Chronicles of Brunonia

“Pinky”

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Written in partial fulfillment of requirements for E. Taylor’s EL18 or 118:
“Tales of the Real World” in the Nonfiction Writing Program, Department of English, Brown University.

Bells and whistles wrenched Brown University students from their cots at three in the morning on November 11, 1918. The men of Brown were accustomed to waking from their barracks to the tune of an early reveille for morning mess and drill. But not this early. *What the devil is this? Has Jerry finally come for a visit?* They might have thought. Seeing no danger in sight they soon went back to sleep. At five in the morning, or half-an-hour earlier than the usual wake-up call, a boy with a bugle blew reveille under the naval barracks. Whatever ferocious ire the students might have raised against the early morning herald soon met tremendous joy. The Great War, the war to end all wars, was over.

Late in the morning, Brown President William H. Faunce sent out a memo suspending all university exercises until “taps” that Evening. Students performed in a military parade downtown but only after police struggled to clear a path through crowds heaving with cheers and waving flags of red, white and blue. 180 miles away in New York City, crowds and confetti littered Wall Street. On the Western Front, the guns stayed silent on both sides for the first time in four years.

After a second parade, the Brown men were released at four in the afternoon until quarter of eight. Students poured through the Van Wickle Gates and snaked down the hill as if it were a graduation for all. That night they retuned to a bonfire on Lincoln Field and sang songs in anticipation of many a friend’s return. On the knoll overlooking Lincoln Field, the gleam of the fire reflected off the bronze of Marcus Aurelius’ equestrian statue. The 2nd century Roman “philosopher emperor” stretched out his palm over the celebrants and toward the gap between Caswell Hall and Metcalf laboratory leading onto Thayer Street.

That gap would not remain open for long. Three Aprils after the revelry on Lincoln Field, Faunce would stand on the terrace of a Rockefeller Hall covered in the country's colors and solemnly read aloud the 43 names of the Brown men – students, alumni and faculty – who died in the war. "These are our honored dead, who cannot die" he said. The crowd that filled the main green marched down Lincoln Field, crossed Thayer Street and did an about-face to look up at the nearly two-story, arched and gray Memorial Gateway. Students leaned out of their dormitory windows to look upon the large crowd complete with color guard and cigarette smoke.

But on that first Armistice night in 1918, the singing students savored the glow of the bonfire and the warmth of camaraderie. The next morning, students were reminded of the war's sobering toll. Next to the report on the celebrations at Brown was an obituary. Rowland Hazard McLaughlin, one of the Class of 1915's most popular men and former executive secretary to President Faunce, had succumbed to wounds in France. The headline of his obituary in the Providence Journal[1] read in bold print '"Pinky" McLaughlin is Dead Overseas."

Ironically, Rowland Hazard McLaughlin may have shared a birthplace with some of the men who killed him. McLaughlin was born in Leipzig, Germany on January 4, 1894 while his American parents Andrew Cunningham "A.C." McLaughlin and Lois Angell McLaughlin were visiting Germany.[2] The couple had met at the University of Michigan where he was fast becoming one of the country's most respected scholars of American history and where she was the daughter of University of Michigan president, James B. Angell, a graduate of Brown's class of 1849.[3] In 1906, A.C. McLaughlin moved the family to Chicago where he assumed the chair of the University of Chicago's history department.[4] From the age of twelve on Rowland McLaughlin would call Chicago, Illinois home. He attended University High School and by all accounts was an exceptional student. In 1911 he matriculated to his grandfather's alma mater, Brown University.

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[1] The Providence Journal obituary ran on November 9. The family knew he had died by at least Oct. 25.

[2] The couple lived in Michigan and local sources do not reveal why they were in Germany.

That September, beneath the shadow of the John Hay Library and the fraternity houses, McLaughlin and his new chums of the class of 1915 lined College Street in eager anticipation of what they hoped would be the first of two marches through the Van Wickle Gates. Whatever hill, dale, city or town Brown men came from, in the fall, they all shared one common passion; football. At the end of the school day it seemed almost every Brown man was out playing football either for his class team or on some other patch of grass. At that time the Ivy League was only 11 years old and the premier football conference in all the land. Brown quarterback Bill Sprackling, class of 1912, was an All-American whom the founding father of American football Walter Camp called, "The Best quarterback in the country," after Sprackling led Brown to its first-ever win over Yale in 1910 with over 450 yards of total offense.

Unfortunately McLaughlin also played quarterback. Still, he was wiry, fast and smart at a position that required split-second decision-making, especially in what was the last year before forward passes over twenty yards were permitted and defenses could attack the running game because there were few other options. In later years he would play defensive end for the varsity, but in the fall of 1911 he started at quarterback for the freshman team. When the freshman eleven lined up for their photo, McLaughlin seemed small, but solid next to his teammates. A teammate placed a palm on his shoulder and almost covered the whole thing with his palm. He was so pale[5] that his teammates affectionately nicknamed him "Pinky."

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[3] The couple married in 1890. McLaughlin became a full professor in 1891.

[4] In 1935, he would win a Pulitzer Prize for his Constitutional History of the United States, and retire the following year.

McLaughlin lettered in football at Brown, but did not play his senior year because his parents objected. McLaughlin had developed into a stalwart at the end of the line and the team missed his reliability. Ironically, McLaughlin graduated the season before the appearance of the legendary Fritz Pollard and the 1916 Rose Bowl campaign. He also lettered in track for which he ran, hurdled and pole-vaulted. He was best known in his first two years, however, as a phenom in the pool, shattering the swim team's long distance records in both the 220-yard and 440-yard events.

His times began to slow down his junior year, and opponents broke the records he had set. The deceleration may have stemmed from the weight he had put on. While he maintained a thin neck and a chiseled face, his chest had grown into a man's torso, and his thighs looked as hard and round as canon barrels. The vein in his right bicep bulged out and his hesitant demeanor had been replaced with a confident, even mean, stare in every team photo. In two years he would keep the same glare but put aside his Brown uniform in favor of a suit for his commencement photo. In another two years he would exchange the suit for olive green fatigues.

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[5] He most likely had red-hair but there is no clear mention of his hair color and with black and white photographs being what they are, it is difficult to tell. He was of Scottish descent if that is any indicator.

Despite the drop-off in performance in the pool, McLaughlin's teammates elected him captain for his senior year. In fact, his peers elected him to leadership positions in nearly every facet of Brown student life. A good student who earned mainly As and Bs with a few Cs, McLaughlin was a member of the Sock and Buskin Society musical theater troupe, the Camarian Club (Brown's student government) and Alpha-Delta-Phi, the same fraternity whose membership included Teddy Roosevelt, FDR and his father. He held the presidency for the Glee club and was captain of the debating team. During his senior year, he earned 2nd prize and $25 in the Class of 1880 debating competition by arguing in favor of an honors system that would reign in cheating on exams. The fact that his position was not popular among his peers does not seem to have diminished their respect for him. After all, he was their senior class president. After his election in early October, his friends posted invitations around campus for a 6:00 p.m. celebration at the Crown Hotel. "There will be fine cigars and drinks," it said, "but dinner will be 'Dutch' strictly."

Despite the revelry, McLaughlin was the big man of a nervous campus. French Professor Henri F. Micoleau, a Lieutenant in the French reserves, had been ordered to the Western Front while he was home that summer. That fall, there were conflicting reports that he was missing, well or dead. The last proved true and in late March of 1915 the Providence Journal shared the reality that a shell had killed Micoleau instantly on September 9 during the Battle of the Marne. .

Micoleau's death would bring the war home to the Brown campus of 1915 but for the most part America persisted through a splendid isolation. That changed on May 7 when a German u-boat sank the British ocean liner *Lusitania,* taking over 100 American lives in the process. "Our first instinct is to loose the bonds of war," President Faunce told his Brown men in chapel. "Our second thought comes in a series of puzzling and perplexing questions. Is the United States ready to involve itself in war and long periods of slaughter?"

At that moment the answer was no. President Woodrow Wilson resisted the urge to go to war, called for an end to unfettered submarine attacks and attempted to mediate a settlement.

Soon May slipped into June and all of Providence prepared to celebrate Brown's commencement. It seemed as if the entire city and every last Brown alum came out for the two day event. They packed the campus from the Van Wickle Gates to the nameless entrance onto Thayer Street. Best of all, that meant there would be girls, beautifully adorned in bright dresses, with slim waists to hold either during a waltz at one of the fraternity parties, or while snake-dancing[6] down the hill to see Roman candles explode over Providence. Or both.

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[6] There are countless references to the "Snake Dance" in the Brown Daily Herald and Providence Journal although no description exists. It was common during all celebrations by Brown men including graduation and in 1916 when Brown finally beat Harvard in football, 21-0.

As senior class president, McLaughlin gave the first address and then received his degree of Ph.b.[7] For his first job, Faunce capitalized on his leadership, rhetoric and popularity by making him an executive secretary and the first secretary of the Loyalty (alumni) Fund at the tender age of 21. This loyalty fund was not so much a grandiose capital campaign like the Plan for Academic Enrichment, but an appeal for funds to maintain the school, which claimed it cost $200 above tuition to educate each Brown student. McLaughlin's staff included other Brown luminaries such as the great Bill Sprackling, who also went on to assistant coach at Brown after graduation. Over 90 years later, Brown has received two $100 million gifts, but in 1916 one letter[8] sent out to the class of 1912 –perhaps written or sent by Sprackling— chided former classmates for $10.00 a year. "If you think about it, that's just 20 cents a week." In McLaughlin's first year as director, the Loyalty fund's pledges increased over $10,000 from $9,352.88 to $19,426.97 and his class of 1915 dominated the donations.

McLaughlin ascended to the Sayles Hall podium on October 3, 1916 to address the morning's chapel service on behalf of Charles Evan Hughes. Hughes was the former governor of New York, a Brown graduate and Wilson's republican opponent in that year's general election. "We will decorate the Whitehouse with modest Hu(gh)es of Brown," McLaughlin said quoting a fellow alum. "We try at Brown to teach a man to think for himself and once having arrived at a decision to combine intelligence and active service." He attacked Wilson's lack of political awareness, his use of the civil service, the tariffs he imposed and blamed him for losing American lives. Perhaps he was referring to the disastrous engagements with the Mexican bandit Pancho Villa or perhaps instead Germany's continued use of submarine warfare of American ships despite all her promises. Whether for Hughes or for Wilson, McLaughlin wanted to see Brunonians vote. "Let us show the people of Rhode Island that Brown men are awake to the crisis that is approaching," he closed. "Let us show that we have red-blooded American-ism that has made a Brown man worthy of the presidency of the United States."

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[7] Bachelor of Philosophy, which based on McLaughlin's transcript appears to be roughly analogous to today's Bachelor of Arts. Today we would probably consider him an economics major.

[8] Another irony, the draft of McLaughlin's Brown obituary was written on the back of one of these letters.

In early 1917, McLaughlin told President Faunce he would resign his post as an executive secretary. McLaughlin was to return home to Chicago and marry his sweetheart Dorothy Elizabeth Dielhenn on April 11, and then after the honeymoon, it was off to Syracuse, New York where he had accepted a position at the Solvay Processing Company. His successor would be T.B. Appleget[9] a senior at the time and a protégé and friend to McLaughlin. The resignation was not made official, however, until early April.

Just as he was sending out his final letters as the executive secretary of the loyalty fund, a more insidious message made its way into the hands of British code-crackers. The soon-to-be infamous message was decrypted and authenticated by American intelligence. The Germans had feared fresh American[10]troops above all else. Just in case though, German Foreign Secretary Arthur Zimmermann sent an encrypted telegram to the Mexican government.

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[9] Thomas Baird Appleget would also go on to be a Vice President of the University.

[10] Although the military was miniscule at best, the country's population was 100 million.

Should the Mexican government ally itself with the Central Powers, they would receive Texas, New Mexico and Arizona upon final victory. It also suggested Mexico draw Japan onto the side of the Central Powers.

President Wilson released the text of the telegram to the press on March 1. Like a reluctant warrior, America sheathed the sword on the mantelpiece but was ready to clip the weapon to its belt should the need arise. Likewise, Americans simultaneously denied the telegram's legitimacy and began shifting slowly into a more militant mindset. Brown hosted a three-part series of military lectures, the second of which was delivered March 28 in the Brown Union[11] by Captain Everitte S. Chaffee of the Rhode Island National Guard. Chaffee briefed the men on the use of field artillery in what the Brown Daily Herald termed "the game of war." The Captain described how the government had spent millions of dollars refining the accuracy and efficiency of its canons. He also commented that horses were still found to be better than tractors at moving artillery because they did not get stuck as much. He closed his remarks on the efficacy of 15-pound shells from a three-inch gun.[12] "This shell is used primarily to destroy buildings and other inanimate objects. The second class of ammunition is the common shrapnel, which is designed to explode over the heads of horses and men with deadly effects.." The message was clear; America could now engage in endless slaughter like the rest of the world.

The next day, Zimmermann confirmed that he had sent the telegram. Outrage swept across the country, even arousing the passions of President

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[11] We know it better as Faunce House. At the time, it was also the dining hall and often hosted Tuesday night lectures like the one given by Chaffee. see, *Encyclopedia Brunonia*

[12] Inches refer to the diameter of a gun barrel.

Wilson, previously the Princeton pacifist. He explained the situation to a zealous Congress but a still somewhat reticent public that the United States had to go to war, "for the ultimate peace of the world and the liberation of its people," he said. "The world must be made safe for democracy." This paradox, that there could be a war to end war, stuck, even at universities like Brown.

Brown men who had just months before found the thought of war "abhorrent" now called it inevitable and hailed Wilson's speech one of the best in American history. They were ready to serve, "No matter how exacting the price may be."

President Faunce, a slight man who had an almost comical droopy white mustache and liked to wear derby hats, usually possessed a subdued, eloquent tongue. But at the thought of a foreign power inciting America's neighbors to attack, he lashed out.

"We are to fight against a gifted nation that has gone morally insane, a huge, blind, ruthless giant trampling down every free nation it can reach."

Faunce's eyes scanned the Brown men assembled that morning in Sayles Hall.

"You men who are training for the Officers' Reserve Corps on our campus, keep at your task. It may be the best possible way to serve your country, for the country needs officers now more than it needs anything else."

The consensus among historians is that President Wilson had little concept of what America actually needed for the war, a fact that came much to the chagrin of the British and the French. But Wilson and America learned quickly. Over 400 universities, including Brown, became de facto military camps.

Dormitories were emptied of their furnishings and filled with cots to make barracks. Brown had not seen such a transformation since University Hall had been turned into a hospital by the French during the American Revolution. Now Brunonians planned to return the favor.[13]

The University switched to a full-year, three-term schedule. There was a Brown Battalion, a naval unit and the R.O.T.C. transformed into the Student Army Training Corps. 263 men left outright to serve in the armed services and Brown's total registration dropped by about the same amount.[14] The curriculum suffered changes the likes of which it would not see again for 50 years.[15] Courses in military science were added and other mainstays dropped. "The professions of law, theology and art valuable as they are in peace," Dean Otis E. Randall said, "are now of no value compared with the profession of warfare. If any able-bodied man here is not working to prepare for war service … he should be in the trenches rather than here." The day started with Reveille in the morning, ended with Taps at night and slacker became a dirty word. Even playing football came second to drilling.

Every day drills and exercises took place on Lincoln Field beneath the watchful, bronzen gaze of Marcus Aurelius on horseback. Aurelius had himself led legions into the Rhineland and the men he looked upon now looked more like a legionary phalanx[16] than trench warriors. Two lines of men wearing olive green uniforms complete with leggings[17] held out their rifles like the bristles of a porcupine. The front line lay on its stomach while the backline kneeled and six officers-to-be stood in the back of the formation, hands behind their backs. Most wore grins. None truly understood what they would have faced an ocean away.[18]

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[13] The legend goes that when the first troops landed in France in late 1917 General John Pershing said, "Lafayette, we are here!"

[14] Somewhere in the neighborhood of 200 even.

[15] I am of course referring to the New Curriculum first espoused in 1969, the same year that was or less the death knell of the R.O.T.C. although those in the program continued on until 1972.

[16] I'm being a bit anachronistic here, the phalanx had been phased out centuries before.

Almost a year later on October 1, 1918 President Faunce conducted the Student Army Training Corps and Naval Unit into the military alongside generals and with the greatest fanfare. Not a patch of grass could be seen between what was then Rockefeller Hall[19] (later to be renamed Faunce House) and Sayles Hall through the crowd of men in suits and fedoras and the occasional female onlooker. By then McLaughlin and his comrades were already in Europe, fighting for their lives.

When the War came, McLaughlin discarded his job prospects and left behind his wife, who may have been expecting[20] their first and only son at that time to enlist at the officer's camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. That summer of 1917 he earned the commission of First Lieutenant and on December 16 he was assigned to Company D of the 314th Field Artillery, a unit of hardy men from Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Virginia and officers spanning the continent from Plainfield, New Jersey to San Francisco, California.

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[17] They were given the "privilege" of $14 toward their uniforms which cost $19 without shoes. Between the government shift and the decrease in enrollment, Brown was operating at a $50,000 deficit. The Loyalty fund gave up more than a year of pledges, $27,000, to help and appealed to donors saying, "We at Brown are at war both at the front and behind the front."

[18] The unit was supposed to go "over there" in November. The armistice "upset" all of those plans. Ultimately though, the men of Brown decided they were better off.

[19] Also the Brown Union, and the building that would be named after Faunce himself.

[20] These records would most likely be accessible in Illinois. From Rhode Island it is difficult without a birthday. Because he was stationed in officer's camp in Illinois they could have theoretically conceived a child after he entered the service.

Artillery units trained on whatever blighted fields the military could find for target practice. Often they were not long enough and shells had to be short-fired. One soldier in another artillery company described his training ground as "a desolate wilderness of sand and scrub oak and famous for nothing but our great national bird, the mosquito."

The 314th trained during the spring of 1918 and its division, the 80th, received orders to head to France on May 10. They set out from Norfolk on May 26th and resumed its training in Redon, France, during the wee hours of June 13th. Redon was an otherwise sleepy town with a population somewhere between five and seven thousand. To the Americans it would have had all the charm expected of an old world village; closely packed with ornate wooden houses, narrow streets and the steeple of a Catholic church rising over the rooftops.

For two months, the Americans continued to train in Redon. Exercises included foot drills, gas drills, gun drills, canon setting-up drills, signaling drills and swimming. They received their horses and other supplies in late June. McLaughlin was promoted to Captain and in late July, he was given the command of Battery D. He soon earned the respect of his fellow officers and battery-mates who described him as "a very earnest and conscientious and efficient commander." His freshmen football mates might have described him much the same way.

On August 8th, the unit hiked to another locale and continued firing exercises for another four weeks. From September 13th to the 25th they were shuttled around via boxcar trains and hiked ever closer to the front. At first they admired the both familiar and foreign flora and fauna of the French countryside. But the view became less picturesque in cities closer to the front. As Chaffee had predicted in his talk at Brown, shells had carried out their disastrous effects on French cities. Entire towns decayed into ruins not unlike those found at some ancient village in Rome or Greece or Asia Minor where the forum has been sacked by vandals or time and all that stands are the stumps of columns and the vestiges of an old civilization. Only this rubble was no more than four years old. The logistics in the surrounding area were a disaster. Tractors might not have been as maneuverable as horses, but when commanders looked for roads they saw on maps all they found were scattered stones. They then realized the roads they were looking for had been shelled into oblivion two or three times over and when it rained, they became slosh pits.

As it headed northeast, Battery D could see the red flashes of the guns at the front off in the distance and hear the shells crash. On September 24th, they paused at Camp Gallieni for what would be their last rest before the armistice. The next day they took up a position the French had vacated nearly two years earlier. That night blaring gas sirens frequently interrupted the men's sleep and a German shell found its way into a tent, wounding a private. They were only too happy to open up the Meuse-Argone Offensive the next day, or what they described as THE BARRAGE.

The Meuse-Argonne Offensive began at 5:30 a.m. on September 26 and would ultimately spell victory for the Allied Expeditionary Forces less than fifty days later. The objective was to take the Germans' rail hub at Sedan. If the American Expeditionary Force alongside the French and British could take the hub, it would cut off the Hun's supplies to its lines in Southwest France. But between the allied forces stationed northwest of Verdun and the railroad hub lay the pock-marked, barbed-wired infested No Man's Land and four German lines, the first of which was the seemingly impregnable Hindenburg line that stretched 100 miles across the Western Front. Three kilometers north of the German lines, past the moonscape of more devastated French villages, past underbrush and rolling hills choked by more barbed wire sat the 1,000 foot high citadel of Montfaucon d'Argonne. When historians and the movies tell of the Great War's horrors, the trenches, the smells of chlorine gas and death, the sound of shells and the crude propellers of early airplanes, this is it. With all these defenses, the Germans had every right to think their position that their position at Montfaucon was invincible.

That was the 80th division's target. The middle of three units, it would support the infantry attacking the position. In less than two days, the Americans stormed Montfaucon in a shower of fire and steel, achieving what the British and French had failed to do for four years. One of the architects of the plan, Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, mused after the war, "Rarely have I seen anything more carefully or completely planned and prepared than the beginning of the battle of the Meuse-Argonne."

Chaos ensued. Even though the Americans had pushed the front up by 11 kilometers, they were unable to supply it because the units to the west of the 80th had not had nearly as much success overcoming the blend of engineering and natural defenses in the Argonne Forest. It seemed the Americans could conquer whatever manmade barriers they faced but not Mother Nature. British, French and American leaders squabbled over what to do next as rain began to pour over the battlefield and expose the clay beneath the topsoil, making it that much harder to supply the lines let alone keep up the offensive. Members of Battery D described their food as going A.W.O.L.

A tough order came down to McLaughlin's likely hungry troops in the middle of one of those rainy nights less than two weeks into the offensive. The batteries were told to get into position and lay down a barrage in front of the infantry. The orders were not so much irrational as they were impossible. The men themselves had little idea where they were and moving entire artillery batteries into position is never an easy task. It requires wide roads and solid platforms in the best of daylight conditions. Instead they were cramped by the woods, blinded by the dark and soaked by the rain without any targeting information. One might think that whatever jingoist notions of American-ism McLaughlin had cherished to that point, would have slipped into the mud outside the Argonne Forest. But McLaughlin and Battery E's Captain Clarence Brown propped up a poncho and crawled underneath with flashlights and maps to figure out the situation. They did not even have a place to put down their maps in the sludge. Despite the impossible demands of their superiors, American soldiers took the Argonne Forest.

McLaughlin's brother James, also a soldier in the A.E.F., would write a letter to Brown of his brother's experiences. "There will be a great deal more heard," he said, "of individuals and small units succeeding by their force of spirit and much less of the 'perfectly organized machine' the papers write about so glibly."

On October 12, the battalion prepared to move again, but there was a problem. The 314th had been under heavy gas attacks and both the major and the adjutant had been gassed. Capt. Brown had the flu, which was sweeping through the ranks and rivaling machine guns and shells as the front's most lethal killer. Nevertheless, he held his post when Regimental Headquarters called telling him to take charge of the battalion.

"All right," Brown replied. And fainted.

That left the task of moving the batteries of the 314th on the shoulders of McLaughlin, a junior captain. Regimental Headquarters called again the next day, October 13. The order was to move forward in the daylight along a road. In terms of moving equipment, it was an easier task than in the Argonne Forest, but the company would also be an easier target. Forward agents called it impossible. McLaughlin mounted his horse and went out along the road with a small detachment to see the conditions and his battalion for himself.

After riding for a short pace, McLaughlin consulted with his section chiefs as to the best course of action. Unbeknownst to him, the Germans were about to start shelling their position.

McLaughlin left the other officers and continued his review of the battalion. Soldier and steed galloped down the road, alone with just the trees to bear witness to what happened next. A shell whizzed overhead and exploded. Just as Chaffee predicted, it spewed shrapnel upon man and horse to fatal effect. Hot shell fragments hurtled toward McLaughlin like the spray of pellets from a shot gun, only larger. Neither McLaughlin nor his horse had time to evade the deadly darts and one fragment of hot metal bore into McLaughlin's stomach. If the combination of the wound and the blast's concussion failed to knock McLaughlin unconscious, he may have wished that it had. Then again, if he was not unconscious he may have wanted to get back on his horse.

Medics rushed to his aid and carried him off to an ambulance. As they transferred him on a stretcher, McLaughlin turned his face to Capt. Norman Kane, "Captain, I'll be back soon," he said. The men of Company D, tough men from areas of coal-mining stock, could only stand by as their captain was carted off. Capt. McLaughlin died less than 24 hours later on October 14 in the A.E.F mobile hospital at Fleury. He was the only captain in the 314th Field Artillery to die in World War I.

The day McLaughlin died his comrades at arms crossed the Hindenburg Line starting what might have been a complete implosion for the Germans. The Allies and Central Powers agreed to an armistice on November 11, 1918 and in the wee hours of a Providence morning whatever residents were awake grabbed the loudest noisemakers they could find.

On the Wednesday chapel before Thanksgiving, President Faunce took the pulpit, looked out over the men assembled in Sayles whose military training would soon draw to an end, and prophesied. "Victory brings problems," he said. "always more problems than defeat brings, undreamed of difficulties; the expectation of friends, the desire of enemies."

Epilogue

Almost two years later, Colonel George A. Taylor, class of 1901 wrote a letter to President Faunce. Brown Alumni Magazine ran the letter next to a picture of the white cross over McLaughlin's grave along the Meuse River in France. "My mind conjures up the picture of your former secretary," it went, "Captain Rowland Hazard McLaughlin, standing in the old Brown gym clean-limbed as a Greek athlete…His was to fall gloriously at the head of Field Artillery."

T.B. Appleget forwarded the article to McLaughlin's mother. He included a note that read, "Rowland's picture hangs in our office. His memory seems to hover about the building. It is almost impossible for me to pass a single day without meeting some reminder of his work here."

Another two years later, the grave that Taylor photographed was empty. The French mistakenly sent Capt. Rowland Hazard McLaughlin's body back to the United States where it now resides (presumably) not far from his grandfather James Angell in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Appleget had many correspondences with the McLaughlin family, particularly A.C. who never lost his faith in the justice of the American cause in the Great War despite his son Rowland's death. On the contrary, he wanted his place on the arch to specifically read "Killed in Action" among other information. Appleget kindly replied that he did not think that all of that information would fit on the Gateway. McLaughlin's name, rank and place of death are still there on the left side of the monument albeit faded by almost ninety years of increasingly acidic rain. President Faunce would likely say that it is a privilege bestowed by men like McLaughlin upon the students of Brown that they may worry more about the rain than their freedom.

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    Military portraits (repeated in Providence Journal and file folders)
        Caption: promoted to Captain July 1918
1-E World War I
    1, 2
    Lafayette Escadrille

Scrapbooks
11:92 Brown University Freshman Debater
13:7 Brown University Debater (Photo)
    Brown Men Will Debate To-Night, Providence Journal, March 12, 1914
13:10 Named captain of swimming team
    Brown Swimmers Choose McLaughlin as Leader, Providence Journal, April 16, 1914

13: 50 Professor H.F. Micoleau to front
Henri F. Micoleau, Brown Instructor, French Officer, Providence Journal,
August 6, 1914
13:54 McLaughlin off the football team
Brown Football Players Swelter, Providence Journal, September 17, 1914
13: 64 Elected Class President
R.H. McLaughlin Made Brown Senior President, Providence Journal, October 3, 1914
13:68 Presidential Celebration
Seniors to Celebrate Election of President, Providence Journal, October 5, 1914

13:131 Wins Class of 1880 Prize
Prize Discussion on Honor System, Providence Journal, December 10, 1914
13: 165 Micoleau confirmed dead
Death of Prof. Micoleau Confirmed by Comrade, Providence Journal, March 20, 1915
14:31 Delivers Commencement Address (photo)
June 14, 1915, Providence Journal
Brown Class Day Speakers For To-Day's Campus Exercises
Senior Festivities on Campus To-Day
14:217 Delivers lecture
Hughes Campaign Talk At Brown Chapel Service, Providence Journal October 4, 1916
15:35 Resigns
T.B. Appleget Executive Secretary at University, Providence Journal, April 2, 1917
15:164 Death of (photo), Death of
'Pinky' McLaughlin Is Dead Overseas, Providence Journal, November 9, 1918
15:217 Necrology (photo)

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