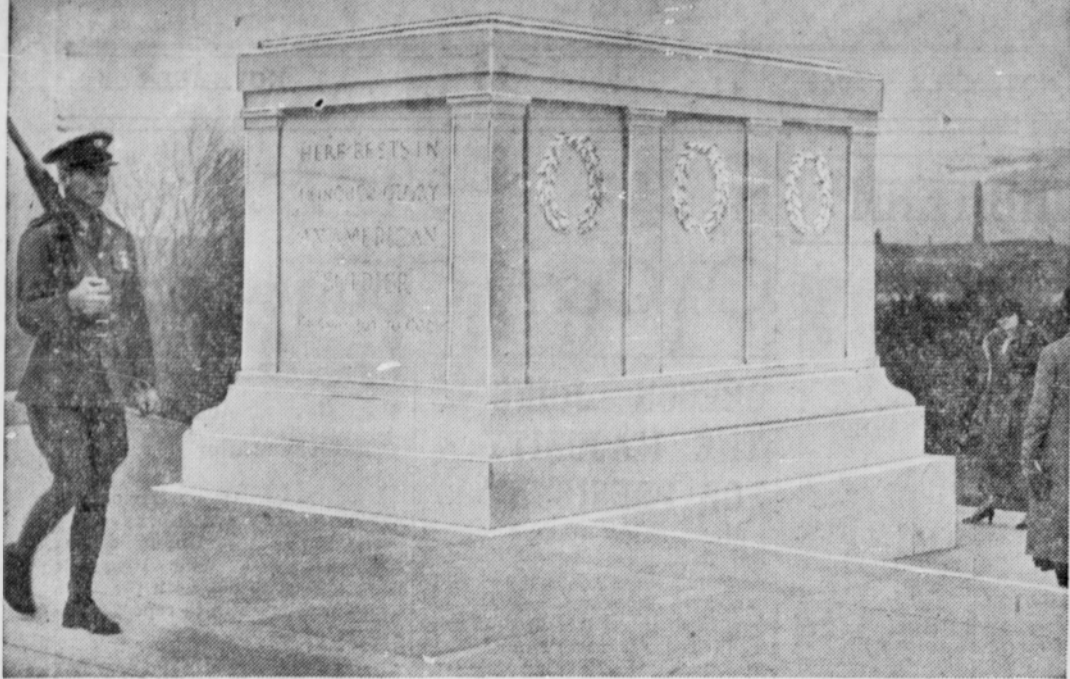


ARMISTICE DAY 1940



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IN A world aflame with war, the thoughts of Americans on Armistice Day, 1940, inevitably turn to that November day 22 years ago when World War I ended. In Arlington national cemetery near Washington stands the symbol of our participation in that conflict—the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. One of our greatest patriotic shrines, it is not only a memorial to those whose graves in foreign soil are marked "Unknown," but in a larger sense it is also a monument to the 50,000 who gave their lives in that earlier fight against the threat of dictatorial power.

Among them were a few who, unknowingly, erected memorials to themselves which seem destined to be as enduring as the white marble of the tomb in Arlington. For they were the soldier poets who, before a bullet or shell fragment wrote "Finis" to their careers, composed some bit of deathless verse which is now and always will be associated with their names.

In 1936, when Frederic W. Ziv compiled an anthology of poems by poets who were killed in 1914 to 1918, his book, "The Valiant Muse," contained the work of 59 young Englishmen and Americans. All of these 59 are known to a few poetry-lovers; perhaps half of them are familiar names to students of literature; but to the English-speaking world generally four of their names have become as familiar as the names of famous bards who sang in earlier and more peaceful times. They are two Americans, Alan Seeger and Joyce Kilmer, an Englishman, Rupert Brooke, and a Canadian, John McCrae.

Although each of the four wrote considerable verse, in each case there is one poem which is inevitably and invariably associated with the name of its author. To think of Alan Seeger is to think of "I Have a Rendezvous With Death," which was prophetic of the fate of the poet if not of the fate of the poem. Seeger was a young Harvard graduate who was studying in Paris at the outbreak of the war in 1914 and who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. Wounded in action, he was recuperating in a French hospital when he wrote the poem which made him famous. It was

I have a rendezvous with death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes round with rustling
shade
And apple blossoms fill the air,
I have a rendezvous with death
When spring brings back blue days and
fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my
breath;
It may be I shall pass him still,
I have a rendezvous with death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear,
But I've a rendezvous with death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Back in service again, in 1916, Seeger was invited to write a poem and read it at the Memorial day ceremony in Paris which had been arranged for the American volunteers who had died for France. Seeger worked feverishly to finish the poem in time. Memorial day came but it brought no word to Seeger that his application for leave of absence to go to Paris for the ceremony had been granted. Later it was learned that a careless clerk had confused Memorial day with the other American patriotic holiday of Independence day and had obtained the leave of absence for that date.

But Seeger was not destined to enjoy his leave on Independence day, for he had a "rendezvous with death" which he could not fail to keep. On July 4, 1916, there was a burst of German machine gun fire at Belleau-en-Santerre and

one of the men who went down in the hail of death was the young soldier-poet.

There is a touch of pathos in the fact that Alan Seeger will keep his rendezvous with death for all eternity in an unmarked grave. Several months later his regiment returned to Belleau-en-Santerre to find that the entire landscape had been so changed by bombardment that not even the "scarred slope of battered hill" where he died could be recognized and all efforts since then to identify the site of his burial place have been unsuccessful.

Like Seeger, Rupert Brooke wrote a poem that was prophetic of his death and that contributed most to his fame. Those who

BALLAD OF BARDS AND ACES.
I wonder in what star-dowered nook
Young Alan Seeger sings his song—
In what Elysium Rupert Brooke
Breathes forth his music all day long.
For from a world that fights with
Wrong
Does Byron dream of Freedom's
sway,
And Keats and Shelley join the
throne;
Where sings each bard of yester-
day?
Say, where does brave Resnais soar
Above the haunts of earthly men;
Or where, beyond the cannon's roar,
Great Guymer rides forth again?
Does Lulaby sweep some heavenly
glen
Like Phaeton of ancient day,
And Vernon Castle meet them then;
Where flies each ace of yesterday?
—John M. McGough in the New York
Times.

knew this young Englishman remember that, so striking was his physical appearance and so buoyant were his spirits, it was "like a wind from heaven" when he entered a room. Harriet Monroe called him "the lyric Apollo" and his brother-poet, William Butler Yeats, said he was "the most beautiful young man in England." But the world remembers him as the writer of this exquisite sonnet:

THE SOLDIER
If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign
field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust which England bore, shaped,
made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her
ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English
air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns
of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts
by England given;
Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as
her day;
And laughter learnt of friends,
And gentleness that has
In hearts at peace, under an English
haze.

Out of the horror of the Battle of Ypres came another poem which has made the name of its author famous. He was Lieut. Col. John McCrae, commander of the medical department of Canadian Hospital No. 3, a McGill university unit. Innumerable times during the 16 days of that battle McCrae watched the burial of the dead and saw the white crosses erected over their graves. Then in the spring he saw the poppies trying to cover the tortured earth with their scarlet glory and he wrote

IN FLANDERS FIELDS
In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place. While in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Unheard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved—but 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 bear it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

McCrae's poem was translated into every language spoken by the Allied forces. It became a symbol of the determination to "carry on" and before its author's death in January, 1918, this Canadian soldier's neighbors, the Americans, as well as thousands of his fellow-Canadians and other citizens of the British empire had heeded his injunction to "take up our fight." McCrae was stricken with pneumonia at his post of duty and died in a hospital in Boulogne. He was buried in the cemetery at Wimereux, on a sunny slope, facing the sunset and the sea, where red poppies grow among the white crosses, one of which marks the last resting place of John McCrae.

The second American soldier-poet who died in France and whose name is best remembered because of one poem was Joyce Kilmer. It is a curious fact, however, that it was written before he became a soldier and it was not a war poem. A graduate from Columbia university in 1908, Kilmer held various journalistic jobs before joining the staff of the New York Times in 1913. In that year Harriet Monroe's Poetry: A Magazine of Verse printed the poem which was to make Kilmer famous. It was

TREES
I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Kilmer was paid \$7 for this poem—a few years ago the manuscript of it was sold for \$600. At the outbreak of the World War Kilmer was more sympathetic to the German side than that of the Allies because the former was more unpopular in this country. But he quickly changed after the sinking of the Lusitania and he wrote a poem about this event which was widely reprinted in both America and Europe. Called "The White Ships and the Red," it portrayed the arrival of a new ship among the ghostly hulks of the thousands of vessels that lie on the floor of the sea—only this ship, the Lusitania, was not white but red with blood.

Joining the legion of the lost, the Lusitania declares:
My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away that stain:
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.

Soon after America entered the war, Kilmer, although married and the father of three children, enlisted in a famous New York regiment—the "Fighting Sixty-ninth." He became a sergeant and although he had opportunities for promotion, he turned them down because they would have involved leaving his regiment for training elsewhere. "I'd rather be a sergeant in the Sixty-ninth than a lieutenant in any other regiment in the world," he wrote a friend.

And it was as a sergeant in the Sixty-ninth that he died—on July 30, 1918, during the five-days' fighting for the heights near the Ourcq river. He had volunteered his services to the major of the battalion leading the advance because his own battalion was not in the lead. Having discovered a German machine gun nest in the woods ahead, he was sent with a patrol to determine its exact location. Two hours later, when the rest of the battalion advanced into the woods, they found Kilmer lying, bent over a ridge, as if still scouting. When they turned him over they found that he was dead. He was buried near the spot where he fell beside his lieutenant who was also killed.

New British Cruiser Launched



A new British cruiser is here shown being launched at an undisclosed port in England, to increase the hitting power of the British navy. "As months go by the British navy is becoming increasingly powerful." So states the British caption which accompanied this picture—which is truly remarkable considering the "strafting" of the embattled isle.

Three Killed in This Wreck



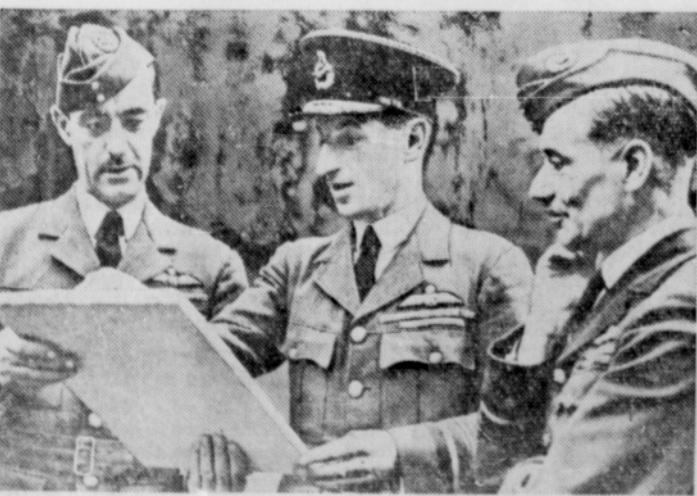
This soundphoto shows a general view where a northbound Atlantic Coastline passenger train was wrecked when it hit an open switch near Lake Alfred, Fla. The engineer and two firemen were killed.

Kennedy Says Farewell to Churchill



U. S. Ambassador to England Joseph Kennedy, left, is shown as he bids good-bye to Premier Winston Churchill at No. 10 Downing street, London, before he left for the United States by clipper plane. Following his return the ambassador conferred nearly four hours with the President. Mrs. Kennedy accompanied him to the White House.

New Chief of R. A. F. Takes Over



Air Marshal Sir Charles Frederick Algernon Portal, new chief of Britain's fighting air force, takes over. Sir Charles succeeded Air Marshal Sir Cyril Newall as chief of the British air staff, stepping up from his post of chief of the R. A. F. bomber command. He is shown (center) going over plans with members of his staff at an R. A. F. station.

Fights Mussolini



King George of Greece looking over his troops. Greek naval, air and land forces combined under the king's leadership to resist the invading Italian army.

Embassy Aid Arrives



Herman Meritt, former translator of the U. S. embassy in Berlin, shown on arrival in New York. Unlike most returning observers, he praised Nazi government reforms.

Shake on Pact



Heinrich Starmke, special German envoy who arranged the Tokyo deal, shaking hands with Japanese Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka after the deal.

Transforming a Box Into Smart Ottoman

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

PAD the top of a box and slip-cover it; then add a separate cushion three inches thick. The result will be a smart ottoman that either may match or contrast with the cover of your favorite chair. The little feet made of drawer pulls keep the ottoman from looking like a box. A corded seam where the skirt of the slip cover joins the top, and an inverted pleat at each corner of the skirt also give a professional touch. I



suggest tacking the slip cover firmly in place as shown in the sketch.

If down or feathers are used to fill the separate cushion, make an inner cushion of ticking with a top and a bottom piece the size of the box top; and a straight three-inch piece around the sides. If kapok is used for filling, this inner cushion may be made of muslin. The cover of the separate cushion has corded seams to match the box slip cover.

NOTE: These directions should be clipped from the paper as they are not available in booklet form. However, complete directions for making slip covers and for making corded seams are in SEWING, Book No. 1, No. 3 also contains valuable slip cover suggestions. These 32-page booklets are 10c each. Send order to:

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Most Blind
There's none so blind as they that won't see.—Swift.



Sunny Mood
It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood.



As You Walk
Religion lies more in walk than in talk.

