

## DAILY HOME NEWS

Thursday, Dec. 27, 1917.

Rev. Maurice I. S. Kain, of Hutchinson, Kansas, formerly of this city, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Ballard, of Seward, is spending the holidays with his brother, Robert Kain, at Annapolis before sailing for France, where he will engage in Y. M. C. A. war work at the front.



March 3, 1918.

Mr. L. F. Ballard  
Sewaren, N. J.

My dear Mr. Ballard:

Would you be kind enough to give me the address of the Rev. Maurice I. S. Kain. We are anxious to keep our files up to date in order that all Rutgers men in service may receive our war service letters and other publications that are sent out from time to time.

Thanking you for any information that you may be able to give me, I am

Very truly yours,

Director.



# Rev. Maurice Kain, Rutgers Man, Is Working Hard Over in France

Mrs. F. B. Kilmer, of College avenue, has received the following interesting letter and poem from Rev. Maurice I. Kain, a Rutgers graduate, now doing his bit in France:

"On Active Service with the  
American Expeditionary Force,  
June 26, 1918.

"Dear 'Mother-in-Delta U':

"Dearest 'Mother-to-me,' next to my own dear mother, your letter posted on the tenth now holds the time record, so far as my mail is concerned, arriving at my little diggings on the fifteenth day—remarkably good time.

"I need not tell you that I am very sorry indeed to hear of your trouble; but I also need not tell you that I know you will nobly overcome it. Please give my best wishes to Mr. Kilmer, and express my hopes for his speedy and complete recovery.

"So Joyce is now an 'Intelligence Man.' There is no branch of the service for which I have quite the respect that I have for the wearers of the green brassard—the brains of the Army. Several of the division intelligence officers are among my best friends over here, especially one general staff officer with whom I was billeted for weeks. Another 'intelligence' friend of mine—a handsome young sergeant from Texas, was cited yesterday for the 'Croix de Guerre.' I must tell you how I first met the boy. I think you will appreciate it. I was behind the counter in the top room of a partially ruined chateau on the edge of 'No Man's Land' one night when this boy came into the room, exhibiting—as a souvenir—the picture of a beautiful German girl which he had taken from the pocket of a dead Boche captain in a raid of the previous evening. It was a photograph of the captain's sweetheart. I did not wish to argue the propriety of the souvenir. But I did casually remark, 'I would hate to think of a Boche going around exhibiting so sacred a thing as a picture of my sweetheart as his war trophy.' and there the matter ended temporarily. But the next day, while I was in my own room, there was a knock on the door and the boy entered, bringing not only that photograph, but several other intimate photographs as well. He said, 'I have been thinking over what you said last night; and I wish you would take these pictures, lock them in your box, and after the war endeavor to get them returned to the family of the dead captain; that being impossible,

destroy them.' Such was the beginning of our friendship.

Yes, indeed, I like your poem. You are more than the mother of a poet. I would say that you had the right to the title yourself, and that really Joyce should regard himself as the son of a poet. By the way—have just scribbled a few poor little lines myself, which I am appending with apologies. Scribbling verses is at present my only relaxation, and it is seldom that I have time even for that. I am kept desperately busy, from eight in the morning until nine at night, ever day in the week, without ever an hour off. If anyone had told me seven months ago that I could keep up the pace for six solid months, I would have denied the possibility. But I have done so, and feel none the worse for it.

I had the pleasure of spending several weeks recently in the company of Mr. Irwin Cobb. He was a continuous circus, of course you know that he is far from handsome and no one knows it any better than he does. One day two little French girls ran out on the road as we passed and kissed him. Cobb at once recommended them for the Croix. At one village, our landlady, one morning after Mr. Cobb had left the table, said to me—"Ah! M. Cobb sa figure est bonbe camouflee!" And it is; really.

What I have thanked my Maker for, over here, more than anything else, is a sense of humor. It has certainly been "saving"—any number of times. I feel very sorry indeed, for the occasional person one meets over here who is lacking in that respect. He must have a very disagreeable time of it. J. H. would enjoy himself tremendously—I don't think!

I had the pleasure of dining today with a recently decorated colonel of artillery—a very remarkable man. He was decorated for having saved the day during a recent battle. I will tell you the story. It seemed that it was almost imperative for our men to retreat. All the other officers counselled such a course, except this particular colonel. "Gentlemen," he said, "how long have we before our position must be given up?" "Three minutes," they answered him. "Then," said he, "in those three minutes, I will show you how I can shave and wash my face in a teaspoonful of cold water." And he did, and by his apparent sang froid, caused them to forget all about their idea of retreating.

It is growing dark and I must close.

Please remember me to Dr. Kilmer, and to Dr. Joyce—in case you see him. I expect to leave for home about September first, and will stop over and see you, at least for a few minutes before leaving for home.

Your in Delta U.  
MAURICE.

M. L. Kain, Y. M. C. A.,  
12 Rue d'Aguesseau,  
Paris, France.

## SPRING IN FRANCE.

Sunshine, and days bright—white,—  
God-meant to roam in;  
Long dusk and starlit night—  
Made to go home in;  
Green-fields red poppies cover;  
Above—the sky-larks sing;  
Hedged lanes, about which hover  
Gold butterflies on wing.

God's Spring in France!  
But what of man's?  
Planned to entrance:—  
What change in God's plans!

The days bright—white  
Man uses for night,—  
To get some rest in;  
The short, starry hours  
Employs for the powers  
Of arms to make best in.  
The red-poppied field.  
To destruction must yield—  
And blood take the place of the  
flowers;

Instead of the note  
Of the sky-lark en haut  
Comes the shrill of the shell—and  
noble men die.

And noble men lie  
Along the hedged lanes in shallow  
graves. Why?

That soon, soon again—  
God only knows when,—  
May He hasten the day!  
Spring-time in France,  
Made to entrance,  
Shall be of the God-made way.



The Rectory.  
Hutchinson, Kansas,  
Oct. 1, 1918.

Rutgers War Work Committee,

Dear Sirs,-

During the nine months that I was in France as a Y.M.C.A. field Secretary, nothing was more appreciated by me than the little war bulletins regularly sent me by your committee, and now that I am at home for a few months I shall desire to assist the committee in any way possible.

I shall be at home at least until after the first of the year, at which time I hope to return to my work in France.

Being attached to a southern division while abroad I did not have the opportunity of meeting any of the Rutgers fellows, but I heard indirectly of the good work of many of them, and needless to say was tremendously interested in the hearing.

Again thanking you for your kindness

I am,

MLK/FH.

Sincerely Yours,

*Maurice L. Kain*  
1906.



October 4  
1918

Rev. Maurice L. Kain,  
The Rectory  
Hutchinson, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Kain:

We are grateful for your letter of October 1st giving your word of appreciation for the work of our War Service Bureau. It is good of you to offer to aid us in the service we are trying to render and possibly a little later I may call upon you.

You may be interested to know that we are using extracts from two of your letters to Mrs. Kilmer in the October issue of the Alumni Quarterly. Do you think that it is possible for you to write us an article of some kind for the January number? We are very anxious to record the experiences of our men in France, and I am sure that you could give us just the thing we are looking for.

Very cordially yours,

ERS/G