

(FOR THE CATHOLIC STUDENT AT NOTRE DAME)

Are you helping Poor  
Souls by Mass, Rosary  
and Visits to Bl. Sac.?

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
November 17, 1942

Confessions in Dillon  
during 5:00 and 6:45  
P.M. Masses.

The Last Letter of a Notre Dame Man.

Captain Herschel G. Horton, ex '43 died a tragic death in New Guinea. Just before he died he wrote a farewell letter home. The letter, bearing the date December 11, 1942, tells a story of Christian patience and endurance.

"About 9 a.m. I came out on a mercy patrol to pick up dog tags, etc., of our dead. This was the morning of Tuesday, December 1, 1942. I was trying to turn the body of Capt. Keast, a friend of mine, when I was shot two or three times in my right leg and hip.

"Two days of semi-deliriousness, and then I called Capt. Shirley Ellis' name for help, etc. Finally Lt. Gibbs and one of his men from the anti-tank company came to me. Their medic also came up. The medic gave me my first drink of water in three days, but he had no food to offer. The medic bandaged me temporarily. Lt. Gibbs promised me aid. I never saw him again. The medic came back and gave me water, but a man helping him got shot there, and that scared him away. Life from then on was a terrible nightmare. The hot, burning sun -- the delirious nights. No one came near me from then on, but I did dig a water hole in four days' time, which was wonderful to me, although it was polluted by all the rotting bodies within 12 or 14 feet of me.

"Two or three rescue parties from my company came out, but they never could find me. On two or three occasions they nearly got to me, when the Japs or a rainstorm made it impossible. The Japs are living within 15 yards of me. I see them every day. I have tried to make splints and crawl or walk out, but I just can't make it.

"A Jap shot me in the shoulder and neck as I weakly sat there, and I thought my time had come. But no; I sit and lie here in this terrible place, wondering not why God has forsaken me, but why He is making me suffer this terrible end. It is true I understand life and its reasons now, but why should He send it to this terrible grave with me? Why not let me live and tell others? I am not afraid to die, although I have nearly lost my faith a couple of days here. I have a pistol here but I could not kill myself. I still have faith in the Lord. I think He must be giving me the supreme test.

"I know now how Christ felt on the cross.

"My life has been good, but I am so young and have so many things undone that a man of 29 should do. We may never know God's purpose in striking me down like this, but He must have one. I can still say truthfully that I have never killed a man, although I have been ordered to order others to. I wonder how long a man can go on like this? I shall continue to pray for a miracle of rescue.

"God bless you, my loved ones. Keep the faith. Don't worry. I shall see you all again some day. I am prepared to meet my Maker. Love."

(Signed) "Hershel."

PRAYERS: (deceased) uncle of Father Moore, C.S.C.; father of Lieut. Wm. Waters; Rev. Anthony Finnerty - uncle of Lieut. Maurice Quinn, '38; Joseph Cullinan -- brother of Brother Francis de Sales, C.S.C.; anniv. of mother of Brother Se Sales, C.S.C.; Thomas Lockwood; Reuben Brown; Michael Farmer; mother of Sister M. Olympia, S.S.J. and mother-in-law of Fred Uhl, '25; father of Pinky Martin; Hon. Henry Ferneding, ex '96 - father of Lieut. John and Lieut. Tom Ferneding both of '40; Vint D. Vaughn, '17 - Pres. of N.D. Club of Wabash Valley. (Ill) brother of Bob Portman (B-P), injured in Service and father, operation. 4 Special Intentions.