction, and from boyhood had formed a habit of beguiling the solitary hours in weaving crude fancies around people who for any reason interested me. I usually had a mental serial running, to which I returned when it was my mood; but I had never written even a short story.
>
> In October, 1871, I was asked to preach for a far uptown congregation in New York, with the possibility of a settlement in

[28] James G. Dwyer, ed. *The Orange County Advertiser and Business Men's Directory* (Cornwall, New York, 1890): 51.

> view. On Monday following the services of the Sabbath, the officers of the church were kind enough to ask me to spend a week with them and visit among the people. Meantime, the morning papers laid before us the startling fact that the city of Chicago was burning and that its population were becoming homeless. The tidings impressed me powerfully, waking the deepest sympathy. I said to myself, "Here is a phase of life as remarkable as any witnessed during the war."
>
> I obeyed the impulse to be on the scene as soon as possible, stated my purpose to my friends, and was soon among the smoking ruins, finding an abiding-place with throngs of others in a partially finished hotel. For days and nights I wandered where a city had been, and among the extemporized places of refuge harboring all classes of people.
>
> Late one night I sat for a long time on the steps of Robert Collyer's church[29] and watched the full moon through the roofless walls and shattered steeple. There was not an evidence of life where had been populous streets. It was there and then, as nearly as I can remember, that the vague outlines of my first story, "Barriers Burned Away," began to take form in my mind.
>
> I soon returned home, and began to dream and write, giving during the following year such hours as could be withdrawn from many other duties to the construction of the story. I wrote when and where I could—on steamboats, in railway cars, and at all odd hours of leisure, often with long breaks in the work of composition, caused by the pressure of other affairs, again getting up a sort of white heat from incessantly dwelling upon scenes and incidents that had become real to me. In brief, the story took possession of my mind, and grew as naturally as a plant or a weed in my garden.[30]

Roe's Literary Ministry in His Own Words

The section which follows comes, once again, from his essay for *Lippincott's Magazine*. It offers an illuminating portrait of the publishing industry in the middle of the nineteenth century and the writing habits of a successful author, many of which merit emulation today.

---

[29] Robert Collyer (1823-1912) was a prominent English-American pastor who joined the Unitarian Church after being expelled from the Methodist communion. During the war worked with the Sanitary Commission. He also authored a number of books.

[30] E.P. Roe, "A Native Author," 20-21.

“It will thus be obvious that at nearly middle age, and in obedience to an impulse, I was launched as an author; that I had very slight literary training; and that my appearance as a novelist was quite as great a surprise to myself as to any of my friends.

“The writing of sermons certainly does not prepare one for the construction of a novel; and to this day certain critics contemptuously dismiss my books as ‘preaching.’ During nearly four years of army life, at a period when most young men are forming style and making the acquaintance of literature, I scarcely had a chance to read at all. The subsequent years of the pastorate were too active, except for an occasional dip into a favorite author.

“While writing my first story, I rarely thought of the public, the characters and their experiences absorbing me wholly. When my narrative was actually in print, there was wakened a very deep interest as to its reception. I had none of the confidence resulting from the gradual testing of one’s power or from association with literary people, and I also was aware that, when published, a book was far away from the still waters of which one’s friends are the protecting headlands.

“That I knew my work to be exceedingly faulty goes without saying; that it was utterly bad, I was scarcely ready to believe. Dr. Field, noted for his pure English diction and taste, would not publish an irredeemable story, and the constituency of the New York ‘Evangelist’ is well known to be one of the most intelligent in the country.

“Friendly opinions from serial readers were reassuring as far as they went, but of course the great majority of those who followed the story were silent. A writer cannot, like a speaker, look into the eyes of his audience and observe its mental attitude toward his thought. If my memory serves me, Mr. R.R. Bowker was the earliest critic to write some friendly words in the ‘Evening Mail;’ but at first my venture was very generally ignored.

“Then some unknown friend marked an influential journal published in the interior of the State and mailed it so timely that it reached me on Christmas eve. I doubt if a book was ever more unsparingly condemned than mine in that review, whose final words were, ‘The story is absolutely nauseating.’ In this instance and in my salad days I took pains to find out who the writer was, for if his view was correct I certainly should not engage in further efforts to make the public ill.

“I discovered the reviewer to be a gentleman for whom I have ever had the highest respect as an editor, legislator, and honest thinker. My story made upon him just the impression he expressed, and it would be very stupid on my part to blink [ignore] the fact. Meantime, the book was rapidly making for itself friends and passing into frequent new editions. Even the editor who condemned the work would not assert that those who bought it were an aggregation of asses. People cannot be found by thousands who will pay a dollar and seventy-five cents for a dime novel or a religious tract.

"I wished to learn the actual truth more sincerely than any critic to write it, and at last I ventured to take a copy to Mr. George Ripley, of the New York 'Tribune.' 'Here is a man,' I thought, 'whose fame and position as a critic are recognized by all. If he deigns to notice the book, he will not only say what he thinks, but I shall have much reason to think as he does.' Mr. Ripley met the diffident author kindly, asked a few questions, and took the volume. A few weeks later, to my great surprise, he gave over a column to a review of the story. Although not blind to its many faults, he wrote words far more friendly and inspiring than I ever hoped to see; it would seem that the public had sanctioned his verdict.

"From that day to this these two instances have been types of my experience with many critics, one condemning, another commending. There is ever a third class who prove their superiority by sneering at or ignoring what is closely related to the people. Much thought over my experience led to a conclusion which the passing years confirm: the only thing for a writer is to be himself and take the consequences. Even those who regard me as a literary offender of the blackest dye have never named imitation among my sins.

"As successive books appeared, I began to recognize more and more clearly another phase of an author's experience. A writer gradually forms a constituency, certain qualities in his book appealing to certain classes of minds. In my own case, I do not mean classes of people looked at from the social point of view. A writer who takes any hold on popular attention inevitably learns the character of his constituency. He appeals, and minds and temperaments in sympathy respond. Those he cannot touch go on their way indifferently; those he offends may often strike back. This is the natural result of any strong assertion of individuality.

"Certainly, if I had my choice, I would rather write a book interesting to the young and to the common people, whom Lincoln said 'God must love, since He made so many of them.' The former are open to influence; the latter can be quickened and prepared for something better. As a matter of fact, I find that there are those in all classes whom my books attract, others who are repelled, as I have said.

"It is perhaps one of the pleasantest experiences of an author's life to learn from letters and in other ways that he is forming a circle of friends, none the less friendly because personally unknown. Their loyalty is both a safeguard and an inspiration. On one hand, the writer shrinks from abusing such regard by careless work; on the other, he is stimulated and encouraged by the feeling that there is a group in waiting who will appreciate his best endeavor. . . .

"I do not feel myself competent to form a valuable opinion as to good art in writing, and I cannot help observing that the art doctors disagree woefully among themselves. Truth to nature and the realities, and not the following of any school or fashion, has ever seemed the safest guide. I sometimes venture to think I know

a little about human nature.[31] My active life brought me in close contact with all kinds of people; there was no man in my regiment who hesitated to come to my tent or to talk confidentially by the campfire, while scores of dying men laid bare to me their hearts. I at least know the nature that exists in the human breast.

"It may be inartistic, or my use of it all wrong. That is a question which time will decide, and I shall accept the verdict. Over twelve years ago, certain oracles, with the voice of fate, predicted my speedy eclipse and disappearance. Are they right in their adverse judgment? I can truthfully say that now, as at the first, I wish to know the facts in the case. The moment an author is conceited about his work, he becomes absurd and is passing into a hopeless condition. If worthy to write at all, he knows that he falls far short of his ideals; if honest, he wishes to be estimated at his true worth, and to cast behind him the mean little Satan of vanity. If he walks under a conscious sense of greatness, he is a ridiculous figure, for beholders remember the literary giants of other days and of his own time, and smile at the airs of the comparatively little man. On the other hand, no self-respecting writer should ape the false deprecating 'umbleness' of Uriah Heep. In short, he wishes to pass, like a coin, for just what he is worth. . . .

"The simple truth in the case is that in spite of this immense and cheap competition, my novels have made their way and are being read among multitudes of others. No one buys or reads a book under compulsion; and if any one thinks that the poorer the book the better the chance of its being read by the American people, let him try the experiment. When a critic condemns my books, I accept that as his judgment; when another critic and scores of men and women, the peers of the first in cultivation and intelligence, commend the books, I do not charge them with gratuitous lying. My one aim has become to do my work conscientiously and leave the final verdict to time and the public. I wish no other estimate than a correct one; and when the public indicate that they have had enough of Roe, I shall neither whine nor write.

"As a rule, I certainly stumble on my stories, as well as stumble through them perhaps. Some incident or unexpected impulse is the beginning of their existence. . . . One summer evening, when in New York, I went up to Thomas's Garden, near Central Park, to hear the delicious music he was educating us to appreciate.[32] At a

---

[31] Roe's sister noted that she could recognize many of the real life individuals behind the fictional characters in his books. "From that time on, my brother read to me every one of his stories in manuscript, and I enjoyed them the more from the fact that in every case I recognized the originals from which he had drawn his scenes and characters, idealized as they were." (Mary A. Roe, *E.P. Roe*, 118-19).

[32] Theodore Thomas (1835-1905) was a German-American violinist and conductor. For many years he provided a series of summer orchestral concerts. He began this practice in New York in 1864 and continued it throughout his career which concluded with the founding of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which directed from 1891 until his death.

certain point in the programme I noticed that the next piece would be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and I glanced around with a sort of congratulatory impulse, as much as to say, 'Now we shall have a treat.' My attention was immediately arrested and fixed by a young girl who, with the gentleman escorting her, was sitting near by. My first impression of her face was one of marvellous beauty, followed by a sense of dissatisfaction. Such was my distance that I could not annoy her by furtive observation; and I soon discovered that she would regard a stare as a tribute. Why was it that her face was so beautiful, yet so displeasing? Each feature analyzed seemed perfection, yet the general effect was a mocking, ill-kept promise. The truth was soon apparent. The expression was not evil, but frivolous, silly, unredeemed by any genuine womanly grace. She giggled and flirted through the sublime symphony, till in exasperation I went out into the promenade under the open sky.

"In less than an hour I had my story 'A Face Illumined.' I imagined an artist seeing what I had seen and feeling a stronger vexation in the wounding of his beauty loving nature; that he learned during the evening that the girl was a relative of a close friend, and that a sojourn at a summer hotel on the Hudson was in prospect. On his return home he conceives the idea of painting the girl's features and giving them a harmonious expression. Then the fancy takes him that the girl is a modern Undine[33] and has not yet received her woman's soul. The story relates his effort to beautify, illumine the face itself by evoking a mind. I never learned who was the actual girl with the features of an angel and the face of a fool.

"In the case of 'He Fell in Love with His Wife,' I merely saw a paragraph in a paper to the effect that a middle-age widower, having found it next to impossible to carry on his farm with hired help, had gone to the county poorhouse and said 'If there's a decent woman here, I'll marry her.' For years the homely[34] item remained an ungerminating seed in my mind, then started to grow, and the story was written in two months.

"My war experience has naturally made the picturesque phase of the Great Conflict attractive material. In the future I hope to avail myself still further of interesting periods in American history.

"I find that my love of horticulture and outdoor life has grown with the years. I do not pretend to scientific accuracy or knowledge. On the contrary, I have regarded

---

[33] An undine is a mythological European water nymph. They were envisioned by the Swiss physician and alchemist Paracelsus (c. 1493-1541) and have inspired music and verse.

[34] Applying the positive, domestic meaning of "homely," rather than its more recent usage as something unattractive.

plants and birds rather as neighbors, and have associated with them. When giving to my parish, I bought a place in the near vicinity of the house which I had spent my childhood. The front windows of our house command a noble view of the Hudson, while on the east and south the Highlands are within rifle-shot.

“For several years I hesitated to trust solely to literary work for support. As I have said, not a few critics insisted that my books should not be read, and would soon cease to be read. But whether the prediction should prove true or not, I knew in any case that the critics themselves would eat my strawberries; so I made the culture of small fruits the second string to my bow. This business speedily took the form of growing plants for sale, and was developing rapidly, when financial misfortune led to my failure and the devotion of my entire time to writing.

“Perhaps it was just as well in the end, for my health was being undermined by too great and conflicting demands on my energy. In 1878, at Dr. Holland’s request, I wrote a series of papers on small fruits for ‘Scribner’s Magazine’—papers that were expanded into a book entitled ‘Success with Small Fruits.’ I now aim merely at an abundant home supply of fruits and vegetables, but in securing this, find pleasure and profit in testing the many varieties catalogued and offered by nurserymen and seedsmen. . . .

“My methods of work are briefly these: I go into my study immediately after breakfast—usually about nine o’clock—and write or study until three or four in the afternoon, stopping only for a light lunch. In the early morning and late afternoon I go around my place, giving directions to the men, and observing the condition of vegetables, flowers, and trees, and the general aspect of nature at the time. After dinner, the evening is devoted to the family, friends, newspapers, and light reading. In former years I wrote at night, but after a severe attack of insomnia this practice was almost wholly abandoned. As a rule, the greater part of a year is absorbed in the production of a novel, and I am often gathering material for several years in advance of writing.

“For manuscript purposes I use bound blankbooks of cheap paper. My sheets are thus kept securely together and in place—important considerations in view of the gales often blowing through my study and the habits of a careless man. This method offers peculiar advantages for interpolation, as there is always a blank page opposite the one on which I am writing. After correcting the manuscript, it is put in typewriting and again revised. There are also two revisions of the proof.

“While I do not shirk the tasks which approach closely to drudgery, especially since my eyesight is not so good as it was, I also obtain expert assistance. I find that when a page has become very familiar and I am rather tired of it, my mind wanders from the close, fixed attention essential to the best use of words. Perhaps few are endowed with both the inventive and the critical faculty. A certain inner sense enables one to know, according to his lights, whether the story itself is true or false; but elegance of style is due chiefly to training, to a cultivation like that of the ear for music. Possibly we are entering on an age in which the people care less

for form, for phraseology, than for what seems to them true, real—for what, as they would express it, 'takes hold of them.' This is no plea or excuse for careless work, but rather a suggestion that the day of prolix, fine, flowery writing is passing.

"The immense number of well-written books in circulation has made success with careless, slovenly manuscripts impossible. Publishers and editors will not even read, much less publish them. Simplicity, lucidity, strength, a plunge *in medias res*, are now the qualities and conditions chiefly desired, rather than finely turned sentences in which it is apparent more labor has been expended on the vehicle than on what it contains. The questions of this eager age are, What has he to say? Does it interest us?

"As an author, I have felt that my only chance of gaining and keeping the attention of men and women was to know, to understand them, to feel with and for them in what constituted their life. Failing to do this, why should a line of my books be read? Who reads a modern novel from sense of duty? There are classics which all must read and pretend to enjoy whether capable of doing so or not. No critic has ever been so daft as to call any of my books a classic. Better books are unread because the writer is not en rapport with the reader. The time has passed when either the theologian, the politician, or the critic can take the American citizen metaphorically by the shoulder and send him along the path in which they think he should go. He has become the most independent being in the world, good-humoredly tolerant of the beliefs and fancies of others, while reserving, as a matter of course, the right to think for himself.

"In appealing to the intelligent American public, choosing for itself among the multitude of books now offered, it is my creed that an author should maintain completely and thoroughly his own individuality, and take the consequences. He cannot conjure strongly by imitating any one, or by representing any school or fashion. He must do his work conscientiously, for his readers know by instinct whether or not they are treated seriously and with respect. Above all, he must understand men and women sufficiently to interest them; for all the 'powers that be' cannot compel them to read a book they do not like.

"My early experience in respect to my books in the British Dominions has been similar to that of many others. My first stories were taken by one or more publishers without saying 'by your leave,' and no returns made of any kind. As time passed, Messrs. Ward, Locke & Co., more than any other house, showed a disposition to treat me fairly. . . .

"Other English firms have offered me the usual royalty, and I now believe that in spite of our House of Mis-Representatives at Washington, the majority of the British publishers are disposed to deal justly and honorably by American writers. In my opinion, the LOWER House in Congress has libelled and slandered the American people by acting as if their constituents, with thievish instincts, chuckled over pennies saved when buying pirated books. This great, rich,

prosperous nation has been made a 'fence,' a receiver of stolen goods, and shamelessly committed to the crime for which poor wretches are sent to jail. Truly, when history is written, and it is learned that the whole power and statesmanship of the government were enlisted in behalf of the pork interest, while the literature of the country and the literary class were contemptuously ignored, it may be that the present period will become known as the Pork Era of the Republic. It is a strange fact that English publishers are recognizing our rights in advance of our own lawmakers.

"In relating his experience in the pages of this magazine, Mr. Julian Hawthorne said in effect that one of the best rewards of the literary life was the friends it enabled the writer to make. When giving me his friendship, he proved how true this is. In my experience the literary class make good, genial, honest friends, while their keen, alert minds and knowledge of life in many of its most interesting aspects give an unfailing charm to their society.

"One can maintain the most cordial and intimate relations with editors of magazines and journals if he will recognize that such relations should have no influence whatever in the acceptance or declination of manuscripts. I am constantly receiving letters from literary aspirants who appear to think that if I will use a little influence their stories or papers would be taken and paid for. I have no such influence, nor do I wish any, in regard to my own work. The conscientious editor's first duty is to his periodical and its constituents, and he would and should be more scrupulous in accepting a manuscript from a friend than from a stranger. To show resentment because a manuscript is returned is absurd, however great may be our disappointment.

"Perhaps one of the most perplexing and often painful experiences of an author comes from the appeals of those who hope through him to obtain immediate recognition as writers. One is asked to read manuscripts and commend them to publishers, or at least to give an opinion in regard to them, often to revise or even to rewrite certain portions. I remember that during one month I was asked to do work on the manuscripts of strangers that would require about a year of my time. The maker of such request does not realize that he or she is but one among many, and that the poor author would have to abandon all hope of supporting his family if he tried to comply.

"The majority who thus appeal to one know next to nothing of the literary life or the conditions of success. They write to the author in perfect good faith, often relating circumstances which touch his sympathies; yet if you tell them the truth about their manuscript, or say you have not time to read it, adding that you have no influence with editors or publishers beyond securing a careful examination of what is written, you feel that you are often set down as a churl, and your inability to comply with their wishes is regarded as the selfishness and arrogance of success. The worried author has also his own compunctions, for while he has tried so often and vainly to secure the recognition requested, till he is in despair of such effort, he still is haunted by the fear that he may overlook some genius

whom it would be a delight to guide through what seems a thorny jungle to the inexperienced.

“In recalling the past, one remembers when he stood in such sore need of friends that he dislikes even the appearance of passing by on the other side. There are no riches in the world like stanch friends who prove themselves to be such in your need, your adversity, or your weakness. I have some treasured letters received after it had been telegraphed throughout the land that I was a bankrupt and had found myself many thousands of dollars worse off than nothing. The kindly words and looks, the cordial grasp of the hand, and the temporary loan occasionally, of those who stood by me when scarcely sane from overwork, trouble, and, worse than all, from insomnia, can never be forgotten while a trace of memory is left. . . .

“It so happens in my experience that I have discovered one who appears willing to stick closer to me than a brother, and even to pass as my ‘double,’ or else he is so helplessly in the hands of his publishers as to be an object of pity. A certain ‘Edward R. Roe’ is also an author, and is suffering cruelly in reputation because his publishers so manage that he is identified with me. By strange coincidence, they hit upon a cover for his book which is almost a facsimile of the cover of my pamphlet novel, ‘An Original Belle,’ previously issued. The R in the name of this unfortunate man has been furnished with such a diminutive tail that it passes for a P, and even my friends supposed that the book, offered everywhere for sale, was mine. In many instances I have asked at news stands, ‘Whose book is that?’ The prompt and invariable answer has been, ‘E.P. Roe’s.’

“I have seen book notices in which the volume was ascribed to me in anything but flattering terms. A distinguished judge, in a carefully written opinion, is so uncharitable as to characterize the coincidence in cover as a ‘fraud,’ and to say, ‘No one can look at the covers of the two publications and fail to see evidence of a design to deceive the public and to infringe upon the rights of the publisher and author’—that is, the rights of Messrs. Dodd, Mead would be well, as a rule, for other writers to begin with reputable, honorable publishers and to remain with them. A publisher can do more and better with a line of books than with isolated volumes.

“When an author’s books are scattered, there is not sufficient inducement for any one to push them strongly, nor, as in the case above related, to protect a writer against a ‘double,’ should one appear. Authors often know little about business, and should deal with a publisher who will look after their interests as truly as his own. Unbusinesslike habits and methods are certainly not traits to be cultivated, for we often suffer grievously from their existence; yet as far as possible the author should be free from distracting cares.

“The novelist does his best work when abstracted from the actual world and living in its ideal counterpart which for the time he is imagining. When his creative work is completed, he should live very close to the real world, or else he will be

imagining a state of things which neither God nor man had any hand in bringing about."[35]

While literary elites may have snickered at Roe's undecorated prose, those who understood the audience for whom he wrote praised his effort. For example, the following applause was offered in response to his 1875 book, *From Jest To Earnest*.

> "His plots are never commonplace. The change in Lottie's character is well-delineated, and with a naturalness and artistic skill which we do not often find in the so-called religious novels." *Harper's Magazine*
>
> "It is surprising to find how genuinely interesting his stories always are. There is nothing of the vulgarly sensational about them." *Eclectic Magazine*
>
> "Mr. Roe's books are religious novels in perhaps the best sense of the term." *Zion's Herald*
>
> "A simple, pure story, such as Mr. Roe has always written, is one of the most potent vehicles of moral and religious training that can be employed." *Buffalo Daily Courier*
>
> "Mr. Roe's works have had a fine, noble purpose, each and all. The present story is an excellent one—of high tone and deep religious strength." *Boston Evening Traveler*
>
> "It is a thoroughly good story because [it is] pervaded by an influence thoroughly pure." *American Rural Home*
>
> "The hero is simple, strong, and manly; much such a man as Mr. Lincoln must have been had he turned his attention to theology instead of politics." *New York World*
>
> "A bright, vivacious story, full of wit and even frolic." *Portland Transcript*
>
> "He vindicates his right to use the talent which God has given him for the instruction and interest of the thousands who read his works." *New York Evangelist*

---

35 E.P. Roe, "A Native Author," 21-34.

All twenty of Roe's novels are presently available at no cost through digital libraries such as Project Gutenberg. The Literature Network also offers several of his short stories.[36]

Roe's Literary Legacy

The Cambridge History of English and American Literature considered Roe to be an author in the tradition of Harriet Beecher Stowe. To be associated with the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a very influential book, is impressive. Not that it was high literary culture that connected the works.

> Domestic sentimentalism, of course, did not noticeably abate, carried on with large popular success by Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819–81) of Massachusetts and Edward Payson Roe (1838–88) of New York until nearly the end of the century, when others took up the useful burden. Both Holland and Roe were clergymen, a sign that the old suspicion of the novel was nearly dead, even among those petty sects and sectarians that so long feared the effects of it. Holland, whose first novel had appeared in 1857, was popular moralist and poet as well as novelist and first editor of *Scribner's Magazine* (founded 1870); but Roe contented himself with fiction.

---

[36] Roe's books, in order of publication, include:

1. *Barriers Burned Away*, 1872.
2. *Play and Profit in My Garden*, (Horticultural), 1873.
3. *What Can She Do?* 1873.
4. *Opening the Chestnut Burr*, 1874.
5. *From Jest to Earnest*, 1875.
6. *Near to Nature's Heart*, 1876.
7. *A Knight of the Nineteenth Century*, 1877.
8. *A Face Illumined*, 1878.
9. *A Day of Fate*, 1880.
10. *Without a Home*, 1881.
11. *Success with Small Fruits*, (Horticultural), 1881.
12. *His Sombre Rivals: a Story of the Civil War*, 1883.
13. *A Young Girl's Wooing*, 1884.
14. *Nature's Serial Story*, (Natural History), 1884.
15. *An Original Belle*, 1885.
16. *Driven Back to Eden*, 1885.
17. *He Fell in Love with His Wife*, 1886.
18. *The Home Acre*, (Horticultural), 1887.
19. *The Earth Trembled*, 1887.
20. *Miss Lou*, 1888.

> Chaplain of cavalry and of one of the Federal hospitals during the Civil War, [Roe] later gave up the ministry in the firm conviction that he could reach thousands with novels and only hundreds with his voice. His simple formula included: first, some topical material, historical event, or current issue; second, characters and incidents selected directly from his personal observation or from newspapers; third, an abundance of "nature" descriptions with much praise of the rural virtues; and fourth, plots concerned almost invariably, and not very deviously, with the simultaneous pursuit of wives, fortunes, and salvation.[37]

Roe's classmates from Williams College recognized that his move from parish ministry to writing did not constitute an abdication of his vocation as a pastor. On the contrary, in some ways it greatly expanded the influence of his words. "All of Roe's stories were written for a purpose, not merely as literature—a moral, clarifying, uplifting purpose."[38] They also recognized that did not pander to the literary elites of his day. He wrote for the *common* man, woman and child, and as a result was treated with derision by many who foolishly considered themselves his betters.[39]

> In seeking to make the aimed for impression he did not always stop to clarify his diction, or always subordinate his style to the ideal standards of literary form. The following kindly words of appreciation were spoken of our classmate as a writer of books by Lyman Abbott at the dedication of a tablet placed upon a large boulder in a memorial park at Cornwall, to be known as Roe Park, delivered Memorial Day, May 30, 1894: "Now, Mr. Roe's fiction has been very severely criticized, but it has been universally read. For myself I would rather minister to the higher life of ten thousand people than win the plaudits of one self-appointed critic. And his

---

[37] William P. Trent, et al, *The Cambridge History of American Literature: Later National Literature* (Part II). (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1921): 73-74.

[38] *Class of Sixty-Three.*

[39] This condescending treatment was quite similar to that which many academics and literary critics heaped upon C.S. Lewis (1898-1963). The Oxford professor became famous for his popular works of Christian apologetics such as *Mere Christianity* and *The Screwtape Letters*, and for his children's series, *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Many of the attacks on his work were motivated primarily by animosity to the Christian faith they espoused. Ironically, Lewis was a brilliant scholar and literary critic in his own right. Not only did he author English Literature in the Sixteenth Century (a volume in the Oxford History of English Literature), in 1954 Lewis accepted the chair of Mediaeval and Renaissance Literature at Magdalene College, Cambridge University.

> novels have been universally read because they have universally ministered to the higher life of the readers. He ministered [and still it is a living ministration] to the life, not of ten thousand or of one hundred thousand, but of thousands of thousands, for his readers in this country alone are numbered by the millions. And I venture to say that no man, woman, or child ever read through one of Mr. Roe's books without having a clearer faith, a brighter hope, and a deeper, richer love for his fellowman."[40]

Upon his death, a prominent literary published an obituary began with the claim that "his passing has doubtless struck a wider note of sorrow throughout the country, than would be called forth by the loss of any other man-of-letters in America." Roe would have delighted in their adulation, because it directly reflected his lifelong striving for authenticity, and his desire to forsake the fickle adulation of the elite while saying a good work with common people.

> Mr. Roe was above everything else a genuine man, a good man; and it is by the impression of his sincerity and goodness indelibly stamped upon every page of his books, that he has won the hearts of the people. The word 'people ' we use advisedly; for it was not among men and women of great intellectual cultivation that Mr. Roe found responses to his work. It was not, on the other hand, among those whose mental pabulum is of the kind not recognized in the publishers' catalogues. It was among the great middle class of workers and readers that his writings took deep hold and lent a helping hand.[41]

The Critic tempered its praise with a realistic assessment. Even these words would have been pleasing to the chaplain turned writer. After all, they affirm his own modest notions, and proclaim the success of his lofty goal of speaking hope and encouragement.

> Mr. Roe has not left a lasting heritage to literature. The name which is a household word now from the Atlantic to the Pacific will doubtless be forgotten when the generation for which he wrote has passed away. He was alive to his fingers' ends to the times in which he lived, and delved industriously in the mills, the factories and the workshops for his material. Truthfulness, simplicity and force were the qualities which gave his works their vogue. He has been charged, perhaps unjustly, with 'sensationalism.'

---

[40] *Class of Sixty-Three*. Lyman Abbott (1835-1922), who spoke so glowingly of Roe, was a prominent writer and editor in his own right. A Congregationalist pastor, he too left congregational ministry to serve as editor of *Harper's Magazine* and *The Christian Union*, which became *The Outlook*.

[41] *The Critic* 10 (28 July 1888): 43.

> He felt the temper of his audience and knew the best way to keep its ear. And so, though he employed some of the methods of sensationalism, he undoubtedly sought to overbalance any harm such methods might do by the inculcation of what he believed to be the soundest morality. His publishers estimate the total sale of his works to date at 750,000 copies, and compute that a million and a half people have read one or more of them. This is a tremendous power for good or evil for any one man to wield. Praise to the man now dead that, in so far as he knew, he used it only for the good.[42]

We began our study of E.P. Roe with the recollection of one of his good friends. The quotation above was part of the tribute written by Julian Hawthorne. It is fitting to conclude this article with another portion of that brief eulogy. It too echoes the noble nature of a sincere man of the cloth who not only served his nation during its hour of greatest need, but who genuinely loved humanity. Would that all military chaplains could earn such a humble and compassionate epitaph.

> You will probably be asked to find room in your columns for many letters from the friends of E.P. Roe. I apply for admission with the others, on the ground that none of them could have loved him more than I did. The telegram which to-day told me of his death, has made my own life less interesting to me. He was so good a man that no one can take his place with those who knew him. It is the simple truth that he cared for his friends more than for himself: that his greatest happiness was to see others happy: that he would have more rejoiced in the literary fame of one of his friends than in any such fame of his own winning.
>
> All his leisure was spent in making plans for the pleasure and profit of other people. I have seen him laugh with delight at the success of these plans. As I write, so many generous, sweet, noble deeds of his throng in my memory,—deeds done so unobtrusively, delicately and heartily,—that I feel the uselessness of trying to express his value and our loss. He was at once manly and childlike: manly in honor, truth and tenderness; childlike in the simplicity that suspects no guile and practises none. He had in him that rare quality of loving sympathy that prompted sinners to bring their confessions to him, and ask help and counsel of him—which he gave, and human love into the bargain.[43]

---

[42] Ibid.

[43] Ibid., 43-44.

Robert Stroud served as a United States Air Force chaplain for twenty-four years. One of his favorite assignments took him to the Air Force Chaplain School in Montgomery, Alabama, the first capital of the Confederate States of America. On more than a few occasions, he daydreamed about the momentous era when his great-grandfather had ridden through the city's streets as a member of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry. He is committed to preserving the fascinating history of Civil War chaplains—Union and Confederate alike.

† Editorials †

Editorial Decisions and Respect

Robert C. Stroud

Attentive readers will have noted something unusual in the pages of this issue of *Curtana*. In one of our articles, the author has capitalized the word "Airman" in reference to members of the United States Air Force. She was absolutely correct in doing so, since this capitalization is the official policy of the Air Force itself, of which she is a senior member.

The disconnect comes in the fact that elsewhere in this same issue, words such as soldier, sailor and airmen will be encountered which are *not* capitalized. And this too, although it seems contradictory, is correct.

To understand this conundrum, read on. But before addressing this specific dilemma, let us acknowledge an unfortunate fact.

English is complex. History has made it the most important international language, and that status is unlikely to change. As a native English-speaker, I find that welcome news. However, from a detached, more objective perspective, I consider it unfortunate that one of the more "difficult" languages in the world has risen to such a position of dominance.

That does not mean, I must confess, that I am at all inclined to study or promote a simpler option, or a constructed language expressly created for this purpose. Esperanto is one such attempt at creating a language with consistent rules, pronunciations, etc. Over one hundred magazines are published in this "invented" language, but it will never become the common ground its creators once hoped. (This despite the fact that as early as 1966 an American film entitled "Incubus" was released in which all of the dialog was in Esperanto; it starred, oddly enough, William Shatner who would soon lead a united Earth in a United Interplanetary Federation on missions to boldly go where no one had gone before.)

No, Esperanto will never dislodge English as the likeliest candidate to humanity's pre-Tower of Babel linguistic unity. And, as I said a moment ago, I'm globally conscious enough to acknowledge that there would have been simpler tongues to impose on the world community.

Capitalization as an Expression of Respect

Languages evolve. So do standards for composition and publishing.

For many years the word "Marine" has begun with a capital M while its counterparts for the Army, Navy and Air Force have languished with lower case titles for their members. This capitalization-envy culminated several years ago with directives from the Departments of the Army, Navy and Air Force asserting that their members merited the same respect, and henceforth, in all of their respective publications the differing titles would be capitalized.

The discomfiture of these services with the special treatment Marines enjoyed manifested itself gradually. In 1994 the Secretary of the Navy decided "Sailor" was the proper Navy usage. The Army followed that example for "Soldier" in 2003. The youngest service followed suit the next year.

Now, the power of the individual Department of Defense (DoD) Chiefs of Staff is nothing to be dismissed. The very day the changes were made, they affected hundreds (perhaps thousands) of publications, and millions of missives. As powerful as these generals and admirals are, however, their authority ends at the borders of the DoD. They could not force civilian gatekeepers to toe the proverbial line.

Accordingly, the authoritative sources on English usage still assert that Marine is capitalized when referring to members of the United States Marine Corps, while its inter-service counterparts are not. Some military members have reacted to this maintenance of the historical precedents as an act of disrespect. I, a (proud) retired Air Force chaplain, do not.

Must we capitalize words to show respect? In English, we capitalize personal names and proper nouns. We capitalize the first words in sentences, and (usually) the initial words in quotations. The major words in titles of books, movies, songs, works of art and the like are capitalized. Oh, and we capitalize the word "I" even when it's not the first word in a sentence. Another oddity in America is that when we refer to the Pacific Northwest, New England, the Midwest, or the South as national regions (as opposed to compass directions), we capitalize them. I daren't comment on the peculiarities of British English, but I doubt that the Commonwealth is any freer of such stumbling blocks to the uninitiated.

One of the things that makes this language so difficult to master, is the tremendous number of exceptions to norms and specialized rules. For example,

we do not capitalize the word "president" when it refers to the presidency, as in "a president is elected every four years." However, we *do* capitalize it when it refers to *the* President (i.e. a specific holder of the office), as in "the President said that chaplains were vital members of the armed forces."

The simple fact is that these words are not the same. Soldiers are combatants, but are not necessarily in the Army. (Mercenaries, for example, are aptly referred to as soldiers of fortune.) Sailors ply the seas, but are not necessarily in the Navy. (Some, for example, are civilians, while other are members of the Merchant Marine, which ironically can either refer to the organization itself or an individual member thereof, only the former being capitalized.) Airmen are not necessarily in the Air Force. (Anyone involved in aviation, especially pilots, for example, can appropriately be considered in some sense to be an airman.)

"Airman" bears the additional burden of being an endocentric compound word, with the second morpheme potentially being interpreted in a gender-restrictive fashion. While, historically speaking, most soldiers, sailors, and airmen have possessed Y chromosomes, this is not true in an exclusive sense. While members of the Army and Navy and Marine Corps can share their associated service identifiers without confronting this issue, some have regarded the "man" part of airman to be a bit awkward. The words for Coastguardsman and Guardsman share this shortcoming.

To complicate the usage even further, we note this elaboration on the capitalization of airman within the Air Force community.

The Airman's perspective may be shared by members of the other services and other nations who apply airpower. To differentiate US Air Force Airmen from these like-minded individuals, the term *Airman* [capitalized] is reserved for US Air Force personnel, while *airman* [not capitalized] is used as a general term for those from various services and nations.

The term Airman has historically been associated with uniformed members of the US Air Force (officer or enlisted; Regular, Reserve or Guard) regardless of rank, component, or specialty. . . . Today, Department of the Air Force civilians are incorporated within the broader meaning of the term when there is a need to communicate to a larger audience within the service . . ."

Thus, one could end up with a passage like the following (although it would be unlikely to find its way into official USAF publications.)

> "The civilian Airmen assembled around the table debating the square footage of the commissary annex in Missouri were unaware of the lives of Army and Navy airmen being lost in the echo of the Black Hawk Down scenario playing out that very moment in Somalia."

That, of course, is a facetious example. The clear intent of the afore-cited Air Force guidance is not to sleight others, but to raise the esteem of the members of their own organization. Civilians—many of them veterans themselves—make essential contributions to the success of the armed forces. Likewise, while we all value joint efficiency, there is genuine benefit that comes from an element of healthy competition and distinctive pride between the services. This is especially true in a nation like the United States which has no draft. Each and every one of us *chose* to be in the branch of the armed forces in which we serve; none of us were forced to "enlist" in the military organization of which we are a member.

A dash of service cockiness is not always a bad thing. Consider the following online response to the question of why the word Marine is capitalized: "Same reason why you capitalize the g in God."

Promoting a service specific *esprit de corps* is important to recruitment and retention. If we feel we're simply doing a "job," there's every likelihood we'll jump to another job when it looks more appealing. Nevertheless, wasting emotional energy on the matter of capitalization equality is unwise.

Thinking people—the only ones whose opinions should matter—respect all members of the armed forces. They are grateful to everyone who stands in the gap and places themselves between us and those who wish us harm. That includes not only the traditional armed forces, but members of the Coast Guard, the Border Patrol, and countless law enforcement agencies, along with others. They all earn our respect by the sacrifices made by them and their families, and the risks they assume in their roles as their neighbors' protectors.

The Way Ahead

It may come as a surprise to some that the widely read publications *Army Times*, *Navy Times*, and *Air Force Times* are completely commercial publications. (This makes them different than the popular *Stars and Stripes* newspaper(s) that retains its editorial independence while published by the DoD itself. The Navy Times responded to a periodic criticism of their failure to capitalize sailor.

Thank you for your note. . . . As for capitalizing "sailor," we hear about this from time to time. We follow Associated Press style, which capitalizes Marine and puts sailor in lowercase. The main reason being, "Marine" is part of "Marine Corps." Same with Coast Guardsman and National Guardsman. If the service member's title is a part of the service, it is capitalized. If not, it's lowercase, which is also the case with "soldier." Therefore, if the CNO decided that we would no longer call them "sailors" but rather "Navymen," the name would be capitalized.

In an online forum, a proud Marine spouse offered a similar response the question of why her husband's branch received this distinctive treatment. Why should the word Marine be capitalized?

Because it is the name of an entity. The Marines. You don't normally say the Soldiers. You say the Army. For airmen you say the Air Force. In those cases you would capitalize Air Force, or Army, etc. "The Marines" is just a shorter way of saying the USMC, but you would always capitalize it when referring to a Marine. Just as you would when you'd say an Army man/woman, or an Air Force man/woman. If you wanted to use a name for Marines that would not be capitalized, you'd call them warriors. So it would be warriors, soldiers, sailors, airmen.

The following comments carry added weight, coming from Robert F. Dorr, a military veteran turned diplomat. He is also a prolific author and columnist. He offered the following thoughts in an online debate about capitalizing soldier, hosted by Gannett, the largest newspaper publisher in the United States.

It is Pentagon policy to capitalize a lot of common nouns including soldier, sailor, airman, family, and nation. It makes official documents read as if they emanate from the Stalin era in the Soviet Union. Magazines and newspapers do not capitalize the word soldier because it is not a proper noun. Their practice is, very simply, correct English. The Pentagon policy is an irritant and the practice of those in this Forum who've been drinking the Kool-Aid doesn't help. The word soldier isn't capitalized, plain and simply.

Of course, it is intended as a sign of respect—a profoundly misguided attempt that is a significant error and undermines the credibility of every document in which it appears. Wanting to bestow respect on someone is not a ground for changing the English language.

The vast majority of publications in the United States will continue to follow the guidelines offered by the *Associated Press Stylebook* and Merriam-Webster Dictionary. However, as novice writers quickly learn, nearly all magazines and publishing venues have their own, idiosyncratic styles. Wise prospective contributors pay attention to these, and format their manuscripts accordingly.

As recently as 2009, for some reason the prestigious *New York Times* was not capitalizing Marine.

We will now capitalize Marine and Marines when referring to individual members of the United States Marine Corps. Under the previous rule, we capitalized references to the service as a whole, but lowercased "marine" in referring to individuals. We used to say, "Three marines were wounded in the fighting." Now we'll say, "Three Marines were wounded in the fighting." (We'll make a similar change to capitalize "Coast Guardsman," though that comes up less frequently.)

Reporters and editors had lobbied for the changes. We don't set our style rules by plebiscite, but the old rules put us at odds with the preferred usage of people and organizations directly involved. And we heard repeatedly from readers and

sources who found our usage puzzling or ill-informed—even, in the case of "marines," disrespectful.

We've assured current and former members of the Marine Corps that the old rule reflected not a lack of respect but rather a desire for consistency. We don't, for example, capitalize "soldier" in referring to an individual member of the Army, and it seemed inconsistent to refer to "three soldiers and two Marines" in the same context.

But the "consistency" argument can cut both ways, depending on the frame of reference. If the term for an individual member is the same as the proper name of the organization, why not capitalize "Marine" just as we capitalize "Democrat," "Catholic" or "Rotarian"? The new rule also makes us consistent with The Associated Press and many other news organizations—a particularly important consideration now, when readers get news online from so many sources.

It was comforting to see the *Times* finally decided to afford the same "respect" to members of the Marine Corps that they had reserved previously for Rotarians.

Air Force Magazine, the independent journal of the Air Force Association, has come up with a novel approach, as reported in their current issue.

The 2013 edition of the *Associated Press Stylebook*, used by most newspapers and magazines, still prescribes lower case for airman and soldier, but capitalization for Marine. For reasons of consistency, Air Force Magazine also dropped the capital letter from "marines."

While *Curtana* won't follow their example, we have come up with our own solution. Rather than impose the service mandates on our contributors . . . and resistant by nature to slavishly following the dictates of the *AP Stylebook* . . . we will simply do what we have done in this very issue. We will reproduce the articles precisely as their authors have penned them. Because this is essentially our own "style" related to this matter, you should not consider it a mistake to see any of these words in either or both formats in a single issue.

One final note, pertinent to the readers of this journal. The word chaplain is not capitalized when used independently. As part of a title, as in "Chaplain Charles Carpenter" (first USAF Chief of Chaplains), it *is* capitalized.

Robert C. Stroud is the editor of Curtana: Sword of Mercy. *For three years, prior to the capitalization controversy, he served as editor of* The Leading Edge, *Air Force Recurring Periodical 52-1. He is proud to have served as an airman/Airman, to have been the son of a Marine, the grandson of a soldier/Soldier, and the great-grandson of a Civil War soldier/Soldier/trooper. He is also proud of his father-in-law's service as a sailor/Sailor during WWII.*

† Martial Poetry †

Military Muses

On Having Served	James E. Martin
A Tribute to Those Who Serve	James E. Martin
Alexandrines	C.S. Lewis
On a Picture by Chirico	C.S. Lewis
On the Atomic Bomb	C.S. Lewis
To the Author of the Flowering Rifle	C.S. Lewis
Christ in Uniform	Roy Campbell
The Vision of the Archangels	Rupert Brooke
In Memory of Rupert Brooke	Joyce Kilmer
Folly	Joyce Kilmer
Rouge Bouquet	Joyce Kilmer
1914	Wilfred Owen
Cramped in that Funnelled Hole	Wilfred Owen
The Rank Stench of Those Bodies Haunts Me	Siegfried Sassoon
August 1914	Isaac Rosenberg
Far Away	Isaac Rosenberg
To One in Paradise	Edgar Allen Poe
Conqueror	Robert Service
Fighting Mac	Robert Service
Agnostic	Robert Service
Little Brother	Robert Service
The Last Hero	G.K. Chesterton
The Power of Armies is a Visible Thing	William Wordsworth
The Funeral of the German Emperor	William McGonagall
Lessons of the War	Henry Reed
Psychological Warfare	Henry Reed
Drum-Taps	Walter Whitman

Contributors:

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

Roy Campbell (1901-1957) was a South African poet who converted from atheism to Christianity prior to Second World II, and served in the British Army during the war.

G.K. Chesterton (1874-1936) was a prolific British writer and patriot. After his conversion he became a prominent defender of Christianity.

Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918) was the best known Roman Catholic writer in America when he deployed to France with the "Fighting 69th" where he fell to a sniper's bullet.

C.S. Lewis (1898-1963) was the foremost Christian apologist of the last century. He was a wounded WWI combat veteran and provided a powerful patriotic voice during WWII.

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

William McGonagall (1825-1902) is viewed as Scotland's worst poet. During the 1880s he worked with a circus where he read poetry while being pummeled with debris.

Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) perished during the First World War, during which his graphic poetry about the trenches brought him to prominence.

Edgar Allen Poe (1809-1849) wrote poetry as well as horror tales for which he is better known. He attended West Point after rising to the rank of Sergeant Major for Artillery.

Henry Reed (1914-1986) was a poet and journalist who served as a Japanese translator in the British Army during the Second World War.

Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918) died in the First World War, while serving in a "Bantam" Battalion, where the minimum height of 160 cm (5'3") was lowered to 152 cm (5').

Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967) an eminent poet who was decorated for bravery on the Western Front in the British army. He lost a brother during the same war.

Robert Service (1874-1958) is best known for poetry he wrote related to his life in the Yukon. He served as an ambulance driver with the Red Cross during WWI.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892) volunteered to serve in Union hospitals during the American Civil War. He wrote many poems related to wartime themes.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was integral to Romantic Age of English poetry. His influence extended far beyond his native land.

On Having Served

James E. Martin

The memories of a veteran are as varied as can be,
Some involve sorrow, others genuine glee.
To have learned new things and seen new places
While trying to put names to remembered faces.

To have given your all and passed the test
Brings joy in knowing that you have done your best.
At other times, however, to have tried and failed
Yet, in the end to have still prevailed.

On some missions wondering how you had made it through,
Accomplishing what few had the courage to do.
Sometimes, regardless of how hard you would try,
You would find yourself unable to do anything but cry.

Upon learning that a buddy had given his life
In the heat of battle, amidst unbelievable strife.
Some of these things that a warrior must endure
Puts metal in his backbone, that is for sure.

To ask one if he would ever do it again,
Many would affirm without any spin.
To have succeeded in defeating a menacing foe
Makes one eager to again go.

A few made the choice to from duty flee
Thinking that in another country they could be free.
The freedom they enjoyed in their cowardly state,
Is to most of us, however, a miserable fate.

The service of no two was exactly the same,
Most never experienced prestige or fame.
They went and stayed till the job was done,
Then returned home for their day in the sun.

A Tribute to Those Who Serve

James E. Martin

They continue to serve in the heat and the sand,
In places like Iraq and Afghanistan.
America's best, without a doubt,
They know what freedom is all about.

Some at home question their resolution
As they endeavor to rid terrorist pollution.
What is so difficult to understand?
Envision the end of their great plan.

Soon we will see a change of command.
Do the leaders really understand?
Will we finish the job that was so nobly begun?
Will we walk away? – Will we run?

Hopefully the day will soon come
When all the troops will be back home.
Let us determine anew each and every day,
To for their safety continue to pray.

Alexandrines

C.S. Lewis

There is a house that most of all on earth I hate.
Though I have passed through many sorrows and have been
In bloody fields, sad seas, and countries desolate,
Yet most I fear that empty house where the grasses green
Grow in the silent court the gaping flags between,
And down the moss-grown paths and terrace no man treads
Where the old, old weeds rise deep on the waste garden beds.
Like eyes of one long dead the empty windows stare
And I fear to cross the garden, I fear to linger there,
For in that house I know a little, silent room
Where Someone's always waiting, waiting in the gloom
To draw me with an evil eye,
Yet thither doom will drive me and He will win at last.

Note: This poem comes from a collection of poetry written before Lewis' conversion to Christianity.

On a Picture by Chirico

C.S. Lewis

Two sovereign horses standing on the sand. There are no men,
The men have died, the houses fallen. A thousand years' war
Conclude in grass and graves, and bones and waves on a bare shore
Are rolled in a cold evening when there is rain in the air.

These were not killed and eaten with the rest. They were too swift
And strong for the last, stunted men to hunt in the great dearth.
Then they were already terrible. They inherit the large earth,
The pleasant pastures, resonant with their snorting charge.

Now they have come to the end of land. They meet for the first time
In early, bitter March the falling arches of the sea, vast
And vacant in the sunset light, where once the ships passed.
They halt, sniffing the salt in the air, and whinny with their lips.

These are not like the horses we have ridden; that old look
Of half-indignant melancholy and delicate alarm's gone.
Thus perhaps looked the breeding-pair in Eden when a day shone
First upon tossing manes and glossy flanks at play.

They are called. Change overhangs them. Their neighing is half speech.
Death-sharp across great seas, a seminal breeze from the far side
Calls to their new-crowned race to leave the places where Man died—
The offer, is it? the prophecy, of a Houyhnhnms' Land?

Notes:

1. Giorgio de Chirico (1888-1978) painted several portraits of paired horses. The editor feels the one portrayed to the right is the most likely inspiration for Lewis' poem.
2. Houyhnhnms appear in Jonathan Swift's Gulliver's Travels as a race of intelligent horses.

On the Atomic Bomb:
Metrical Experiment

C.S. Lewis

So; you have found an engine
Of injury that angels
Might dread. The world plunges,
Shies, snorts, and curvets like a horse in danger.

Then comfort her with fondlings,
With kindly word and handling,
But do not believe blindly This way or that.
Both fears and hopes are swindlers.

What's here to dread? For mortals
Both hurt and death were certain
Already; our light-hearted
Hopes from the first sentenced to final thwarting.

This marks no huge advance in
The dance of Death. His pincers
Were grim before with chances
Of cold, fire, suffocation, Ogpu, cancer.

Nor hope that this last blunder
Will end our woes by rending
Tellus herself asunder—
All gone in one bright flash like dryest tinder.

As if your puny gadget
Could dodge the terrible logic
Of history! No; the tragic
Road will go on, new generations trudge it.

Narrow and long it stretches,
Wretched for one who marches
Eyes front. He never catches
A glimpse of the fields each side, the happy orchards.

Notes:

1. Ogpu was the Soviet Union's secret police apparatus, 1923-34.
2. Tellus was a Roman goddess of the earth, marriage and fertility.

To the Author of "Flowering Rifle"

C.S. Lewis

Rifles may flower and terrapins may flame
But truth and reason will be still the same.
Call them Humanitarians if you will,
The merciful are promised mercy still
Loud fool! to think a nickname could abate
The blessing given to the compassionate.
Fashions in polysyllables may fright
Those Charlies on the Left of whom you write;
No wonder; since it was from them you learned
How white to black by jargon can be turned,
And though your verse outsoars with eagle pride
Their nerveless rhythms (of which the old cow died)
Yet your shrill covin-politics and theirs
Are two peas in a single pod—who cares
Which kind of shirt the murdering Party wears?
Repent! Recant! Some feet of sacred ground,
A target to both gangs, can yet be found,
Sacred because, though now it's no-man's-land,
There stood your father's house; there you should stand.

Notes:

1. This was composed as a response to a poem written by Roy Campbell (1901-1957). *Flowering Rifle: A Poem from the Battlefield of Spain* was a five-thousand-line poem which defended Franco's Nationalists in Spain. (A much shorter Campbell poem, "The Flaming Terrapin," is also referenced in Lewis' work.)
2. Despite Lewis' challenge to Campbell's sentiments, J.R.R. Tolkien enjoyed his company. (Campbell shared Tolkien's devotion to the Roman Catholic faith.) Due to their friendship, along with Campbell's literary credentials as a skilled poet, he attended several gatherings of the Inklings.
3. See also the notes accompany Campbell's poem, "Christ in Uniform," which follows.

Christ in Uniform

Roy Campbell

Close at my side a girl and boy
Fell firing, in the doorway here,
Collapsing with a strangled cheer
As on the very couch of joy,
And onward through a wall of fire
A thousand others rolled the surge,
And where a dozen men expire
A hundred myrmidons emerge –
As if the Christ, our Solar Sire,
Magnificent in their intent,
Returned the bloody way he went,
Of so much blood, of such desire,
And so much valour proudly spent,
To weld a single heart of fire.

Notes:

1. During World War II, Campbell served with the British forces in East Africa. However, the pivotal point in his life came with his conversion to Christianity prior to the war, and his protection of Catholics persecuted by the Republican (and Communist) forces opposing the Spanish government of Franco. Tragically, some of the monks he had protected before departing for France were slaughtered by the Republican forces. This poem illustrates his conviction that opposing the anti-Catholic forces in Spain was a holy calling. While the death of "children" is terrible, since they have died in a divine cause they pass through the flames of death into the resurrection.
2. The myrmidon were the private army of Achilles during the battle for Troy.

The Vision of the Archangels

Rupert Brooke

Slowly up silent peaks, the white edge of the world,
Trod four archangels, clear against the unheeding sky,
Bearing, with quiet even steps, and great wings furled,
A little dingy coffin; where a child must lie,
It was so tiny. (Yet, you had fancied, God could never
Have bidden a child turn from the spring and the sunlight,
And shut him in that lonely shell, to drop for ever
Into the emptiness and silence, into the night. . . .)

They then from the sheer summit cast, and watched it fall,
Through unknown glooms, that frail black coffin—and therein
God's little pitiful Body lying, worn and thin,
And curled up like some crumpled, lonely flower-petal—
Till it was no more visible; then turned again
With sorrowful quiet faces downward to the plain.

In Memory Of Rupert Brooke

Joyce Kilmer

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
  His body lies that was so fair and young.
  His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
  Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
  We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
  Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
To-day the starry roof of Heaven rings
  With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
  Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

Folly

Joyce Kilmer

What distant mountains thrill and glow
 Beneath our Lady Folly's tread?
Why has she left us, wise in woe,
 Shrewd, practical, uncomforted?
We cannot love or dream or sing,
 We are too cynical to pray,
There is no joy in anything
 Since Lady Folly went away.

Many a knight and gentle maid,
 Whose glory shines from years gone by,
Through ignorance was unafraid
 And as a fool knew how to die.
Saint Folly rode beside Jehanne
 And broke the ranks of Hell with her,
And Folly's smile shone brightly on
 Christ's plaything, Brother Juniper.

Our minds are troubled and defiled
 By study in a weary school.
O for the folly of the child!
 The ready courage of the fool!
Lord, crush our knowledge utterly
 And make us humble, simple men;
And cleansed of wisdom, let us see
 Our Lady Folly's face again.

Rouge Bouquet

Joyce Kilmer

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave to-day,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
  Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
  And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill

Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
  The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
  From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of buglenotes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

1914

Wilfred Owen

War broke: and now the Winter of the world
With perishing great darkness closes in.
The foul tornado, centred at Berlin,
Is over all the width of Europe whirled,
Rending the sails of progress. Rent or furled
Are all Art's ensigns. Verse wails. Now begin
Famines of thought and feeling. Love's wine's thin.
The grain of human Autumn rots, down-hurled.

For after Spring had bloomed in early Greece,
And Summer blazed her glory out with Rome,
An Autumn softly fell, a harvest home,
A slow grand age, and rich with all increase.
But now, for us, wild Winter, and the need
Of sowings for new Spring, and blood for seed.

Cramped in That Funnelled Hole

Wilfred Owen

Cramped in that funnelled hole, they watched the dawn
Open a jagged rim around; a yawn
Of death's jaws, which had all but swallowed them
Stuck in the bottom of his throat of phlegm.

They were in one of many mouths of Hell
Not seen of seers in visions, only felt
As teeth of traps; when bones and the dead are smelt
Under the mud where long ago they fell
Mixed with the sour sharp odour of the shell.

The Rank Stench of Those Bodies Haunts Me Still

Siegfried Sassoon

The rank stench of those bodies haunts me still
And I remember things I'd best forget.
For now we've marched to a green, trenchless land
Twelve miles from battering guns: along the grass
Brown lines of tents are hives for snoring men;
Wide, radiant water sways the floating sky
Below dark, shivering trees. And living-clean
Comes back with thoughts of home and hours of sleep.
To-night I smell the battle; miles away
Gun-thunder leaps and thuds along the ridge;
The spouting shells dig pits in fields of death,
And wounded men, are moaning in the woods.
If any friend be there whom I have loved,
God speed him safe to England with a gash.
It's sundown in the camp; some youngster laughs,
Lifting his mug and drinking health to all
Who come unscathed from that unpitying waste:
(Terror and ruin lurk behind his gaze.)
Another sits with tranquil, musing face,
Puffing bis pipe and dreaming of the girl
Whose last scrawled letter lies upon his knee.
The sunlight falls, low-ruddy from the west,
Upon their heads. Last week they might have died
And now they stretch their limbs in tired content.
One says 'The bloody Bosche has got the knock;'
And soon they'll crumple up and chuck their games.
'We've got the beggars on the run at last!'
Then I remembered someone that I'd seen
Dead in a squalid, miserable ditch,
Heedless of toiling feet that trod him down.
He was a Prussian with a decent face,
Young, fresh, and pleasant, so I dare to say.
No doubt he loathed the war and longed for peace,
And cursed our souls because we'd killed his friends.
One night he yawned along a half-dug trench
Midnight; and then the British guns began
With heavy shrapnel bursting low, and 'hows'
Whistling to cut the wire with blinding din.
He didn't move; the digging still went on;

Men stooped and shovelled; someone gave a grunt,
And moaned and died with agony in the sludge.
Then the long hiss of shells lifted and stopped.
He stared into the gloom; a rocket curved,
And rifles rattled angrily on the left
Down by the wood, and there was noise of bombs.
Then the damned English loomed in scrambling haste
Out of the dark and struggled through the wire,
And there were shouts and curses; someone screamed
And men began to blunder down the trench
Without their rifles. It was time to go:
He grabbed his coat; stood up, gulping some bread;
Then clutched his head and fell. I found him there
In the gray morning when the place was held.
His face was in the mud; one arm flung out
As when he crumpled up; his sturdy legs
Were bent beneath his trunk; heels to the skye.

August 1914

Isaac Rosenberg

What in our lives is burnt
In the fire of this?
The heart's dear granary?
The much we shall miss?

Three lives hath one life –
Iron, honey, gold.
The gold, the honey gone –
Left is the hard and cold.

Iron are our lives
Molten right through our youth.
A burnt space through ripe fields
A fair mouth's broken tooth.

Far Away

Isaac Rosenberg

By what pale light or moon-pale shore
Drifts my soul in lonely flight?
Regions God had floated o'er
Ere He touched the world with light?

Not in Heaven and not in earth
Is this water, is this moon;
For there is no starry birth,
And no dawning and no noon.

Far away—O far away,
Mist-born-dewy vapours rise
From the dim gates of the day
Far below in earthly skies.

To One In Paradise

Edgar Allen Poe

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
'On! on!'—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! me
For me the light of Life is over!
'No more—no more—no more'
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

Conqueror

Robert Service

Though I defy the howling horde
As bloody-browed I smite,
Back to the wall with shattered sword
When darkly dooms the night;
Though hoarse they cheer as I go down
Before their bitter odds,
'Tis I who win the victor's crown,
The guerdon of the gods.

For all who fall in fearless fight
Alight a deathless flame,
That glorifies the godless night
And fills the foe with shame.
'Tis they who triumph heaven-high,
And so in hell's despite,
Be mine the dauntless will to die
In battle for the right.

The rant and cant of futile folk
Break brittle in my ears;
Let me cast off the cursed yoke
And fall upon the spears.
Aye, though they mock my broken blade,
And stamp and spit on me,
Mine is the Shining Accolade,
The Star of Victory.

Fighting Mac

Robert Service

A Life Tragedy

A pistol shot rings round and round the world;
   In pitiful defeat a warrior lies.
A last defiance to dark Death is hurled,
   A last wild challenge shocks the sunlit skies.
   Alone he falls, with wide, wan, woeful eyes:
Eyes that could smile at death—could not face shame.

Alone, alone he paced his narrow room,
   In the bright sunshine of that Paris day;
Saw in his thought the awful hand of doom;
   Saw in his dream his glory pass away;
   Tried in his heart, his weary heart, to pray:
"O God! who made me, give me strength to face
The spectre of this bitter, black disgrace."

* * * * *

The burn brawls darkly down the shaggy glen;
   The bee-kissed heather blooms around the door;
He sees himself a barefoot boy again,
   Bending o'er page of legendary lore.
   He hears the pibroch, grips the red claymore,
Runs with the Fiery Cross, a clansman true,
Sworn kinsman of Rob Roy and Roderick Dhu.

Eating his heart out with a wild desire,
   One day, behind his counter trim and neat,
He hears a sound that sets his brain afire—
   The Highlanders are marching down the street.
   Oh, how the pipes shrill out, the mad drums beat!
"On to the gates of Hell, my Gordons gay!"
He flings his hated yardstick away.

He sees the sullen pass, high-crowned with snow,
   Where Afghans cower with eyes of gleaming hate.
He hurls himself against the hidden foe.
   They try to rally—ah, too late, too late!
   Again, defenseless, with fierce eyes that wait

For death, he stands, like baited bull at bay,
And flouts the Boers, that mad Majuba day.

He sees again the murderous Soudan,
  Blood-slaked and rapine-swept. He seems to stand
Upon the gory plain of Omdurman.
  Then Magersfontein, and supreme command
  Over his Highlanders. To shake his hand
A King is proud, and princes call him friend.
And glory crowns his life—and now the end,

The awful end. His eyes are dark with doom;
  He hears the shrapnel shrieking overhead;
He sees the ravaged ranks, the flame-stabbed gloom.
  Oh, to have fallen!—the battle-field his bed,
  With Wauchope and his glorious brother-dead.
Why was he saved for this, for this? And now
He raises the revolver to his brow.

* * * * *

In many a Highland home, framed with rude art,
  You'll find his portrait, rough-hewn, stern and square;
It's graven in the Fuyam fellah's heart;
  The Ghurka reads it at his evening prayer;
  The raw lands know it, where the fierce suns glare;
The Dervish fears it. Honor to his name
Who holds aloft the shield of England's fame.

Mourn for our hero, men of Northern race!
  We do not know his sin; we only know
His sword was keen. He laughed death in the face,
  And struck, for Empire's sake, a giant blow.
  His arm was strong. Ah! well they learnt, the foe
The echo of his deeds is ringing yet—
Will ring for aye. All else . . . let us forget.

Agnostic

Robert Service

The chapel looms against the sky,
    Above the vine-clad shelves,
And as the peasants pass it by
    They cross themselves.
But I alone, I grieve to state,
    Lack sentiment divine:
A citified sophisticate,
    I make no sign.

Their gesture may a habit be,
    Mechanic in a sense,
Yet somehow it awakes in me
    Strange reverence.
And though from ignorance it stem,
    Somehow I deeply grieve,
And wish down in my heart like them
    I could believe.

Suppose a cottage I should buy,
    And little patch of vine,
With pure and humble spirit I
    Might make the Sign.
Aye, though I godless way I go,
    And sceptic in my trend,
A faith in *something I don't know*
    Might save me in the end.

Little Brother

Robert Service

Wars have been and wars will be
Till the human race is run;
Battles red by land and sea,
Never peace beneath the sun.
I am old and little care;
I'll be cold, my lips be dumb:
Brother mine, beware, beware . . .
Evil looms the wrath to come.

Eastern skies are dark with strife,
Western lands are stark with fear;
Rumours of world-war are rife,
Armageddon draweth near.
If your carcase you would save,
Hear, oh hear, the dreadful drum!
Fly to forest, cower in cave . . .
Brother, heed the wrath to come!

Brother, you were born too late;
Human life is but a breath.
Men delve deep, where darkly wait
Sinister the seeds of death,
There's no moment to delay;
Sorrowing the stars are blind.
Little Brother, how I pray
You may sanctuary find.
Peoples of the world succumb . . .
Fly, poor fools, the WRATH TO COME!

The Last Hero

G.K. Chesterton

The wind blew out from Bergen from the dawning to the day,
There was a wreck of trees and fall of towers a score of miles away,
And drifted like a livid leaf I go before its tide,
Spewed out of house and stable, beggared of flag and bride.
The heavens are bowed about my head, shouting like seraph wars,
With rains that might put out the sun and clean the sky of stars,
Rains like the fall of ruined seas from secret worlds above,
The roaring of the rains of God none but the lonely love.
Feast in my hall, O foemen, and eat and drink and drain,
You never loved the sun in heaven as I have loved the rain.

The chance of battle changes—so may all battle be;
I stole my lady bride from them, they stole her back from me.
I rent her from her red-roofed hall, I rode and saw arise,
More lovely than the living flowers the hatred in her eyes.
She never loved me, never bent, never was less divine;
The sunset never loved me, the wind was never mine.
Was it all nothing that she stood imperial in duresse?
Silence itself made softer with the sweeping of her dress.
O you who drain the cup of life, O you who wear the crown,
You never loved a woman's smile as I have loved her frown.

The wind blew out from Bergen to the dawning of the day,
They ride and run with fifty spears to break and bar my way,
I shall not die alone, alone, but kin to all the powers,
As merry as the ancient sun and fighting like the flowers.
How white their steel, how bright their eyes! I love each laughing knave,
Cry high and bid him welcome to the banquet of the brave.
Yea, I will bless them as they bend and love them where they lie,
When on their skulls the sword I swing falls shattering from the sky.
The hour when death is like a light and blood is like a rose,—
You never loved your friends, my friends, as I shall love my foes.

Know you what earth shall lose to-night, what rich uncounted loans,
What heavy gold of tales untold you bury with my bones?
My loves in deep dim meadows, my ships that rode at ease,
Ruffling the purple plumage of strange and secret seas.
To see this fair earth as it is to me alone was given,
The blow that breaks my brow to-night shall break the dome of heaven.
The skies I saw, the trees I saw after no eyes shall see,
To-night I die the death of God; the stars shall die with me;
One sound shall sunder all the spears and break the trumpet's breath:
You never laughed in all your life as I shall laugh in death.

The Power Of Armies Is A Visible Thing

William Wordsworth

The power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

The Funeral of the German Emperor

William McGonagall

YE sons of Germany, your noble Emperor William now is dead.
Who oft great armies to battle hath led;
He was a man beloved by his subjects all,
Because he never tried them to enthral.

The people of Germany have cause now to mourn,
The loss of their hero, who to them will ne'er return;
But his soul I hope to Heaven has fled away,
To the realms of endless bliss for ever and aye.

He was much respected throughout Europe by the high and the low,
And all over Germany people's hearts are full of woe;
For in the battlefield he was a hero bold,
Nevertheless, a lover of peace, to his credit be it told.

'Twas in the year of 1888, and on March the 16th day,
That the peaceful William's remains were conveyed away
To the royal mausoleum of Charlottenburg, their last resting-place,
The God-fearing man that never did his country disgrace.

The funeral service was conducted in the cathedral by the court chaplain,
Dr. Kogel,
Which touched the hearts of his hearers, as from his lips it fell,
And in conclusion he recited the Lord's Prayer
In the presence of kings, princes, dukes, and counts assembled there.

And at the end of the service the infantry outside fired volley after volley,
While the people inside the cathedral felt melancholy,
As the sound of the musketry smote upon the ear,
In honour of the illustrous William. whom they loved most dear.

Then there was a solemn pause as the kings and princes took their places,
Whilst the hot tears are trickling down their faces,
And the mourners from shedding tears couldn't refrain;
And in respect of the good man, above the gateway glared a bituminous flame.

Then the coffin was placed on the funeral car,
By the kings and princes that came from afar;
And the Crown Prince William heads the procession alone,
While behind him are the four heirs-apparent to the throne.

Then followed the three Kings of Saxony, and the King of the Belgians also,
Together with the Prince of Wales, with their hearts full of woe,
Besides the Prince of Naples and Prince Rudolph of Austria were there,
Also the Czarevitch, and other princes in their order I do declare.

And as the procession passes the palace the blinds are drawn completely,
And every house is half hidden with the sable drapery;
And along the line of march expansive arches were erected,
While the spectators standing by seemed very dejected.

And through the Central Avenue, to make the decorations complete,
There were pedestals erected, rising fourteen to fifteen feet,
And at the foot and top of each pedestal were hung decorations of green bay,
Also beautiful wreaths and evergreen festoons all in grand array.

And there were torches fastened on pieces of wood stuck in the ground;
And as the people gazed on the weird-like scene, their silence was profound;
And the shopkeepers closed their shops, and hotel-keepers
closed in the doorways,
And with torchlight and gaslight, Berlin for once was all ablaze.

The authorities of Berlin in honour of the Emperor considered it no sin,
To decorate with crape the beautiful city of Berlin;
Therefore Berlin I declare was a city of crape,
Because few buildings crape decoration did escape.

First in the procession was the Emperor's bodyguard,
And his great love for them nothing could it retard;
Then followed a squadron of the hussars with their band,
Playing "Jesus, Thou my Comfort," most solemn and grand.

And to see the procession passing the sightseers tried their best,
Especially when the cavalry hove in sight, riding four abreast;
Men and officers with their swords drawn, a magnificent sight to see
In the dim sun's rays, their burnished swords glinting dimly.

Then followed the footguards with slow and solemn tread,
Playing the "Dead March in Saul," most appropriate for the dead;
And behind them followed the artillery, with four guns abreast,
Also the ministers and court officials dressed in their best.

The whole distance to the grave was covered over with laurel and bay,
So that the body should be borne along smoothly all the way;
And the thousands of banners in the procession were beautiful to view,
Because they were composed of cream-coloured silk and light blue.

There were thousands of thousands of men and women gathered there,
And standing ankle deep in snow, and seemingly didn't care
So as they got a glimpse of the funeral car,
Especially the poor souls that came from afar.

And when the funeral car appeared there was a general hush,
And the spectators in their anxiety to see began to crush;
And when they saw the funeral car by the Emperor's charger led,
Every hat and cap was lifted reverently from off each head.

And as the procession moved on to the royal mausoleum,
The spectators remained bareheaded and seemingly quite dumb;
And as the coffin was borne into its last resting-place,
Sorrow seemed depicted in each one's face.

And after the burial service the mourners took a last farewell
Of the noble-hearted William they loved so well;
Then rich and poor dispersed quietly that were assembled there,
While two batteries of field-guns fired a salute which did rend the air
In honour of the immortal hero they loved so dear,
The founder of the Fatherland Germany, that he did revere.

Lessons of the War

Henry Reed

Vixi duellis nuper idoneus
Et militavi non sine Gloria

I. Naming of Parts

Today we have naming of parts. Yesterday
We had daily cleaning. And tomorrow morning,
We shall have what to do after firing. But today,
Today we have naming of parts. Japonica
Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring gardens,
And today we have naming of parts.

This is the lower sling swivel. And this
Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see,
When you are given your slings. And this is the piling swivel,
Which in your case you have not got. The branches
Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures,
Which in our case we have not got.

This is the safety-catch, which is always released
With an easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me
See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy
If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms
Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see
Any of them using their finger.

And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this
Is to open the breech, as you see. We can slide it
Rapidly backwards and forwards; we call this
Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards
The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:
They call it easing the Spring.

They call it easing the Spring. It is perfectly easy
If you have any strength in your thumb; like the bolt,
And the breech, and the cocking piece, and the point of balance,
Which in our case we have not got; and the almond-blossom
Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going backwards and forwards,
For today we have naming of parts.

Psychological Warfare

Henry Reed

This above all remember: they will be very brave men,
And you will be facing them. You must not despise them.

I am, as you know, like all true professional soldiers,
A profoundly religious man: the true soldier has to be.
And I therefore believe the war will be over by Easter Monday.
But I must in fairness state that a number of my brother-officers,
No less religious than I, believe it will hold out till Whitsun.
Others, more on the agnostic side (and I do not contemn them)
Fancy the thing will drag on till August Bank Holiday.

Be that as it may, some time in the very near future,
We are to expect Invasion . . . and invasion not from the sea.
Vast numbers of troops will be dropped, probably from above,
Superbly equipped, determined and capable; and this above all,
Remember: they will be very brave men, and chosen as such.

You must not, of course, think I am praising them.
But what I have said is basically fundamental
To all I am about to reveal: the more so, since
Those of you that have not seen service overseas—
Which is the case with all of you, as it happens—his is the first time
You will have confronted them. My remarks are aimed
At preparing you for that.

Everyone, by the way, may smoke,
And be as relaxed as you can, like myself.
I shall wander among you as I talk and note your reactions.
Do not be nervous at this: this is a thing, after all,
We are all in together.

I want you to note in your notebooks, under ten separate headings,
The ten points I have to make, remembering always
That any single one of them may save your life.
Is everyone ready? Very well then.

The term, Psychological Warfare
Comes from the ancient Greek: psycho means character
And logical, of course, you all know. We did not have it
In the last conflict, the fourteen-eighteen affair,
Though I myself was through it from start to finish. (That is point one.)
I was, in fact, captured—or rather, I was taken prisoner—
In the Passchendaele show (a name you will all have heard of)
And in our captivity we had a close opportunity
(We were all pretty decently treated. I myself
Was a brigadier at the time: that is point two)
An opportunity I fancy I was the only one to appreciate
Of observing the psychiatry of our enemy
(The word in those days was always psychology,
A less exact description now largely abandoned). And though the subject
Is a highly complex one, I had, it was generally conceded,
A certain insight (I do not know how, but I have always, they say,
Had a certain insight) into the way the strangest things ebb up
From what psychoanalysts now refer to as the self-conscious.
It is possibly for this reason that I have been asked
To give you the gist of the thing, the—how shall I put it?—
The gist.

I was not of course captured alone
(Note that as point three) so that I also observed
Not only the enemy's behaviour; but ours. And gradually, I concluded
That we all of us have, whether we like it or lump it,
Our own individual psychiatry, given us, for better or worse,
By God Almighty. I say this reverently; you often find
These deeper themes of psychiatry crudely but well expressed
In common parlance. People say: 'We are all as God made us.'
And so they are. So are the enemy. And so are some of you.
This I in fact observed: point four. Not only the enemy
Had their psychiatry, but we, in a different sense,
Had ours. And I firmly believe you cannot (point six) master
Their psychiatry before you have got the gist of your own.
Let me explain more fully: I do not mean to imply
That any, or many, of you are actually mentally ill.
Though that is what the name would imply. But we, your officers,
Have to be aware that you, and many of your comrades,
May have a sudden psychiatry which, sometimes without warning,
May make you feel (and this is point five) a little bit odd.

I do not mean that in the sense of anything nasty:
I am not thinking of those chaps with their eyes always on each other
(Sometimes referred to as homosensualists
And easily detected by the way they lace up their boots)
But in the sense you may all feel a little disturbed,

Without knowing why, a little as if you were feeling an impulse,
Without knowing why: the term for this is ambivalence.
Often referred to for some mysterious reason,
By the professionals as Amby Valence,
As though they were referring to some nigger minstrel.
(Not, of course, that I have any colour prejudice:
After all, there are four excellent West Nigerians among you,
As black as your boot: they are not to blame for that.)

At all events this ambivalence is to be avoided.
Note that as point seven: I think you all know what I mean:
In the Holy Scriptures the word begins with an O,
Though in modern parlance it usually begins with an M.
You have most of you done it absentmindedly at some time or another,
But repeated, say, four times a day, it may become almost a habit,
Especially prone to by those of sedentary occupation,
By pale-faced clerks or schoolmasters, sitting all day at a desk,
Which is not, thank God, your position: you are always
More or less on the go: and that is what
(Again deep in the self-conscious) keeps you contented and happy here.

Even so, should you see some fellow-comrade
Give him all the help you can. In the spiritual sense, I mean,
With a sympathetic word or nudge, inform him in a manly fashion
'Such things are for boys, not men, lad.' Everyone, eyes front!

I pause, gentlemen.
I pause. I am not easily shocked or taken aback,
But even while I have been speaking of this serious subject
I observe that one of you has had the effrontery—
Yes, you at the end of row three! No! Don't stand up, for God's sake, man,
And don't attempt to explain. Just tuck it away,
And try to behave like a man. Report to me
At eighteen hundred hours. The rest of you all eyes front.
I proceed to point six.

The enemy itself, I have reason to know is greatly prone to such actions.
It is something we must learn to exploit: an explanation, I think,
Is that they are, by and large, undeveloped children,
Or adolescents, at most. It is perhaps to do with physique,
And we cannot and must not ignore their physique as such.
(Physique, of course, being much the same as psychiatry.)
They are usually blond, and often extremely well-made,
With large blue eyes and very white teeth,
And as a rule hairless chests, and very smooth, muscular thighs,
And extremely healthy complexions, especially when slightly sunburnt.
I am convinced there is something in all this that counts for something.

Something probably deep in the self-conscious of all of them.
Undeveloped children, I have said, and like children,
As those of you with families will know,
They are sometimes very aggressive, even the gentlest of them.

All the same we must not exaggerate; in the words of Saint Matthew:
'Clear your minds of cant.' That is point five: note it down.
Do not take any notice of claptrap in the press
Especially the kind that implies that the enemy will come here,
Solely with the intention of raping your sisters.
I do not know why it is always sisters they harp on:
I fancy it must ebb up from someone's self-conscious.
It is a patent absurdity for two simple reasons: (a)
They cannot know in advance what your sisters are like:
And (b) some of you have no sisters. Let that be the end of that.

There are much darker things than that we have to think of.
It is you they consider the enemy, you they are after.
And though, as Britishers, you will not be disposed to shoot down
A group of helpless men descending from the heavens,
Do not expect from them—and I am afraid I have to say this—gratitude:
They are bound to be over-excited,
As I said, adolescently aggressive, possibly drugged,
And later, in a macabre way, grotesquely playful.
Try to avoid being playfully kicked in the crutch,
Which quite apart from any temporary discomfort,
May lead to a hernia. I do not know why you should laugh.
I once had a friend who, not due to enemy action
But to a single loud sneeze, entirely his own, developed a hernia,
And had to have great removals, though only recently married.
(I am sorry, gentlemen, but anyone who finds such things funny
Ought to suffer them and see. You deserve the chance to.
I must ask you all to extinguish your cigarettes.)

There are other unpleasant things they may face you with.
You may, as I did in the fourteen-eighteen thing,
Find them cruelly, ruthlessly, starkly obsessed with the arts,
Music and painting, sculpture and the writing of verses,
Please, do not stand for that.

Our information is
That the enemy has no such rules, though of course they may have.
We must see what they say when they come. There can, of course,
Be no objection to the more virile arts:
In fact in private life I am very fond of the ballet,
Whose athleticism, manliness and sense of danger
Is open to all of us to admire. We had a ballet-dancer
In the last mob but three, as you have doubtless heard.

He was cruelly teased and laughed at—until he was seen in the gym.
And then, my goodness me! I was reminded of the sublime story
Of Samson, rending the veil of the Temple.
I do not mean he fetched the place actually down; though he clearly did what he could.

Though for some other reason I was never quite clear about,
And in spite of my own strong pressure on the poor lad's behalf,
And his own almost pathetic desire to stay on with us,
He was, in fact, demobilized after only three weeks' service,
Two and a half weeks of which he spent in prison.
Such are war's tragedies: how often we come upon them!
(Everyone may smoke again, those that wish.)

This brings me to my final point about the psychiatry
Of our formidable foe. To cope with it,
I know of nothing better than the sublime words of Saint Paul
In one of his well-known letters to the Corinthians:
'This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day
No man can take thee in.'

'This above all:' what resonant words those are!
They lead me to point nine, which is a thing
I may have a special thing about, but if so,
Remember this is not the first war I have been through.
I refer (point nine this is) to the question of dignity.
Dignity. Human dignity. Yours. Never forget it, men.
Let it sink deep into your self-consciousness,
While still remaining plentifully available on the surface,
In the form of manly politeness. I mean, in particular, this:
Never behave in a manner to evoke contempt
Before thine enemy. Our enemy, I should say.

Comrades, and brothers-in-arms,
And those especially who have not understood my words,
You were not born to live like cowards or cravens:
Let me exhort you: never, whatever lies you have heard,
Be content to throw your arms on the ground and your other arms into the air and squawk 'Kaputt!'
It is unsoldierly, unwarlike, vulgar, and out of date,
And may make the enemy laugh. They have a keen sense of humour,
Almost (though never quite, of course) as keen as our own.
No: when you come face to face with the foe, remember dignity,
And though a number of them do fortunately speak English,
Say, proudly, with cold politeness, in the visitor's own language:
'Ich ergebe mich.' Ich meaning I,

Ergebe meaning surrender, and mich meaning me.
Ich ergebe mich.' Do not forget the phrase.
Practise it among yourselves: do not let it sound stilted,
Make it sound idiotish, as if you were always saying it,
Only always cold in tone: icy, if necessary:
It is such behaviour that will make them accord you
The same respect that they accorded myself,
At Passchendaele. (Incidentally,
You may also add the word nicht if you feel inclined to,
Nicht meaning not. It will amount to much the same thing.)

Dignity, then, and respect: those are the final aims
Of psychiatric relations, and psychological warfare.
They are the fundamentals also of our religion.
I may have mentioned my own religious intuitions:
They are why I venture to think this terrible war will be over
On Easter Monday, and that the invasion will take place
On either Maundy Thursday or Good Friday,
Probably the Thursday, which in so very many
Of our great, brave, proud, heroic and battered cities,
Is early closing day, as the enemy may have learnt from their agents.
Alas, there may be many such days in the immediate future.
But remember this in the better world we all have to build,
And build by ourselves alone—for the government
May well in the next few weeks have withdrawn to Canada—
What did you say? The man in row five. He said something.
Stand up and repeat what you said.
I said 'And a sodding good job', sir, I said, sir.
I have not asked anyone for political comments, thank you,
However apt. Sit down. I was saying:
That in the better world we all have to try to build
After the war is over, whether we win or lose,
Or whether we all agree to call it a draw,
We shall have to try our utmost to get used to each other,
To live together with dignity and respect.
As our Lord sublimely said in one of his weekly Sermons on the Mount
Outside Jerusalem (where interestingly enough,
I was stationed myself for three months in 1926):
'A thirteenth commandment I give you (this is point ten)
That ye love one another.' Love, in Biblical terms,
Meaning of course not quite what it means today,
But precisely what I have called dignity and respect.
And that, men, is the great psychiatrical problem before you:
Of how on God's earth we shall ever learn to attain some sort
Of dignity.

And due respect.
One man.
For another.

Thank you; God bless you, men. Good afternoon.

Notes:

1. This satirical poem takes the form of a rambling military briefing delivered by a rather doddering veteran of the First World War. It is interwoven with religious and patriotic themes such as have frequented many lectures in the past. That the lecturer is addressing psychological issues makes his preening incoherence all the more bizarre.
2. The Battle of Passchendaele was a 1917 effort in Flanders. Like most World War I campaigns, it resulted in massive loss of life and achieved limited success.
3. The racist word appearing above is, of course, not condoned by *Curtana*. It is, however, illustrative of the "psyche" prevalent during the Second World War, and offers a flash of irony related to the particular theme of Reed's poem.

Drum-Taps

Walt Whitman

Aroused and angry,
I thought to beat the alarum, and urge relentless war;
But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd, and I resign'd myself,
To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead.

First, O songs, for a prelude,
Lightly strike on the stretch'd tympanum, pride and joy in my city,
How she led the rest to arms—how she gave the cue,
How at once with lithe limbs, unwaiting a moment, she sprang;
(O superb! O Manhattan, my own, my peerless!
O strongest you in the hour of danger, in crisis! O truer than steel!)
How you sprang! how you threw off the costumes of peace with indifferent hand;
How your soft opera-music changed, and the drum and fife were heard
in their stead;
How you led to the war, (that shall serve for our prelude, songs of soldiers,)
How Manhattan drum-taps led.

Forty years had I in my city seen soldiers parading;
Forty years as a pageant—till unawares, the Lady of this teeming
and turbulent city,
Sleepless amid her ships, her houses, her incalculable wealth,
With her million children around her—suddenly,
At dead of night, at news from the south,
Incens'd, struck with clench'd hand the pavement.

A shock electric—the night sustain'd it;
Till with ominous hum, our hive at day-break pour'd out its myriads.

From the houses then, and the workshops, and through all the doorways,
Leapt they tumultuous—and lo! Manhattan arming.

To the drum-taps prompt,
The young men falling in and arming;
The mechanics arming, (the trowel, the jack-plane, the blacksmith's hammer,
tost aside with precipitation;)
The lawyer leaving his office, and arming—the judge leaving the court;
The driver deserting his wagon in the street, jumping down, throwing the reins
abruptly down on the horses' backs;
The salesman leaving the store—the boss, book-keeper, porter, all leaving;
Squads gather everywhere by common consent, and arm;

The new recruits, even boys—the old men show them how to wear
their accoutrements—they buckle the straps carefully;
Outdoors arming—indoors arming—the flash of the musket-barrels;
The white tents cluster in camps—the arm'd sentries around—
the sunrise cannon, and again at sunset;
Arm'd regiments arrive every day, pass through the city,
and embark from the wharves;
(How good they look, as they tramp down to the river, sweaty,
with their guns on their shoulders!
How I love them! how I could hug them, with their brown faces,
and their clothes and knapsacks cover'd with dust!)
The blood of the city up—arm'd! arm'd! the cry everywhere;
The flags flung out from the steeples of churches,
and from all the public buildings and stores;
The tearful parting—the mother kisses her son—the son kisses his mother;
(Loth is the mother to part—yet not a word does she speak to detain him;)
The tumultuous escort—the ranks of policemen preceding, clearing the way;
The unpent enthusiasm—the wild cheers of the crowd for their favorites;
The artillery—the silent cannons, bright as gold, drawn along,
rumble lightly over the stones;
(Silent cannons—soon to cease your silence!
Soon, unlimber'd, to begin the red business;)
All the mutter of preparation—all the determin'd arming;
The hospital service—the lint, bandages, and medicines;
The women volunteering for nurses—the work begun for, in earnest—
no mere parade now;
War! an arm'd race is advancing!—the welcome for battle—no turning away;
War! be it weeks, months, or years—an arm'd race is advancing to welcome it.

Mannahatta a-march!—and it's O to sing it well!
It's O for a manly life in the camp!
And the sturdy artillery!
The guns, bright as gold—the work for giants—to serve well the guns:
Unlimber them! no more, as the past forty years, for salutes
for courtesies merely;
Put in something else now besides powder and wadding.

And you, Lady of Ships! you Mannahatta!
Old matron of this proud, friendly, turbulent city!
Often in peace and wealth you were pensive, or covertly frown'd
amid all your children;
But now you smile with joy, exulting old Mannahatta!

† Book Reviews †

The Long Way Home
by David Laskin
(New York: Harper, 2010).

Reviewed by Jonathan E. Newell

Frank Buckles, America's last WWI veteran, had advocated strongly for a national memorial in Washington, D.C. to commemorate the Great War. Unfortunately, political maneuvering and the inexorable passage of time overtook Mr. Buckles, and he died in early 2011 amidst headlines of government gridlock and budgetary woes, without seeing his dream become a reality. In reflecting a year after his passing, it is incredible to think the nation has been unable to collectively honor the veterans of that conflict and that it let its last living link to the Great War slip away largely unheralded. This error becomes even more glaring when the national amnesia of the United States is compared to the solid tradition of national memory and remembrance exhibited by the British Commonwealth nations every year on November 11.

Laskin's book is all the more timely, coming less than a year before Mr. Buckle's passing. He helps fill this gaping hole in the national memory by resurrecting the story of this forgotten war, and revealing how it was crucial to shaping the 20th century idea of what it means to be an American. Laskin does this by weaving together the stories of over a dozen European immigrants to the United States. Accounts include Russian Jews, Poles, Italians, and Irish immigrants. He begins by describing in intricate personal detail how they faced poverty, oppression, and hardship in their home countries. Through a variety of circumstances, each had the opportunity to board a cramped, stifling ship and cross the Atlantic to America. After an impersonal and methodical examination at Ellis Island, each man was thrust out into the foreign city to fend for himself.

It becomes clear that America offered these men opportunity, but certainly not the rosy, golden prospects that many had anticipated. The cities were dirty, the pay was poor, and the farmland was rugged and unforgiving. Many immigrant communities were unwelcome, and as a result, they remained segregated—separated by location, language, and culture.

When it became clear that the United States was headed into the Great War, the authorities turned to the swelling numbers of the immigrant communities to fill the paltry ranks of the standing Army. While many had left their homelands to escape arbitrary drafts and military servitude, they found that service in the United States Army now became their path to acceptance and citizenship. Men from all walks of life were thrown together and had to learn to communicate, work, fight, and even die as comrades in arms. During their time in combat, these men discovered a common identity as Americans and were able to begin fully participating in the American way of life, paving the way for the more integrated, yet diverse, United States of the 20th century.

While Laskin's story is in many ways inspirational, it is also sobering. Through the letters, diaries, unit histories, and reconstructed experiences, he displays the staggering cost of human life. Throughout the narrative, Laskin never foreshadows who will live and who will die. Instead, each immigrant signs up or is drafted, motivated by his own concerns and ambitions. Some stories end well. Others end abruptly and the reader is left stunned, wondering why that hard-working farmhand, or street-smart career Marine, is suddenly cut down and left to die forgotten and alone. Laskin transforms the casualty into a person and shows us that thousands of lives—lives sharing familiar hopes, fears, and dreams—were senselessly cut short. This narrative storytelling style gives the chapters a "blow to the gut" quality that forces the reader to face the raw emotions of war.

Laskin's recounting of the government's treatment of conscientious objectors is just as heart-wrenching. He highlights in particular the story of a Hutterite community in Montana. Advised by their pastor to respond to their draft notices, several Hutterite men report for duty, but clearly express that they will have no part in war. Suspicious of these German-speaking pacifists, the Army throws them in prison, eventually placing them in Alcatraz. Not all of the men live to return to their families at the end of the war. Such treatment at the hands of a government dedicated to liberty and religious tolerance may surprise many readers, and the story serves as a stark warning about the potential consequences when religious convictions and patriotism clash.

No one understands the tension between religion and government as well as the chaplains, and Laskin frequently references the diaries and letters of chaplains as he constructs the story. Often they were the only ones who made an effort to provide the dead immigrants the dignity due their sacrifice. Yet even their dedicated attempts to honor the dead and support the living were overwhelmed by the industrial scale slaughter that characterized the Great War. In many ways, their experiences still speak to the experiences of chaplains today who struggle to grapple with death and provide the appropriate ministry in overwhelming circumstances.

Yet ultimately, the book speaks to all readers and asks them to face the tough questions about life, death, and holding firmly to one's beliefs. The answers are

not easy, and the consequences can be tragic. But with the national memory of the Great War quickly fading away, we need to hear these stories again, honor their sacrifice, and apply the lessons learned to both the domestic and military challenges we face today. While they may not have a national monument in their honor, a nation that remembers their story may better avoid repeating their mistakes. In so doing, that nation will build a monument based on their virtues that will outlast any marble or granite marker that could be erected in their memory.

Speaking of Dying:
Recovering the Church's Voice in the Face of Death
by Fred Craddock, Dale Goldsmith and Joy Goldsmith
(Grand Rapids, Michigan, Brazos Press, 2012).

Reviewed by John E. Hugus

As most chaplains know, in today's world people do not deal well with death. Even the topic of death in conversation is difficult. The nearness of death in military ranks does not make the subject simpler to address.

Sadly the church flounders regarding the subject of death, even to the point of abdicating the direction of funerals to so called funeral directors; the "professionals." The authors of this book challenge the church to recover her voice in the face of death. Too often we lack the "right" words when speaking about death, and so the authors provide this book with a slight twist by focusing on *pastors who have died* while serving their congregations.

Craddock and the Goldsmiths document the deaths of ten pastors, who are dying while actively serving congregations. What the authors discover is the lost ability of Christians to "speak of dying." Included in this alienation are the funeral practices of many congregations which remove the funeral from the place of baptism and liturgy, in favor of a funeral home. It is the desire of Craddock and the Goldsmiths that Christians recapture the art of speaking of dying within the context of the body of Christ and baptism. Our conversation is to be shaped by our faith instead of abstract science and the funeral home.

There is a need for the church to speak more openly about dying, especially when it involves the death of a pastor. Translating this to the military context, although the combat deaths of chaplains have become far less common, it is easy to imagine the shock it would be to the men and women with whom they serve to see their chaplain killed. Because of the inadequate way in which the church deals with a dying pastor, they suffered a "bad dying" instead of learning how to die well, in the midst of the community of faith.

One of the central issues is the unfortunate reality of, the way in which Christians have ceded to others the scenario of dying. Chapter one tells the stories of 10 dying pastors and the consequences of tongue tied congregations. The way in which the church has handed over the Christian narrative of death to others is the focus of chapter two. The critical question, posed at the end of the chapter, challenges one to contemplate how any Christian can receive the benefits of the gospel message for the dying, when the church outsources care for the dying to *secular* providers.

Chapter three lays out a theology of dying based on the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. He is Lord of the living *and* the dying. Chapter four

takes the reader through a journey revisiting Baptism and Eucharist, and illuminates how these sacraments inform our dying well. We are a community of believers who have "already died" and are already living a new life. We are thus equipped to face physical dying in a radically new way. Chapter five delves deeper into the theology of the Church, examining Jesus as the "Word of God," which is foundational for communicating hope. Chapter six challenges congregations to speak from the pulpit about dying, something the authors argue is most powerfully done with the gospel message. Chapter seven offers various thoughts on dying as a Christian. And finally, chapter eight offers a scriptural frame work for a good dying and provides suggestions for how to communicate within the congregation related to end-of-life issues.

While the authors write specifically from the Christian faith tradition, and focus on a congregational context, many of their insights will be applicable to other faith groups and to the military community which is, of course, at least as close knit as the typical religious congregation.

We live in a death-defying and death-denying world. It is our lot to live during an age when the historic pattern of the elderly dying in the homes of their children has shifted to a sterile "passing" in a clinical environment. Death has become more alien than ever to our experience. For this reason, the authors end each chapter with challenging discussion questions intended for groups studying within the context of a church.

This book can help inspire people to become committed enough to the mission of the church as messengers of God's grace that speaking of dying will become a normal, even comfortable ability. It is a precious gift, to help enable people to die a good death, one filled with peace and hope.

† Resurrected Biographies †

Andrew Broaddus, Jr.
Confederate Army Chaplain
(J. B. Gordon's Georgia Brigade)
Source: George B. Taylor
Virginia Baptist Ministers (Fourth Series)
(J.P. Bell, 1913): 367-70.

Andrew Broaddus, or, as he was sometimes known, as Andrew Broaddus, Jr., to distinguish him from his father, was born in Caroline County, May 17, 1818. He was the son of the distinguished Dr. Andrew Broaddus, his mother being the daughter of Dr. Robert Honeyman, who was by birth a Scotchman and an eminent Virginia physician.

The Rappahannock Academy, Richmond College, and Columbian University were the schools Mr. Broaddus attended, and on December 18, 1838, he was married to Miss Jane Pitts. In 1843 he purchased "White Plains," near Sparta, Virginia, where he lived for fifty-seven years and where he died, April 19, 1900.

He was baptized into the fellowship of the Salem Church, September 26, 1846, by Elder Robert D. Cole. Previous to this time he had thought of the law as his life work, but now he decided to preach, and on February 6, 1847, his church licensed him. The following October he was ordained, the presbytery consisting of his father, Addison Hall, Wm. A. Baynham, Richard Hugh Bagby, and H.W. Montague. In the course of his long ministry the churches of which he was pastor, all of them in the Rappahannock Association, were Bethesda, Carmel, Mt. Calvary, Salem, and Upper King and Queen. At Bethesda he was pastor six years; at Carmel, two; at Mt. Calvary, three or four; at Upper King and Queen, forty-three, and at Salem, forty-eight.

While not a chaplain in the army during the Civil War, he visited the soldiers and preached to them as he had opportunity, and on one occasion baptized no less than sixty-three.

Up to within a few years of his death he attended every session of the Rappahannock Association, save one. He also attended the General Association and Southern Baptist Convention, taking part in the discussion of these bodies and being for forty years a life member of the former. He was also a life member of the American Tract Society, and one of the Trustees of Richmond College. In his later years it was a fine sight to see him walk into the meetings of the General

Association accompanied by his three preacher sons.

"Physically," says Dr. Dunaway, "Andrew Broaddus was a fine specimen of his race. Until bowed and bent with age and suffering, he was erect, of graceful proportions, with broad, square shoulders and a well developed chest. A sculptor could hardly have desired a better head for his model." While he was especially learned in what was his especial line "yet he knew much about anatomy, medicine, law, science, art, philosophy, and politics." He was most deeply interested in the affairs of his county, his state and country. "When any important question was agitating the people of his county and he found it was necessary, he would address his fellow-citizens from the hustings [location where political speeches were made]."

Dr. Dunaway says that "as a pastor Dr. Broaddus had few equals. In the pastoral office he was judicious, wise, sympathetic, firm, yet affectionate. He was a good disciplinarian, mingling firmness with gentleness in the oversight of his flocks." In speaking of Dr. Broaddus as a preacher, Dr. Dunaway says: "He expressed his fresh and striking thoughts in an earnest, clear and colloquial way. He addressed himself to the reason, rather than to the feelings and fears of his hearers. . . . He was skilled in the use of apt and striking illustrations. . . . His preaching was eminently practical, sound and able."

In portraying the character of Dr. Broaddus, Dr. Hatcher says, in part: "To me, Dr. Broaddus was one of the most strikingly unique and uncommon men I have ever known. . . . Dr. Broaddus was *sui generis*. His head was unlike other heads, his walk was peculiarly his own, and his voice resembled no other. . . . He was built on no common pattern, carried the traits of no recognized cult, lit his lamp at no neighborhood fire, and was an alien in his own home. He was the son of an eminent, indeed, an illustrious father; but, if those who have written of his father have faithfully characterized him, there was little in the son to suggest the father. He had sons, three in number, all ministers of the gospel . . . and all worthy of so noble a father and yet not one who resembled him. . . . On the rugged road of life he walked a solitary figure. . . . Whether a proposition was popular or offensive weighed little with him. If there was any issue he deliberately took his place in the contention and he knew not the meaning of fear, in asserting his convictions. Not belching cannon nor raging mobs, nor martyr fires could terrify him. . . . A nature so transparent as this was sure, at times, to give offence. Evil men might fear and respect Dr. Broaddus, but they were not likely to love him, and even good people who were sensitive or suspicious were often startled by his rugged candor. . . .

"He softened under the hand of his Master, and in his last days he was a knight worthy of his King—modest, courtly, and ever ready to serve. His self-assertion gradually shaped itself into a cheerful output of himself for the honor of his Redeemer. . . . Dr. Broaddus was an intense Baptist in his convictions. He sounded the depths of Baptist teachings and was well posted on every point. It was of his very nature to teach what he believed and yet his courtesy was almost peerless. He rarely ever gave others any just cause for complaint as to his temper

and tone in presenting his views. . . . His commission to preach was substantially a summons to leadership. For this he was fitted by the strength of his convictions, his courage in the face of opposition and his spirit of progress. He had an inborn love of battle and ... a keen relish for victory. . . . He was a Democrat by nature and a Baptist by grace and this served him in good turn when the vote went the other way. . . . While he was heard on larger platforms many times, the Rappahannock Association was his native heath, his own realm, and there he was by no means easy to handle. . . Dr. Broaddus had a faculty for friendship. . . . He was too self-respecting to be envious, too highminded to be jealous and too affectionate to be suspicious."

See also the tract written by Chaplain Broaddus in the following section of this same issue.

† Curtana †

Thomas Gibson Brown
United States Army Chaplain
(21st Connecticut Infantry)
Source: *The Story of the Twenty-First Regiment, Connecticut Volunteer Infantry* (Stewart Printing, 1900): 355-56.

Rev. Thomas Gibson Brown was commissioned as Chaplain of the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, April 23, 1863, being at that time sixty-four years of age. The writer of this sketch well remembers the impression many members of the regiment had of him when he joined us. "Why is so old a man sent to us?" was the query, and "what good can he do?" Quiet, unassuming, yet active, obedient, and responsive to every call of duty, mindful of the welfare of every man, unselfish, no hardship too great, no weariness of his would at any time prevent his doing all that was possible for the physical, as well as the spiritual, wellbeing of even the most humble man in the regiment.

Time past, many learned to love him for himself, and his practical Christianity. His experience as a Methodist preacher, belonging to the New England Conference, had taught him how to reach and influence men, and to gain their respect.

The 16th of May, 1864, found the regiment at Drewry's Bluff, engaged in battle against fearful odds, and Chaplain Brown was with us, not at the rear, but on the front line where shot and shell were flying, ministering to the wounded and dying, wounded himself but staying at what he thought was his post of duty, until the regiment was ordered to fall back.

On seeing him the next day, I said to him, "Why, Chaplain, are you wounded?" "Oh! that is nothing, just a scratch," was his reply. Then we found that the old man, our Chaplain, was a hero, and he had the love of every one of us. No one

dared say a slighting word of Chaplain Brown in the presence of a member of the Twenty-first, after that.

This is his record—one of deeds, not words—and how we loved him. He was our father, we his boys, as he loved to call us in after years.

His father, an only son, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War. Three of his brothers served in the War of 1812, and he enlisted near the close of that war, but saw no active service. His three sons and a son-in-law, all the male members of his family, served in the War of the Rebellion; the oldest, Henry B. Brown, as Paymaster in the navy, the youngest, E. Plummer Brown, as Paymaster's Clerk, the other son, Delos D. Brown, as Captain in the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and the son-in-law, F.W.H. Buell, as Lieutenant in the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, dying while in the service at Chapin's Farm, Va. E. Plummer Brown died soon after the war.

March 12, 1885, twenty years after the close of the Civil War, Chaplain Brown died, and on Good Friday of that year many of his comrades of the regiment gathered at his funeral, and with sorrow and sincere affection followed his body to the tomb.

His memory is still with us, and his benign countenance, his sturdy form, his pleasant words, his cheerful smile, as he met with us at our yearly reunions, are a recollection always with us, and the influence of his service and life is a heritage which will always be ours.

He enjoyed attending the regiment's reunions and was always present. On one occasion he was presented with a cane, and in his reply to the presentation speech of Sergeant Hill, he said, "I don't see what I have ever done that you boys should love me so."

There were brave men in our regiment and faithful, but it is rare that any officer has been able to bring to himself the love, confidence and esteem of all, as did Chaplain Brown.

His epitaph, written in the hearts of his comrades, is "Duty and Love."

† Curtana †

Galon Smith Clevenger
Confederate States Army Chaplain
(Spanish-American War)
Source: *The American Baptist Pulpit at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century* (Harvard University: 1903): 602.

Galon Smith Clevenger was born in Kennon, Ohio: educated at McNeely Normal School, Denison University, and Rochester Theological Seminary. In 1878 he settled at Pike, N.Y. In 1882 the American Baptist Home Mission Society sent him to Dakota to develop churches. His first work was at Brookings, the seat of the State Agricultural College. Here he developed a good church and built one of the finest church buildings in the Dakotas. He exercised a most excellent influence over the students in Bible teaching.

From Brookings he went to Vermillion, the seat of the State University. Here also he developed a large class in the life of Christ among the students. In 1889 he was sent by the American Baptist Home Mission Society to the Black Hills of South Dakota. At this time there was not a Baptist church building in the entire Hills country. Here by his Biblical, thoughtful preaching he drew good congregations where others had failed, and the fact that the Baptists are now among the leading denominations in the Black Hills is due largely to his personal efforts. In 1897 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church of Pierre, South Dakota.

When the Spanish American war broke out he was selected to be chaplain of the Grigsby Rough Rider Regiment, the Third United States Volunteer Cavalry. He was a most devoted and successful chaplain. Adjutant Sues says: "It can be safely said that there was no more popular officer in the entire regiment than Chaplain Clevenger. Possessed of a striking personality, a remarkably acute mind, and that pleasant manner which makes you feel perfectly at home upon first acquaintance, together with a marked Christian solicitude that forces you to recognize a friend in him at once, it is no wonder that he was idolized by officers and men alike before he was in camp a week."

Colonel Grigsby says: "I want to say that Chaplain Clevenger is the model chaplain. I have never seen an army chaplain who could approach him in energy, kindliness, and constant care for his men. He was constantly going not only from tent to tent, but from hospital to hospital and doing service for the men by whom he was idolized." After his muster out, he returned to his charge in Pierre, where he was unanimously elected chaplain of the State Senate. In 1899 he was called back to Ohio to care for his mother in her last sickness. He and his devoted wife gave themselves up to minister to her night and day until she passed away. In June 1900, he was sent by the American Baptist Home Mission Society to Skagway. Alaska, to do mission work, where he is now located.

[Clevenger's photograph as a professor appears on page 601 and his sermon "The Manward Side of Religion" begins on page 600.)

† Curtana †

James Henry Darlington
United States Army Chaplain
(47th Infantry New York National Guard)

Source: *Men and Women of America: A Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 449.

Bishop of Harrisburg; is of an old Colonial family, and was born at Brooklyn. N.Y., June 9, 1856; son of Thomas and Hannah A. (Goodliffe) Darlington, and grandson of Peter Darlington. He was graduated from the University of New York, B.A., 1877, from Princeton Seminary in 1880, receiving also, in 1884 the degree of Ph.D. from Princeton University. D.D. in 1895 from the University of New York, and LL.D. from St. John's College. Annapolis. 1905, and from Dickinson College in 1907.

He took deacon's orders in the Episcopal Church in 1882 and was ordained priest by Bishop Littlejohn in the same year. Dining the year 1882-1883 he was assistant in Christ Church, Bedford Avenue. Brooklyn, N.Y., becoming rector the following year. He officiated there, until 1905, when he became Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa. He is author of: *Verses for Children*, and editor of the *Hymnal of the Church*, and has published numerous addresses and pamphlets.

He was chaplain of the 47th Regiment of the National Guard of New York for eight years. Bishop Darlington is a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, the Huguenot, St. Nicholas, National Geographic and other societies. He married at Garden City. N.Y., July 26, 1886, Ella Beams. Address: Harrisburg, Pa.

† Curtana †

Charles Orrin Day
United States Army Chaplain
(1st Vermont Volunteers, Spanish-American War)
Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 466.

President of Andover Theological Seminary; born in Catskill, N.Y., Nov. 8, 1851. He was educated in Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, Conn., was graduated from Yale, 1872, and from Andover Theological Seminary, 1877. He entered the Congregational ministry, and after a year as a city missionary in Montreal became pastor of the Congregational Church at Williamsburg, Mass., 1879-1884, studied as post-graduate student in Yale Divinity School, 1884-1885.

He became pastor of the Congregational Church at Brattleboro, Vt.; chaplain of the First Vermont Volunteers, in camp at Chickamauga, during the Spanish-American War, 1898; secretary of the Congregational Educational Society, 1898-1901; since May, 1901, president of the Andover Theological Seminary, in which institution he also holds the Bartlet chair of homiletics and practical theology. He married at Catskill, N.Y., in 1879. Mary Hiland Hull. Address: Andover, Mass.

John Ireland
United States Army Chaplain
(5th Minnesota Infantry)
Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 875.

Archbishop of St. Paul; born in Ireland. Sept. 11, 1838; emigrated to America in 1849) with his parents and settled in St. Paul, Minn. He was educated in the Cathedral School of Saint Paul, and the Petit Seminaire at Meximeux, and in divinity at the Grand Seminaire at Hyeres, France, from which he was graduated' in 1861.

He was ordained priest by Bishop Grace at St. Paul, Dec. 21, 1861; was appointed chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers and went with the regiment to the front, and after a service of two years returned to St. Paul and was appointed rector of the Cathedral and secretary of the diocese, holding both these positions until his consecration as titular bishop of Maronea and bishop coadjutor to Bishop Grace, Dec. 1, 1875. He organized the first total abstinence society in Minnesota, in 1860, and founded a regular system of temperance societies in connection with the various parishes. He worked especially for the colonization of the Northwest and was a director of the National Colonization Society, settled nine hundred Catholic colonists in Minnesota in 1876, and many afterward. He succeeded to the see of St. Paul on the resignation of Bishop Thomas Grace, July 31, 1884, and when, four years later, his diocese was raised to a metropolitan see he was made its first archbishop. Archbishop Ireland was for several years president of the Minnesota State Historical Society. He is author of: *The Church and Modern Society*, 1896, and of many important contributions to church and secular journals. Address: St. Paul, Minn.

† Curtana †

John Lipscomb Johnson
Confederate States Army Chaplain
(17th Virginia Infantry)
Source: *The American Baptist Pulpit at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century* (Harvard University: 1903): 235.

John Lipscomb Johnson was born in Spotsylvania county, Va. His father, Lewis Johnson, was the son of Nancy Castle and Jonathan Johnson, grandson of Mary Lewis and Alexander Johnson, and of Mildred Roane and John Castle. His mother, Jane Dabney, was the daughter of Judith Day and Hon. John Lipscomb, granddaughter of Amelia Harris and John Day, and of Thomas Lipscomb, who came from England.

Conan Doyle, in his White Company, describes the blue bloods of England as displaying in the Spanish campaign the national emblem, and along with it their respective coats of arms, the Lipscombs showing the device of a *wolf* and a

dagger. Their kinsmen who came to America doubtless brought with them the *wolf,* but, though well represented in our early wars, they seem to have preferred the pruning-hook to the *dagger*. Mr. Johnson was educated at the University of Virginia, graduating in 1859. The next year he was ordained at Charlottesville, and shortly afterwards was married to Julia Anna, daughter of Amelia Rogers and Thomas Dallam Toy, of Norfolk.

He was Professor of English in Hollins Institute, chaplain in the Confederate army, pastor of the Court-Street Church, Portsmouth, and of the Freemason Street Church, Norfolk; Professor of English in Albemarle Female Institute, Principal Roanoke Female College, and Secretary Virginia Baptist General Association. In 1873 he removed to Mississippi, and for sixteen years occupied the chair of English in the State University.

Three little Virginians—Julia Toy, John Lipscomb, and Crawford Toy—accompanied him; these were joined later by three little Mississippians—Jessie Rosylind, Wortley Valentine, and Mary Rawlings. The Virginians graduated at the State University; Jessie at Blue Mountain and Mary Sharpe College; Wortley at Franklin Academy, afterwards spending a year at the Agricultural College, while Mary is now hopefully studying at the Industrial Institute and College of Mississippi.

In 1889 Dr. Johnson became President of Mary Sharpe College, and two years later pastor of the First Baptist Church, Columbus, Miss. In 1897, having fractured his hip in a fall, he resigned his charge, removed to his plantation, and edited the *Baptist Layman,* published at Winona. He still resides at Purnell Place and preaches regularly. He has been President of the State Mission Board, Vice-President of the Baptist State Convention and convention preacher; trustee of Mary Sharpe College and of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; Vice President of the Spelling Reform Association of America. The University of Virginia gave him the degree of B.A.; the Southwestern University LL.D.; the University of Georgia and Mississippi College D.D. He is the author of "The Virginia University Memorial," "Occasional Sermons," "Juniores Tesalutamus," and "The Twin Spirits of Cotesworth."

[Johnson's photograph as a professor appears on page 20. It is followed by one of his sermons entitled "Christ and His Church."]

† Curtana †

Louis A. Lambert
United States Army Chaplain
(18th Illinois Infantry)
Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 985.

Catholic priest and editor; born in Charleroi, Pa., April 13, 1835; son of William and Lydia (Jones) Lambert. He was educated in St. Vincent's College, Pa., and the Archdiocesan Seminary, St. Louis, where he received the degree of LL.D. He was ordained priest in the Diocese of Alton, Ill., in 1859; served in the Civil War, 1861-1862 as chaplain of the Eighteenth Illinois Volunteers; was instructor in moral theology and philosophy, at the Paulist Novitiate, New York City; and filled pastorates at Cairo. Ill., Seneca Falls and Waterloo, N.Y. He founded the *Catholic Times*, 1874, and was its editor until 1880; was editor of the *Philadelphia Catholic Times*, and is now editor-in-chief of the *New York Freeman's Journal*. Dr. Lambert is author of: *Thesaurus Biblicus*, or *Handbook of Scripture Reference*; *Notes on Ingersoll*; *Comments On Ingersoll's Christmas Sermon*; and he has translated *The Christian Fathers*; and *Instructions on Gospels of the Sundays of the Year*. He also edited *Catholic Belief*. Father Lambert is a member of the Victoria Institution of Great Britain. Address: Scottsville, N.Y.

† Curtana †

Henry Christopher McCook
United States Army Chaplain
(41st Illinois Infantry)
(2nd Pennsylvania Infantry, Spanish-American War)
Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 1074.

Clergyman, entomologist; born in Sew Lisbon, Ohio, July 3, 1837; graduated from Jefferson College in 1859, subsequently receiving the degrees of D.D. and Sc.D. from Lafayette College, and LL.D. from Washington-Jefferson. He entered the army at the breaking out of the Civil War as a lieutenant in the Forty-first Illinois Volunteers, and afterward became chaplain of the regiment; was chaplain in Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion and chaplain Second Regiment National Guard of Pennsylvania, with which he entered the Spanish-American War, serving in Cuba by special order of President McKinley and Secretary of War.

He founded the National Relief Commission and was for thirty-three years active pastor of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. He is prominent as an entomologist; president of the American Entomological Society; vice-president of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; and is now president of the American Presbyterian Historical Society. Dr. McCook is author of: *Agricultural Ants of Texas*; *Honey and Occident Ants*; *American Spiders and Their Spinning Work*; *Tenants of an Old Farm*; *Old Farm Fairies*; *Women Friends of Jesus*; *The Gospel in Nature*; *Object and Outline Teaching*; *Ecclesiastical Emblems*; *The Latimers, a Scotch-Irish Historic Romance of the Western Insurrection*; *Martial Graves of Our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba*, a *Record of the Spanish-American War*; *The Senator, a tribute to Marcus Hanna, a schoolmate*; and *Nature's Craftsmen*, his last book. He married, Sept.

11, 1861, Emma C. Herter, and June 27, 1899, Mrs. Eleanor D.S. Abbey. Address: "Brookcamp," Devon, Pa.

† Curtana †

Edward Kirk Rawson
United States Navy Chaplain
(1871-90)
Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 1372-73.

Professor, U.S. Navy, retired; born Albany, N.Y., Feb. 21, 1846; son of Rev. Thomas Reed and Louisa W. Rawson. He was educated in Alba Academy, Yale University, A.B., and Andover Theological Seminary, and ordained in the ministry of the Congregational Church. He was chaplain in the U.S. Navy, 1871-1890; commissioned professor, U.S. Navy, 1800; superintendent of Naval War Records, 1897-1902; head of the department of English and Law, U.S. Naval Academy, 1902-1907; retired Feb. 21, 1908. Professor Rawson is a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, the Naval Academy Club at Annapolis, and the Chevy Chase and University Clubs of Washington, D.C. He married in Philadelphia, April 10, 1888, Eleanor Wade (deceased) and has two daughters. Address: Care of Navy Department, Washington, D.C.

† Curtana †

Patrick John Ryan
Volunteer Prison Chaplain
(Gratiot Street Union Military Prison)
Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 1428.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of Philadelphia; born in Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, Feb. 20, 1831. He was sent to St. Vincent's College, Castlenock, four miles northwest of Dublin, which he left in his sixteenth year, in 1847, to enter Carlow College. He left Carlow College in 1852, just after receiving the holy order of deaconship, and emigrated to the United States, becoming affiliated with the Archdiocese of St. Louis. Though not yet a priest, being too young to be ordained, for the first three months after his arrival he was assigned to preach in St. Patrick's Church, and also performed the same office in the Cathedral He was soon afterward appointed professor of English literature and elocution in the Theological Seminary at Carondelet, Mo. His first mission as a priest was as an assistant at the Cathedral. He became rector of the Cathedral, and remained as such until 1860, when he was chosen to take charge of the Annunciation parish, whose church and school he built.

In addition to his parochial duties here he also performed those of chaplain of the Gratiot Street Military Prison, where many Confederate prisoners were confined during the Civil War. Soon after the war he was transferred from the Annunciation Church to St. John's Church, St. Louis, which he relieved of a debt of thirty thousand dollars. In 1866 he was called upon to attend the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in an official capacity, and the same year he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Columbia University of New York . . .

† Curtana †

George Roe Van de Water
United States Army Chaplain
(23rd and 71st New York National Guard, 1877-98)
(71st Regiment of Volunteers, Spanish-American War)
Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 1556.

Clergyman, author; born in Flushing, N.Y., April 25, 1854; son of John Titus and Ellen Burnetta (Doughty) Van de Water. He was educated in Flushing Institute, Cornell University, 1870-1874; General Theological Seminary, 1874-1877. The Nashotah Theological Seminary conferred upon him the degree of D.D. in 1885. He was rector of Christ Church, Oyster Bay, 1876-1880; St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, 1880-1887; parochial missioner for the United States, 1887-1888; rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, New York City since 1888.

He was chaplain of Columbia University, 1893-1905; grand chaplain of Masons of the State of New York, 1890, 1898, and from 1900 to 1902; chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment, 1877-1880, and of the Seventy-first Regiment, 1882-1898, of the National Guard of New York, and of the Seventy-first Regiment U. S. Volunteers, in the Spanish American War, Fifth Army Corps, May-October, 1898.

He served in the battles of Las Guasimas and San Juan; was detailed for duty in hospitals in the field and at Fermosa and Siboney, back of the entrenchments at San Juan, and at Montauk. He is trustee of the Executive Committee of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission society; trustee of the General Theological Seminary, the Youngs' Memorial Cemetery at Oyster Bay, and the Home for Incurables, New York. Dr. Van de Water is author of: *Two Notable Rulers*; *The Mission Hymnal*; *Church History*, two volumes; also published sermons. He is a member of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, the Society of Santiago, Veteran Association Twenty-third Regiment of the National Guard, New York Churchman's Association and of the Century Association and the Nicholas. Union League, Seawanhaka, and Ardsley Clubs. He married at Bay, N.Y., April 24, 1879, Cornelia Townsend Youngs. Address: St. Andrew's Church, New York City.

William Heth Whitsitt (Whittsett)
Confederate States Army Chaplain
(4th Tennessee Cavalry)
Source: *The American Baptist Pulpit at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century* (Harvard University: 1903): 19.

William Heth Whitsitt was born on his father's farm, on Mill Creek, three miles south of Nashville, Tenn., November 25, 1841. His father was Reuben Ewing Whitsitt, and his mother's maiden name was Dicey Ann McFarland. In 1852 his father died, leaving young Whitsitt, a lad of eleven, to the training of his mother. His early education was obtained at a school on his father's farm, and later, under the oversight of his mother, he was sent to Mount Juliet Academy, Wilson county, Tenn. In 1857 he entered Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he took the degree of M.A. in 1861.

He served in the Confederate army in 1861-65 under Generals N.B. Forrest and Joseph Wheeler. He reached the rank of lieutenant, and later became chaplain of his regiment. After peace was declared he returned home and became pastor of Mill Creek Baptist Church, whose house of worship was located on his mother's farm.

The session of 1866-67 was spent at the University of Virginia, and 1867-69 at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. In July 1869, he arrived in Germany and spent the following year in the University of Leipsic, taking advance work in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and History of Philosophy. The next year was spent in similar work at the University of Berlin. He returned to America in 1871, and for six months of the following year was pastor at Albany, Ga. While there he was elected to a professorship in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, located then at Greenville, S.C, entering upon his duties September 2, 1872. He filled different chairs at the Seminary, but is best known as Professor of Church History. For twenty-seven years he helped to train the young ministers of our denomination. On May 9, 1895, Dr. Whitsitt was unanimously elected President of the Seminary to succeed the late Dr. John A. Broadus.

He filled the position with distinguished success until June 1899. Then, on account of a controversy concerning a question in Baptist history, which had been going on since May, 1890, and which may be called "The Whitsitt—1641—Immersion Question," he resigned and restored peace among the Baptists of the South. Among American Baptists there are no greater names than James P. Boyce, John A. Broadus, and William H. Whitsitt, the first three Presidents of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. So pure is Dr. Whitsitt's life and so gentle is his manner that his students love him as a father. For the next two years Dr. Whitsitt was engaged in literary work, spending about a year in special historical research in Europe.

In September 1901, he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in Richmond College, Virginia, which position he now holds. Dr. Whitsitt's main work has been

along the line of historical research, but he is also a wellknown author and lecturer, and an earnest gospel preacher. He attracts attention at once by his terse idiom and purity of diction. On October *4,* 1881, Dr. Whitsitt was happily united in marriage with Miss Florence Wallace, of Woodford County, Ky. Their home is blessed with two children, William and Mary.

[Whitsitt's photograph as a professor appears on page 20. It is followed by a short article on Baptist history written by him.]

† Curious Citations †

A Confederate Religious Tract

It is a Fearful Thing to Live
by Rev. Andrew Broaddus

Dedicated to our faithful soldiers.

Few of the human family are so reckless as to be void of seriousness, in view of the fact that they must die. In heathen as well as in Christian lands, all possess an instinctive shrinking from approaching dissolution.

The soldier, who goes forth in defence of his country, fondly hopes that he shall pass through the deadliest conflicts that await him, and not fall into the embraces of the destroyer. There are many reasons why men prefer not to die; but the dread of the unknown future, with its tremendous realities, is that which, more than aught else, binds them to life.

Now, while it is greatly wise to think much on death, it is equally so, to think on "the life that now is;" yet I fear that many who may chance to read this, bestow but little reflection on the subject. I propose, therefore, a few suggestions on the solemnities associated with living; hoping that they may serve, at least, to awaken serious reflection on this great subject.

First, then, I observe, our Creator has invested us with certain faculties and susceptibilities, in the use of which, to glorify him. He would have us consecrate all those powers to the well-being of our race, and thereby bring honor to His great name. It is a sad mistake, made by many, that he contemplates simply our individual happiness.

He calls us into His vineyard, that, having entered it, we may labor for the advancement of the true interests of our race. How solemn the thought, that instead of "serving their day and generation," thousands are prostituting their immortal powers to the pleasures of sense; unmindful altogether of this most reasonable requirement of their Maker. Better had such persons never lived than to be making utter shipwreck of their qualifications for doing good.

Secondly, It is impossible for any to live, without exerting an influence upon those around them, either for weal or for woe. All have influence, devolving upon them the most fearful responsibilities; and it is melancholy, that very many, not only madly refuse to labor for the good of their fellows, but are indulging in practices, the imitation of which, without Divine intervention, must lead others the downward road. To have lived here, to no better purpose than to effect the ruin of immortal beings, were worse than never to have lived at all. I repeat, then, it is a fearful—an awful thing to live.

Thirdly, It is while men live, that they bid defiance to the laws of the God of the universe, and slight and despise His infinite goodness. Thus they subject themselves to the penalties due to rebellion. Sustained by His bountiful providence, and fostered continually by His kindly guardianship; by persisting in sin, they develop a heartlessness which is "nigh unto cursing." Had they never lived, of course, they had never deserved as they do, "the vengeance of eternal fire." Never could they have turned away from Him, who so sweetly invites to come and enlist under His banner. Again, He who lives in this world, must live forever. Live we must, since we live at all, as long as He who gave us life shall live. As, therefore, we can never cease to live; and as life beyond the grave must needs be made happy or miserable by the manner in which we live here, how solemn the fact that we ever began life's endless career!

Better, methinks, had it been for many, if the All Wise had spared them an introduction to this mortal existence. Let none indulge the impious thought, however, that He who knew the end from the beginning, committed an error, when He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life; for rely upon it, He designed us all for His glory, which can be promoted in no way so effectually as by our giving our hearts to Him, and employing our time and talents in His reasonable and delightful service.

Some one, perhaps may say, "if what the writer says is true, that it is a fearful thing to live, I wish I had never lived." Such a wish is simply vain. You do live, and although you might commit suicide, it would but transfer you from time to eternity, there to continue forever, the life begun on God's footstool.

In view of the above considerations, what is necessary to render life here, and life hereafter, a blessing rather than a curse? I rejoice that "Grace has contrived a way" by which the awfulness associated with living may be done away; and every one who will embrace it be made to rejoice that he is counted worthy a place among the sons of men.

When Jesus lived, he laid the plan by which we may live by faith in him: and when he died he finished the work necessary to our living with him beyond the swellings of Jordan.

Reader, will you avail yourself at once, of His all-sufficient atonement? Soldier, will you? Let me here observe, that there is no class of men for whom I feel a

deeper solicitude, than the noble defenders of our rights, civil, political and religious. You have bared your bosoms to the cannon's mouth; and your lives may be said to be in jeopardy every hour. I would to God, that you were all prepared for living, and for dying, that you might live eternally with Christ in the upper mansions.

Allow me, affectionately, to exhort you so to live, so to repent, and so to trust in Christ, that, whether you live long or die soon, you may be counted worthy, through Jesus, of an "inheritance with the saints in light."

What you do, should be done quickly; for during the next few months, many, very many of you may be called to stand before your Judge. Let not the arch-deceiver of mankind, beguile you longer; but with a fixedness of purpose commensurate with the value of the immortal spirit, determine to prove the efficacy of that blood which cleanseth from all sin; and great shall be your reward. Oh! where shall rest be found? Rest for the weary soul; "Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound Or pierce to either pole."

Andrew Broaddus
"It is a Fearful Thing to Live"
Tract Number 77 (Raleigh, 186—): 4 pages.

Note the brief biography of Chaplain Broaddus in the preceding section of this issue of Curtana.

† Curtana †

Interfaith Cooperation Is Not a New Occurrence

How a Jewish chaplain helped his non-Jewish colleagues in the chaplaincy obtain supplies needed to provide appropriate Christmas atmosphere in Korea was reported this week by Chaplain Joseph Messing, in a letter from Pusan, Korea, to JWB's Division of Religious Activities.

As Chaplain Messing tells it, "a few days before Christmas, Staff Chaplain May came into my office with a worried look on his face. Yokohoma had informed him that they did not have enough funds to purchase Christmas decorations. With all the initiative JWB has come to expect of its little helpers, I came to the rescue. I phoned the chief of civil affairs in Kyushu, Japan, and related the problem to him. Within a day the Christmas decorations were on the plane for Pusan and so our Christian friends were able to celebrate their holiday with pomp and circumstances."

Chaplain Messing also reported he helped Chaplain May decorate the chapel until 11 p.m. on Christmas eve. "We received many compliments for the job and

Chaplain May told everybody that his Jewish chaplain had done most of the work," Messing said.

Chaplain Messing also told of meeting the chaplain of the Greek [United Nations] Battalion, a Greek Orthodox Priest. They used Hebrew as a common language, since the Greek spoke no English and Messing knows no Greek. The Greek chaplain spoke glowingly of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, having served in Palestine three years during World War II. Chaplain Messing procured some scarce items of clothing for the Greek chaplain who said he would offer some special prayers for his Jewish colleague.

The ethical forces of religion were well displayed by Chaplain May's efforts in the interests of his fellow man.

"He Did Unto Others"
The Jewish Criterion 13 (19 January 1951).

† Curtana †

What's that about a Star Fleet Chaplain?

Gene Roddenberry's conscious decision not to include a chaplain aboard the USS Enterprise will be explored in an upcoming issue of Curtana. *What follows is dialog from a Star Trek comic book which included a "chaplain" as a featured character. Although it was published three years prior to his death, we assume that Roddenberry, a WWII combat pilot, did not give the appearance his "blessing."*

The setting: *A Federation officer from a mysterious race hijacks the Starship Enterprise to take a number of desperately ill personnel to a planet where a healing presence (being) irregularly appears. In the words of science officer Spock, it is "a shrine . . . like Lourdes or Fatima of Old Earth, home of 'the Bright Lady.'" The officer, a chaplain named En-Lai, is justifying his mutiny to Captain James Tiberius Kirk.*

En-Lai: You see, Captain [Kirk], we want to help as many people as possible—not just ourselves. I regret the need for force . . . but the Lord helps those who help themselves. Six times Starfleet has denied my request for leave . . . and so this becomes the only way I can end the suffering of my faithful. Today, aboard the Enterprise, we at last begin our pilgrimage—to Calydon!

Kirk discusses the situation privately with his senior staff:

Spock: [En-Lai was a] foundling discovered abandoned on an uncharted planet by a spacefaring trader. He was subsequently adopted and raised by an Alpha

Centauran couple . . . But the actual details of his origins remain surrounded in mystery. Even his species is unknown. Even to him.

Kirk: Back at the time of his notoriety—when the press dubbed him "the one and En-Lai"—he was serving aboard the Hood, wasn't he?

Spock: That is correct, Captain. His adoptive father was a Starfleet chaplain, and En-Lai followed in his footsteps. Apparently he came to believe that his God gave him the power to cure by touch . . . and he attempted to demonstrate this "skill" aboard the Hood.

Dr. McCoy: A faith-healer?

Spock: That was the derisive term for it, Doctor, yes. But many of the crewmen on whom he "laid hands" swore their health improved . . . although these claims could not be substantiated. A special board of inquiry was convened. Their conclusion: En-Lai's activities were disruptive, but he had violated no regulations.

Unidentified speaker: So the brass thought it best to ship him out?

Spock: Yes. To Lavinius V [5] . . . the hospital . . .

Martin Pasko
"A Small Matter of Faith"
Star Trek 56 (November 1988): 7-9.

† Curtana †

An Almost-Chaplain in the Confederate Army

Henry Herbert Harris was born in Louisa County, Virginia, December 17, 1837. His parents were of Scotch and Welsh extraction, and in the home of his childhood there was the atmosphere of piety. He was a student almost from his cradle. At two years of age he learned to read, and in his first school days, his sister being his teacher, he was a promising scholar. In the neighborhood school he learned the rudiments of Latin and Greek, though frail health more than once interrupted his studies. When he was fifteen years old he was converted, and in the month of November baptized into the fellowship of the Lower Gold Mine Church. He was active in prayer-meetings and other such services from the very first.

In 1854 he entered the Junior Class at Richmond College and in two years graduated. He taught a high school a year and then, with his brother, entered the University of Virginia. During his life at this institution he was very active in a work of grace that went on among the students and was one of the organizers of

the Y.M.C.A. there, the first College Y.M.C.A. in the world. His first session he had the "green ticket," and at the end of his third year graduated with the degree of Master of Arts, having studied, besides the required course, Hebrew and Applied Mathematics.

It is interesting to remember that upon his graduation at the University of Virginia he was offered and declined the chair of Greek at Richmond College, the work to which he was to give later the best years of his life.

He did accept work at the Albemarle Female Institute, Charlottesville, though, after a year, the call of war rang in his ears and he enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army.

In 1862 his company disbanded and he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. After one month, however, he was again in the army, now as an artillerist under Stonewall Jackson. At Port Republic, on June 8, 1862, two guns were so quickly thrown into action and so well served that the dash of the enemy across the bridge was checked and the day saved, and behind one of these guns was H.H. Harris, cool and skilful. In 1863 a regiment of engineers was formed and Harris was first lieutenant.

Once General Lee said of him: "I remember him very well. He did excellent work and was one of our rising young engineers." In the spring of 1864, in the campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, he was ordered to build a bridge across a swollen river, which, by reason of floating logs and debris, was dangerous. The men he ordered to carry a rope across the stream refused. "Will you follow me?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply, "we will follow you anywhere." He at once pulled off his coat, plunged into the water, was followed by his soldiers, and the bridge was built.

In 1858 he had been licensed to preach, his first sermon being to a congregation of colored people. In 1864 a colonel applied to the War Department asking that H. H. Harris be made chaplain of his regiment. The request was refused, the reason assigned being that he was too useful a man where he was, and that, besides, he was doing much religious work where he was.

When the War was over he taught again for a year at the Albemarle Female Institute. He was one of a committee of three from the Richmond College alumni who appeared before the General Association urging the reopening of the College, notwithstanding the fact that all of its endowment had been swept away by the War, and in 1866, along with B. Puryear, became a professor at his *alma mater*. He was invited to teach Greek and German, and this work he took up, although his preference was for Mathematics and the exact sciences. After 1873 German was given to another, he continuing in the Greek department, where he was to remain for twenty-nine years and where he was to win for himself a name and fame.

Richmond College was destined to become the bright particular star in his horizon. Here he spent almost half of his days, and here, as teacher, editor, church member, denominational leader, he was to do his life work. While he touched many things, and, like Goldsmith, touched nothing he did not adorn, yet he was prominent as a teacher, and in any account of the activities which kept him busy, heart and hand and head, his record as Professor of Greek in Richmond College must come first.

What a born teacher he was! He not only knew Greek, but he knew how to help others to know it. In order that the forms of the language should be mastered, he insisted on a long and determined drill, yet he kept this drill from being monotonous by many devices; there was his play of humor turning into scathing sarcasm for the student who was trying to shirk work, there was his famous diagram of the Greek verb, there was his own enthusiasm and interest over the smallest detail. As the student progressed the richness and power of the Greek language more fully appeared. With the senior class, if not before, the glory of Greek literature and Greek art and the history of this classic land were sure to take possession of the student and to be for him a possession forever. For many years the Greek lecture-room was a very dark, unattractive room, but hundreds of students remember it as full of light and quickening for noble thoughts and aims.

Professor Harris was a great believer in following one question with another until the origin or law or meaning of a word was forthcoming. How he would laugh at slips, and yet his face could be as noncommittal as that of the sphinx to the poor fellow floundering around in his ignorance and catching at straws. In teaching he would now walk the room, now sit back in his chair and play with a ring of keys, now stand and prop his head back with a long rod used for pointing at the blackboard. If a word presented a problem he would help the earnest student by dissecting it until the root was found and then build it up until it was back where he started. He might come to a word he did not know. He would frankly admit this fact, but few words could withhold their meaning from the power of his analysis.

Doubtless one reason that his teaching throbbed so, was that he was ever renewing and enlarging his own acquaintance with his subject. He said to his students at the close of one session: “Young gentlemen, I do not know how much Greek you have learned this session, but I have learned more than in any year for a long while.” After he returned from Greece and Palestine in 1878, the side-lights he threw upon all the classroom work were fascinating and inspiring; he made the boys feel almost as if they had been to Greece themselves. He varied his course of reading in Greek authors and also his plans for getting work from the student. He took up the study of the orations of Lysias with one of his classes, probably the Intermediate, when this author was not read in any American college and when no satisfactory edition was to be had; now it is quite generally read. In the study of Greek history he would often give out questions of the examination beforehand, allowing the student to make all the preparation he cared to for answering them when he entered the examination room; this may

seem a strange method, but a sample of these questions will explode any such theory, for example, “Trace the hegemony of Greece.”

He never allowed a student to trifle with him. He was apt to know whether you were studying or no. Once a student who was always resorting to devices to hide his laziness and ignorance, when he found he was about to be called upon, slipped down under the benches, hoping Professor Harris would think he had not answered as present. He did call on this student, and when no response came, called on some one else and went on as if nothing unusual had occurred. When the class was dismissed, Professor Harris seated himself in his chair, took up a book and began to read. The boy was “game” for some time, but finally surrendered and came out.

While the Greek was the main business, still the student under Professor Harris in his Greek work learned much of many kindred and not a few far-away matters. A student who is now a professor says that he learned more English under Professor Harris in studying Greek than from any other single source, and received many of his best ideas of Latin grammar and etymology. Professor Harris took illustrations from far and near to illuminate the Greek, making the Greek in its turn help in other fields. Who could study Greek under such a teacher and not use more effectively his own mother English?

It was the general opinion among the students and faculty also that Professor Harris could teach, and on short notice, too, any class in college. As a matter of fact, in the course of the years he did supply more than one vacant place in the teaching force. When Dr. Curry resigned to take up the Peabody Fund work, Professor Harris taught Philosophy for some months. As a teacher he was always trying to lead his students to do their own thinking. Philosophy, of course, gave unusual opportunity for him to work in this direction. Sometimes his opening question would seem to bear no relation to the matter in hand, but gradually the subject under consideration would stand forth in clearest light. One day he called the roll, and then, turning his eyes upward, he fixed his gaze upon a hook in the center of the ceiling. It was quite a time before he said a word or turned away his eyes. Presently he called on one student, asking: “What is that hook for?” When the answer came: “I do not know,” his question went the round of the class, no one being able to tell why the hook was there. No one had ever seen it used in any way. It was possibly not until the next day that he told us that the hook had been placed in the ceiling when the College buildings, during the Civil War, were used for a hospital. And the lesson which the hook taught those students is plain.

The student who did not enjoy the hour under Professor Harris was the exception. A student, who had started out with the hope of winning the Francis Gwin medal, asked Professor Harris, when the last examination was over, whether the medal was coming his way. “What do you think about it, Mr. B.?” was Professor Harris’ reply. “Well, I do not know about getting the medal, but I know I have had lots of fun.”

Professor Harris' sphere as a teacher was not limited to his College classes. He was an unceasing student of the Bible and taught it with wonderful power and charm. He had a class in Bible History and another for the study of the Greek New Testament. Concerning these classes, Dr. W.O. Carver says: "I remember the carefully prepared outline of daily readings arranged in historical setting, all neatly printed and bound, which he so gladly furnished to all who would agree to use them and to meet him one evening in the week to talk over the course read. . . . The number of students who availed themselves of this great opportunity was generally small. The course was free and optional, and the teacher was too modest and sensitive to advertise it. Indeed, I do not think he ever knew himself the value of his work. . . .

"Dr. Harris came to the meetings of this class with brief suggestive notes. He lectured sitting, sometimes in his chair, sometimes on the end of a desk right up in the midst of his boys. Then he would go to the board to illustrate something and casually take his seat on the table, draw one leg up and across under the other, which swung loose without reaching the floor, and in this attitude I have heard him deliver some of the sublimest lectures to which I have ever listened. . . . When he could find a sufficient number—and three would encourage him—who would agree to meet him once a week for study of the New Testament in Greek, he was happy. All this work, of course, was undertaken of his own accord and without compensation save the added joy which the Master gave to a willing servant."

Professor Harris taught for years a Bible class of students at the Grace Street Baptist Sunday School. The room in which this class met was singularly unfitted for such service and highly uncomfortable. It was under a stairway leading to the pastor's study. Rarely did the class ever meet that it was not interrupted by persons passing through on their way to see the pastor. And there were other interruptions. The room was so small, and the class so large, that usually each chair had at least two occupants. There was no particular place for the teacher to stand, and so he stood first here and then there. How did he ever manage to teach at all with such unfavorable external conditions? Yet what great teaching it was! Students look back and see how splendid the teaching in this class was, though at the time they did not realize this. Yet all must have felt the charm and power of the hour, though they did not stop then and analyze it. Did they not crowd the room, Sunday after Sunday? Did they not sit on the steps and even on the floor? Did not all classes of students come to this room, and not simply the ministerial students and those who were professors of religion?

He touched the student life at many points. Professor Puryear said of him that he mixed with the students more than any other one of the professors. He was usually seen on the baseball field in the afternoon. He was a frequent visitor at the meetings of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies. The students consulted him about all sorts of things. He was very popular among them. Those who were present can never forget his first appearance among the students after a serious and protracted illness. It was in the Mu Sigma Rho Hall.

During his illness his hair had turned entirely white. He received a great ovation. It seemed as though the applause would not cease. He was greeted by round after round, and it was sincere, tender, glad.

Professor Harris made the students feel at home in his home. Commencement night the Greek class had right of way in the spacious parlors, and all through the session, all through the years, students and others enjoyed the hospitality of this home. In a pen picture of Professor Harris in his home, drawn by one well fitted for the task, attention is called to the fact that Mrs. Harris was wonderfully qualified by constitution, training and culture to be her husband's complement.

While, by reason of frail health, he was often in danger of depression and even despondency, his wife, robust and strong, with a face full of sunshine and a sweet disposition, brought cheerfulness and brightness into the home. The same writer also says: "It was interesting to observe how entirely free from either constraint or affectation were the family in the presence of visitors and how the home life moved on without interruption." Just as there was rarely any change made in the usual repast, the visitor being invited to share with the family the substantial every-day meal, so without any artificiality of manner they allowed him to enjoy and participate in the usual social and intellectual life of the family and thus to see the home as it was. In many homes, unfortunately, this would detract from the visitor's pleasure. But here the invariable rule was that no matter what were the vicissitudes through which the family might be passing, there was never anything unpleasant mentioned at the table. The conversation was not only bright and cheerful, but was always elevating and refining. This was largely due to Professor Harris himself.

He never monopolized the conversation; in fact, he usually appeared to be taking a minor part, but without any apparent purpose of giving direction to their thought, he would join in the conversation with his children and always say something to stimulate their thinking and give them larger, clearer views. . . . His keen sense of humor, his genuine sympathy with others, his wide range of knowledge, his marvelous tact as a teacher, his transcendent power of illustration—all these he brought into play even in a conversation with his youngest child, when he was managing to make her do more than half the talking. In social conversation, as in the classroom, he was not a great talker, but drew others out by judicious questions and stimulating suggestions. . . .

For one who did such an enormous amount of work, Professor Harris found a good deal of time to spend with his family and took the keenest pleasure in their companionship. He was with them not only at meal time, but usually for a little while after dinner, and almost invariably for an hour or more after tea. During these hours of relaxation he would throw aside all work and worry and thoroughly enjoy himself. He had an exuberance and delicacy of humor which made him a charming companion, and the others were always glad when he could lay aside his work and spend a while with them. He and his children understood each other perfectly and were the best of friends. He was very fond of playing

games in the evenings, and there was a private understanding between Mrs. Harris and the children that they must lay aside everything else and play with him whenever he would consent to leave his books and take this recreation. He would enter into the game with great enthusiasm and with the same analytic power of mind which he brought to bear on everything he did, and so the children, even the grown ones, took especial credit to themselves if they chanced to win a game from him.

"A striking characteristic of the entire family was their quick appreciation of the ludicrous and an apparently inexhaustible fund of humor. It was a rare treat to sit and listen to the conversations that would be carried on around the table during these games. Another noticeable thing was the perfect good humor with which these games were conducted. There was never the slightest misunderstanding, even among the younger children, for nothing was further from their thought than to be ungenerous or unfair. The game being finished, a waiter of winesaps would be brought in, and in a few minutes more Professor Harris would retire to his study for three or four hours of hard work."

The story of the usefulness and activity of Professor Harris is not finished when the record of his work as teacher and professor has been given. As a church member and as a leader in the denomination he was most helpful and influential. His opinion and example at Grace Street Church was full of weight. He was in his pew at the Sunday services and also on Wednesday night. He often led the prayer-meeting, having, Dr. Hatcher declares, unusual gifts for those devotional services. He led not alone in words and, besides his other deeds, was so generous and large a giver that his pastor at times was ready to think him reckless in his giving.

For years he was a leader, first among Virginia Baptists, and later among Southern Baptists also. In the General Association he was a most active member of the committee on cooperation, a committee that by its wise, patient work has done so much to enlarge the beneficence of Virginia Baptists. Of course, he was often on other important committees and boards for State denominational work. In the Southern Baptist Convention he was for years the chairman of the committee on order of business, a committee that largely made the success of the great annual gathering.

Professor Harris was a member of three important committees appointed by the Convention for special work. The first of these committees was to revise the constitution of the body. The second was to arrange for a centennial celebration of missions. The third was for cooperation with the Northern Baptists in work among the negroes. Rev. Dr. T.T. Eaton, also a member of these committees, speaking of their work, says: "In each of these cases the hearty acceptance by the denomination of the results reached was in no small measure due to their knowing that Dr. Harris had aided in shaping those results and that he heartily approved them."

Professor Harris was a member of the Foreign Mission Board for nineteen years and its president for nine. He was said to be better acquainted with the work and the workers of our missions than any other man not a secretary of the Board. Professor Harris did not consider himself a good public speaker; he used to tell the College boys that, while he could not speak, he could tell them how to speak. While probably he was not a public speaker in the strictest sense of the expression, he was, nevertheless, most interesting and instructive when upon the platform or in the pulpit. After a year as pastor after his ordination, he was never again pastor, but he preached now and then and took his place upon ordination and similar occasions.

He was most happy in the use of illustrations, though he sometimes chose to work out an illustration and then let some one else use it. Once, when speaking to some ministers, he used a beautiful illustration and then said: "Some of you fellows take this and use it if you can; I sometimes feel that all I am fit for is to make illustrations for others to use." Dr. Carter Helm Jones, who tells the foregoing incident, also writes: "In the Southern Baptist Convention a great question was once coming up for solution, a much-mooted question that threatened to cause confusion and trouble. Professor Harris rose just at the right time and the burden of his speech was one illustration. That illustration settled the question. After he got through many of the brethren came to him and said: 'Well, I declare, it was lucky that you thought of that illustration.' Afterwards, in speaking of it, he said: 'They did not know that I was working on that illustration for three months.'" Professor Harris did great good through his writings. He was at one time or another the editor of the *Journal of Education of Virginia,* of the *Foreign Mission Journal,* of the *Religious Herald,* and of the lessons in the *Baptist Teacher,* and the *Advanced Quarterly*.

Professor Harris never posed as possessing universal knowledge; indeed, there were domains of learning into which he declared he had never entered, but his fund of information was large and varied, and he did many things well. Professor Gaines says: "He had a fairly good assortment of tools, and in mending a lock or a lawn-mower, or in constructing articles of convenience about the house, he displayed the same skill and ingenuity which characterized him in his higher activities. A carpenter, who, by the way, had little patience with 'book learning,' once paid a compliment to his mechanical skill and wide acquaintance with practical affairs by saying of him: 'Professor Harris has more sense than any *smart* man I ever saw.'"

Dr. Carter Helm Jones tells the following anecdotes which illustrate the same point: "It was on a missionary tour through the Northern Neck of Virginia. At one place the good women were getting ready to serve on the grounds one of the tempting dinners they knew so well how to prepare and they were troubled about the putting up of a stove. Finally, before I knew it, H.H. Harris had taken off his coat, looked over the situation, and put up the stove; and when some one asked who the man was, the reply was: 'I think it was the stove man, Mr. — , of Richmond.' . . . A farmer, once digging a ditch, after talking with him one day,

said: 'Why, that old farmer yonder from over about Richmond has taught me more about farming than ever I knew in my life.'"

Professor Harris did his life work at Richmond College. His brief years at Louisville, as Professor of Biblical Introduction and Polemics in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, were but as a postscript, a beautiful and important postscript, yet only a postscript. The severing of his connection with Richmond College was probably the greatest trial of his life. He resigned, not knowing what he would do or where he would go. His going to the Seminary was opportune for the Seminary. The institution had suffered a great loss in the death of Dr. Broadus. In the South among Baptists, on the roll of great teachers, next to the name of John A. Broadus, came that of H.H. Harris. Professor Harris was like Dr. Broadus in his mental make-up and both were University of Virginia men.

Professor Harris soon had his place in the esteem and affection of the Louisville Faculty and students, those who had known him only by reputation coming to appreciate him more when they knew him at closer range. One of the faculty wrote: "I was wholly unprepared for the simplicity and kindly good-fellowship that marked his intercourse with his friends and fellow-workers. Every trace of fear was soon thawed out by the warmth of his genial smile and hearty laugh, and awe mellowed into reverence. There remained in you the consciousness of the presence of a great man, great in mental ability and learning, great in common sense, great in goodness; but you were sure that he was a man, a brother, a father, a friend."

In reference to Professor Harris' going to Louisville, Dr. Kerfoot said: "He was not elected to take Dr. Broadus' place, but he was elected to give reassurance after the loss of Dr. Broadus. Many friends of the Seminary breathed easier when they knew that Dr. Harris had been elected as a member of the faculty. They felt that if a great teacher had been taken, a great teacher had been gained." Not only as a professor did Professor Harris do excellent work. The Missionary Society, which holds its meeting on the first day of each month, is a great power in the Louisville Seminary. As president of this Society, Professor Harris, with his deep love for missions, with the experience coming from his years as president of the Foreign Board, with his knowledge of the work gained from visits to various fields, was able to give the meetings deep spiritual tone and enthusiasm.

When Professor Harris found that his health was failing he sought rest and recuperation on his native soil. But his work at Louisville was closed. His end came in Lynchburg, February 4, 1897. The funeral took place at Grace Street Church and the burial in Hollywood, Richmond's beautiful city of the dead. On the edge of the city where he spent the larger part of his life and almost within sound of the College bell, overlooking the falls of the James, he sleeps his last sleep. Could any spot be more appropriate?

Source: George B. Taylor
Virginia Baptist Ministers (Fourth Series)
(J.P. Bell, 1913): 298-312.

Cygnus Loop Supernova Remnant.
Photo courtesy of NASA.

"How you are fallen from heaven,
O Day Star, son of Dawn!
How you are cut down to the ground,
you who laid the nations low!
You said in your heart, 'I will ascend to heaven;
above the stars of God I will set my throne on high . . .
I will ascend above the heights of the clouds;
I will make myself like the Most High.'
But you are brought down to Sheol,
to the far reaches of the pit.

Isaiah 14:12-15 (ESV)

Curtana † Sword of Mercy

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

Volume 4 Issue 2 (2013)