

# Through Mists of Memory



THE great war is a memory now, shrouded in the mists of years into which men vanish . . . but out of the rain and the darkness on the long road to Flanders comes the sound of hobnails clanking . . . and faces flash out from the night and fade again . . . men of the diamond, the gridiron and the track . . . Hank Gowdy, bravest of the Braves, the first big leaguer to go . . . Tommy Hitchcock, trading his seat in the saddle for a ride on the back of a war eagle . . . John Mijus, he of the wild pitch, tossing fast ball grenades at the pill boxes at Varennes . . . Red-shirted Shawkey standing by at the surrender of the German grand fleet . . . Major Frank Cavanaugh, sitting down to fumble at the shrapnel in his shoulder . . . Tommy Armour, fighting the darkness with shell-torn eyes . . . Jess Petty and Joe Harris, with the bases loaded and mud up to their hips . . . Eddie Rickenbacker, cruising the clouds like a bird of prey . . . Johnny Poe, Johnny Overton, crashing that Hindenburg line . . . Tony Wilding, Captain Cheape, Tommy O'Brien, Jeon Bouin, Cyril Tolly, Gene Tunney—faces marching past into the mists . . . a face flashes past that will not return—Eddie Grant, stopping his last terrific line drive with his heart . . . into the darkness and rain they march again . . . but the war is old now and memories of men vanish in the mists of years.

—Detroit News.

## Those Last Hours of the Great Conflict

IN THE darkness of that unhappy night of devastation, the last night of the World war, the old fighting Eighty-ninth—by that time one of the crack shock divisions of the A. E. F.—bridged Powder river, near Stenay, under the fire of those deadly batteries from the eastern shore, and threw the Three Hundred and Fifty-third Infantry, the Sunflower regiment, on into enemy land. Up the gentle slopes of the Meuse they went, "maintaining contact with the enemy."

What meaning in those five simple words! Perhaps back in our homes in America, after all those soft and peaceful years, we forget—doubtless most of us would like to forget! But the combat men of the A. E. F.—God help them—will never remove from their seared memories of those days the thoughts which "contact" brings, mustard gas, shrapnel, wire, machine guns, the deadly bayonet, the high explosive, the dirt, the filth, the havoc of action.

The morning wore on. Fighting men went down, never to rise again. Others clawed the brown grass and soil in agony from wounds they will carry until the sunset day of life. But still the Americans pressed on. And then came the first order of change, from the commanding officer, watch in hand, of a battery of the "heavies" miles in the rear, "Cease Firing." A little later the same idea had transferred itself to the fussy 75s.

Then came 11 o'clock and silence! It was the end! Four long years of travail were over. And there the men stood, "with their hands still clasped on their empty gats and their thoughts across the seas." Mother, sweetheart, wife—they would see them again!—Kansas Farmer.

## VIRGINIA'S TRIBUTE



Impressive memorial to her brave sons, dedicated by the state of Virginia, in the national capital at Richmond.

## Memorial to the Nation's War Heroes

ARLINGTON was never destined to be a battlefield. It was fated to be instead a vast monument to the fruits of battle. There were brought the dead from those terrible fields where, for four years, the youth of North and South slew each other in fratricidal warfare. There rose, in token that North and South should no longer shed each other's blood, a monument to the Confederacy. There, without distinction of state or section, now lie dead from the Spanish war—including the sailors of the Maine—the Philippine Insurrection, and the World war. The monuments are often distinctive, and there are stones carved with the last brave words of dying boys.

No soldier, from the Unknown in his magnificent emplacement above the river to the humble Vermont or Iowa private brought with the other shattered wreckage of the Wilderness or the Rappahannock, could ask a lovelier resting place, or one more peaceful. Despite the constant going and coming of visitors, the place is quiet—far quieter, probably, than it was in the early days when Mr. Custis used to allow the people of Washington to hold picnics down near the river in Custis grove. No one dances in Arlington now as they did in those days before its somber glory had been bestowed upon it. But one can wander along shaded roads and paths and be aware of the heavy march of history, of exquisite natural beauty.

Of old, unhappy far-off things,  
And battles long ago,  
Of yesterday's bereavement, and of a pain so old that it has long since ceased to be pain.

The visitor may pass in review almost the whole history of the Republic—pioneer days, for Arlington was once a wilderness sold for a few hogheads of tobacco; Revolutionary days; years of far-fung internecine warfare, shaking the nation to its foundations; records of fighting on the western plains and on the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; and finally, the sacrificial years of 1917 and 1918. But he will come back to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier with an unanswered question—with the question, indeed, which more than any other in these latter days troubles humanity. For there is still space for other valiant dust.

### In Memoriam

In grateful memory of the soldiers who fought in the French and Indian war; soldiers and sailors of the American Revolution; heroes of the War of 1812 and the Mexican war; soldiers and sailors who fought in the War for the Union, 1861-1865; veterans of the Spanish-American war and the World war; soldiers and frontiersmen who fought in the Indian wars; and those hardy pioneer men and women who endured danger and privation and death by torture at the hands of the savages, in order to advance American civilization upon this continent—we bow in reverence Memorial day.—St. Louis, Post-Dispatch.

## Marking the End of War's Long Debauch

IT WAS the armistice. The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, 1918, marking the end of modern man's most terrible debauch of bloodletting; starting the desolating hang-over period from which the combatants of the World war—both victors and vanquished—are just emerging.

And around the world there was universal rejoicing and peace.

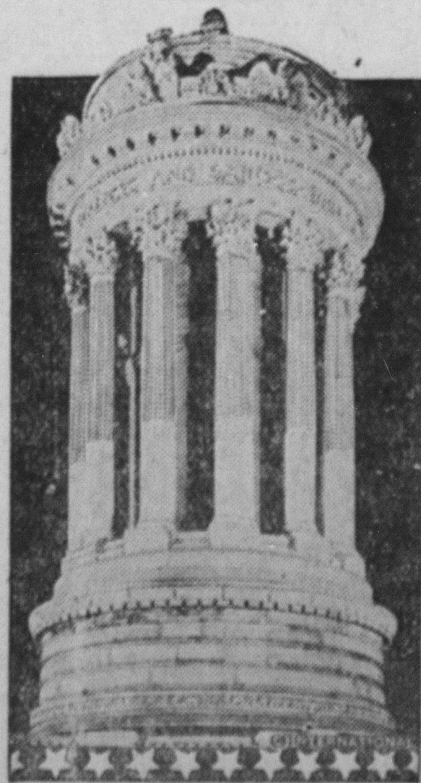
The blaring of sirens, the blowing of whistles, the ringing of bells, the waving of flags. Streets littered with paper, surging crowds, parades and demonstrations; Carnos singing from the fifteenth-floor balcony of his Broadway hotel; negro red-caps in Grand Central station cake-walking through the concourse behind one porter who was pushing an invalid chair in which was a stuffed figure of the kaiser.

The President's and Mrs. Wilson's automobile escorted to the White House by cheering throngs.

Clemenceau—the old Tiger of France—expressing his satisfaction of victory before the French chamber. Rome—wild with victory; Tokyo echoing with cheers—an allied world delirious with joy.

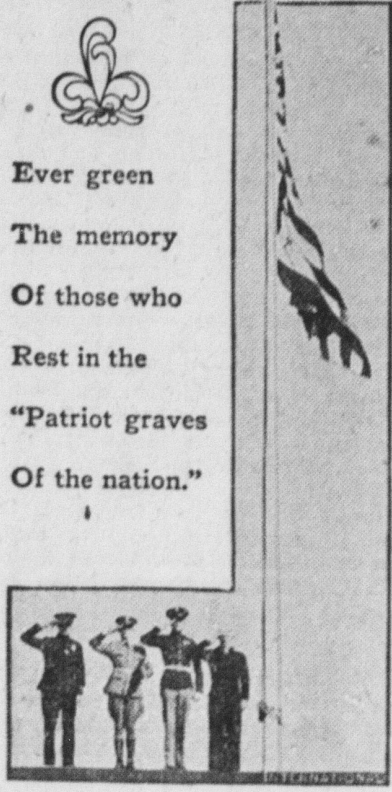
Happy, dancing, singing groups silhouetted around the campfires, and in the villages behind the lines, lights appeared in windows that had been darkened throughout the war, welcoming beams of yellow radiance invited to warmth and comfort within. The sound of popping corks in crowded cafes and estaminets. All of it was a part of that corridor of light across war-torn Europe, the glow, the heat, and the warmth. It was peace.—Washington Post.

## HEROISM REMEMBERED



Soldiers' and Sailors' monument towering above the Hudson river on Riverside drive, New York.

## NEVER FORGOTTEN



Ever green  
The memory  
Of those who  
Rest in the  
"Patriot graves  
Of the nation."

## Few Survivors of Men Who Marched in Youth's Vigor

Sixty-seven years ago a vallant and victorious army marched in the heyday of its youth along the broad stretches of Pennsylvania avenue in Washington.

That was the beginning of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Following the fall of Richmond and Lee's surrender at Appomattox the victors came to the Capital of the Nation, there to be reviewed by the President of the United States, John J. Daly writes, in the Washington Post. Figures vary as to the number of men who marched in that historic parade—a procession that took fully three days in the passing, according to some who witnessed it. Others say the parade was over in a day, that stragglers came into town the day after the parade and carried on the march—a gathering of uniformed men that undoubtedly numbered somewhere near 50,000.

Men? They were boys, most of them, and they marched with a song on their lips—a certain satisfaction in their souls. After this demonstration they did what most returning warriors have done from time immemorial—turned their attention to the pursuits of peace, to the prosaic tasks of "making a living."

Now, 67 years after that celebrated parade in Washington, the survivors of that grand old army gather in little groups throughout the land to make preparations for the proper observance of Memorial day—Decoration day, as some call it. They are going out to the federal cemeteries that dot the land here, there, and place flags and flowers on the resting places of their comrades.

The two great ceremonies are at Gettysburg, Pa., and at the National Memorial cemetery at Arlington, Va. At Gettysburg, the President of the United States delivers the principal address.

At Arlington, Va., where rest in one grave more than 2,000 unknown soldiers of the Civil war—Confederate and Union—the ceremonies are in charge of the Department of the Potomac, a branch of the Grand Army of the Republic that has numbered amongst its ranks the great and outstanding names of Union soldiery.

Sixty-seven years ago they were young men, boys in the prime of life—and now they totter into their meeting halls to recall those glorious days of old; when they were the heroes of the hour.

So few remain, it is not easy to visualize what the immutable workings of time have done to the G. A. R. Bodies bent and broken, that old spirit still survives—and will, too, till the last man only remains; to turn out, some day, all by himself, and lay a wreath and hoist the flag over all his dead comrades.

## Britain Pays Honor to War Heroes of America

Ceremonies which occupy several hours mark Britain's public recognition of Memorial day, although actual observance of the day as regards America's war dead takes place on Sunday.

The American ambassador places a wreath upon the tomb of England's Unknown Soldier, in the Westminster shrine. The American Legion post and American Overseas Memorial day association members send wreaths.

Last year Rev. W. H. Garth, of St. Martin's church, Islip, N. Y., assisted the canon in a service at Westminster.

On Sunday, in Brookwood cemetery, where lie 453 of America's 582 war dead in British soil, the formal Memorial day exercises are held with many American and other military and civil notables present. All of these graves are on that day decked with the colors of the United States.

### Birth of G. A. R.

The first post was organized at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866, but the membership was slow in growing and there were in 1870 only about 45,000 enrolled. From then until 1890, though, the numbers steadily increased and in the latter year there were 400,489 members. Ten years later death had cut the roll to 277,000 and by 1910 to 203,000.

## Roses for the Veterans



The mothers on the byways have looks of yearning sadness,  
And helmets by the stairways flood homes with memories;  
A sense of loss on gay days subdues the note of gladness,  
While winter with its gray days moans through the lonely trees.

And fathers on the May days pin on their scarlet poppies,  
And gratitude on pay days reminds of others' loss;  
Read "Christ in Flanders" Sundays and pass around their copies,  
Recall their boys in old days before they faced the cross.

Plant roses by the highways for boys that manned the trenches,  
Place stars along the skyways for aces of the clouds,  
And maples on the boulevards which grief with tears bedrenches;  
Let cedars in lone graveyards guard those our love enshrouds.

A wreath float on the sea wide which o'er their graves is mourning;  
Put lilies by the bedside of boys with limp and scar;  
And help them at the crossways where crowds rush by in scorn,  
And open all the doorways from which marred limbs debar.

Forget-me-nots strew always along the veterans' marches,  
And keep the tombs and memories of loyal heroes green;  
So may the golden gateway, with glorious rainbow arches,  
Bespan the veterans' roadway that leads to the Unseen.

## Nation's Gold-Star Mothers

American gold-star mothers in France for visits to the graves of sons who died in the World war gave an impressive background last year for the most extensive observance of Memorial day yet held abroad.

Troops fired volleys in salute of the lead at the American cemeteries throughout France. Taps were sounded, and dignitaries spoke. But the feature of the day were the trips before and after the ceremonies by the war mothers to the graves of those they lost more than 11 years before.

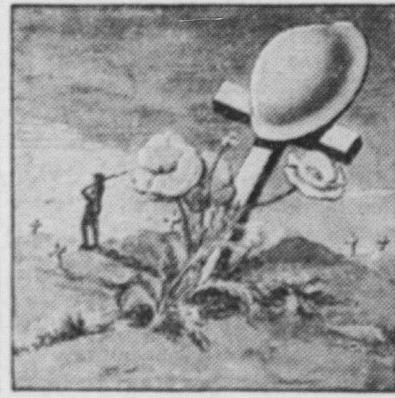
At Suresnes cemetery, outside of Paris, Ambassador Edge made the principal address, referring to them as those "who had given those who were dearest to them that others might live in the full enjoyment of their liberty."

"You mothers instilled into these young men the principles for which they laid down their lives," he said. "You taught them the fundamentals of loyalty, courage, truth and vision. You with the fortitude which mothers throughout the ages have mustered, held your heads high as you bade them good-by."

"Let us look upon the myriads of crosses," he concluded, "and realize with poignant emotion the magnitude of our responsibility. We seem to see the heroes of Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood, Thiaucourt, St. Mihiel and the Argonne pointing forward, forward; we seem to hear the great chorus of their voices calling to us to carry on until mankind breaks through the shadows and eternal peace dwells on earth."



## Lesson of Memorial Day



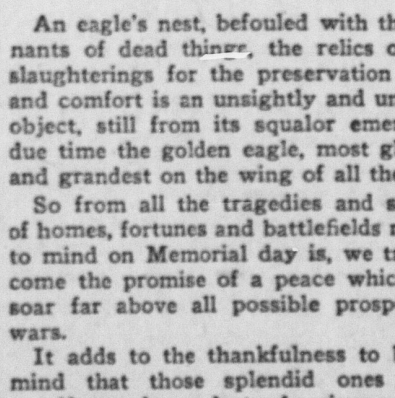
Memorial day is one of the most impressive, most touching and most typically American of the days we set apart. From earliest childhood one remembers the gathering of the old veterans, the march under the warm spring sun and the graveyard where gay flowers and the bright Stars and Stripes are placed at the headstones of the dead.

What hath this day deserved? What has it done  
That it in golden letters should be set  
Among the high tides of the calendar?

It is, indeed, an easier question for Shakespeare to ask than for the average person to answer. The day symbolizes so much sacrifice and recalls those critical moments so rare in the history of a great nation that words and phrases too often fail. But if we cannot express all that the day embodies, we can let it remind us that from the birth of the Republic there have always been men and women who have so richly prized America that they were willing to give up their all that America might survive.

If the blessings of peace which these dead gained for us make similar sacrifices on our part unnecessary, they should not blind us to the suffering which the soldiers of '61, '98 and '17 endured. Rather should they impel us to care well for the country they prized so highly. Pride in their achievements may, indeed, be ours on this day.

## Their Deaths Not in Vain



An eagle's nest, befouled with the remnants of dead things, the relics of grim slaughters for the preservation of life and comfort is an unsightly and unsavory object, still from its squalor emerges in due time the golden eagle, most glorious, and grandest on the wing of all the birds.

So from all the tragedies and sorrows of homes, fortunes and battlefields recalled to mind on Memorial day is, we trust, to come the promise of a peace which is to soar far above all possible prospects of wars.

It adds to the thankfulness to bear in mind that those splendid ones whose steadfast valor and sturdy vigor won for us the victory we commemorate, won also for us and the future a promise of a peace which we trust will never be ruptured by war.

They whose loss we recall by no means died in vain, since they won the victory for peace and the right.

Could we but hear them from their places of rest, they would doubtless be declaring in unanimous chorus, that their discomforts, sufferings and deaths all made up but a trifling price to pay for a peace, which will assure to mankind an ending of all wars.

## Honor Both Blue and Gray



As Memorial day approaches and we prepare to observe the beautiful custom long since established of remembering the heroic dead it is interesting to read the account given by a leading newspaper of the inauguration of that custom.

In an editorial written in 1877 we read: "Preparations for observing Decoration day were carried in this year upon a far more extensive scale than ever before. For three or four years attempts have been made to effect a co-operation between the survivors of the Federal and the Confederate armies and to insure an equal honor to the remains of the deceased Northern and Southern soldiers and sailors.

This year for the first time in history the veterans of both armies will march together through the streets to strew with flowers the graves of those who perished in the great war. Such an event marks a new epoch. It is the apotheosis of the revived feeling of brotherhood. There has been a great deal of oratory on this subject and some charming verses have been written, but now the banner of fraternity is flung to the breeze without hesitation and with faith in public approval. The Blue and the Gray clasp hands above the tomb of their fallen graves, and in the great future of this reunited country there is to be no resurrection of sectional feuds and dead and buried bitterness.

"The past is forgotten, and the country's future is everything. This is the lesson and the era of reconciliation."