

# Memorial Day, 1929



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**H**E ENLISTED in a Pennsylvania regiment in June, 1775, and marched to the siege of Boston. He followed Montgomery to Quebec, and starved and froze amid the snows of Canada. Wearing the Continental Buff and Blue, he fought under Washington at Trenton and at Princeton, and in the summer of 1777 he went with Dan'l Morgan to repel Burgoyne's invasion of New York.

At Saratoga the bayonet thrust of a Hessian grenadier struck him down. What if the historians of the future were to call this conflict, whose din was now sounding faintly in his ears, one of "the fifteen decisive battles of the world"? He was conscious only of the torture of thirst as his life-blood ebbed swiftly away until death finally stilled his cry of "Water! Water!" A great monument stands on the spot which once witnessed the "pomp and circumstance of war"—the surrender of a British army. But, nearby, the smooth, green sod gives no sign that the soil beneath holds the dust of a young Pennsylvania backwoodsman, one of the many who died in defense of American liberty. Who was he? Just an Unknown Soldier of the Revolution!

Before the ink on his enlistment papers in the First Infantry was scarcely dry, another boy, who had never before been beyond the confines of the rock-strewn acres of the little New England farm where he was born, was on his way to the western frontier, there to serve in a lonely outpost called Fort Dearborn. It was as though he were on another planet, so far as communication with the world he had known was concerned. But somehow he managed to live through the cold, desolate winters and the hot, fever-breeding summers amid the swamps along the Chicago river.

With the summer of 1812 came the news of war with Great Britain, and, more alarming still, the threat of an Indian outbreak. Then—orders to evacuate Fort Dearborn.

One hot August day the retreat began. From out of the sandhills along Lake Michigan swooped the fierce Pottawatamies. A short, desperate fight and the Fort Dearborn massacre was history. That night there was a hellish orgy in the Indian camp and the pitying stars looked down upon a writhing figure at the stake. What if this was one of the acts in the mighty drama called "the Winning of the West"? What if the future was to see one of the world's greatest cities rise on these sandy shores? Could that knowledge have been recompense for the fiery agony of this New England lad, above whose unmarked grave the hurrying feet of Chicago's millions today beat an endless requiem? Who was he? An Unknown Soldier of the War of 1812!

Though some of his neighbors denounced it as an "unholy war" into which President Polk was leading the nation, a certain Middle Western farm boy was one of the first to respond when the President on May 13, 1846, called for 50,000 volunteers to drive the Mexicans back across the Rio Grande. And so he was among those who landed with "Old Fuss and

Feathers" Scott at Vera Cruz and started toward the City of Mexico. To his parents back in Ohio came cheerful letters from the boy, telling of the rapid succession of victories won by the American army and assuring them that the war was almost over and that he would soon be home. His last letter was written the night before Scott's soldiers stormed Chapultepec. The boy's parents awaited his return in vain. Today in the environs of the City of Mexico there is a little cemetery in which stands a small granite shaft bearing these words: "To the memory of the American soldiers who perished in this valley in 1847, whose bones, collected by the country's orders, are here buried.—750." And so this Unknown Soldier of the Mexican war sleeps among the 750 in alien soil.

Fort Sumter had been fired upon. In the upper Shenandoah valley of Virginia a father was bidding goodbye to his two sons. "Pray God, you two never meet in battle," he said. And one rode north to wear the Federal Blue under General Patterson and the other rode south to become a member of Gen. Thomas J. Jack-

## The Dead

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But dying, has made us richer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away;  
poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth; gave up  
the years to be  
Of work and joy; and that un-  
hoped serene,  
That men call age; and those  
who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their  
immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and  
Love, and Pain.  
Honor has come back, as a king,  
to earth.

And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.  
—Rupert Brooke.

son's "Stoneval Brigade." Whether or not his prayer was answered, the father never knew. He never saw either again.

Perhaps in some Valhalla two warrior spirits reminiscence of Chancellorsville and Antietam, of Manassas and Malvern Hill but there is no bitterness in their tones as they call each other "Yank" and "Johnny Reb." The crumbling dust of the bodies which once housed these spirits rests under a great monument of rough-hewn granite and polished marble in Arlington cemetery near Washington, D. C. On this monument is an inscription which reads:

"Beneath this stone repose the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country; and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace." It was the spring of 1898. A Colorado miner, coming off the night

shift, joined a group of his fellows gathered about one who read in a Denver paper the headlines: "War With Spain." A month later he was on an army transport that steamed through the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific. The next year he was one of a detachment which set out through the Philippine jungle in pursuit of a party of Moro raiders. There was a deathlike hush as they pushed on through the steaming heat of the jungle. A moment later its stillness was shattered by the sounds of men engaged in furious hand-to-hand combat, bayonet against bolo, a swarm of little brown men clanking at a group of swearing, desperately struggling khaki-clad figures and bearing them down to earth by sheer force of numbers. A few months later back in the Colorado mining town a band played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," for the troop of "our boys" was home from the war. But out in the province of Sulu a rusted Krug-Jorgensen and a wheeled cartridge belt already nearly hidden by the lush jungle vegetation, marked the last resting place of one who didn't come home—an Unknown Soldier of '98-'99.

November 11, 1922. In Arlington cemetery a great throng stood with bared heads as a bugler blew "Taps" over a new white marble tomb in which had been placed the body of a dead warrior. Of him it has been written, "Once he trod our streets—perhaps the very pavements which we daily travel. It never entered his head that he would become a symbol of sacrifice and his tomb a shrine of pilgrimage. If any one had foretold as much to him, how he would have laughed! If anyone were to reveal to us who he really was—that he had been a cashier in a New York bank or a taxi driver in Chicago—would he still retain his power so deeply to move us? Who was he, this Unknown Soldier, whom we have exalted out of humanity into sainthood?"

That question of identity can never be answered. But of him this can be said: since that day seven years ago Memorial day has had a new meaning. On this day his tomb is a shrine before which in spirit all Americans bow reverent heads. For this they honor not only the Unknown Soldier of the World war but the Unknown Soldiers of all of our wars—the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican war, the Civil war, the Spanish-American war. We cannot decorate their graves in accordance with the Memorial day custom, for their last resting places, unmarked, are scattered far and wide over the face of the globe. Some of them fell before Indian bullet and lance on the wind-swept plains of the Great West. Some of them died in China, in the Philippines, in Mexico. Some of them "went West" on the battlefields of France and Belgium.

So in alien soil they keep their lonely "bivouac of the dead" and while we cannot pay them the same honors on Memorial day that we do the others who gave their lives for their country, we can offer up to them our tribute of gratitude by remembering on that day what they did even though we do not know who they were.

## Man's Uppermost Thought

Whatever one may read into the name of patriotism, however variously the citizens of a nation may love their land, with whatever admixture of criticism and doubt they yield their support, love of home and fellowship with one's own people remain the common lot. Man cannot escape them if he would. The beat of their drum is in his blood, and their memories march as banners in a lasting parade.

He who hesitates is honked.

## FLASH

The Lead Dog

By George Marsh

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## CHAPTER XI—Continued

Often, in the past weeks, they had gone over it together—this long chance they were taking. Time after time Gaspard urged Brock to wait while Flash while he went south with the other dogs on his quest—wait through April, and, if he did not then return, take the Peterboro and ride the snow water behind the break-up of the ice in the Yellow-Leg to the bay and home. But, characteristically, Brock had heatedly refused to "play safe" while his partner flirted with death in the No-Man's land to the north. So, while the surface of lake and muskeg hardened, and the forest floor, which the sun could reach, set into crust, the boys waited. Then, one day, when the weather had changed and the spruce snapped with frost, Yellow-Eye led the dogs into the north. On they went through the day, dogs and sled needing no trail breaker as in the months past when the snow was young and soft. Now, as the dogs raced down slippery slopes, the boys were compelled to slip off their shoes and dig their heels into the crust while they leaned back on the tall lines left dragging for this purpose. Otherwise the heavy sled, gathering momentum, would overrun the team and capsulize.

The morning of the second day, Gaspard and Brock stood on the ridge overlooking the big lake of the Carcajou headwaters. Carefully Brock examined through his glasses the open country to the north and the glittering surface of the lake.

"The old sled-trail, down the lake, looks snowed over and abandoned, to me," he said, handing the binoculars to his friend.

For a long space the halfbreed studied the lake below them.

"Ah-hah!" he announced, finally, "dey keep off dis lake after dey see de message on de spruce, eh?"

"Looks as if our bluff worked," agreed Brock.

"Wal, we don't walk de lak' just de same."

"Lord, no! With the dogs here and the sled we've got to keep out of sight until we spot one of them and get some information. So the boys followed the timber down to the lake and behind the screen of shore spruce proceeded north. Ahead of the dogs walked Brock, his knife loose in its sheath, for speed in cutting the traces and putting the dogs into the fight, if ambushed; his uncase gun in his left hand. As a flank patrol, traveled the halfbreed, a hundred yards away, eyes roving, ears tense, nerves taut. For they were in the land of a ruthless enemy, who had suffered at their hands, and whose revenge would be sudden, swift as the plummet-like plunge of a hawk. If the boys were caught off their guard.

They found the old trail where Gaspard had burned the fictitious message on the blazed spruce, filled with old drift and abandoned. On down the lake they continued, traveling slowly through the thick timber of the shore, and late in the afternoon finally made camp.

In a thick stand of spruce the boys dug out a sleeping place and fire-hole. The bitterness of the midwinter nights had passed with the coming of March, but at twenty or thirty below zero, they still needed a warm fire, and had to risk the chance of the discovery of its yellow glow on the spruce. After feeding the dogs, Silt-Ear and Kona were tied well out in opposite directions, while Yellow-Eye lay close in, and Flash, as usual, slept beside the camp.

Soon the stars broke through the violet heavens in a myriad of glittering points and the cold moon swung above the silent forests. With uncase eyes on the brush beside them, Gaspard and Brock slept before the crackling fire.

For a space the voice of no rover of the night lifted to break the hush of the frozen forest. Then, from a ridge rose a wall like the cry of a stricken child—to die away, while the frosty stars snap, ed above the sleeping wilderness. Shortly the wall rose anew, to climax in a scream.

From where he lay in the shelter of some seedling spruce, the deep throat of the awakened Yellow-Eye rumbled. Silt-Ear and Kona stirred beside their beds, lifting their noses from the thick brush of their tails to test the air. Flash rose, shaking his iron hotty, his black nostrils quivering. But the two shapes in the blankets slept on, oblivious.

Again the freezing air was split by the maniacal voice on the ridge. With a roar of rage Flash sprang to his feet, joining the three dogs in their challenge to the thing out there in the mysterious gloom.

"What's up, Gaspard?" mumbled the wakt' Brock, throwing back his rab-

The halfbreed sat in his blankets with head tilted to the side, listening. "Is that a signal? The dogs've gone crazy!"

Rising, Gaspard pulled forward his hood, his ears tense, strained. Brock noticed the rifle in his friend's hand. The boy kicked out of his blankets because of their danger, in case of attack, they slept in their mocassins that they might without delay leap away from the firelight and into the protecting gloom.

"No, dat ees mating lynx howling—no signal. But dere ees somet'ing out dere beside lynx," said Gaspard. "We get away from dis fire!"

Thoroughly awake, now, Brock scrambled to his feet, and seizing his gun, joined his friend out in the dusk beyond the fire glow, where a hidden enemy could not find a target. From the timber rose the angry yelps of Yellow-Eye and Flash, beating back and forth. At their feet, Silt-Ear and Kona added to the din.

"You think they're trying to stalk the camp—some of these people?" demanded Brock.

"I don't know. Queer t'ing! Dose dog not howl at lynx unless dey smell heem. Dey can't smell heem on dat ridge—de wind ees wrong."

"From the noise, the dogs haven't struck a trail—they're still beating around."

"No, dey get de wind ov somet'ing, but de wind ees ver' light."

Then the two friends, holding to the indigo gloom of the thickest scrub, worked their way toward the excited dogs who were seeking a trail out near the lake shore. Shortly Gaspard and Brock stood in the shadow of a spruce thicket bordering the white lake lit by the ash-gray moon and swarming stars. In the timber somewhere below them rose the familiar yelps of Yellow-Eye and Flash, still beating about for a trail of the thing whose faint scent harassed their keen noses. Across the lake rose a long spruce ridge, purple with shadow under the glittering stars.

"There go Silt-Ear and Kona!" whispered Brock. "That rawhide's too strong. They had to chew it to get away!"

"Ah-hah! We use weaker piece next—Look!" Gaspard suddenly pointed down the lake shore. From the conk-blake shadows a grey blur streaked out over the starlit surface toward the opposite shore. Then, after a space, another shape bounded out over the ice, followed closely by a third.

"By gar! Wolf!" muttered Gaspard. "Flash and Yellow-Eye find hee trail!"

Like a gray wraith, out over the moon-bathed lake surface fled the timber wolf, followed by the heavier-built and slower huskies.

"So that was the trouble!" laughed Brock. "Golly, how he can travel! He's gaining every jump!"

With no stomach for a battle with the great beasts that so outnumbered him, the crafty timber wolf was running as only a wolf can run, as he headed for the forest across the ice. Then Silt-Ear and Kona reached the shore and joined the hunt.

"We'd better turn in and get some sleep—the dogs'll be back soon. They know they can't run that greased-lightning down."

"Ah-hah! We get some sleep, and leave here before daylight. Suppose dose people got camp near here? Dey look for us, for sure."

The stars were still bright when the boys turned out of their blankets to cook breakfast. Curled near the camp, with noses in tails, four tired dogs slept after their futile pursuit of the flying ghost who had approached the previous night, lured by the smell of food.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Wedding Cake Made Symbolic by Romans

Some one has credited the invention of cakes to a certain Thearion, a baker, who lived in Sicily in the Fifth century B. C. Certain it is that the Romans were extremely fond of pastry. Cakes or "gallettes" appeared on the gliters, at the tables of the wealthy, and in the scanty repasts of the poor. When the Romans invaded England they took with them the custom of breaking a cake or biscuit over the bride's head.

The fragments were picked up and given her to distribute among her friends. The custom betokened fruitfulness, hospitality and prosperity and was in vogue many centuries after the Romans left England. Wedding cakes came to be composed of many rich and aromatic ingredients and were crowned with an icing of sugar and bitter almonds—emblematic, it was said, of the mingled pleasure and pain that attends married life.

The Teutonic pagans also had their customs of offering Yule cakes of fine flour sweetened with honey to the god Thor, which in time became our Christmas plum cake.

## To Clean Necklaces

When amber beads or ornaments require cleaning they should be washed in milk. To clean artificial pearls, fold them in a sheet of white cotton wool sprinkled with powdered magnesia, roll gently between the hands, then remove pearls and brush with a soft camel-hair brush.

## "Tabby Houses"

A tabby was used as a concrete, a substitute for bricks of stone in building. It was a mixture of lime with shells, gravel or stone in equal proportions with an equal amount of water, forming a mass which when dry became hard as rock.

An efficient country is a prosperous one.—American Magazine.

## CAPT. BENJAMIN MENDEZ



Capt. Benjamin Mendez, Colombian ace who flew from New York to Bogota, who will be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross by the United States congress.

## FLOOD MENACE FACES RESIDENTS OF SOUTH

Dallas, Texas.—The rampant Red river cast a flood menace over extreme northeast Texas and southwest Arkansas Sunday, while other widespread sections of Texas rested from a week-end beating of wind and rain storms that took two lives, injured ten persons and caused great material loss.

More than 1000 acres in the lowlands about Index, Ark., were covered with water and residents feared that the first rise in the river might pile up with another to come in below the Index area, with a resultant disaster like that of 1927.

While northwest Texas in the Wichita Falls vicinity, was the hardest hit by the wind and rainstorms, two fatalities occurred far to the south. At Bryan, Frank Trentacost, a merchant, was killed by lightning as he watched the storm's work. Walter R. Carothers, farm hand, was struck down in the same manner near Andrian.

Biloxi, Miss.—Governor Bilbo ordered 300 convicts from the Parchman prison farm to proceed to Mound's Landing, 18 miles north of Greenville, Miss., where the levee was reported crumbling and requested the adjutant general to have troops ready to move into that territory if necessary.

## SHORT NEWS NUGGETS

The Exchange Telegraph company dispatches from Warsaw Saturday say that more than 100 persons were burned to death in a huge fire at Iwle, Poland.

Clyde Van Dusen, gelded son of the mighty Man o' War, won the 55th Kentucky derby Saturday afternoon before 60,000 persons under the worst weather conditions within memory.

A great port development, involving expenditure of more than \$10,000,000 and bringing port grain capacity up to more than 21,000,000 bushels of storage, is assured to Vancouver, B. C., by announcement from Ottawa that the harbor board estimates have been approved.

Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the Graf Zeppelin, himself took charge of the mechanical examination of the motors of his airship, which failed so badly on the second intended voyage to the United States. The idea suggested that sabotage might have been responsible is disregarded as impossible.

Army Flier Killed in Mid-Air Crash. Columbus, O.—Mimic warfare that was waged over Ohio last week in the national army air maneuvers claimed its first victims Saturday with the death of Second Lieutenant E. L. Meadow of Nashville, Tenn., and injury of Second Lieutenant A. F. Solter of Los Angeles. Their ships collided in mid-air high above an outlying residential section and fell in flames.

Revolution Under Way in Venezuela. Willemstad, Curacao.—Unofficial reports reaching here from Venezuela are that troops have been sent into several parts of that country to subdue revolutionary movements. These were reported to be spreading. It was said that casualties had been suffered in a battle at San Fernando de Apure.

Wales and Hagen Win Golf Match. London.—The Prince of Wales and Walter Hagen, the American who recently won the British open championship, playing as partners, defeated Sir Phillip Sassoon and Aubrey Boomer, one up, on the exclusive Swinley course, near Ascot, Saturday.

## HOUSE TO CONTINUE WORKING ON TARIFF

Senate Plans to Take Up Census Reapportionment Very Soon.

Washington, D. C.—Congress is slowly working toward the end of its first goal, enactment of farm relief and reapportionment of the house, with the president apparently in sight of victory on the agricultural issue, despite a hostile senate.

This week is expected to produce conclusive developments on these phases of the administration program for the extra session and leaders are now looking forward to a vacation from Decoration day to the Fourth of July.

While the house pushes ahead on the tariff bill, with prospects improved for an understanding on it among the republican majority, the senate will seek to complete work on the measures authorizing the 1930 census and a reapportionment of the house on the basis of that census.

Monday the conferees of the senate and house assembled behind closed doors to seek an adjustment between the conflicting farm relief measures of the two branches.

No decision is expected by the conferees before the end of the week on the farm controversy and some members of the conference believe it will take as much as ten days before an agreement or disagreement is had.

Once the senate passes the census-reapportionment measure, little time is expected to be required for its adoption in the house. Enactment of this legislation will dispose of two of the five legislative recommendations submitted to the extra session by the president. Farm relief will make it three of the five. Tariff is the fourth and that will be taken up by the senate after the prospective vacation.

## HOSPITAL DEATH LIST CONTINUES TO GROW

Cleveland, Ohio.—Fear that 80 per cent of the surviving victims of the Cleveland clinic disaster will die in a few days from the effects of the poison gas they inhaled was expressed by Harry L. Rockford, city health commissioner, and concurred in by a number of doctors and chemists.

An official inquest in the Cleveland clinic disaster, which has claimed a toll of 127 lives, was begun by County Coroner A. J. Pearce. Simultaneously those of the clinic's staff of doctors who survived, opened temporary headquarters in another building and prepared to "carry on" the semi-philanthropic work that ended abruptly on Wednesday by fire, explosions, and deadly poison gas.

Struck by a property damage estimated at \$900,000, the original clinic will be rebuilt. Within a month to six weeks, this structure, famous from coast to coast as the headquarters of many of America's greatest doctors and surgeons, will be reopened, the committee announced.

## SEE GAIN AT CHEMAWA

Wider Field For School is Sought by Senator McNary.

Washington, D. C.—The Chemawa Indian school at Salem, Or., may become the center of Indian education for the entire Pacific northwest, if not a larger area, when the secretary of interior matures his plans to improve and concentrate the facilities for the schooling of the government's wards.

Senator McNary of Oregon has brought to the secretary's attention the central location of the Chemawa school, and believes that Mr. Wilbur is genuinely interested in the suggestion that it has a wider field of usefulness than that of which it is now the center.

Under previous administrations of the interior department, the senator pointed out, the number of Indian children attending Chemawa is far below the school's capacity. Many of the pupils are not of the type calculated to get the most out of the educational facilities provided. McNary contends that there should be a school to which the most promising Indian students would be sent, and that the Salem institution answers this need.

## Calles Quits Mexican Cabinet.

Mexico City.—Official announcement was made here Sunday that General Plutarco Elias Calles, minister of war and ex-president, had resigned his portfolio Saturday. He said he plans to leave in a few days for Acapulco, Guerrero, Pacific coast town, for a rest.

## Four Killed at Rail Crossing.

Glendale, Cal.—Four persons were killed in the crushing of their automobile by a Southern Pacific passenger train at a crossing on San Fernando boulevard here Sunday.

## Day for Thoughts of Peace

Memorial day is no longer a day for the recollection of martial times alone. It is a day given less and less to parades, the salutes of guns, the clank of swords. It is a day given more and more to quiet and individual strengthening of that "bridge of love" that stretches from the dead to those who live. It is a day set aside for memory. When the new and shining link of World war veterans grows

old and weak, may these memories be more of peace and sweet life than of war and red death!

## Extremes in Cemeteries

The annual report of Quartermaster General Cheatham says that Arlington is the largest national cemetery both in area and number of interred. The smallest is at Balls Bluff, near Leesburg, Va., about one-half acre in extent and containing the bodies of one known and twenty-four unknown dead.