

Leaves



Leaves

from

A Chaplain's  
Diary



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## INTRODUCTION



WHEN we enter the Temple of Memory to look at a certain picture, we have to pass walls that are covered with many scenes; some tragic; some humorous. And so, when we pay homage today to our heroic dead, we find ourselves recalling the associations of those days when we all wore khaki, and were gathered around the barracks; some laughing; others talking about the folks back home; all winding up with our mess-kits, eating, laughing and talking. Oh! there are a thousand memories clustered around those memorable days. I know that every doughboy will walk again through the corridors of memory on this day when we pay tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice. I know, too, that the boys who "went West" had their days of happiness, frolic, and laughter before the summons came to join the caravan that moves on to that ethereal realm.

With this much apology, I am bringing you some leaves from my old diary. Often, I sit and turn these pages, alternately with smiles and tears.

—JOSIAH HOPKINS.



## I Have a Rendezvous with Death

"I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back 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 or 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."

(He kept his engagement with Death. July 5, 1916,  
"Killed in Action").



NOT a shock today! Went to the Post Office to get my mail. Saw a poster picturing Uncle Sam with his index finger pointing straight at me. Under this finger were the words: "I Want You!" Can't get away from that finger and those eyes! Every way I turn they follow me. But, I'm a preacher. I'm Pastor of the First Methodist Church of Laurel, Miss. Uncle Sam may want me, but I do not want war! I remember my father. He was wounded. He was a Confederate veteran. My mother was a volunteer nurse. They have told me all about it. War! Not me!



That picture at the Post Office! It's bothering me! My wife has seen it, and so have the children. Tonight at the supper table one of the children said: "Daddy, aren't you going to France?" That was a mighty happy supper table tonight. Bill, nearly a year old, lustily beat his spoon on the table and called for more rice and gravy; the four little girls all thrilled with a patriotic fervor; Sarah at the foot (I call it the foot, but she calls it the head), smiling as she poured the coffee. So, this is what Uncle Sam wants me to give up, is it? What a sacrifice!



Received a wire from the Board of Missions asking me if I would voluntarily leave my pastorate to represent my denomination as Chaplain in the regular army. I wired my acceptance. The die is cast!



Received notice that my appointment as Chaplain in the regular army had been confirmed. Have been ordered to report at Camp Pike for duty. A troop-train passed

through today, taking the boys to Hoboken, N. J., for their trip overseas. On the sides of the coaches were written, in big, chalk letters: "Berlin or Bust." Some fellow yelled at me through the window: "Say, Slacker! What are you doing with them 'civies' on?" I didn't have a chance to tell him I was under orders to report to Camp Pike for duty. Wish I could have.



Had my last service at the First Methodist Church at Laurel. It was a sad farewell on every hand. The thing that hurt me most was when I went down in the basement where the little red chairs were, and said good-bye to the primary children. One little girl gave me a flower and said that she was praying that God would take care of me during the war.



Leaving next Thursday for Little Rock, Ark., then to Camp Pike.



Took the Oath of Allegiance to the United States Government and to the flag. They asked me to face the flag, lift my right hand and swear to forfeit my life, if necessary, in defense of the flag. I am glad to be able to say that I now am a regular army Chaplain in the United States Army. There is a sense of freedom, an abandon, a willingness to sacrifice what life holds dear, if necessary.



Reported for duty. Camp Pike is seven miles from Little Rock, Arkansas, connected by the Missouri Pacific Railroad. The trains run on the hour to and from Little Rock. Always crowded with soldiers. General S. is in command. This is the 87th Division. Met Major D., an Arkansas man. He seems to be the adjutant to the General. He sent me down to the 312th Engineers to report for duty, as they have no Chaplain. They refused to take me. I guess they didn't like my looks. They sent me

back to Major D. Colonel S. sent word for them to take me or to have no Chaplain at all. Imagine!



About 2500 soldiers and officers in the 312th Engineers. They have a lovely little club, built out of logs. No drinking allowed. The boys play cards some, listen to the phonograph, and have light lunches served there. Asked the Colonel to have the church call sounded on the bugle. I expected to have all 2500 men, plus the band, to try to get into the YMCA building at the same time. A band came over from a neighboring regiment; played "Nearer My God To Thee" and marched over to the YMCA hall. When I turned to see how many soldiers and officers were following me, imagine my surprise to find only the band! The band leader then asked to be excused, and left me standing there with no one to preach to. What a beginning!

Went into the YMCA hall and there were two or three boys writing letters. One was playing a phonograph. I spoke, but nobody listened to me. In the middle of my speech, one fellow looked up from his paper and said: "Aw, shut up! Can't you beat it?"



Have learned to like Colonel S. Think he is a Roman Catholic. He is a real man. The War Department has asked every regiment to take a vote on whether they want a Catholic or a Protestant Chaplain. Imagine how happy I am to find that I am to be kept as Chaplain. Bless their hearts!



Lieut. Col. T. has scarlet fever, and so have many of the boys. That, complicated with pneumonia, is highly fatal.



So tired tonight. Have been from bunk to bunk in the hospital. Several of our boys have died. Put flags over their coffins, shipped them from R. Funeral Parlor to

their homes. May the Lord comfort the broken-hearted parents when these flag-draped caskets arrive!



Had a great surprise today. Some of the officers and their wives have decorated my little room in the barracks with flowers, and a lot of pretty things. Maybe, because of my service during the scarlet fever epidemic.



The officers have to pay their own board now. They have a mess-officer who keeps account of the expense and they pro-rate it among the men. Mine is donated from now on. That will help the folks that much, as we are buying a little home at 704 Wolf Street, at \$32.50 per month. It is gray in color. Imagine how I feel when the band plays "My Little Gray Home in the West."



Spend a lot of time watching the new recruits come in. Saw one fellow today from the state of M. Had a pink hat band on, big polka dots in his socks, and white shoes. He saw me and asked me where he could get a room with a bath. I pitied him when he went into the receiving barracks. They have four kinds of clothes in there: Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4. They will very likely be thrown at him when he calls out his number. The shoes will be too large, likely an inch too long. This is temporary equipment. Later on, he'll have an outfit that will fit him.



Had a telephone call from the fellow with the pink hat-band. He asked me to come and pray with him. I did. He was seated on the bench peeling potatoes. The boys call them "spuds." If he wasn't a sight in this world! Coat too short, shoes too long, hat fitting the top of his head. He took me to one side and said: "I want you to pray for me. I promised my sweetheart back home that

as soon as I got paid I would have my picture made. I'm going down town today. Pray for me, Chaplain!" Poor fellow!



Saw my pink-hatted fellow again. He was assigned to the artillery. He was as snappy a looking soldier as I ever saw. He has found out he's in the army now.



Had a sad case today. A farmer from the hill country came after the body of his son, Jimmy. I accompanied the body to the train, but when we put the coffin in the baggage car, the old farmer grabbed the flag off the coffin and said: "I'll keep that! I'm going to put it on a pole in front of our house. Mother is an invalid. I'll put it where she can see it from her window. We'll bury him under the cedars back of the house. Jimmy's bought and paid for this flag. This is our flag and Jimmy's flag."



Had our first sham battle today. They had trenches dug out, imitation gas bombs. It was very exciting. It gave us some idea of what it will be like "over there." The white officers should be ashamed to scare some of the colored troops like they do. One colored fellow was carrying an arm-full of the imitation bombs in glass containers. The officers had teased the fellow and told him they were filled with deadly gas and one breath would be fatal. The poor fellow, in his nervousness, stumbled and fell and broke four or five bottles. A great gas cloud arose among the colored troops, and they left double-quick! Some of them were never found. Perhaps they joined the bird-gang.



On the troop-train. All day long the troop-trains were leaving Camp Pike. We have been in quarantine for several days. I talked to Sarah over the telephone. She told me that she and the children were not allowed to come

in, but that she would be just outside the cantonment where the Missouri Pacific line crosses the road, and a friend would bring her and the children to the side of the track, and for me to be on the rear platform and wave to them. I did. That picture will follow me the rest of my life. Poor little lonely woman with our boy in her arms. He is over a year old now. He waved at me. The girls were waving flags. I just got a glimpse of them. God help me and protect them!

There's no diner on the train, and are the boys lonely! I dare not go back through the coaches (there must be twelve coaches), for the boys are all crowding me with the question: "When do we eat?" Nobody seems to know.

We are coming into the city of St. Louis, so the boys tell me. We have managed to exist on coffee, hard-tack, fruit and different things we brought with us. We haven't had a square meal. I hope we stop here long enough to eat.

Just left St. Louis. Will I ever forget that town! The train stopped at the big Union Depot, and it looked as though the whole town was at the train. The ladies of the different churches walked up and down with trays full of the most delicious food I ever tasted. It seems that the War Department had wired to have our meals ready for us. I ate doughnuts, sandwiches, cookies, until I got black in the face.

I laughed at "Burr." (The boys named him "Burr" because they said when he came out of the Ozarks he had some cockleburrs in his hair.) "Burr" came in the train with a doughnut on each finger, and his canteen full of coffee, the tears running down his cheeks. He said: "If they keep on treating me like this, some of them Germans is going to get hurt, if I ever see one of them!"

It's eight o'clock at night, and we are about to reach Camp Dix, New Jersey. What next?

In my room at Camp Dix, New Jersey. These barracks are just about like those at Camp Pike.

The train on which I came held the headquarter troops of the General's staff. The 312th Engineers were regarded as headquarters troops also. I believe our 312th Engineer officers are the finest of the entire division, many of them West Pointers. I know Col. S. and Lieut. Col. T. are, as well as some of the Majors.

Got a letter from Sarah today, stained with tear-drops. She says the children miss me so. She made the payment on the home all right this month. She has kept them up so far. She wrote me that when the 312th Engineers left, they telephoned her, without my knowledge, to come out and take all the furniture, the phonograph, and the records in the officers' club house, and she had the pick of it all in our little home.

We heard the band concert tonight. My own band. When I was first assigned to the 312th Engineers, they were not allowed a band, but we inducted the Engineers by special process, but the ones we inducted were not Engineers. They were musicians. We had the pick of all the professional musicians who were in the draft. Imagine what a band! Think of me as the bandmaster! I trained them for three months. This afternoon quite a crowd listened here at Camp Dix. They say it is the best band in the 87th Division. We have about eight bands altogether. However, when they played "My Little Gray Home in the West," and some tenor soloist from an Atlantic beach entertainment sang it, I had to leave. I went to my room and have had my first big, soul-cleansing cry. It's worth it, just to be able to talk with these fellows at the time of their sacrifice, to have a part in the big sacrifice.

Our last day at Camp Dix. We just had our last review. Regiment after regiment passed by General S. on the

reviewing stand. They are crack troops and ready to go. I wondered while they were marching by, 30,000 of them, how many of these boys would ever get back. We are leaving tonight about midnight for Hoboken, to take a transport for France.



1:45 A. M. There are no sleepers on these trains that are rushing up from Camp Dix to Hoboken. We are seated in day coaches.

I just saw a beautiful sight. In a little cottage by the side of this right of way there stood a gray-haired woman with a lamp on a table. It must be a little farm here in New Jersey. She was waving a service flag at our troop-train as we went by. We've got the backing of the mothers at home.



I am leaning against a concrete pillar on the wharf at Hoboken. The boys are moving into a great ship, an English boat by the name of Caronia. I just had a good laugh at a story some fellow was telling about some colored troops that were loaded last week. It seems that some of the troops balked at getting into the transport. The top-sergeant with the colored boys said: "Follow me and fear no danger!" They went in, were put down in the steerage. They spent the night on the boat. The next morning the courageous sergeant managed to get up to where there was a port-hole and looked out. The ship had been taken out of sight of land and anchored, awaiting the rest of the convoy. The sergeant pulled his head back into the port-hole and said: "My gracious, I never saw so much water in my life! The levee must have busted last night! The whole country's covered with water!"



On the Caronia. My bunk-mate is a very fine fellow. I think he is a Canadian. He makes me think of Sergeant Major B. We were great pals. He was one of the bayonet instructors at Camp Pike. One of the ways

we raised money to buy the instruments for that band when we finally had one was to give exhibitions of bayonet exercise and trench fighting. In this, we would throw each other over our shoulders and disarm the other. At L., Miss., we were giving an exhibition on a sidewalk in front of a furniture store. When I made the thrust with the long point of the bayonet he failed to ward off the bayonet and it went through his hand. How he suffered! I understand he has gone on to England. I hope to see him when we get over there.

My bunk-mate makes me think of B. He is a nervous, fidgety fellow.



I saw land fade out this afternoon, the last little piece of the New Jersey coast. Goodbye, old U. S. A.! I guess I'll know a lot more than I know now if I ever see you again. May the Lord take care of Sarah and the babies. Psalm 91!



What a scare! The officers at my table decided to tease me. They'd heard me talking about the fine flashlight that the Spaulding Athletic Company had given me. Our boys raised \$1200.00 for athletic equipment. We've shipped that in the artillery caissons. The officers for days have been talking about flashlights. They jokingly told me in all seriousness that they arrested a man with a flashlight, that they caught him signaling to the U boats that were following our convoy. I immediately left the table, and decided to throw my flashlight overseas, because they might find it. But, the boys tipped off some officers on the English boat, and, as I walked out of my stateroom with my flashlight, one of them walked up to me, slapped me on the back, and said: "Well, I'll just walk with you, Chaplain." How my heart fluttered. He walked me down. As the night came on, and I could not find a chance to throw overboard my flashlight, I went up on the sun deck between the smokestacks, and dropped into exhaustion into a chair. I was awakened by somebody shaking me and yelling: "For God's sake, turn out



that flashlight!" It was in my hip pocket, and I had pressed the button, turning on the light, and it was shining out from under my coat a beam of light as bright as day between the smokestacks. The other ships began to radio a warning to catch the fellow with the flashlight, but they never caught me nor the flashlight. I never quit running until I threw it overboard, but what a restless night I spent last night! No more flashlights for me!



Had another scare last night. We are in the North Sea and are followed by U boats. Yesterday afternoon they put up a bulletin to sleep in your life preservers and not to take off the clothing, but I decided I'd take it easy. My room-mate became nervous, washed his face in the basin of water there in the corner of our stateroom. I told him to leave the water there. We were allowed just so much water a day. The wash basin was just about two and a half feet high. I washed my face with some cold water, and then decided to retire and trust the Lord. The bulletin told us that in case we were struck by a torpedo we would hear five blasts of the siren. I was lying there "dreaming dreams that mortal ne'er dared to dream before," when the siren started. That is, I thought it was the siren. They had failed to tell us that there was a fog-warning on that boat. I thought the fog-warning was the siren. I jumped up. We were in the dark. Couldn't find my clothes. The fellow on the bunk above me jumped out, knocked me down, and left me stranded. I finally found one boot, put it on; it was on the wrong foot. I remember thinking that I paid \$40.00 for these boots. If I drown, I want to save them! In pulling that boot off, I ran backwards and sat down in that bowl of water. I said: "Sunk without a hope in the world. This is horrible!"



Landed at Liverpool. Crowds swarmed at the windows of the shops as we marched to take the train to ride down to Winchester. The King of England sent a signed

letter welcoming us to the armies of the Allies. An old white-haired man hobbled by the side of me as we marched while the band played "On the Road to Mandalay." This old man told me that he had two sons killed in France.



At Winchester, England. Thomas Nelson Page, an American Ambassador, who is a great writer of Southern stories, in the negro dialect, gave us a luncheon in the station, and the boys made me tell a story. Mr. Page seemed to enjoy it.

We are all worn out. I will go out tomorrow and look this town of Winchester over. I guess we'll soon cross the English Channel and go on to France.



This is an historic town. Everywhere you look some incident in history is suggested. Walked down a road today built by Julius Caesar's troops. Saw a bridge built before Christ.

Sugar is very scarce over here as it is at home. Sarah wrote me that she has an allowance on sugar and many other things. Mr. Hoover is having meatless days and sugarless days so the boys may have plenty. Dropped in a little coffee place. A white-haired lady refused to take any money, and brought me her private stock of sugar. Imagine, I spilt the coffee in the sugar bowl and ruined a quarter pound of it! It's worth its weight in gold. She said: "I have three boys in the British army; forget it. When blood is being spilled, what is sugar worth!"



On the English Channel. What a day! We left Winchester behind, and came down to South Hampton, again at midnight. That solemn hour seems to be our time to make journeys! I am seated again on a concrete floor, leaning on my bedding roll, waiting to go down and get on a boat named the Yale. It seems they have two here, the Yale and the Harvard, that make a trip every other

night across the English Channel. A boat was sunk last night with a big loss of lives. Had a nice dinner with Captain B. He's homesick, too, tonight. It seems that they are unloading the wounded down at the wharf and putting them on a Red Cross train. It will pass us in a moment. Just heard the clock in a nearby church tower strike twelve. A solemn moment! I wonder what Sarah and the babies are doing tonight in Little Rock! I received three letters from her today. I've read them over and over. She says the influenza is bad in Little Rock, and in Camp Pike another division is training in the barracks where we were.

1:30 A. M. The Red Cross train just passed. I'll never forget that sight. We could see bloody bandages; the train moved slowly. It seemed to be filled with bunks. On the top of the train was a red cross. We are the replacements to take their place. God help us and give us courage!

4:30 A. M. Off on the Yale. The officers are smoking and trying to laugh off their nervousness. Two airplanes are hovering over us. I just saw a beam of light a few moments ago flash down from one on the water. Torpedo boat destroyers are on each side. This English Channel is as full of German submarines as a country spring is filled with mellow bugs. Poor old Major S., one of our chief medical officers, has the jitters tonight. He's the most profane man I ever met. I was seated out on a bench on the deck of the Yale wondering what would happen next, and if we'd make it. He came out and sat down by me, and took my hand and said: "God being my helper, I have used my last oath!" He said: "You didn't know that I was an active religious man, but I backslid in the army and want to start all over. I've got a lovely wife and babies back home, and I want you to pray for me." Out there in that murky, foggy night, where there was death on every hand, we committed ourselves to God. May God bless that Major tonight. I guess Sarah and the

babies would be nervous if they knew where we were, but God is here. I feel His protecting presence. "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone" (Psalm 91).

Seated on the wharf at Le Havre. So, this is France! We had quite a thrill coming into the harbor, dodging the mines—the Allies' mines. We had to lie out there and wait for a pilot to take us through these hidden mines. They are put there to keep the enemy out of the harbor, but we made it.

What a night! We are in a rest camp on top of a hill near Le Havre. Yesterday, we marched in a blinding rain up that hill, and the Mayor of the city kept us standing at attention while he welcomed us. How that rain tickled me around my nose as it ran around and off my trench cap. Several of the huskies fell out on the march, two prize-fighters, but I made it pack and all, afoot. This rest camp is enclosed in barbed wire, and we are kept here for quarantine. Had a lot of bed fellows last night—a million cooties! The roof of the building I'm sleeping in has been knocked out. Wonder if it was an air raid?

I learned my first French word today. I saw an old Frenchman urging a horse along, and he kept saying: "Allez-vous-on!" I asked one of the boys, who is a Frenchman from Louisiana, what the fellow said. He translated it into English, "beat it," so I have a French phrase, anyhow.

In the train at Le Havre, about to leave for a French town named Pons, which is somewhere near Bordeaux, the training area for front line service. Just saw a colored fellow limping along. I asked him if he had been wounded. He said: "No, sir, I've been in a rest camp." And then, in the inimitable style of a colored fellow, he said: "Boss, do you know anything about the resurrection?" I said: "Yes, I happen to be a preacher." "Well," he said, "if they carve the word 'rest' on my tombstone, and

it's what I went through in that rest camp, you just tell my folks back home I ain't got a hope in the world for the future!"

On the way to Pons. We officers are in the coaches with no comforts, no diner, no sleepers, and the boys are in box cars. On each car it says: "Forty men, eight horses." I was laughing at "Burr." He came to me a while ago, when we stopped for the engine to take water, and he said: "When are they going to put those eight horses in with them forty fellows? If they do, somebody is going to get tromped to death!" It seemed to relieve his mind when I told him it meant "Forty men or eight horses."

So this is Pons! We have just detrained, and the boys are marching away to their billets. I have been made Chaplain of the 87th Division, thanks to General S.

In the home of Pastor Robert. I was lucky. I've been billeted in the home of a Presbyterian preacher in Pons. His son was killed a month ago on the Marne River. All the family wear black. He was an only boy, and the old man is brokenhearted. He speaks no English, and he has asked me to preach in his Presbyterian Church next Sunday in French. Woe is me! He tells me that his little church is one of the few Protestant churches in this section. He is supported by missionary money. This building was standing during the Massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day, and many were killed in and around this church.

Sunday night. Preached this morning to eighty-five French Presbyterians in French. I had some difficulty, but I managed to get along fairly well. The congregation presented me with a copy of the Psalms which was in the church on St. Bartholomew's Day. I shall always treasure this. I am sending it home. Had several letters from Sarah today. They've had trouble with influenza. I get \$166.66 a month for salary, and quartering expenses,

which is about \$20.00. I allotted all of the salary but one dollar to the family, so I will have to get by on the \$20.00 a month and the dollar left out of my salary. However, I find that the boys of the 312th Division have passed the word around, and I am not to pay any board.

We are moving to Camp Genicart near Bordeaux. I wonder what that means?

Have been assigned as associate base Chaplain at Bordeaux with Chaplain P., who has seen service with the 102nd Infantry with the 26th Division. Often we see wounded and disabled men here where they are trying to get them ready to go home. They feel they are lucky to be discharged even at the price of a wound.

Received an order today from my old friend, Major D., who had been ordered from the 87th Division to General Pershing's headquarters. He sent for me, so I go to the headquarters of the A. E. F. at Chaumont. I have to pay my way, and then get a refund. I don't know how I'll get the money.

On my way to Chaumont to Pershing's headquarters. Had a little difficulty getting on the train. Had no money. Had my orders extended ten days waiting for the mail boat, hoping to hear from Sarah. Haven't had a letter now for months. I'm afraid of what the "flu" has done. Went to get my mail today and found none, so I'm feeling dejected and pretty low. Had difficulty getting my trunk out of the baggage room. Had to shove a French baggage man to one side and pick it up and get on the train with it. I guess he'll always be looking for me. They tell me they take up the tickets when you get off a train in Paris.

We enjoyed twenty-four hours in Paris. Got on the "Metro," which is the French subway. The only thing I could do was just get off every now and then, go up to

the surface and see what I could see, and go back and ride again. Saw the Church of the Madeleine, the one that was struck on Easter Sunday by a shell from the big guns 70 miles away.



Reported to General Pershing's headquarters to Bishop B.'s office. He's chief Chaplain and a lovely man. Am ordered to Foulain.



Went by the place called Foulain, but nothing was there. Came back on the train, got off, walked eight miles up a muddy road, found some fellows I knew. Nothing left here but desolation and death throughout this country. Battlefields are nothing but tangled bits of barbed wire and blasted shell holes, not a thing living, not even a roach. I've got a nice job, burying the dead. I buried a fellow today whose nearest of kin was in Little Rock. I am writing Sarah to look up the widow. I wrote a note and put it in a wine bottle, put the stopper in, laid it under the fellow's hands, and buried it with him. I wonder if anyone will ever dig him up and find that.



Back in Chaumont. Had a fine talk with Major D. I am to go down to talk to the boys of the 26th Division, who have just been pulled out of the lines.



What a desolate trip to the 26th Division! They had a truckload of officers' lockers, belonging to men who had just been killed. The top-sergeant of the company took me to the basement of an old ruined building and showed me a locker he had been carrying awaiting an opportunity to send it back to his captain's wife and children. He lifted up the lid of it. There were the officers' effects. On the lid of the trunk was his wife's picture, a beautiful woman with a sweet face, and in each corner was the picture of a little child. What will they say when his trunk comes home! As the French say: "C'est la guerre." ("It is the war!").

## Memorial Day

The finest tribute we can pay  
Unto our hero dead today,  
Is not a rose wreath, white and red,  
In memory of the blood they shed;  
It is to stand beside each mound,  
Each couch of consecrated ground,  
And pledge ourselves as warriors true  
Unto the work they died to do.

Into God's valleys where they lie  
At rest, beneath the open sky,  
Triumphant now, o'er every foe,  
As living tributes let us go.  
No wreath of rose or immortelles  
Or spoken word or tolling bells  
Will do to-day, unless we give  
Our pledge that liberty shall live.

Our hearts must be the roses red  
We place above our hero dead;  
To-day beside their graves we must  
Renew allegiance to their trust;  
Must bare our heads and humbly say  
We hold the Flag as dear as they,  
And stand, as once they stood, to die  
To keep the Stars and Stripes on high.

The finest tribute we can pay  
Unto our hero dead today  
Is not of speech or roses red,  
But living, throbbing hearts instead  
That shall renew the pledge they sealed  
With death upon the battlefield:  
That freedom's flag shall bear no stain  
And free men wear no tyrant's chain.

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