

LETTERS RECEIVED FROM LT. COLONEL JOHN MCCRAE, DECEMBER 1913 TO
CHRISTMAS, 1917

The first letter received was postmarked December 6, 1913, Montreal, Quebec.

"My dear Miss Lewis

Your birthday letter was a very pleasant surprise, and the only letter of good wishes I got, save the attentions of my immediate family. Your kind remarks about the book were much appreciated, but I was surprised that I had not put that also "in the shop window;" the trebly-to-be-cursed thing is at the moment demandingⁿ a second edition, and that means trouble, I assure you.

I have had a busy but uneventful autumn; poor Dr. White has had quite a severe illness, and has been in bed for nearly two months; he seems now on the high road to health. Dr. Adami has just come back from Winnipeg and is off again, to Denver this time. I, on the contrary, seem chained to my staple. I may go somewhere in the holidays, but duties loom large enough here.

Forgive the brevity of this, and believe me when I say that your letter was a real pleasure.

With kind regards, and all good wishes,

Yours very truly

John McCrae

160 Metcalf Street

Montreal

The book to which Dr. McCrae refers is the Textbook of Pathology, by Adami and McCrae; Lea and Febiger, Publishers.

In Flanders,

April 8, 1915

My dear Miss Lewis;

I was very pleased to get your letter which just arrived this afternoon; I would have dropped you a note before this, but I left my address book at home and I had forgotten the collegiate address. You will be surprised perhaps to learn that I have been soldiering for 8 months past. I sailed for Havre on July 29th, thinking that war would blow over, off Newfoundland we got the news, and after wandering much over the seas we got to the Thames. It was a stirring voyage, but time does not allow. As soon as I landed I cabled back to my old fellow subaltern who was the Director of Artillery; after a couple of weeks I got back his answer that I had been posted back to our old regiment with my old rank, Major, and I went back to Canada at once, joined at Valcartier, and was back in England by the middle of October. My job is on the staff of the 1st Brigade of Field Artillery. We have about 900 men, 750 horses, 18 guns (now in four batteries of 4 guns each). We had a terribly hard winter in England, the rainiest in 30 years, and were under canvas till early in January. Early in February we came over and went into the firing line at once, where we have been ever since. And it is a stern job and a terrible war. For a solid month our guns were in action all the time, for with modern gunnery we fire at night as easily as by day, tho one can not observe ones fire.

A brigade such as ours goes into the firing line and the batteries are estimated to cover perhaps a mile of the German trenches. Guns are put into pits to shelter them and covered over from the aeroplanes. Away forward in a ruined house or in some elevated place is the observing officer. Telephones connect all the batteries, the observation posts

the brigade headquarters, and back to the army corps headquarters. In our little farmhouse at our last position we had a central with 18 wires, 25 miles of wire; we carry about 35 telephonists. The guns can not see the target and are laid by trigonometrical instruments and the magnetic compass. If run at speed on known ranges, the brigade can fire about 150 rounds per minute. So much for modern gunnery. Several times a day the Germans would shell some part of our area, but we have had so far a light casualty list.

Three weeks ago we had our small part in a large fight, one might call it a battle without affectation, of which you probably know the name if you follow the papers. We were on the left flank, and our job was merely to keep our opponents so busy that they could not reinforce the line where the attack was made. The village from which the battle takes its name was about three miles to our right front. The fight continued for four days, from the 10th of March on, and although the censor does not allow us to state losses, I see the American papers and the Canadian papers put ours into five figures, while the Germans are said to have lost 18,000 exclusive of prisoners. Think of a battle like that, bigger than many great battles of history, and in this war only the incident of a week.

I wish I could describe the country; lowlying, flat, marshy, and desolated. Villages in utter ruins, churches especially, because the steeples serve for observation posts, deserted for the most part, fire having usually completed what shells left. Farmhouses in many cases destroyed, or if still standing loopholed and sandbagged; the long rows of high trees and the fields and roads, often holed by shells, and in the last two weeks the daisies and the daffodils, all very pretty and peaceful; but the guns go all the time; and everywhere graves, graves,

graves. After a battle such as I spoke of, our regiments are busy burying the German dead as well as our own, much of it done by filling in the trenches already half destroyed. It is said that there never has been such artillery fire in the course of the world's history as in this action.

But with it all, it is not an unhappy life, if a very unsafe one. We are comfortable, well if roughly fed, and have lots of fresh air. Cleanliness is a trifle difficult at times.

Before I left one of my rich friends gave me a horse, an Irish hunter called "Bonfire," half the time he gets "Gunfire," and he is a perfect pet. Each parcel I get from home has a couple of lumps of sugar for him, and when sugar runs out as it soon does, he is very grateful for a piece of gingerbread; but these are rare luxuries. My groom just loves him. Yesterday Bonfire had a mishap, he got his leg and his neck damaged. When my man came in this morning he said, "Bonfire's better. Yesterday he was just like a baby, wanted to be petted all day, but this morning he was biting me again when I was grooming him." I may say that this biting is merely a conventional game between them. Bonfire is a big chestnut and I think him very handsome.

This is a long letter, but I know it will interest you, most of it, at least.

One has to suppress all local color in the shape of names and military information; what I have said of procedure and gunnery is common to all armies in the field, and does not challenge censorship.

The McGill Hospital cabled me to ask if I would take the job of being head of the medical side with the rank of Lt Col. I accepted on condition of not joining until they were in the field. If I am spared, I shall probably go over to them, but they won't be here for some time, yet. As to the end of the war, I never give any thought to it, for

what is the use? I suppose it will go on for a year or two more and be worse before it is better. Nor have I let myself make any plans ahead. However, I am a firm believer in the old adage that a man is immortal till his work is done.

Thank you for your letter. Should you care to drop a note in answer, address Major J. McC, 1st Canadian artillery brigade, Expeditionary Force, France. It requires French postage (5 c.) but not registration.

With all good wishes for a happy holiday, and that you may find your family safe and well,

Yours very truly

John McCrae

N. France

May 15, '15

My dear Miss Lewis

Very many thanks for your letter and for the parcel which came today. It was all delicious, I assure you, and I am very grateful for it. Bon-fire thanks you, too, for his contribution. He got two slight wounds at the terrible battle of Ypres or of the Yser, but is now alright, I am glad to say. We had a terrible 17 days, hard, terrible fighting all the time; we never had our boots off, even, during that time, let alone our clothes; when the French line broke on the 22d April, we were three miles behind on our way in. We waited for orders all night, while the French fleeing and wounded and the civilians from Ypres, women and children, streamed past us. At dawn we were sent in on the gallop and went far up towards the German lines to a spot on the canal, and there we sat for all that time. For the first 8 days we were with the French, and for the latter 9 we were firing across our own front in support of our

own troops. The Germans in tremendous strength and very strong artillery kept hammering at us all the time, and when we were not supporting French attacks we were repelling German attacks, and on Sunday the ninth there were five. I am proud to say we held the line and gave not one inch. We suffered heavily in men, horses and guns, but I know we gave better than we got, and the German casualties on our 8 miles of front (for we were only a mile or so from the city of Ypres) were enormous, and our holding enabled the French to go forward so splendidly on the 9th below LaBassee. Ours was not the showy part of the show, but we are tremendously proud of the splendid work our men and horses did. You will realize that for artillery we suffered when I say that our casualties were about half the men in the fighting line (i.e. with the guns.) The rest have to stay farther back with the horses and ammunition. The shelling was constant and terrible; every day and throughout three nights, besides more or less intermittent, during many of the other nights. We got steeped in the "horrors of war," so called. I had to say the service for the dead and bind up the living, British, Canadian, French, and even Algerian. One Turco recited a prayer about Allah and Muhammed all the time I was dressing his wound.

Forgive the irregular and mixed up nature of this; we are hardly rested yet for we got out on Sunday night and were back in the fighting line (elsewhere) last night again. However, it is quieter here.

Many thanks for your kindness; it is much appreciated.

Yours very truly

John McCrae

France

May 31st, 1915

My dear Miss Lewis;

No, your parcel did not go astray, and its counterpart arrived safely

two days ago, (also the letter), and was just as welcome as the other ones. We ate the sweets and Bonfire thanks you very much. Did I tell you when I wrote last that he was slightly wounded at Ypres late in April. Since writing you in response to the other parcel, we have had again almost continuous action and we are near the right of the British line in a hot enough corner. We have had fighting 31 out of the last 39 days. We have not had our clothes off for the last eight. We are living once more in the open (in dugouts, in fact) near a ruined house pretty close up to the Germans. A little ahead of us is ground we have taken from the Germans, and it is (or was when we came here) a scene of war. The dead sat around in ruined trenches as if they were still alive, or lay out in horrid grotesqueness; hundreds were scarcely buried or only partly so, rifles, jackets, helmets and all sorts of litter lay in disorder. The flies buzzed suggestively and the stench of 3 days old battle hung over everything. It is a very terrible war.

You say you are a pacifist but you did not define the term. I greatly dislike fighting, for my own part, but here I would do nothing else. Here everybody wants peace but nobody has any idea of making it except in the one way of killing Germans---a very terrible but very simple and significant thought. I could go further and say that a thousand average men here taken at random and in the presence of hourly danger are living (in spite of profanity) cleaner and more spiritual lives in body and soul than a thousand citizens picked similarly at random in a country at peace. I feel sure that I am speaking the truth in this, I think it is one of the few blessings of war, but it is a great one. This does not bear upon what you said at all, it is just a connected thought. In the presence of danger that may take your life at any minute, opinions or points of view, pacifist or militarist, do not seem to matter at all: and a lot of things that one usually bothers about drop into utter insignificance. For example, everybody here gets news-

papers and magazines from time to time, and nobody has the patience to read them. Things like the Bible and Shakespeare pass the test but the drivel that passes current seems to disgust even the Tommy. It is a strange psychological state. Perhaps, owing to that, I have scarcely seen three poems since I have been here that are worth one reading. The war has not yet succeeded in raising the poet and perhaps never will. The current verse seems more than ever below contempt. Since I began to write, eight or ten (probably 100 pound) shells have fallen a comfortable distance of 5 or 600 yards to the South. The day before yesterday we got a terrific dusting; in an hour and 50 minutes they put over 230 shells (from 45 lbs to 100 lbs weight) into an area of 200 yards square: 6 or 7 landed in the little garden in which we live, but thanks to good dugouts none of us were hit. They did a lot of damage nevertheless. I wrote you some particulars of our 17 days in the battle of Ypres. No one seems to know just how many fresh troops Germany put on our five mile front at Ypres, but we know of 2 army corps and some have said half a million. The battle lasted 21 days (Ap. 22 to May 13), and the casualties on both sides I see are estimated at 210,000, about half of those in the entire Civil War. Certainly the scale of things here dwarfs any previous knowledge of warfare.

I have got orders to join my new corps and shall go back to report when my successor arrives. My next address will be No. 3 General Hospital, Canadian Expeditionary Force (no country address needed, either England or France will answer). I am also, I hear, to be a Lieut. Colonel, which is beside the mark again. Should I get safely back, I know I will miss the life at the front, trying tho it is, but I shall be glad for my people's sake, for they can not but worry over the danger of this existence.

Forgive the rambling nature of this discourse; the shortbread and bis-

culits were a great treat and I am deeply grateful to you. At hospital I shall not need supplies, for they are procurable there.

With all kind regards,

believe me,

Yours very truly

John McCrae

France

August 26, '15

My dear Miss Lewis

You must have had a very fine trip to the West. I suppose by this time you are back to prepare for the term. We, on the other hand, are setting our looks forward to a winter under canvas in a very bleak spot. It will likely be pretty bad.

I can't say that I like the life here as well as at the front, though it is much safer, and my family like it better on that account. Nor does it strike me that the work is necessarily of any higher a grade, for I attach a good deal of importance to the work of helping to destroy Germans. You yourselves are having a bad enough time of it at present, I am afraid, it is so serious a thing for a nation to go to war that it is not to be done lightly. But there is no doubt that, if we do not defeat Germany, your turn will come next. Strange to say, I do not see much desire here on anyone's part that the U. S. should come in; they are afraid that the pro-peace and pro German party would try to get favorable terms for Germany: and if the U. S. were in the war, they might have some right to speak as participants; while as outsiders, they will have none. My own feeling is that, if there is a declaration of war, Germany will "get to" the U. S. in some way or other, with the result that you as a

nation will soon be as belligerent as all the belligerents. Bitter is not the exact word; determined represents the idea better, for there is only one voice that I ever hear, viz., that the job is to be done thoroughly if it takes our whole lifetimes.

The hospital is running smoothly and quietly. Our trains come in chiefly at night, and are not very frequent of late. I made a personal appeal to Headquarters to be allowed to keep my dear old friend Bonfire, for an order had come that our horses were to be turned in. I made it on sentimental grounds, and it was allowed. So I am very happy over that, at least.

We have a Harvard hospital next door to us here, and we are elated that we have been able to do them up at baseball twice, from which you gather that life is not all seriousness.

Many thanks for your letter, and good wishes,

Yours very truly

John McCrae

France

Dec. 31, 15

My dear Miss Lewis,

Thank you for your letter of the end of September, too long unanswered, and for the little booklet-so beautifully printed- on the Dolomites. You have a very happy knack of description, I assure you. Your letter was a welcome tribute to a good cause, because I know that you are near to the great stronghold of the German-Americans. For my own part, I have a sentiment of the rightness of the Allied cause that is quite apart from the facts that my reason tells me; and I suppose that such feelings or faiths are great assets. Germany must surely day by day begin to see what a grim proposition she has laid out for herself. I sincerely hope nothing happens to the Kaiser. I want him to live and to see and feel

to the uttermost what he has done to his beloved Germany.

This is very near to the end of 1915, and I must say I have no hopes of getting home in 1916; but if 1917 goes by also I shall begin to think it is time to get home. When all is said, 1915 has been a pretty good year to us.

It is still raining; in fact it has rained nearly every day for many weeks including even Xmas day; there was a time when we would have said "A green Yule and a fat kirkyard" but knowing that the kirkyard is fat already it scarcely matters. However, we had a very merry Christmas. On the day before we decorated the huts, holly and misletoe grow abundantly here, and the waits came around and sang "Hark the herald angels," "While shepherds watched," "O little town of Bethlehem." In the afternoon the sisters of a nearby hospital gave a concert and sang a lot of the old fashioned carols, "King Wenceslas," and one that was new to me, a very beautiful one, was sung by a quartet of professionals who are over singing for the troops; "The Holly and the Ivy."

The holly has a pricker

As sharp as any thorn,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ

Upon the Christmas morn.

and so on in the same quaint way.

On Christmas Day the officers mess invited the 30 sisters who are in camp to dinner, and the tables were really beautiful. After dinner we danced in one of the huts and on Christmas Day we had service and Christmas hymns which the sisters had practiced. Altogether, it was great fun: for my own part, I could not help going back to last Christmas at New Copse Farm on Salisbury Plains. We sang the same songs, but a lot of those poor chaps are now "by wi' it" as the Scotch say.

I enclose you a copy of some verses I had in "Punch" of Dec. 8th: a

literary friend of mine wrote me saying that he had recognized them as mine, though they were unsigned, which I took to be very flattering praise.

I hear from home that my Father, all his life a keen military man, is now raising the 43d Battery of Field Artillery; he is past 70 but looks 55, and is greatly pleased at his chance. He volunteered for any service the day after war broke out.

Our life here in the country goes on quietly. My dear old Bonfire and I ride ^{all} around the country side between rain showers, and we do not lack the beauty of a winter landscape. We lately had a wreck on our shores, and the beach is pathetically strewn with all the intimate fittings peculiar to ships. I am still tenting, but with a small oil stove for very cold snaps I am really comfortable enough.

My very good wishes for a happy New Year, and thanks for your kind Christmas remembrance.

Yours very truly

John McCrae

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

Punch, Dec. 8, 1915: p. 468.

Jan. 3, 1917

no. 3 Canadian General Hospital

My dear Miss Lewis

Thank you for the charming holidays sketch, which I greatly enjoyed, and on which I offer you my congratulations. You certainly have a fine light "touch" with the pen.

We are hard at work; and have had a pretty bad winter from a weather standpoint; it is cruelly cold at times, always damp, and rain and sleet are very common; today it is snow and slush. I hope I never see a tent again, save in summer time. We have been short handed, and have had a good deal of sickness among the staff, which is hardly to be wondered at, as the duration of the campaign is wearing. I was laid off for a fortnight in November, my first illness since the war began, I am thankful to say.

Everybody here seems greatly pleased at the Allies reply to the President. It was evident that the note was not welcomed, and people are glad that everybody may know (if only they will believe it) that this is to be to a finish; no selfrespecting powers surely could accept these terms (of the Allies)) until compelled to because they could fight no longer, and the hope is that Germany will carry on, because men now free-

ly express the idea (which one never heard six months ago) that when the Allies get done with Germany her own mother will not know her. But this can clearly not happen until the summer of 1917 has accounted for another two or three million men, which it is quite certain to do. The trend of opinion among soldiers is that this will be the end of notes until the war is won by fighting. Everybody believes in Wilson's sincerity, and also in his utter powerlessness in this matter. I hope I do not hurt your feelings (which did tend somewhat to pacifism, did they not?) by my ideas. Fortunately, the answer to all American proposals has come best from Abraham Lincoln. One French paper answered Wilson's note paragraph by paragraph, with quotations from Lincoln; it was a very clever bit of journalism.

We all wish that Spring would hurry, for fuel is not too plentiful, and winter gives us much discomfort. Bonfire is very well, and sends his respects.

All good wishes for a happy '17.

Yours very truly

John McCrae

3 Canadian Gen. H.

24 June '17

My dear Miss Lewis

Many thanks indeed for the parcel which arrived safely: you can hardly imagine how welcome sweets are; and I regret that the sugar shortage (though not want) leads to Bonfire getting his very much on the instalment plan.

Your letter gave me great pleasure, for it has been hard for me, since the war began, to realize that anybody would be denying what we know in

every fibre of our souls to be facts. I am glad that your University is entering so thoroughly into the affairs of war, and viewing the question so seriously., for it is a big job still, though I have never wavered in my beliefs as to the end. We have three or four of the Amer. units within twenty miles of us: there are some I already know, and some others I have met. Some of them still possess the point of view of measuring this war by the Civil War: but I feel (as a careful reader of war history for many years) that this war has set new standards in so many ways that no war previous to this is much of a guide. Most of the units I speak of are at work, the British authorities having displaced their own personnel to make room for them. Later on, I suppose, they will put up their own hospitals. I may run across the N.W. one if I am at their base.

Our own work is rather light this week: lighter than it has been since early April. We have had some beautiful weather lately, tho the last week has had a lot of rain and some very cool days. I grudge cool days in summer, for I like the heat and hate the cold.

The pictures are very beautiful and remind me of a long ago life that I seemed to have forgotten. Your buildings are certainly very beautiful.

I sent a postal with Bonfire's picture, which hardly does him justice, for he is a handsome chap: he hardly looks the \$800.00 that my friend paid for him in 1913: but apart from the dollars, he has a beautiful disposition, and has many close friends here. My dogs (not mine at all save by adoption) are well: Bonneau the setter is quite O.K. and Mike the pup having lost the sight of one eye, has since broken his leg, and is only now going around the stable in a gentlemanly-invalid sort of way. They are a great comfort to me. Bonneau goes around the wards with me and sits down gravely by each bed to which I am called by my work. The

men are always glad to see him and he accepts their attentions with a grave dignity. A Heaven into which fellows like Bonfire and Bonneau cannot go will look imperfect to me, if I think as I do now.

However, on this subject I may bore you sadly. Thank you again for your kindness and the sweets, and your letter.

Yours very truly

John McCrae

Mailed on June 18, 1917, was a postal card with the message:

"Kind thanks for the present which safely arrived: this is the recipient, Bonfire, who sends his bests." The reverse of the card is a photograph of Major McCrae's beloved horse, Bonfire, who stands in ground in which stakes have been driven to hold the tent in the background. Bonfire has a white mark on his forehead, is well proportioned, and his eyes and ears are alert as if he was watching some one he knew well. There are bandages around the fetlocks of his two hind feet.

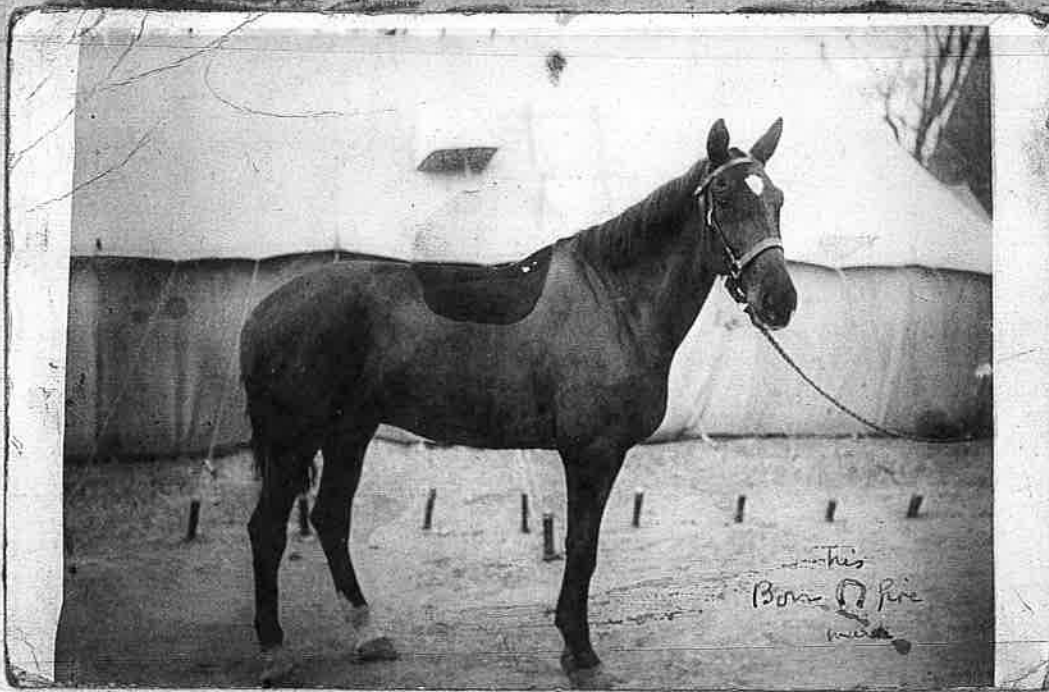
Major McCrae has sketched in the right foreground Bonfire's signature;

his
Bon fire
mark

The last message received was a season's greeting bearing the words; "With Hearty Greetings and all Good Wishes for Christmas and the New Year." On the opposite page of the greeting is a reproduction of a photograph of "No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) 1917-1918." Major McCrae is seated in the center of the middle of 3 rows of men, his Staff. All carry canes or swagger sticks. Two rows of red and white twisted silk bind the four pages together.

Major McCrae died of double pneumonia with massive cerebral infec-

tion on Monday morning, January 18, 1918, and was buried on the 29th at Wimereux, France.



That is the last communication which I received from Lt. Colonel John McCrae, for he died of double pneumonia at half past one on Monday morning, January 28, 1918, in the no. 14 General Hospital at Wimereux. The funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon, January 29, at the cemetery in Wimereux. According to the account given in a book published in 1919 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, called "In Flanders Fields and Other Poems by Lieut. Col. John McCrae, M.D., with an Essay on Character by Sir Andrew Macphail" we learn that Bonfire went first in the funeral procession, led by two grooms, and was decked in the regulation white ribbon, then a hundred nursing sisters, personnel from the Hospital, followed by Colonel Elder and Sir Bertrand Dawson, with all officers from the Base. We quote, "It was a springtime day, and those who have passed all those winters in France and in Flanders will know how lovely the springtime may be." So we may leave him, "on this sunny slope, facing the sunset and the sea," wrote one of the nurses to a friend.

radiator to smallest screw, and is not dependent upon outside help to make repairs. She is so much in love with her work that steady duty with but a half-day off every ten days does not seem a hardship.

*

A POET SOLDIER

THE LITERARY DIGEST says that the late Colonel John McCrae has expressed as no other man in this war the vital message of the dead. Before the war Dr. McCrae was unknown as a poet. Now his memory is revered wherever the English language is read. His poem, "In Flanders' Fields" is generally well known, but many of our readers have not read the other, "The Anxious Dead". We append both:

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing
on!
(These fought their fight in time of bitter
fear
And died not knowing how the day had
gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky
afar!
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make
war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard
their call;
That we have sworn and will not turn
aside;
That we will onward till we win or fall;
That we will keep the faith for which
they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwraught in silence
deep—
Shall greet in wonderment the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their
sleep.



Colonel John McCrae



In Flanders' Fields

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns' below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
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Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.



EUROPEAN TOURS

AND

CORRESPONDENCE WITH COL JOHN McCRAE

Eleanor spent several of her summer vacations touring Europe. The first tour seems to have been made in 1903 and continued until the beginning of World War 1 - 1914. These tours were made with other young college women from Northwestern with Eleanor acting as guide, or director, of the trips. She kept a scrapbook record of these tours. This scrapbook is preserved in the Bay County, Florida, Public Library.

During the 1913 tour, she had an especially enjoyable experience - a drive through the Dolomites. This drive through the beautiful scenery of the South Tyrol she wrote up and published in a charming little booklet which she gave to her friends. A copy of this booklet, "A Drive Through the Dolomites", is included here. With it are the pictures she took on this drive.

It was on the 1913 tour, also, that she met on shipboard Dr. John McCrae who, a few years later, became internationally known as the author of "In Flanders Field". Eleanor and Dr. McCrae found they had much in common and their interests and out-look on many problems were congenial and a friendship developed. Several of his letters are included here.

After the tragic death of Dr. , now Col., McCrae, Eleanor typed his letters and wrote a brief sketch of his work and death. This also is included and with it a memorial book which was published after his death. Also included are a few other poems of Col McCrae's.



On shipboard - 1913

LETTERS OF COL. JOHN McCRAE TO MISS ELEANOR LEWIS

3963

8

B

B

25 JUN 17

25 JUN 17

7

On active service

His Majesty's Service.

X

15 JAN 17

Miss Eleanor F. Lewis

ARI

15

5 On active service

On His Majesty's Service

26 AUG 15

Miss Eleanor F. Lewis



may 31 On active service



Miss Eleanor F. Lewis



On active service

April 8, 1915

Miss Eleanor F. Lewis

Pearson's Hall.

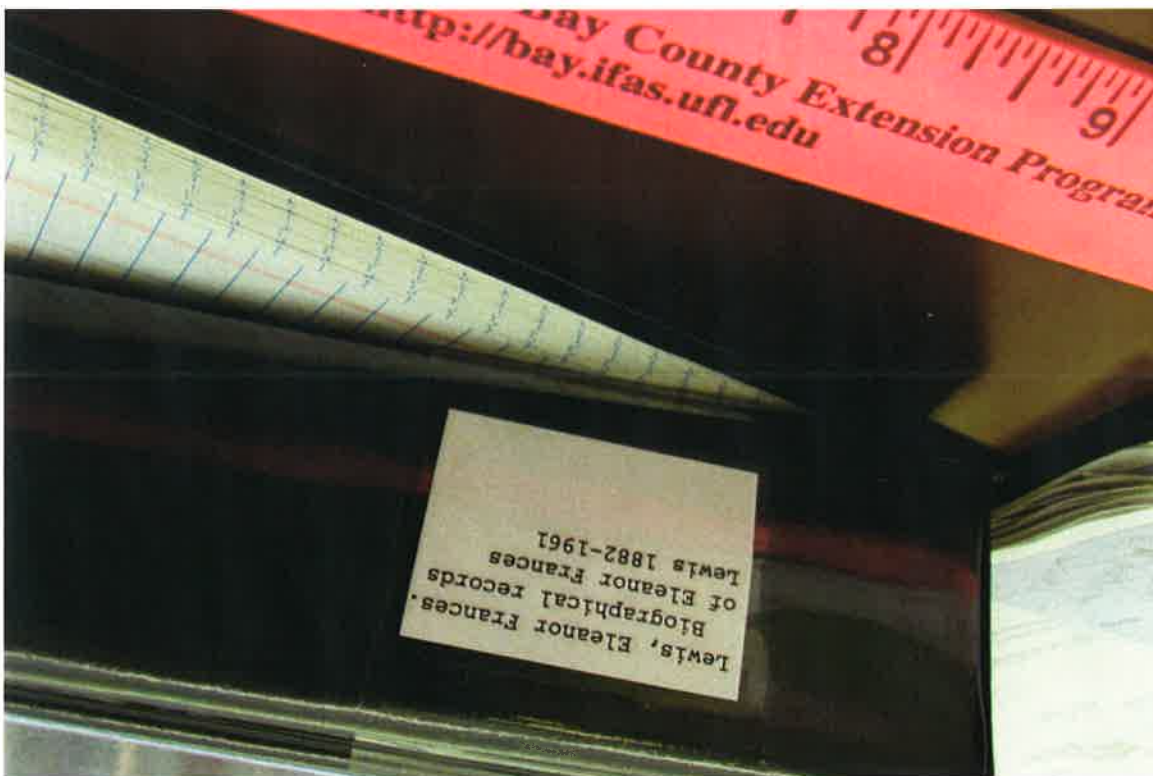
Evanston,

Ill.

U.S.A.

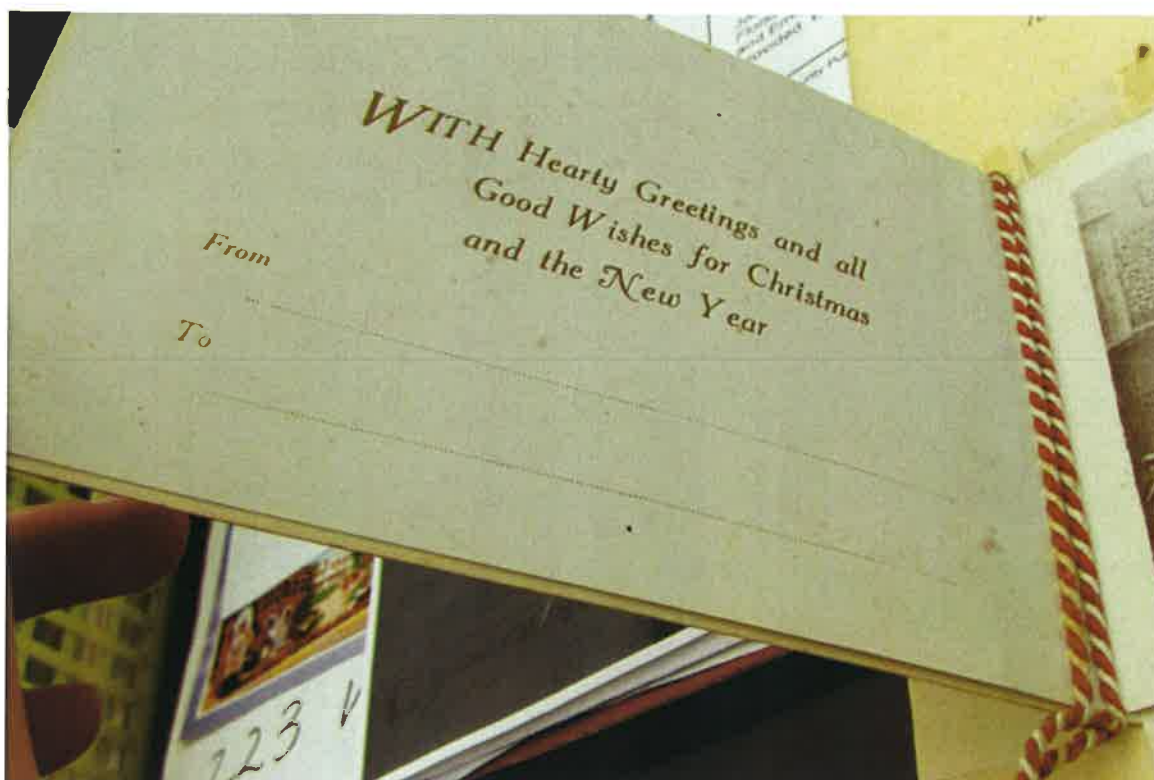


McCrae





No. 3 CANADIAN GENERAL HOSPITAL (McGILL)
1917-1918



ELEANOR FRANCES LEWIS, 1882-1961

The many friends of Eleanor F. Lewis, who served on Northwestern's Library staff for forty-four years (1904-1948), will be saddened to learn of her death on December 5 in Panama City, Florida. The sadness, however, will blend with grateful awareness that hers was a long and rewarding life.

Miss Lewis' association with Northwestern began in 1900 when she entered the Academy. In her sophomore year she started work in the Library as a part-time assistant. Upon her graduation in 1904, she became a member of the regular staff. As the Library grew--the staff consisted of only four persons when Miss Lewis joined it--she grew with it, serving in successively more responsible positions, becoming head of the Circulation Department in 1908, and of the Reference Department in 1918. Her interest and facility in languages and her great knowledge of literature contributed to making her an excellent reference librarian. She contributed articles to educational and library journals, compiled an anthology of vocational poetry, and wrote a "Pageant of Northwestern"--unpublished but preserved, in typescript, in the University Archives.

For many years she served as head resident of Pearsons Hall, which was then a women's dormitory, and of old Willard Hall (then a dormitory for freshmen girls) which now houses the Music School. Always devoted to Northwestern, Miss Lewis took an active part in the affairs of the University and of Chi Omega sorority. In 1944 she received an Alumni Service Award from the Northwestern University Alumni Association in appreciation of her many achievements.

In the late thirties Miss Lewis built her own lovely small home at 902 Lincoln Street and furnished it tastefully with Chinese blue rugs and many Oriental art objects. Here she entertained her friends, including foreign students, with the dignity and grace that always characterized her.

When she retired in 1948 she sold her home and built a new, Spanish-type house on the Gulf Coast near Panama City, Florida, which she named "Vista Bella." Always a prudent housekeeper, she had seen to it that the house was large enough to include a rental unit that would help support taxes and maintenance costs and small enough to be taken care of easily. Gardening, one of her favorite hobbies, occupied much of her time. In a letter she wrote, "Both the house and the location please me even more than I had hoped, and the climate is kind. Since my lot is over an acre in extent, I have planted Satsuma oranges, grapes, figs, persimmons, and bush cherries, as well as plants such as camellias and gardenias." Mei-Ling, her beloved cocker, was her constant companion.

In 1958 Miss Lewis published the memoirs of her childhood, spent in Western China as the daughter of American missionaries, under the title Beads of Jade. She took a constructive part in community activities, and was especially interested in the Bay County Library, becoming a member of its board of trustees. Thoughtfully looking to the future, she made provision for a museum room to be built as a wing of a projected new public library, which will house her collection of Oriental objects. Thus, even after her death, which came to her in her eightieth year, the bond between the East and the West, which meant so much to her, will be strengthened through the dedicated life that was hers.