

Publications of the Astronomical Observatory, Vol. I, Part II.
Contribution from the Physical Laboratory, No. 2.
Occasional Papers from the Museum, No. 6-10.

For some time the need of a publication fund has been strongly felt. Such a fund was provided for in next year's budget, by the action of the Board of Regents, setting aside \$1,000 for this purpose. The Executive Board approved for publication the monograph by Professor W. B. Ford, entitled "Studies on Divergent Series and Summability," and set aside a certain sum for the payment of a part of the expenses.

A new fellowship, carrying with it a remuneration of \$500 a year, has been established in the Graduate School through the generosity of the Paper Manufacturers Association.

Applications for fellowships, especially those which do not restrict a student to following specific lines of study, are so much more numerous than the few fellowships which we have, that the need for further general fellowships is strongly felt. It would be a great help to many highly deserving students, if fellowships could be established which carry with them nothing more than merely the remission of fees.

Dean H. M. Bates' term of office as a member of the Executive Board expired last fall. Professor J. S. Reeves was appointed his successor to serve for seven years. Dean Bates remained, however, a member of the Board until the end of the first semester, since there was a vacancy due to the absence of Professor H. C. Adams. Respectfully submitted,

KARL E. GUTHE, Dean.

RICHARD NELVILLE HALL, KILLED IN ALSACE, CHRISTMAS MORNING, 1915

Michigan shares with Dartmouth in her grief and pride in the heroic death of Richard Nelville Hall, '11-'12. Michigan, Dartmouth '15, of the American Ambulance Service, who was killed on the hills of Alsace early Christmas morning. As far as is known he is the first American to die in this work. He had entered the Ambulance immediately after his graduation from Dartmouth last June, and as letters and telegrams received since his death have attested, immediately became one of the most popular men in the service. Though his time was up in November, he remained on duty, waiting until his brother, Louis P. Hall, Jr., '12e, should complete his period of enlistment. He had planned to return home and take up special work in the University at the beginning of the second semester.

Though a Dartmouth man, Michigan may also claim "Dick" Hall. He came from a staunch Michigan family. His father, Dr. Louis P. Hall, '79-'80, '89d, has been a member of the staff of the Dental College since the year of his graduation and Professor of Operative and Clinical Dentistry since 1903. His two aunts, Mrs. Charlotte Hall Eastman, '73-'75, and Mrs. Marie L. Hall Walker, '77, are Michigan women, while his brother, Louis P. Hall, Jr., is a graduate of the Engineering College in 1912, in addition to holding

a degree from Dartmouth, and his sister, Elizabeth O. Hall, is now a student in the University.

With the exception of the three years spent at Dartmouth, Richard Hall's whole life had been spent in Ann Arbor. He was born in the house which has always been his home, on the eighteenth of May, 1894. (This was the date of the opening concert of the first May Festival.)

He attended the public schools of Ann Arbor, graduating from the High School in 1911 and entering the University the following autumn. After one year at Michigan he entered Dartmouth College, believing that the bracing



RICHARD NELVILLE HALL

mountain air of New Hampshire and the freedom from all social complexities would afford better opportunity for concentrated work. At Dartmouth his greatest enjoyment was in the rides and walks through the beautiful mountain country. He was one of the most loyal members of Alpha Delta Phi, which he joined during his freshman year at Michigan. But above and beyond all else, he was home-loving, full of affection for his family and obedient to the ideals of home obligations. The closing sentence in the last letter received from him is, "Make a big fire in the fireplace for me." Nothing can show better the fine spirit with which he entered the Ambulance Service than the following quotation from a letter to his father and mother, dated May 28, 1915:

I am sorry I appear so apathetic about the war in general, and the Ambulance in particular. As a matter of fact, I am intensely interested in both, but I can't see that there is much to discuss about them. Most discussions I have heard about the war here have been so fruitless that I have kept out of them. I follow the papers and the magazines pretty closely, however. As for the Ambulance work, the greatest inducement to going over is the opportunity for humanitarian work. When I first heard of the plan of getting Dartmouth men to go, I did not consider this side of it. I only thought of the thrilling times and experiences and then I thought of the other side, the awful side, and decided that the latter overruled the first, so I did not think of going at all for a time. Then I began to think more on the subject, being around with George McClary quite a bit, and I finally determined to go so I wired you. That is why I took you so much by surprise. I had taken myself by surprise. Still seeing the thrilling side, of course, I realized that while one would meet with much that might dishearten him, he would always have the comfort, the reassurance, of the fact that he was doing his share, however small, in helping to better the condition of others.

The death of this young man in the service of humanity, the first fatality in the American Ambulance Service, has brought home to hundreds of American families the facts of this war as nothing else could. Letters have poured in upon Dr. and Mrs. Hall from all over the country, from friends and acquaintances of the boy, associates in the Ambulance Service and from unknown sympathizers, and have made in a way his death a consecration of the wonderful work America is doing for the wounded. Just before his death the women of Ann Arbor had raised funds to equip a hospital car, which is to be dedicated as a memorial to Richard Hall. But of all the tributes which have been received from all over this country and from Europe, nothing is finer as an evidence of his unselfishness and the simplicity with which he regarded his work and the cheerful philosophy and courage which kept him up under the real hardships of life almost on the battle front than his own letters home, portions which we publish elsewhere. The spirit in which he entered upon this service he maintained throughout. There is no word of bitterness or criticism of any of the combatants in his letters.

Later dispatches gave the details of the death of Richard Hall and his burial among the hills of German Alsace together with the news that a letter of condolence had been sent by General Joffre to Robert Bacon, president of the committee of the American hospital at Neuilly. The information was given by A. Piatt Andrew, inspector general of the American Ambulance in the field.

"Hall was killed," Professor Andrew said, "by a stray shell at a lonely turn in the road up the mountain which German guns try intermittently to reach. His car was demolished and swept off the road. The shell struck him several hours before daybreak and a number of his comrades crawled in ambulances up and down the mountain past the spot before the morning revealed the occurrence.

"Hall was buried with honors of war in an Alsatian valley which once more belongs to France and in which our American ambulances are working among mountain villages torn by shells and swarming with soldiers. Simple mountain people in the only part of Germany where foreign soldiers are today brought to the grave many wreaths of native flowers and Christmas

greens. * * * I was told by at least three families that they will keep flowers on the grave until the end of the war when they hoped Hall's parents could visit it.

"The funeral service was held in a little Protestant chapel, five miles down the valley, usually attended by many officers and soldiers and natives of the valley, but on the day reserved for Hall and his comrades, the soldiers were on duty on the mountain crest where a fierce fight for Hartmanns-Weilerkopf was being waged.

"At the conclusion of the service, Hall's citation was read and the cross of war pinned on the flag that covered the coffin."

Of the hundreds of tributes which have come to Dr. and Mrs. Hall since Richard's death has become known, two may be given here. One is a letter from an associate of his in the Ambulance Service. "His kindness towards all and his consideration were boundless. The pains and trouble he took with a little nurse to see that she was comfortable and at ease about the submarines (on the way over) is but one case of many.

"What better ideal can we have? A strong spirit driving on a frail body to unselfish work for others, no thought of self, danger or privation, and a truly glorious end.

"We saw death a thousand times and became, I believe hardened, even when our good French friends and comrades went, but I know that is not so, and only hope that the college will appreciate him as he deserves so richly."

Another associate in the Ambulance said: "This week I have seen two fellows who were with us last summer in Alsace, both of whom joined me in saying that Dick was the most refined, likable, and conscientious fellow in the section. * * * He was immediately liked by the French people for his sympathy shown, and respected by the Ambulance for his efficient work. In short we who knew him well agreed that he was one of the whitest men we ever met."

A further tribute came in the form of a poem from some unknown friend.

I mourn for you, boy of the resolute heart,
Of worth an exemplar, of honor a part,
You fought the good fight, you fell on the line,
Where God reared His altar, where duty, its shrine.

I grieve for you, scion of great Douglas clan,
In years but the boy, in deeds all the man;
No lord in his castle, no king on his throne
E'er earned more of honor than you made your own.

You've left a place vacant that ne'er can be filled,
You've left a fond yearning that ne'er will be stilled;
You've left the world richer for what you have done,
You've made mankind nobler for the glory you've won.

I'd plead for you, lad, if of pleading of mine
There were need to point way to the Presence Divine,
But I know full too well the real need soon will be
Not that I plead for you, but that you plead for me.