

Education and Patriotism in Iowa

The year 1968 marks the 100th anniversary of the observance of Memorial Day. It is a day that all Iowans should commemorate, more so, perhaps, in 1968 than ever before. As we look back over the past century it may come as a surprise to some of the present generation to learn that their forebears had made an honest effort to instill love of home and family, of school and community, in the everyday classroom work in the public schools. It was the firm belief of our forebears that if this were done there would be engendered in students a respect for law, a thoughtfulness for the rights of others, and a true love of country.

To foster these virtues it was the policy of the Department of Education to issue each year a *Special Days* book which, in 1902 for example, embraced 104 pages devoted to the legal holidays and to such days as Arbor Day and Flag Day. In his introduction to this volume, Governor Leslie M. Shaw wrote on December 10, 1901:

It is comparatively easy for the old to define the duties of the young, and youth has no difficulty in distinguishing exemplary old age. It is more difficult, however, for the present day man and woman to know and do the present day duty, and be the ideal citizen of the hour. The faults and weaknesses in our lives need never be from want of

SPECIAL DAY ANNUAL

1908-1909

THANKSGIVING PEACE DAY
CHRISTMAS FLAG DAY
LINCOLN MEMORIAL DAY
WASHINGTON BAND OF MERCY
ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

ISSUED BY THE

Department of Public Instruction

knowledge, for the state gives each boy and girl ample opportunity for development. Failure is usually for want of application rather than from want of opportunity. Every boy knows enough to let cigarettes alone; every man knows better than to become a drunkard; every woman has judgment sufficient to be respectable, and to keep her house in order. The erring are not so much in need of more knowledge as of more wisdom.

He who does his best today will be more likely to do well tomorrow than the one who illy performs the duties of the present. *Now* is the time to prepare for that useful citizenship that is due our country. To do the duties of today well, results not only in gratifying consciousness

of meritorious conduct, but develops strength for the better performance of the duties of tomorrow, and the ever enlarging and more burdensome duties of future years; and it is on strength thus acquired that the state must depend. No section of our country possesses a more ideal body of young people than ours, and upon them will very soon rest the burdens of business life, political life, home life, and church life. But those who wait until the greater responsibilities arise before making a supreme effort will surely fall short of their present hopes of usefulness.

In 1902 Richard C. Barrett was Superintendent of Public Instruction. In his "Greeting" to teachers Mr. Barrett declared in part:

Special Day Exercises, rightly conducted, may be the means of intellectual and ethical growth. Only the *time-server* permits these occasions to become artificial and thus encourages boldness, self-consciousness, and vanity instead of loyalty, patriotism, charity and love; the *true* teacher uses these opportunities to impress lessons which will remain with his pupils long after their school days . . .

The learning of memory gems is becoming a recognized part of legitimate school work. No mere doggerel, but only those poems which develop a love for poetry and stimulate the impulse toward beautiful thought and unselfish action, should be stored in the mind of the child.

Since this issue of *The Palimpsest* is devoted to Memorial Day, and since Memorial Day is one of our great patriotic days, it is interesting to note the role that teachers were urged to play in instilling patriotism.

The teaching of patriotism in our public schools should receive due attention but we must not forget that waving

the flag and singing national airs is but a small part of patriotism.

All proper lessons in patriotism should first create respect and love for father and mother, brothers and sisters. . .

Let us pledge the children first to love and obedience at home, then to obedience at school. Respect and reverence for the laws of their community, their state and their country will naturally follow. . . .

Let history and geography be alive with suggestions of what has contributed to the prosperity of the nation, and what has detracted from its welfare.

There is something wrong in thinking that patriots must be soldiers or sailors. To be a patriot is to love one's country, to serve it faithfully, to support its government intelligently, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into the treasury, and to treat his fellow-citizens as he, himself, would like to be treated.

The following quotations have been gleaned from various issues of *Special Days* that were distributed to schools early in the 20th century.

They afford a clue to the thinking of educators between the Spanish-American War and the outbreak of World War I. The predominance of the Civil War motif is readily understood since thousands of Iowa veterans of that epic struggle were still living in the period between 1900 and 1917. The newly dug graves of other thousands were also fresh in the memory of many Iowans. Several of the poems reflect a healing of the wounds inflicted by the "War between the States" and a reconciliation of the Blue and the Grey.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

MEMORIAL DAY HONORS THE SOLDIER DEAD
From Revolutionary Days to Vietnam



Photo Courtesy Mrs. E. E. Ward

Samuel Lewis (Virginia)
Revolutionary War Soldier Buried in Brighton Cemetery



Des Moines Register Photo

Lawrence VanHook (New Jersey)
Revolutionary War Soldier Buried in Andrew Cemetery



Des Moines Register Photo

Memorial Day 1938 at Des Moines



Des Moines Register Photo

Memorial Day in 1940 at Des Moines



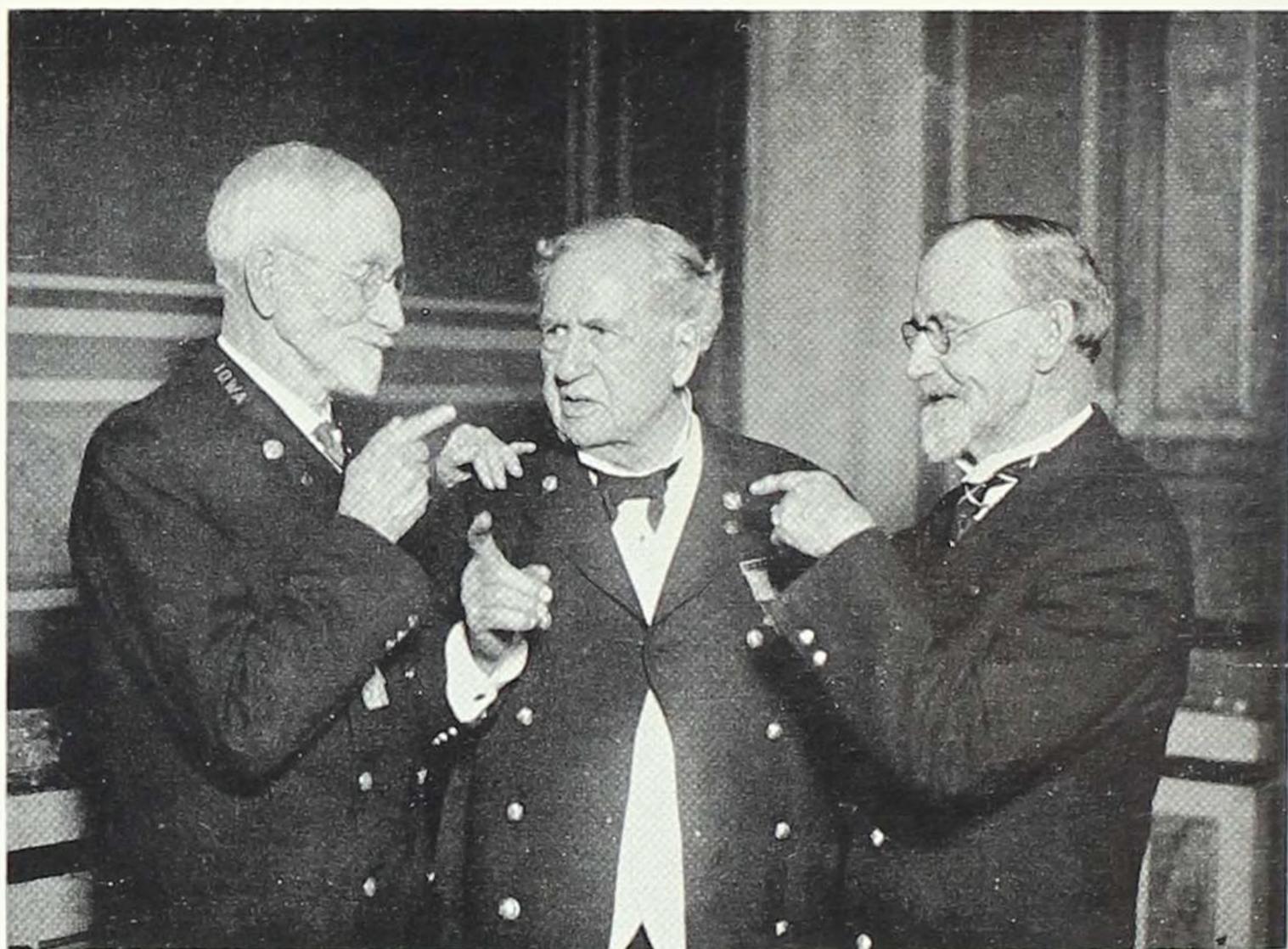
At Pine Hill Cemetery in
Des Moines (1935)

Des Moines Register Photo



Iowa City Press-Citizen Photo

Veterans Honor Soldier Dead in Iowa City (1944)



Des Moines Register Photo

Oley Nelson, James W. Willett, John P. Risley
Civil War Veterans at Governor Hammill's Inaugural Ball (1929)



Des Moines Register Photo

Civil War Veteran J. J. Neuman
Soldiers of Four Wars at Woodland Cemetery, Des Moines (1941)

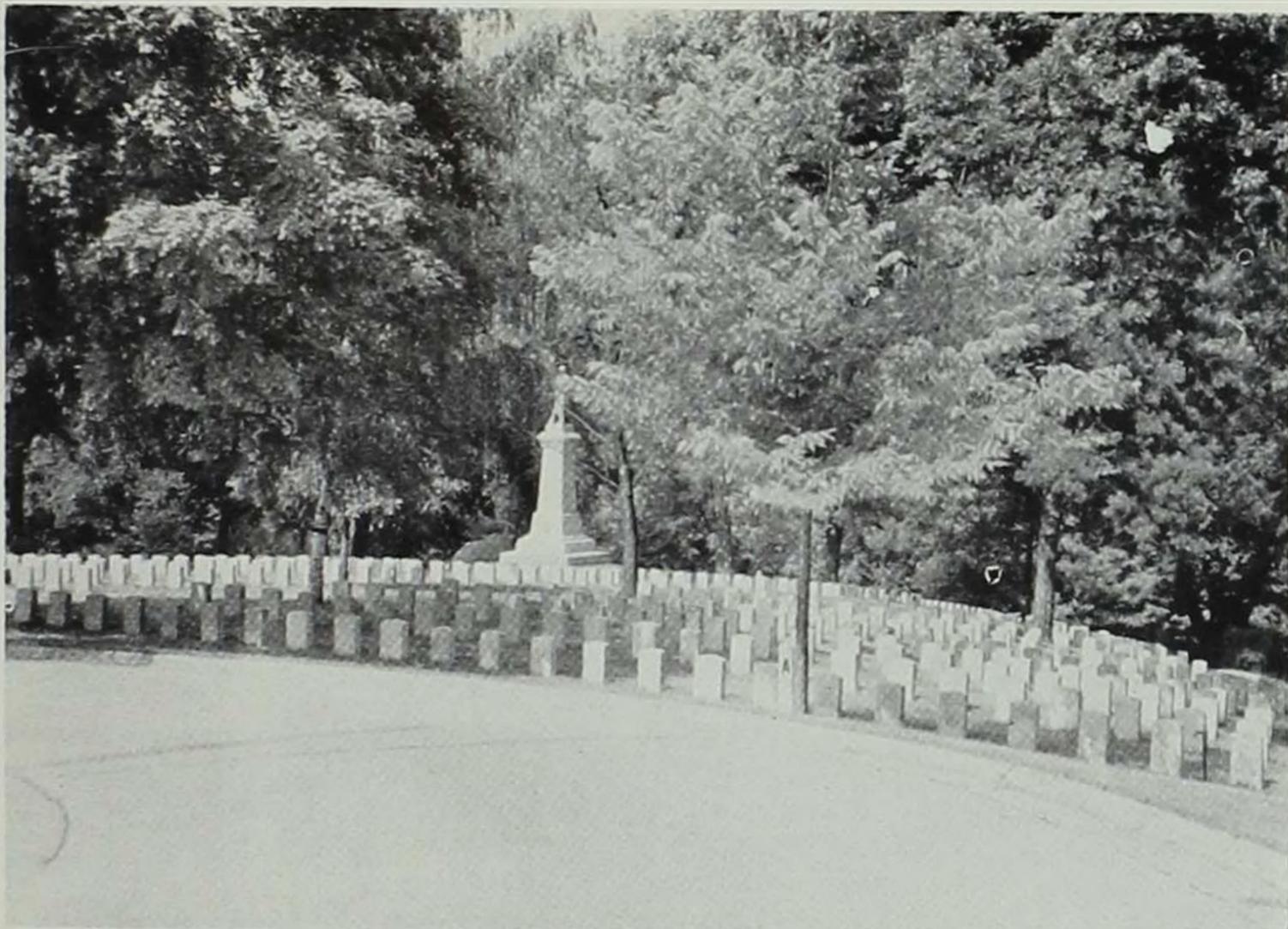


Photo Courtesy Herb Hake

National Cemetery at Keokuk



Photo Courtesy Herb Hake

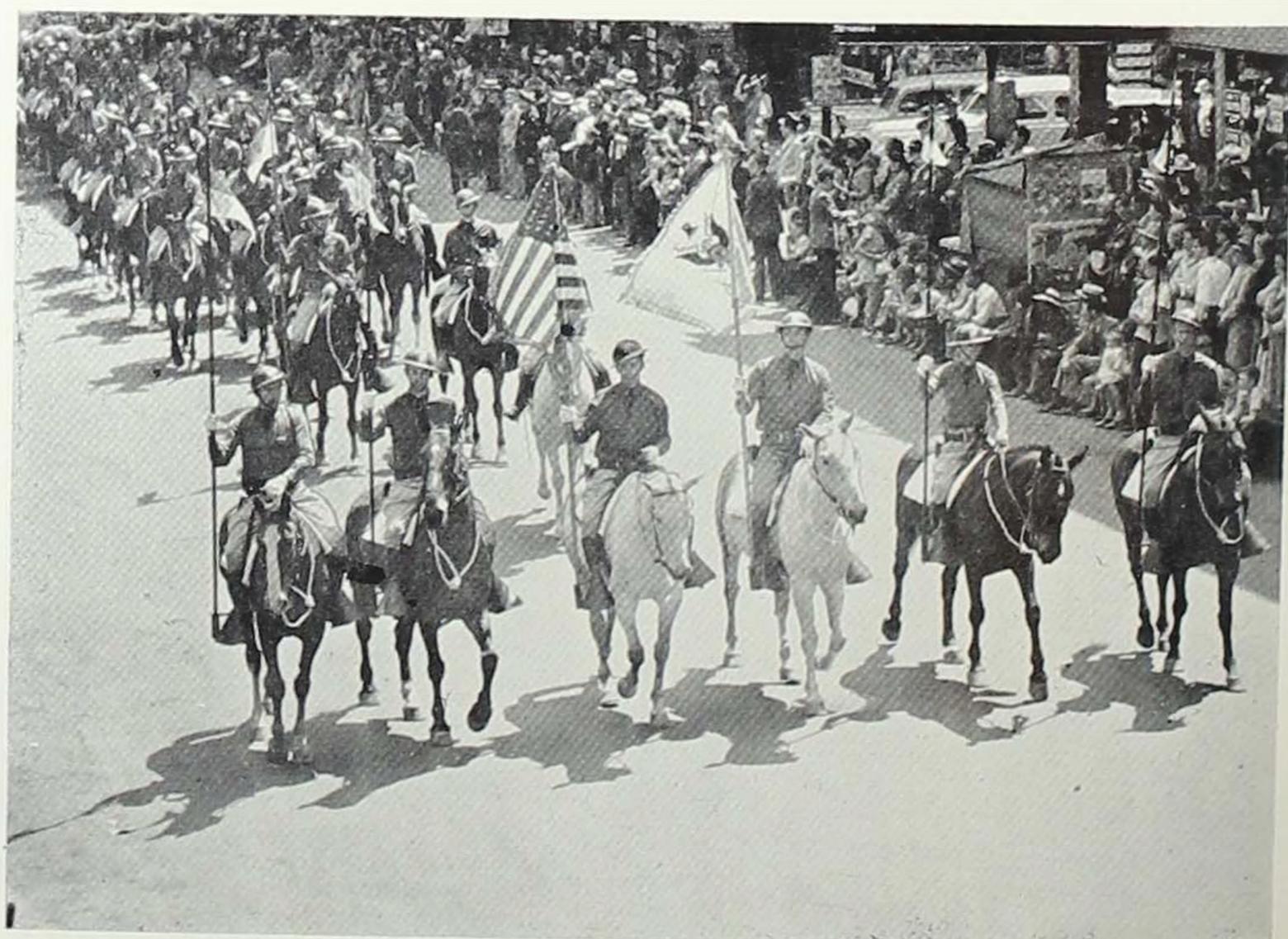
Site of Battle of Athens — At Croton

MEMORIAL DAY IN IOWA'S



Des Moines Register Photo

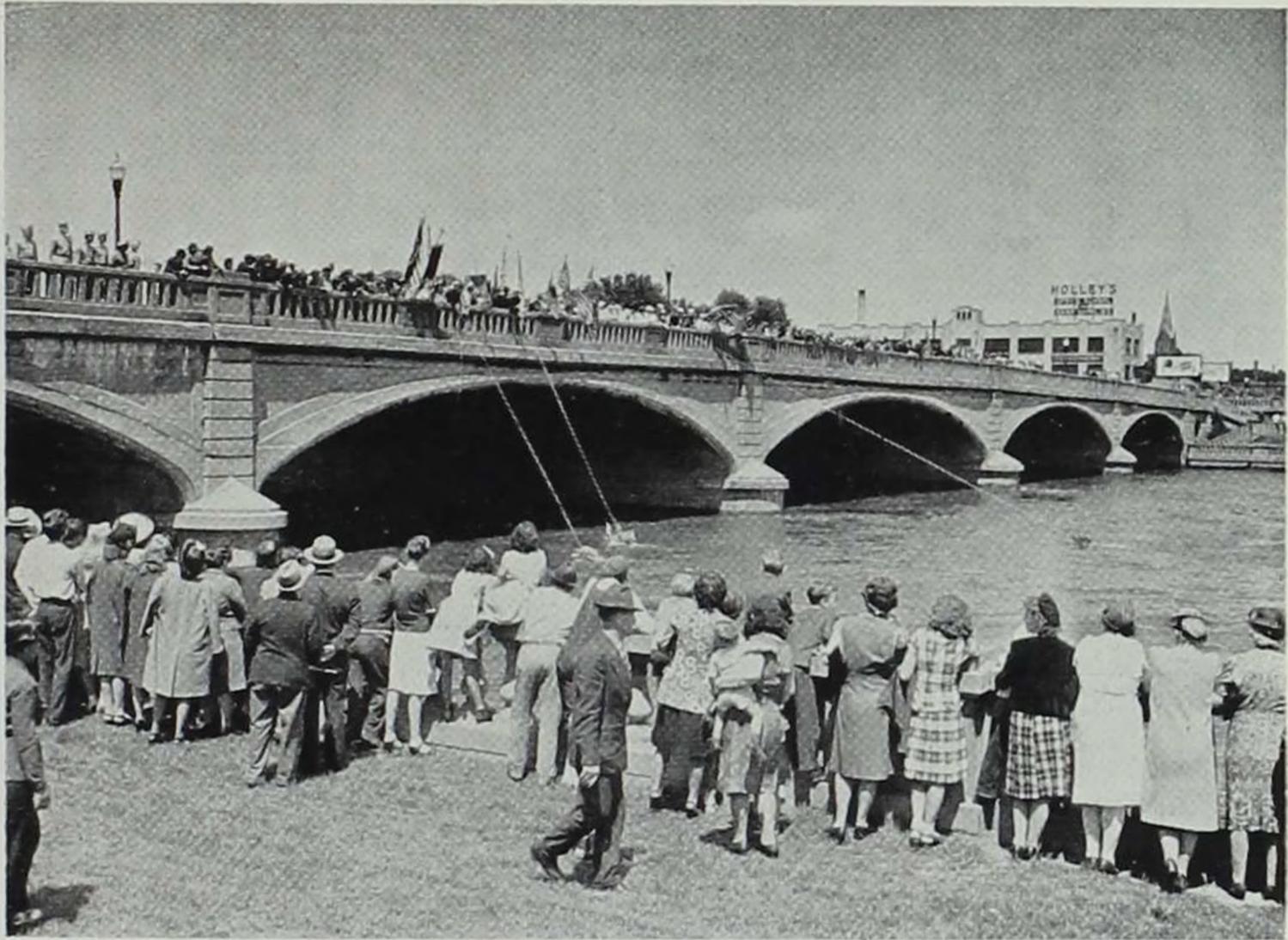
Memorial Day Parade in 1944



Des Moines Register Photo

Memorial Day Parade in 1940

CAPITAL CITY — DES MOINES



Des Moines Register Photo

Memorial Day Services at Grand Avenue Bridge in 1945



Des Moines Register Photo

Ceremonies at Base of Soldiers and Sailors Monument in 1956

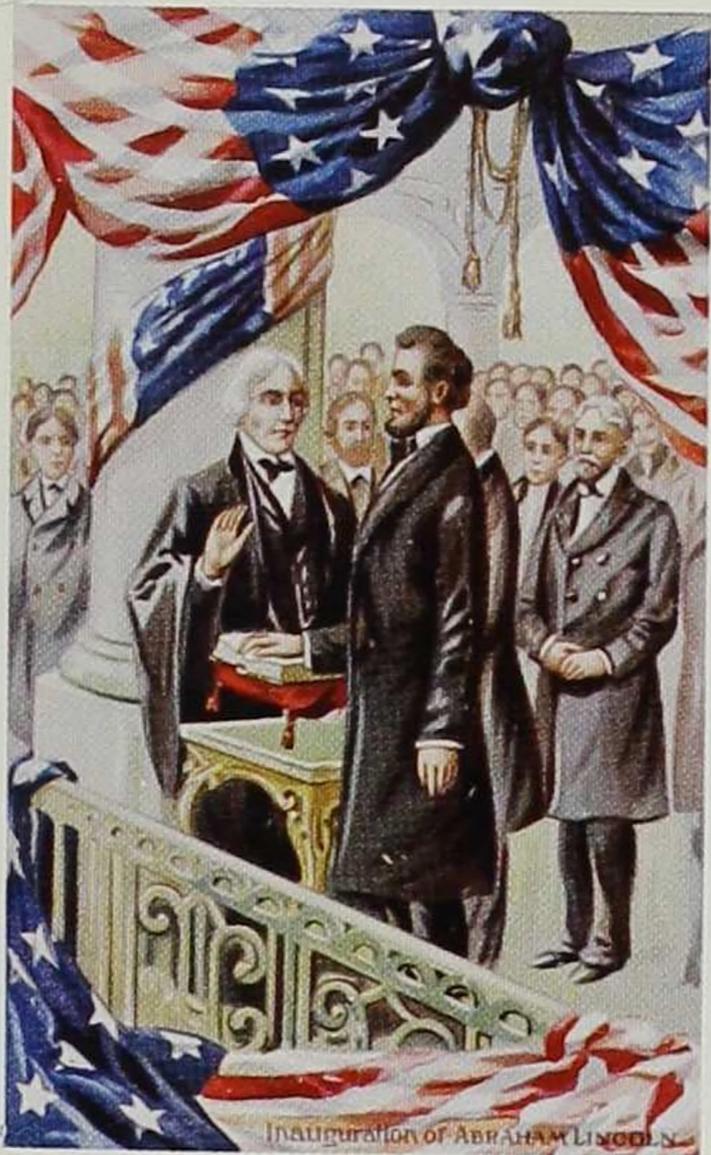
MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVED



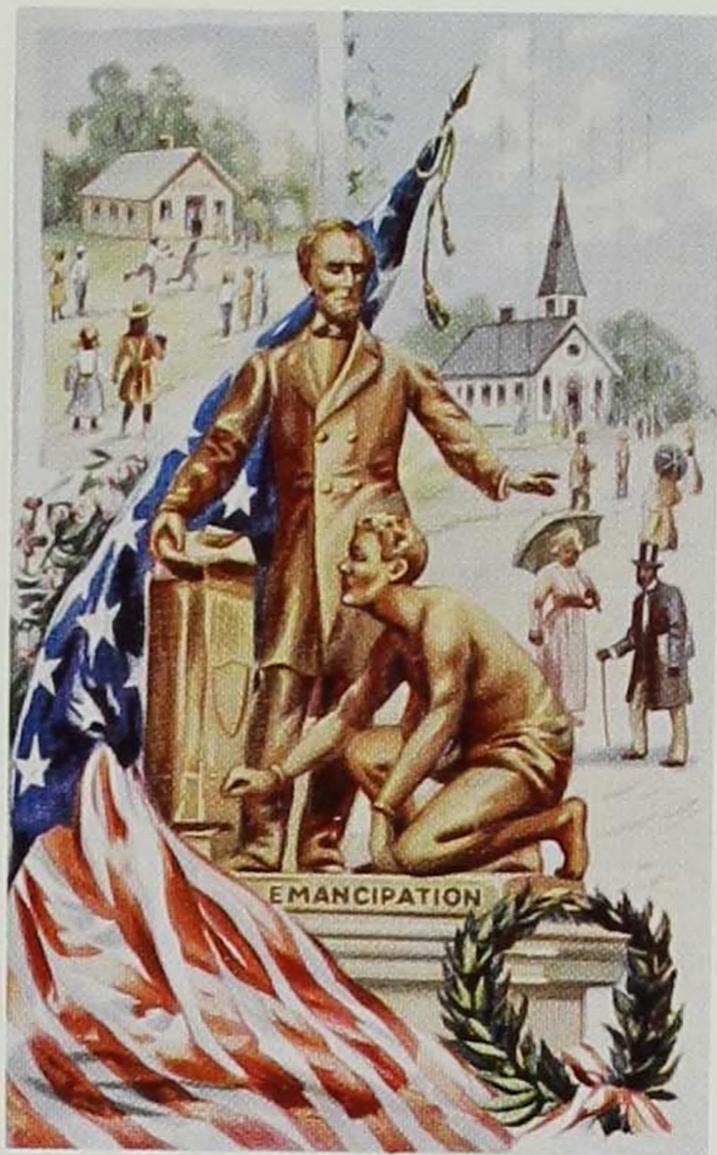
Des Moines Register (INS) Photo
Memorial Day at St. Avold, France, Honors American Dead
French Girl Waves Small American Flag



Des Moines Register (INS) Photo
Taps at Memorial Day Rites at U. S. Military Cemetery in Hamm, Luxembourg
Cemetery is Final Resting Place of Gen. George S. Patton, Jr.



Inauguration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN



EMANCIPATION

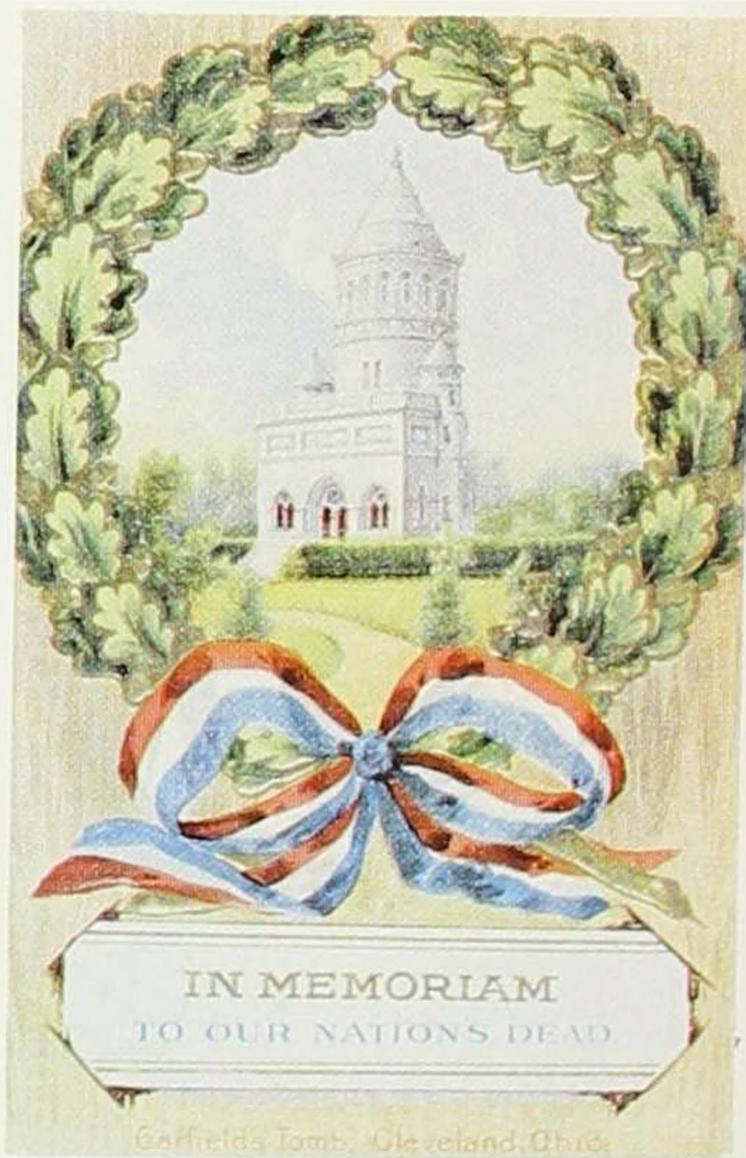
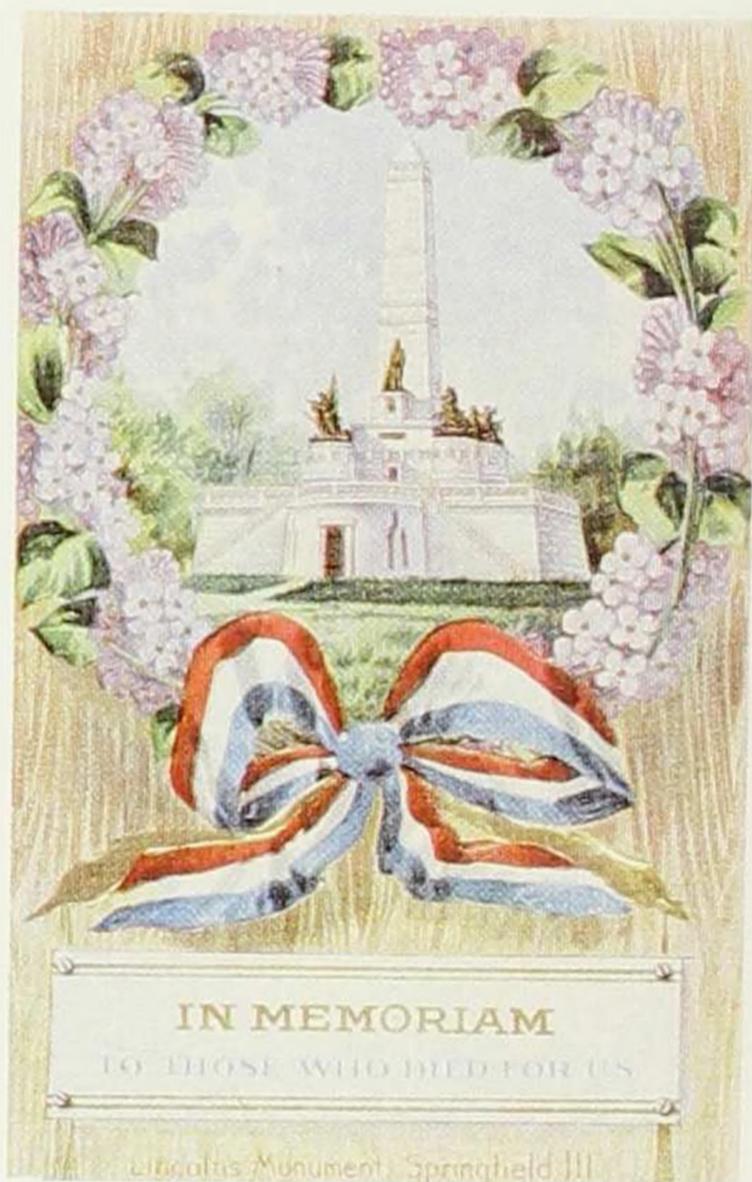
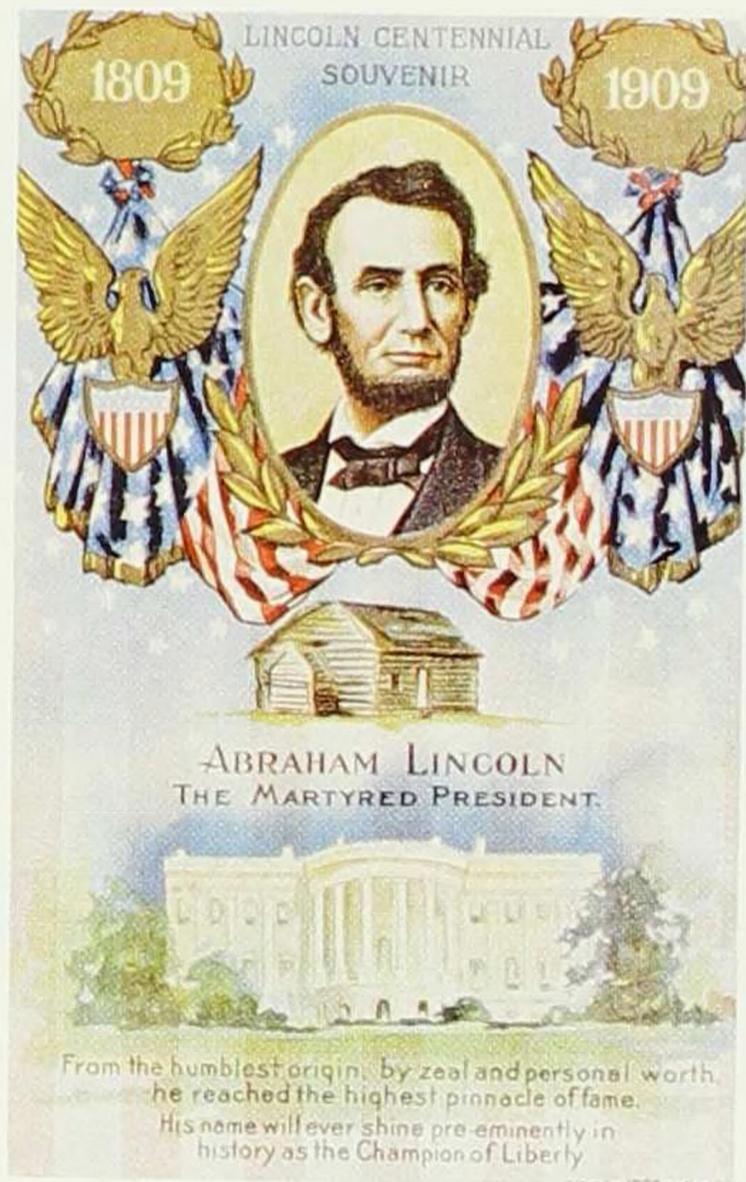


Meeting of President LINCOLN
and Genl GRANT.



LINCOLN MONUMENT
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

LINCOLN





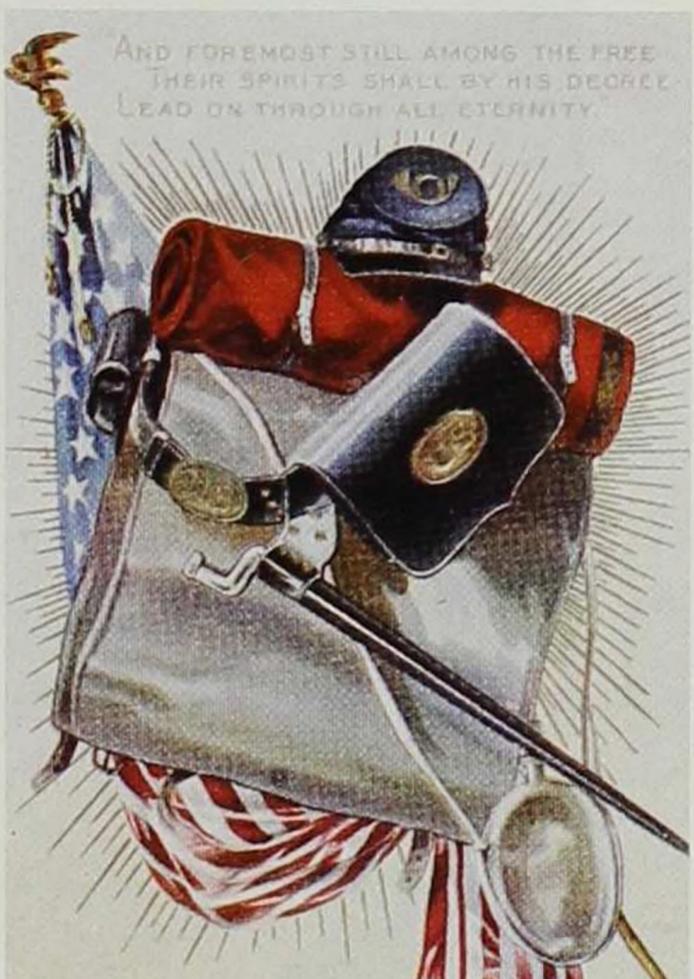
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.



Lest We Forget

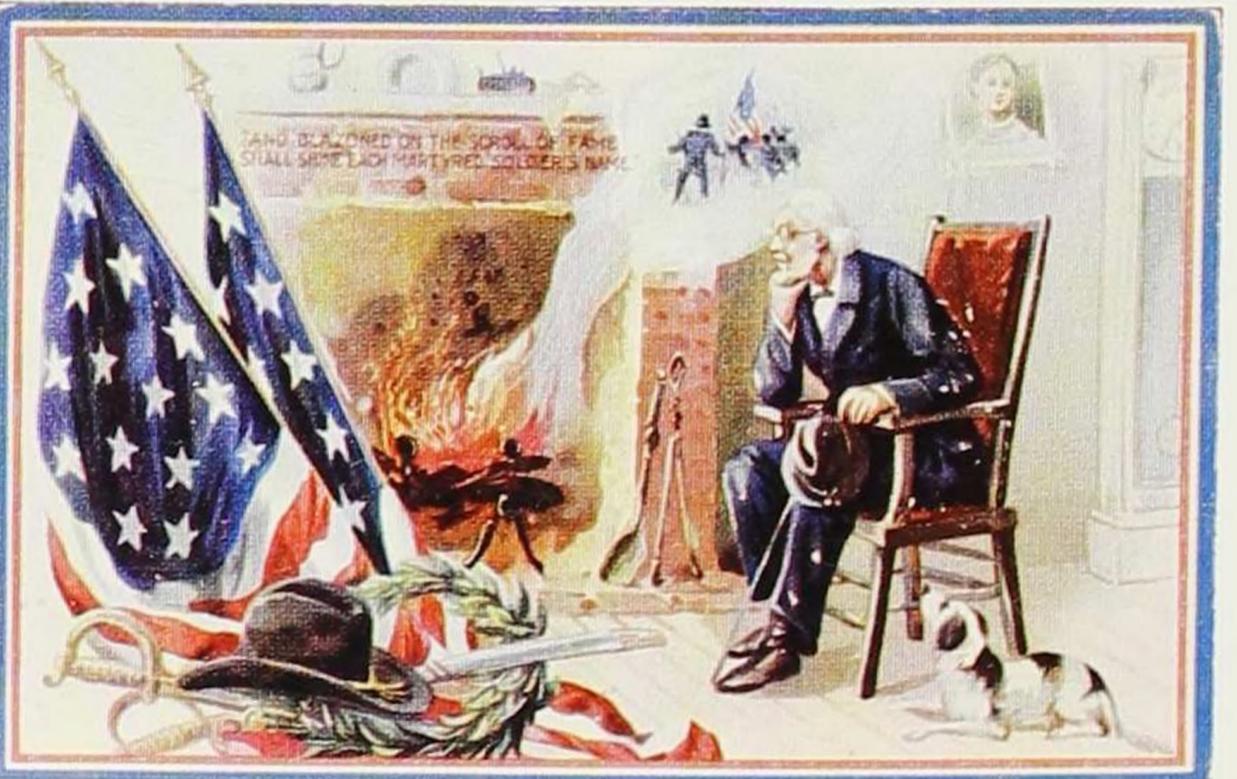


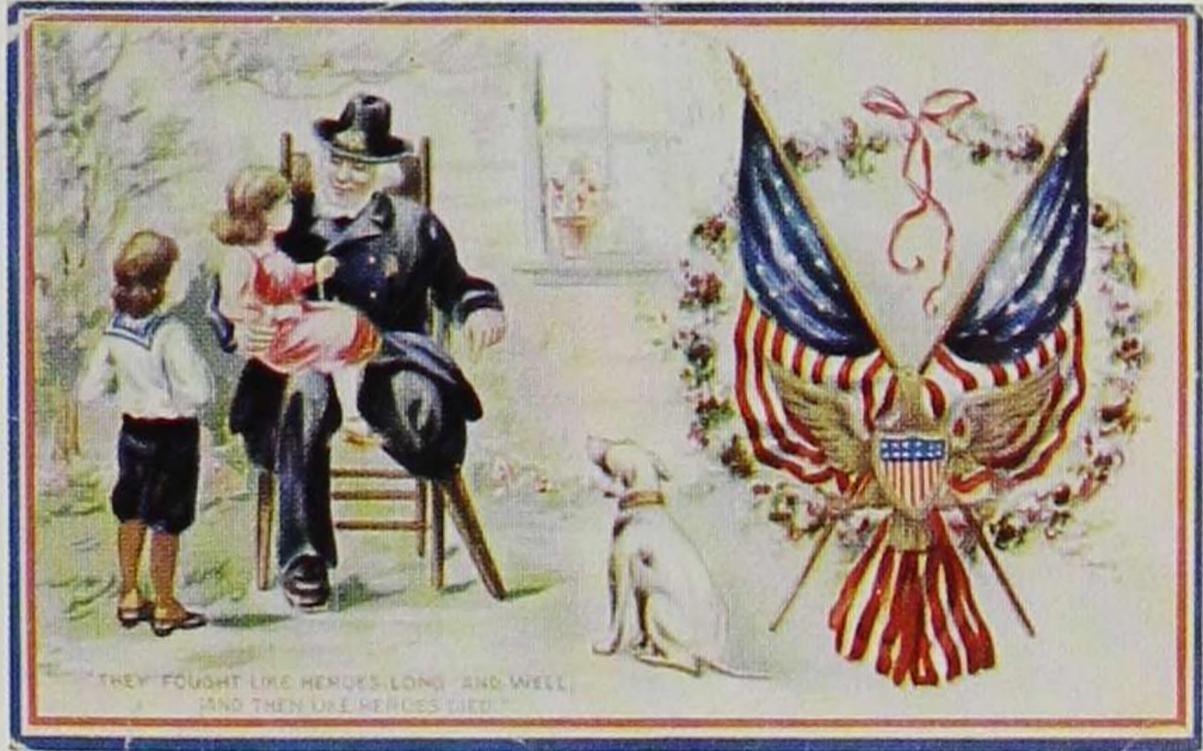
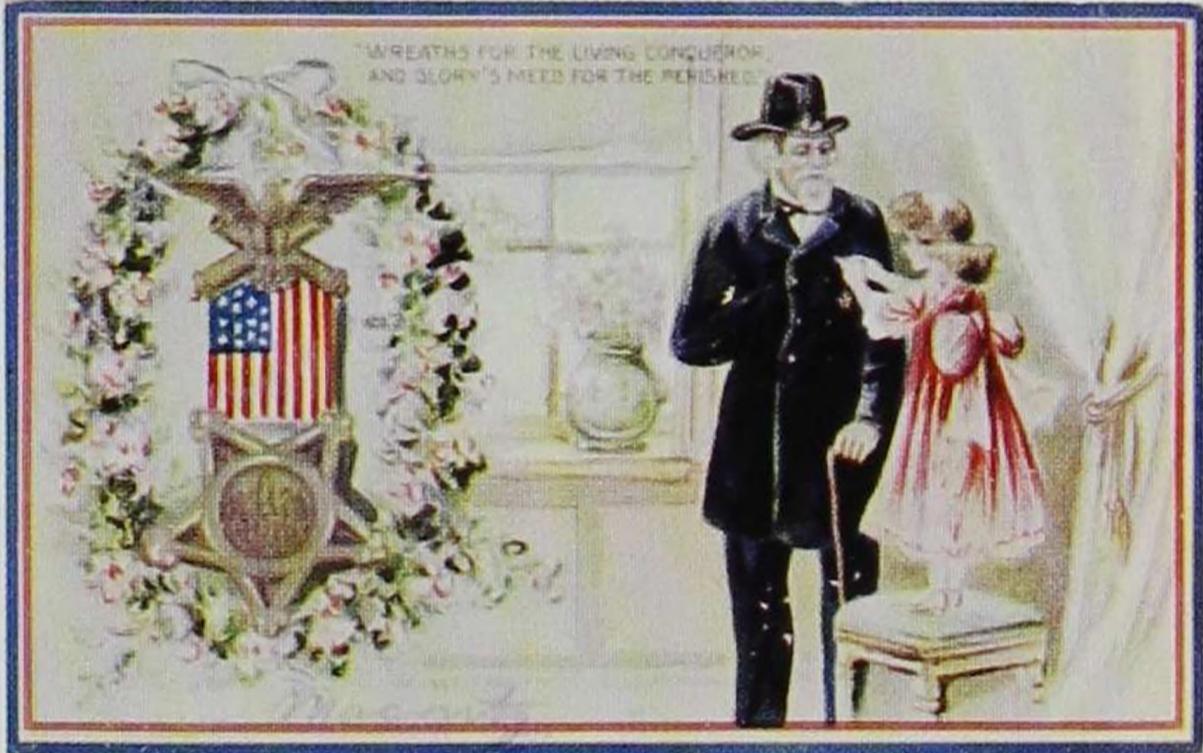
SONS OF VETERANS.
"A FAME THAT CLUSTERS BRIGHT AROUND
THE BROWS OF LEADERS LAUREL CROWNED
AND HONORED HEROES NEATH THE 'GROUND.'"



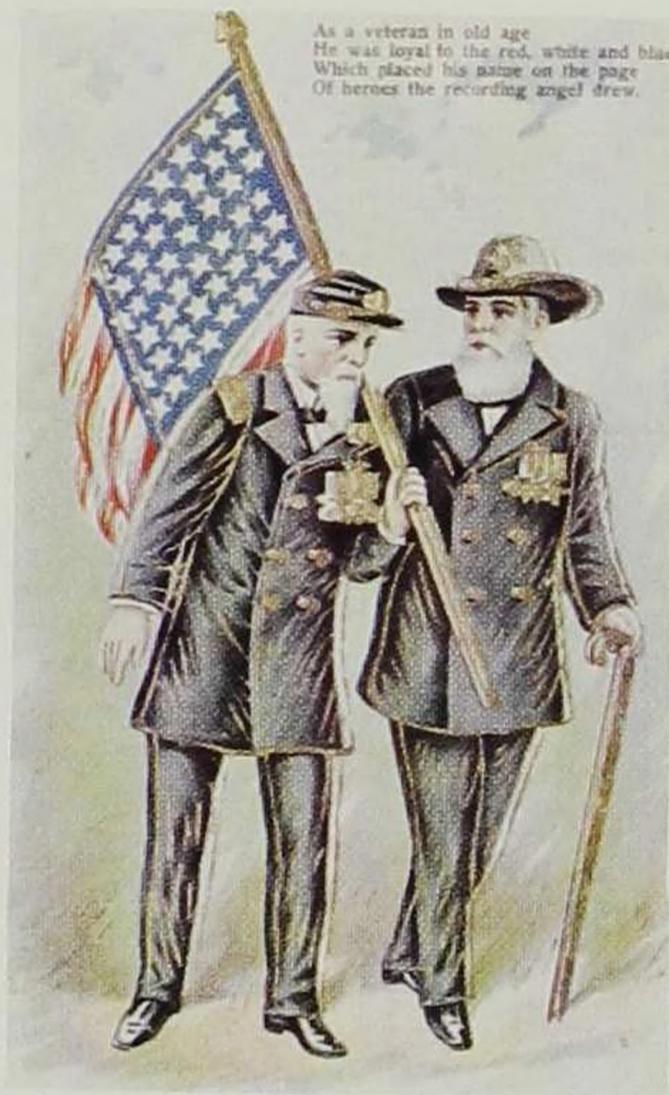
AND FOREMOST STILL AMONG THE FREE
THEIR SPIRITS SHALL BY HIS DECREE
LEAD ON THROUGH ALL ETERNITY.

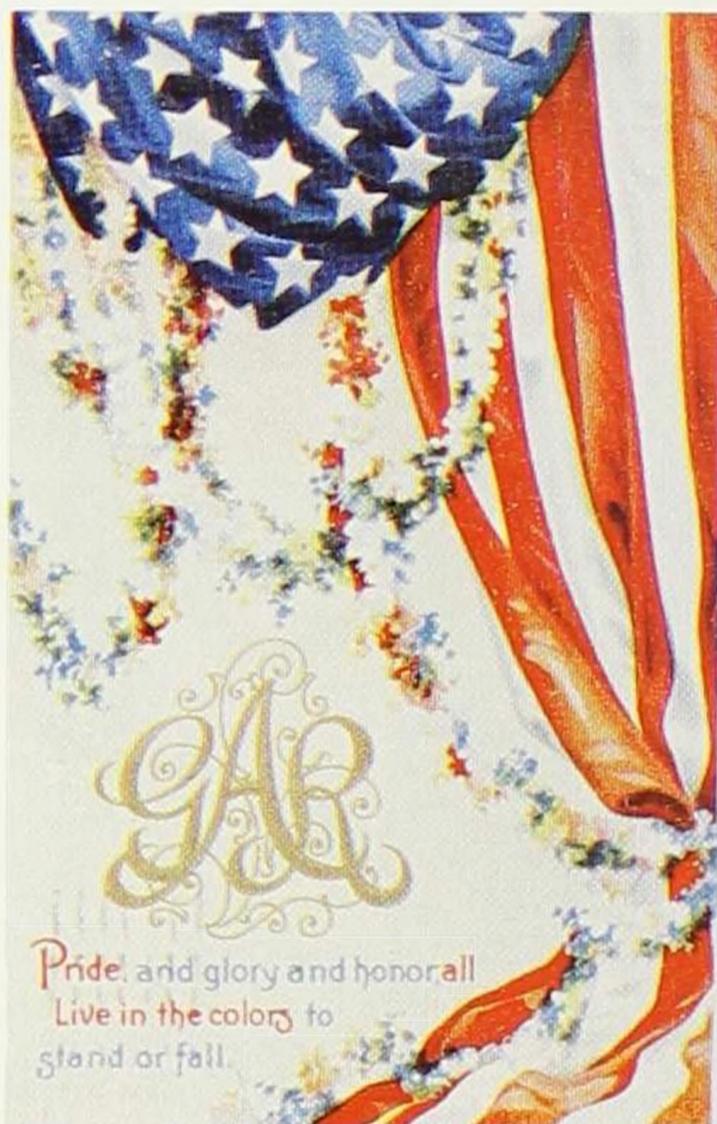
VETERAN SOLDIERS
OF
THE CIVIL WAR 61-65.









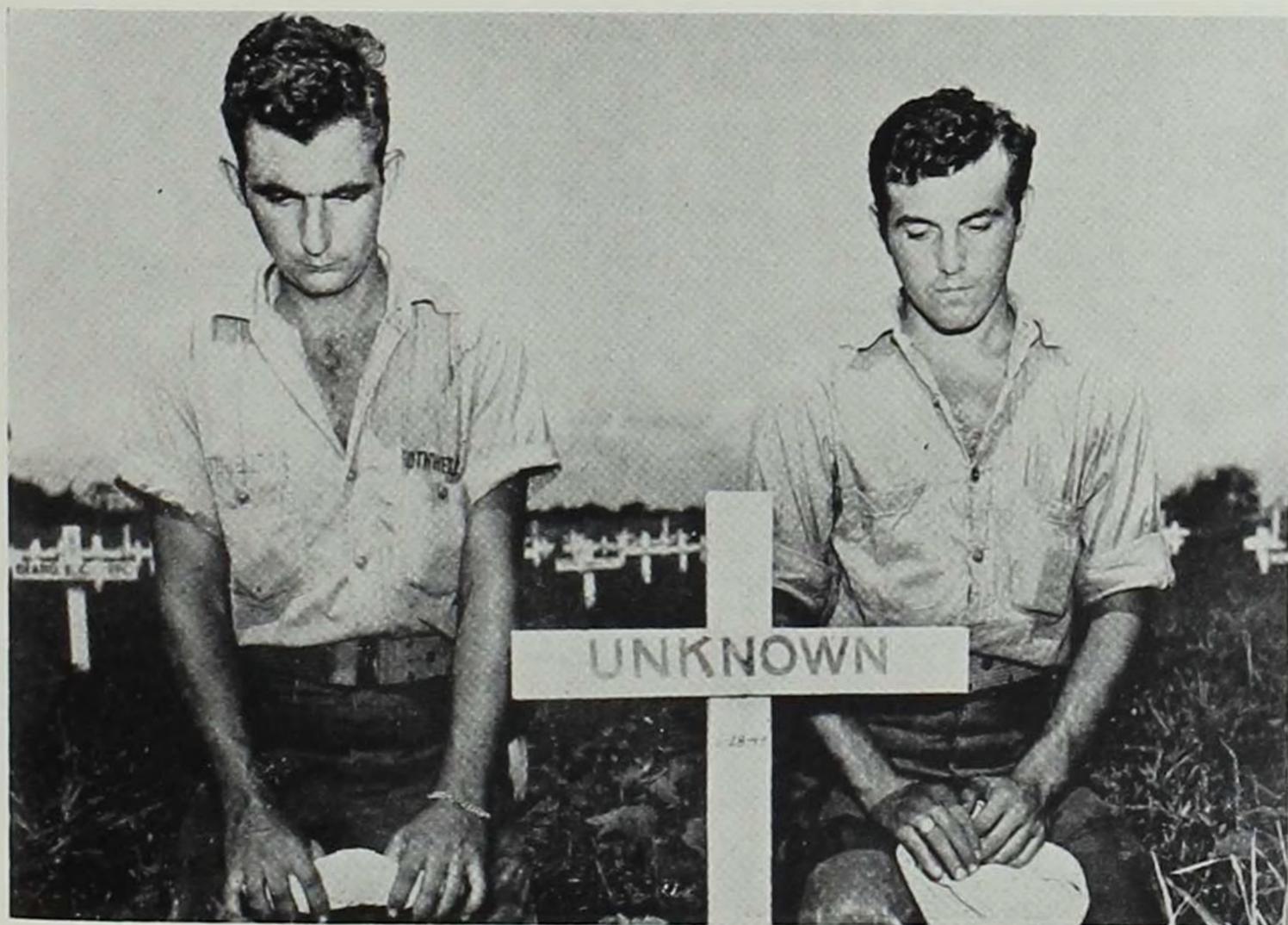


THROUGHOUT WORLD IN 1946



Des Moines Register (INS) Photo

Floral Tribute to Navy Men at Entrance of New York Harbor



Des Moines Register (INS) Photo

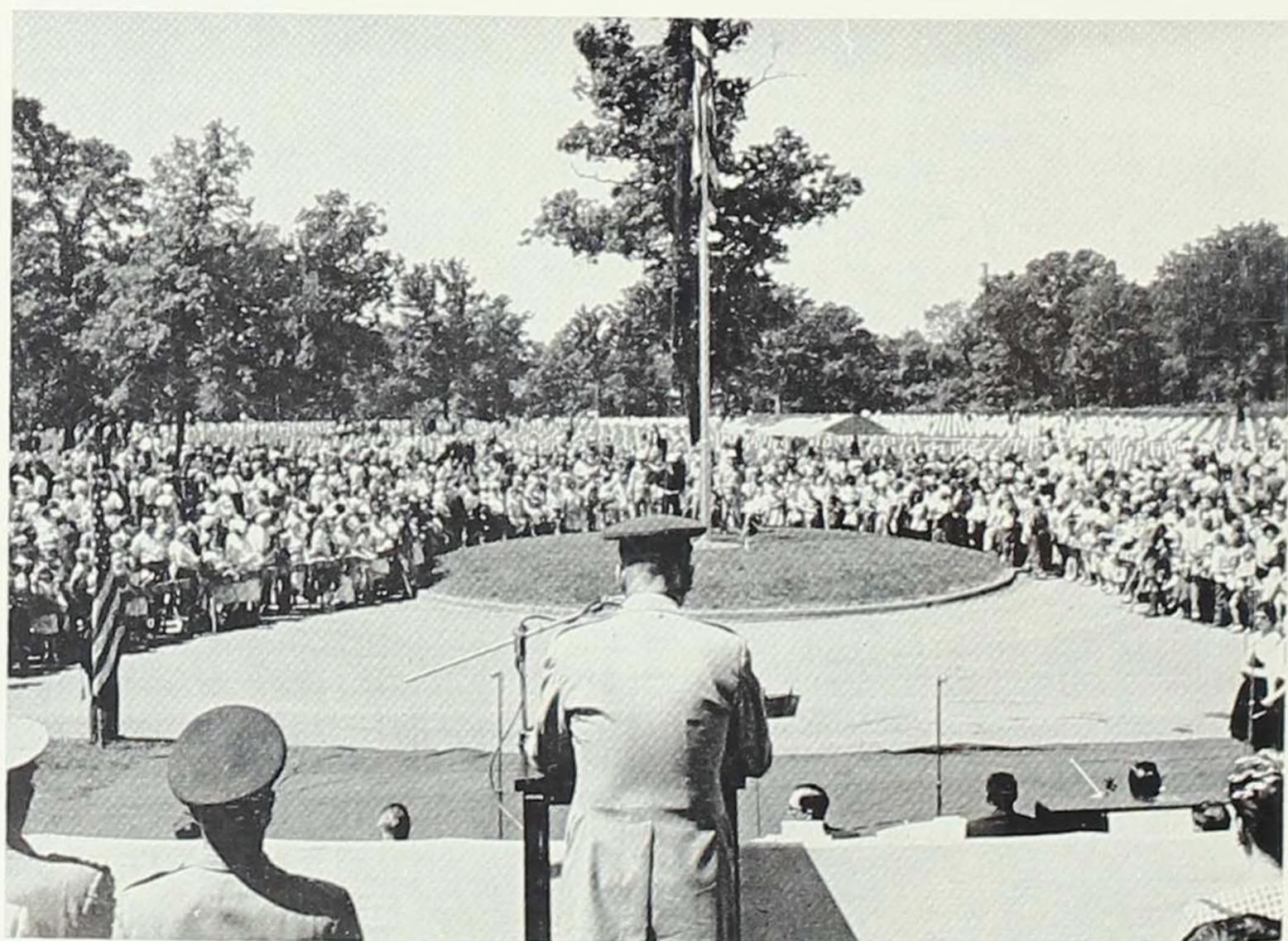
Coast Guard Honors Saipan Dead on Saipan Island

DAVENPORT JOINS ROCK ISLAND-MOLINE IN



Davenport Democrat Photo

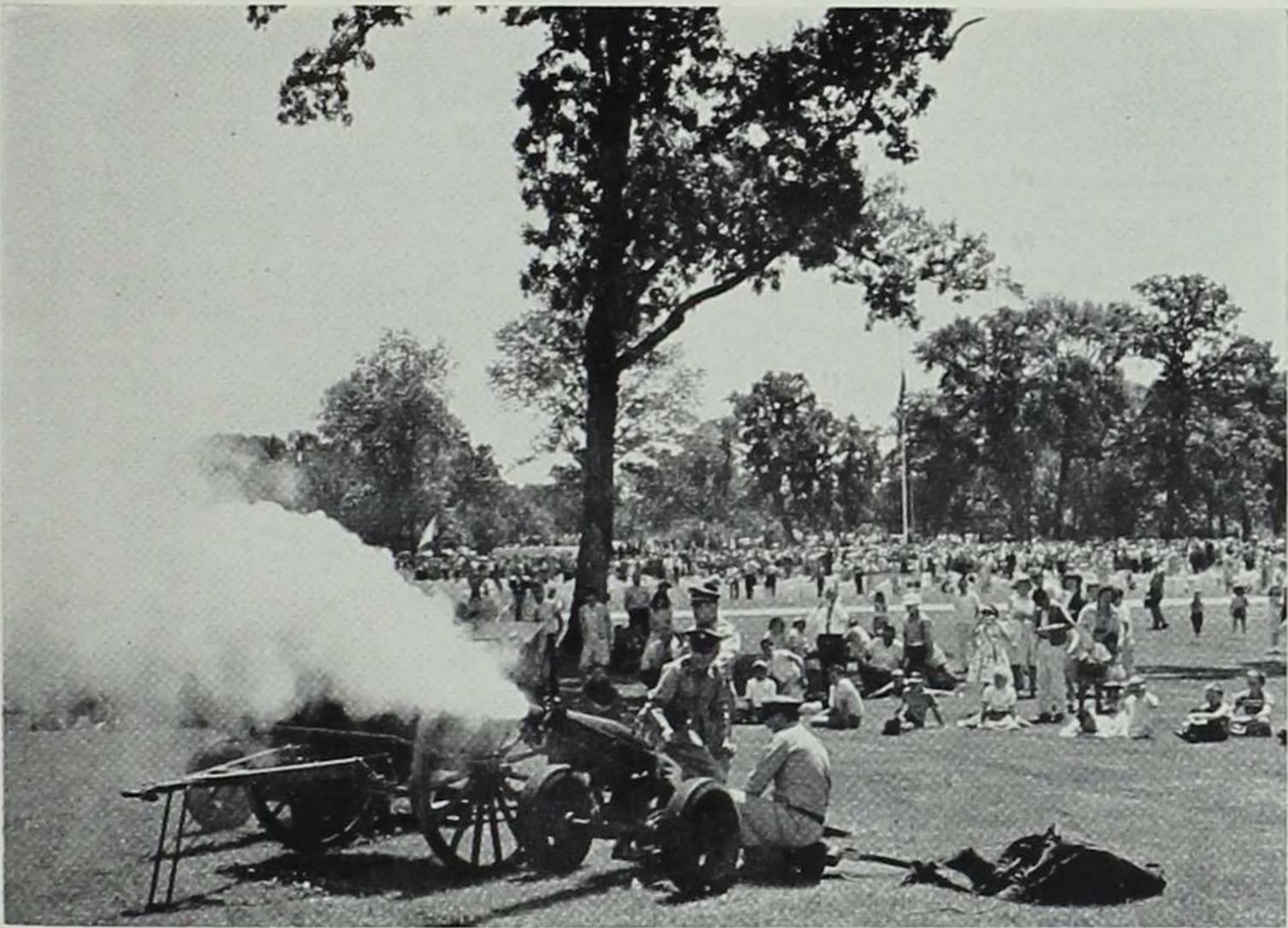
Colorful Parades



Davenport Democrat Photo

Memorial Day Address

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES ON ARSENAL GROUNDS



Davenport Democrat Photo

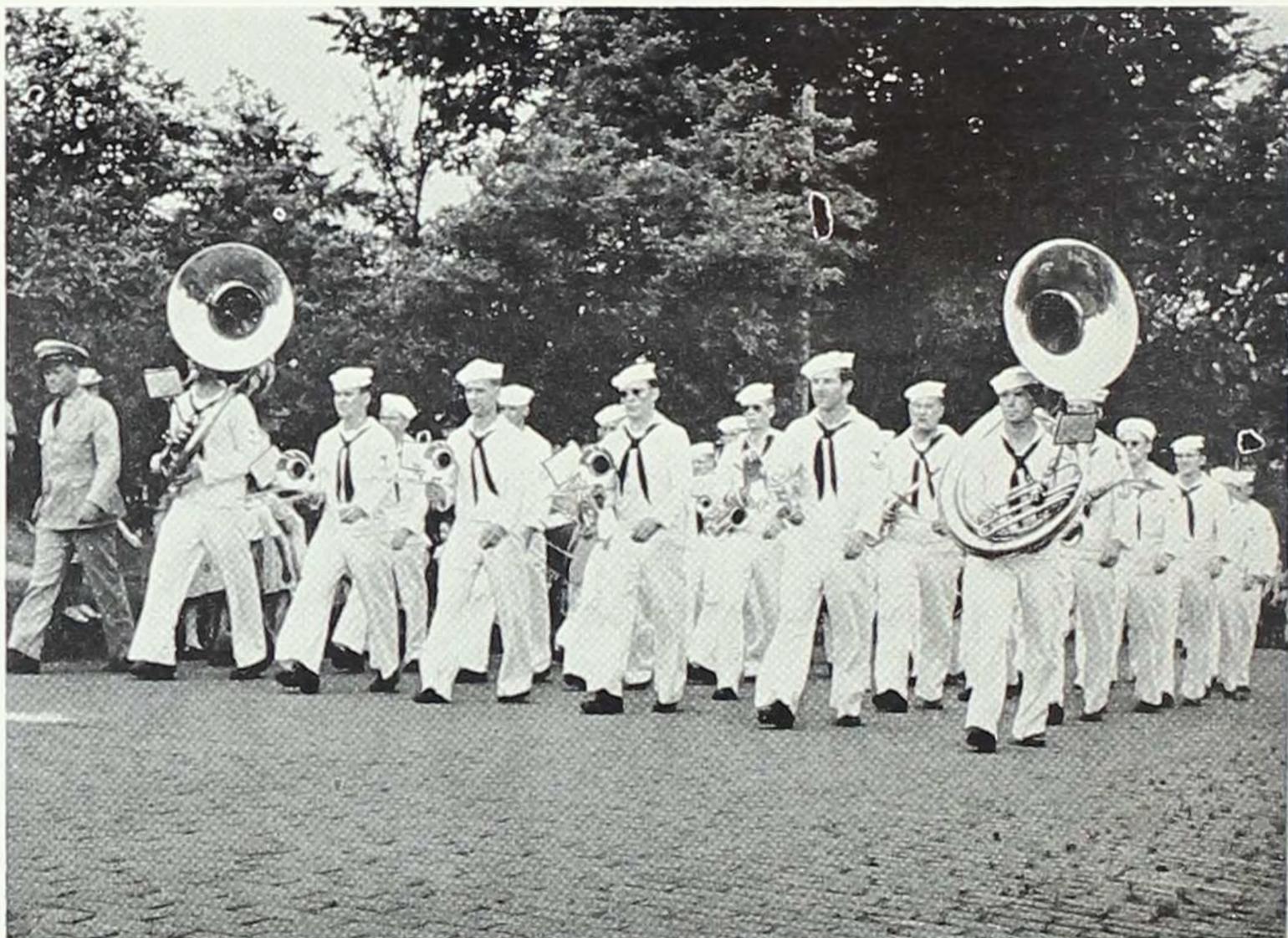
Salute to the Departed



Cedar Rapids Gazette Photo

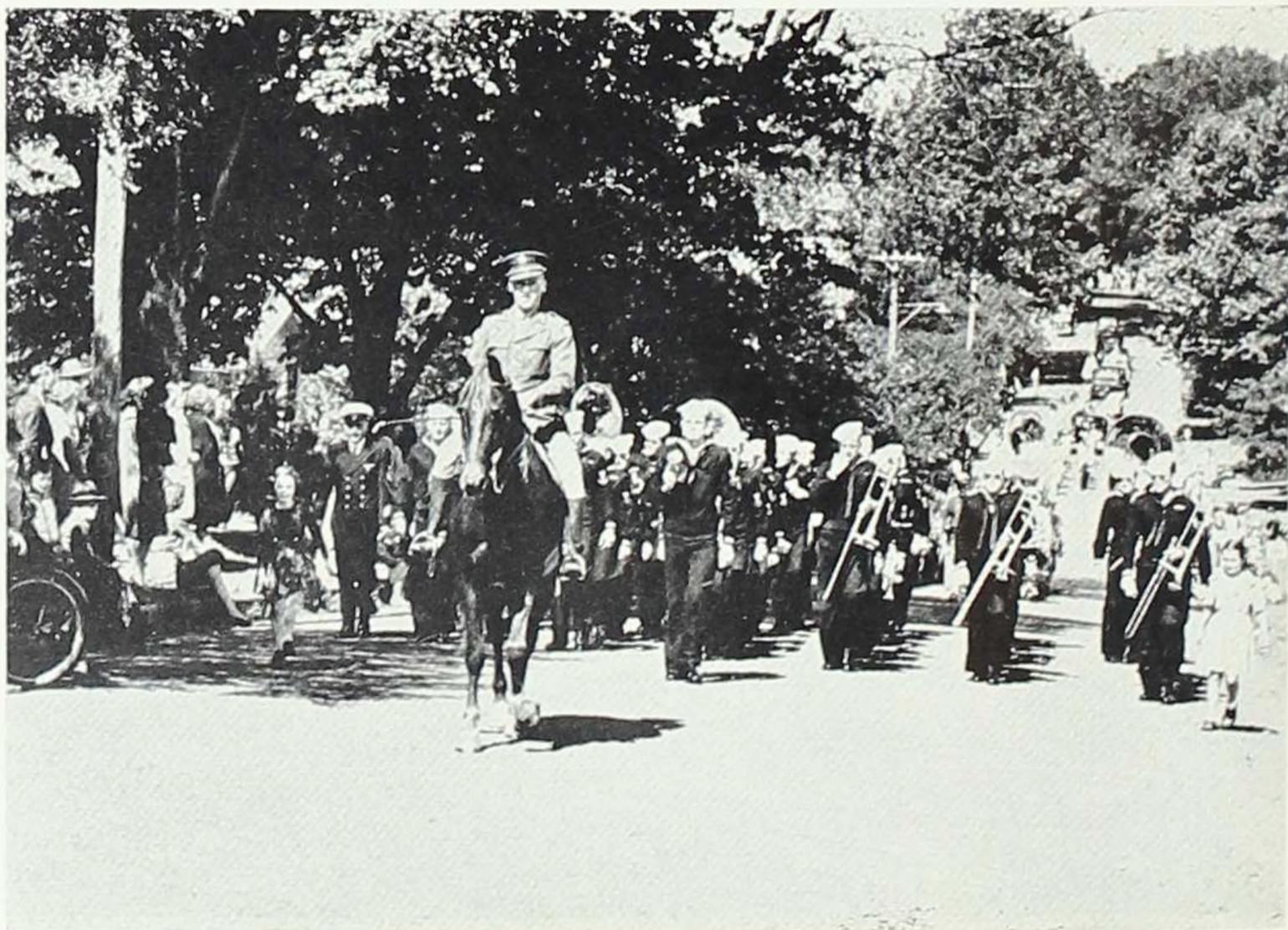
Private Residences Display Flags on Memorial Day in Cedar Rapids

IOWA CITY OBSERVES MEMORIAL DAY



Iowa City Press-Citizen Photo

Navy Pre-Flight Band Leads off in 1944



Iowa City Press-Citizen Photo

Pre-Flight Band Leads Parade in 1945

WRC PLAY PROMINENT MEMORIAL DAY ROLE



Des Moines Register Photo

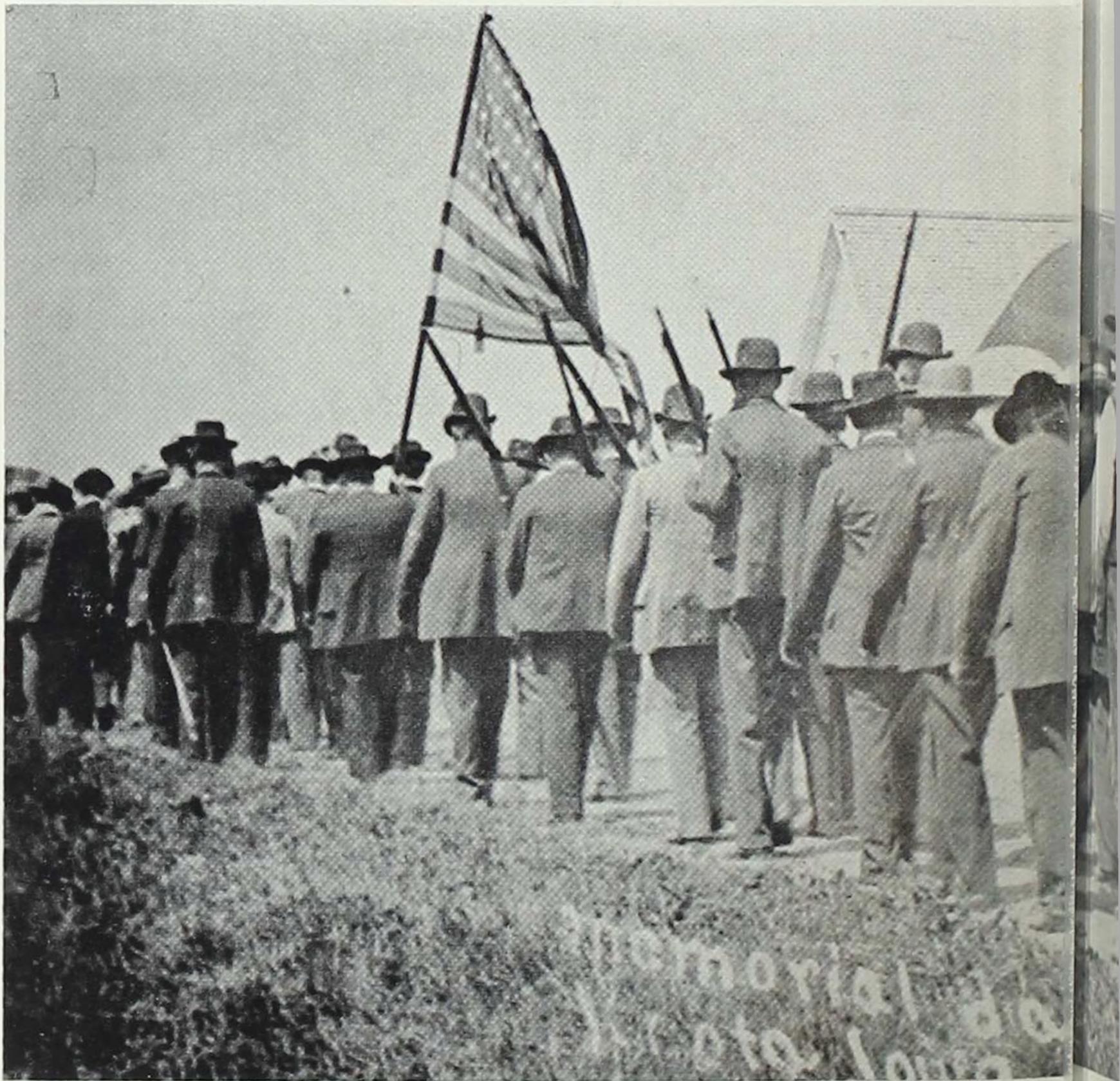
Woodland Cemetery Services at Des Moines in 1934



Des Moines Register Photo

WRC Prepare Flags and Wreathes in 1961

MEMORIAL DAY AT KEOTA (1889?)

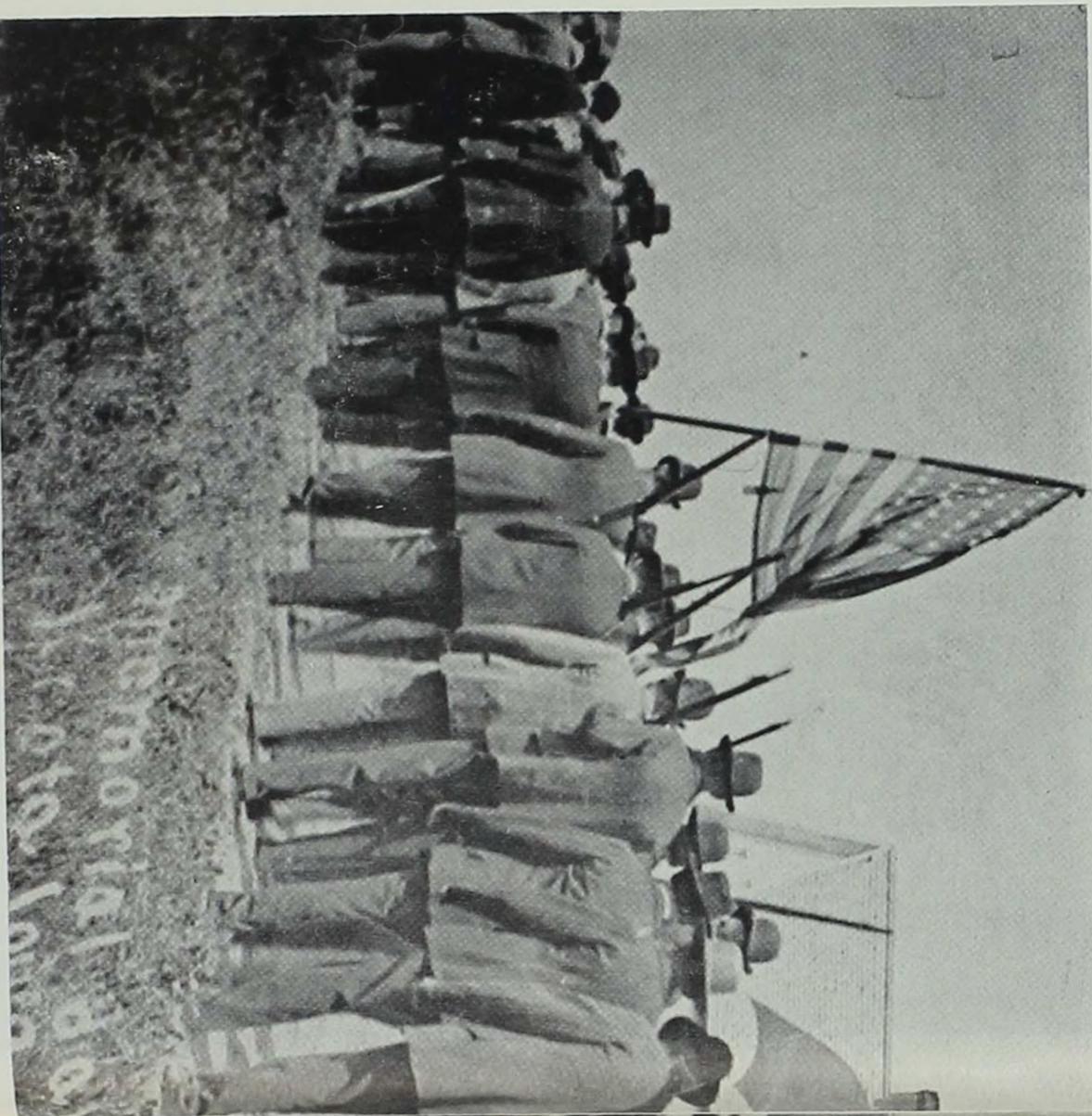


97) Ed Carris Post No. 333, G.A.R.



Photo Courtesy Amy Noll — Iowa Department, G.A.R.

MEMORIAL DAY AT KEOTA (1889?)



Ed Cartis Post No. 333, G.A.R.

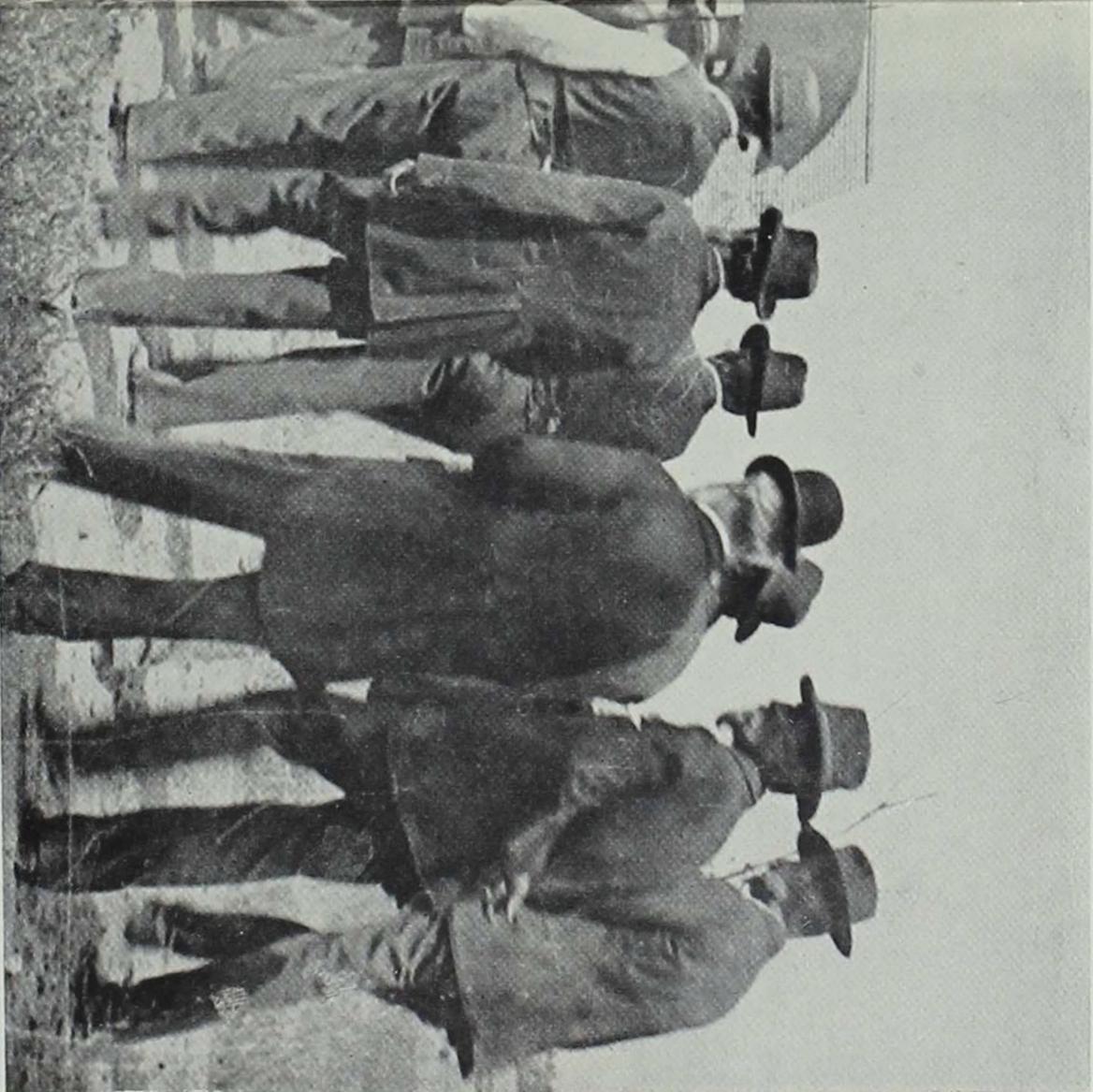
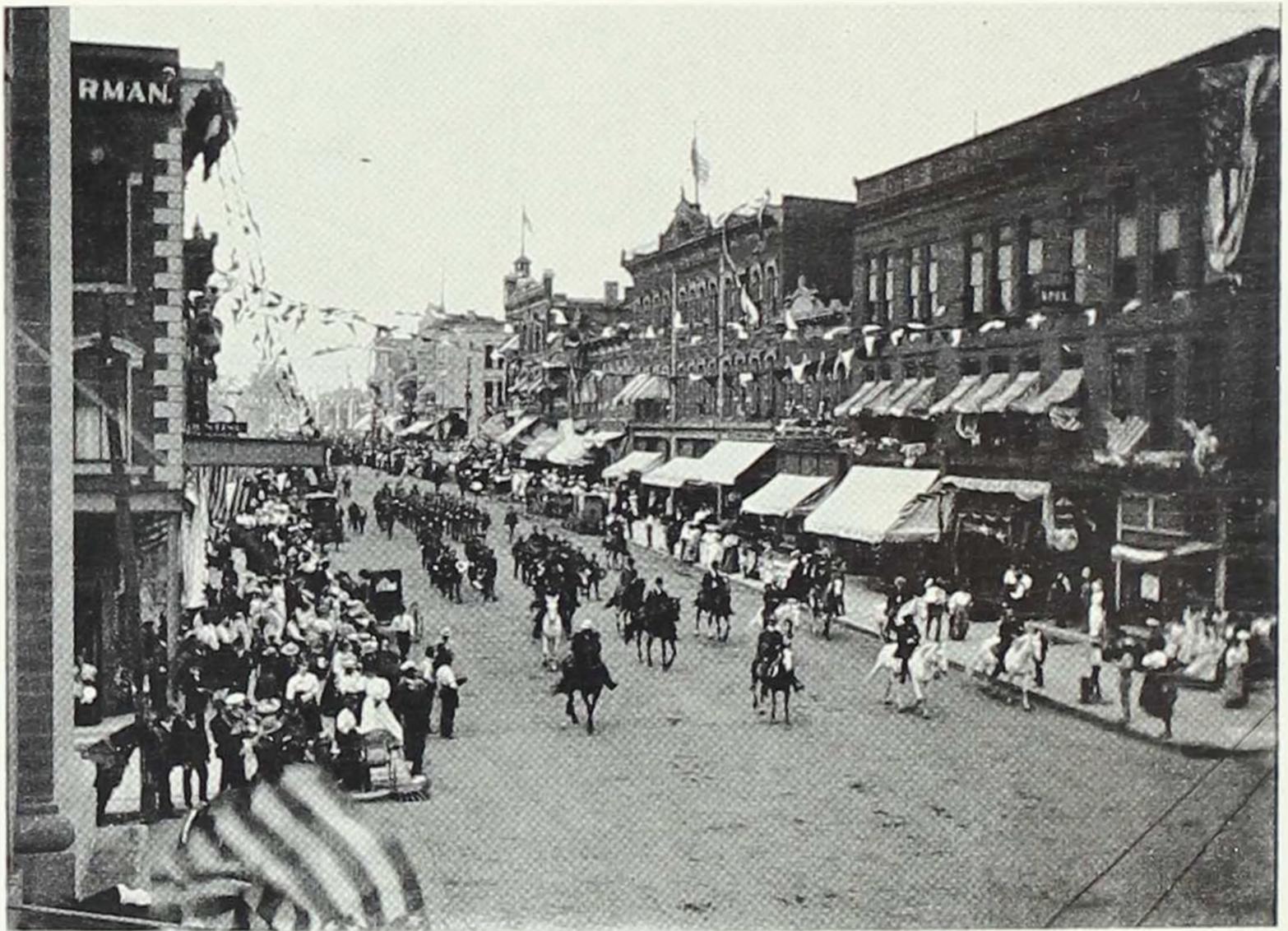
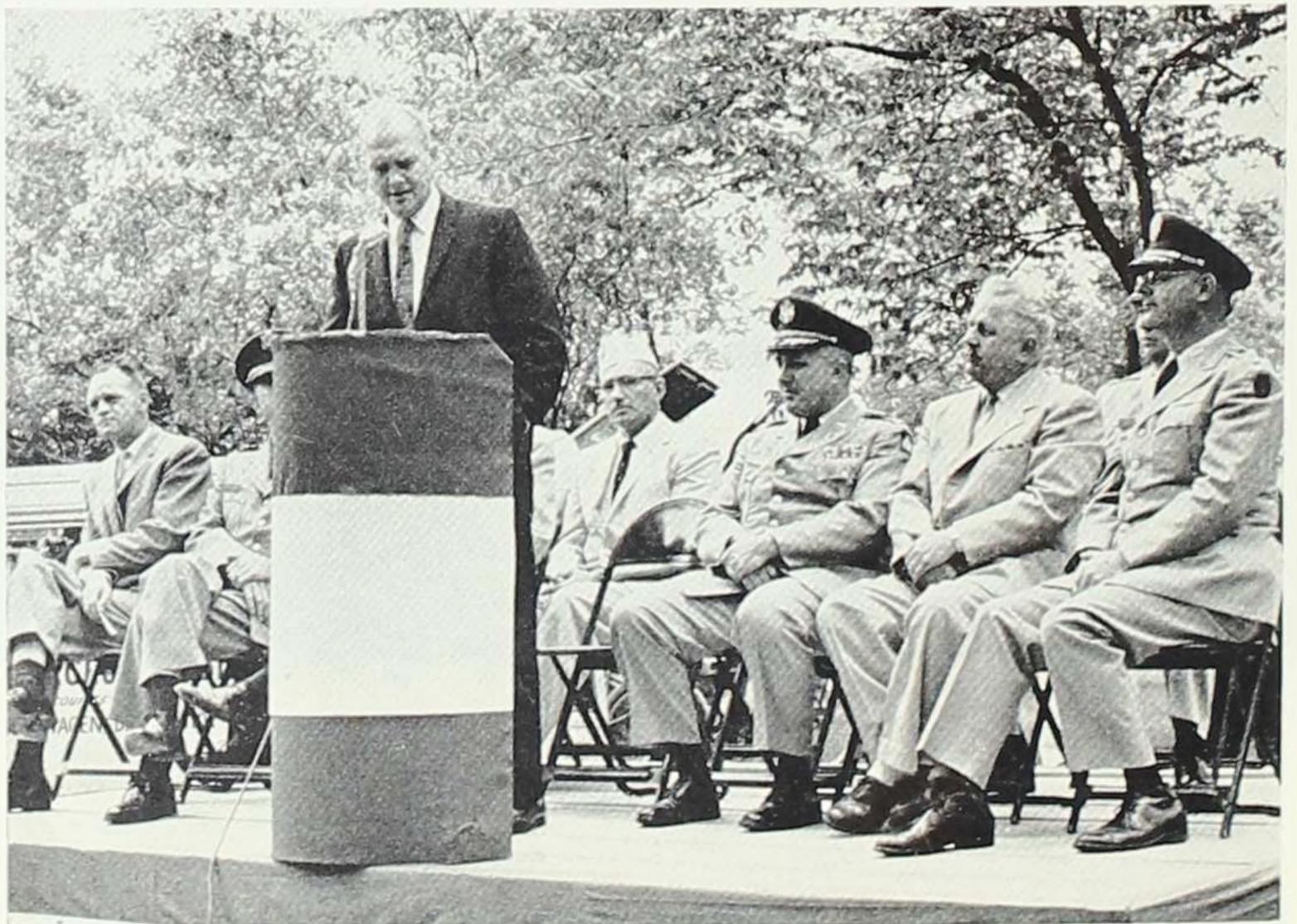


Photo Courtesy Amy Noll — Iowa Department, G.A.R.



Memorial Day Parade in Boone (1905)



Storm Lake Pilot-Tribune Photo

Governor Erbe Delivers Memorial Day Address at Storm Lake

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is hung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Hear Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck where my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood glory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;—

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drops of rain;—

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years, now fading,
No braver battle was won;—

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead;—

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch (1827-1897)

FOR GRANDPA'S SAKE

My grandpa went to war long years ago.
I never saw him, but they told me so,
And how after a battle, sad news came,
Among the "missing" was my grandpa's name.

They never heard of him again, they said,
And so we know that grandpa must be dead;
And when I think of him so good and brave,
I wish we knew just where he found a grave.

When Decoration Day comes, every year,
I feel so sad and sometimes shed a tear,
To see the Soldiers' graves all spread with flowers,
While grandpa's cannot have one rose of ours.

So if some little Southern girl should know
A nameless grave where never blossoms grow,
I'd love her so, if there some flowers she'd lay,
For grandpa's sake, this Decoration Day.

Youth's Companion

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE

There grows a fair palmetto in the sunny Southern lands;
Upon the stern New England hills a somber pine tree stands,
And each towers like a monument above the perished brave;
A grave 'neath the palmetto—beneath the pine a grave.

The Carolina widow comes this bright May day to spread
Magnolia and jessamine above her soldier dead.
And the Northern mother violets strews upon her son below,—
Her only son, who fell so many weary years ago.

Tears for the gallant Yankee boy—one of Grant's heroes he.
Tears for the stalwart Southern man—the man who marched with Lee.
But love, and only love, between the lonely ones who twine
Their wreaths 'neath the palmetto—their chaplets 'neath the pine.

Oh, tried tree of the Southland; from out whose trunks were wrought
The ramparts of that glorious fort where Sergeant Jasper fought;
Oh, true tree of the Northland! whose pictured form supplied
The emblem of our earliest flag, that waved where Warren died.—

Still watch the dead you've watched so long, the dead who died so well;
And matrons mourn, as mourn you must, your lost dear ones who fell;
But joy and peace and hope to all, now North and South combine
In one grand whole, as one soil bears the palmetto and the pine!

Manley H. Pike

THE VETERANS

Every year they're marching slower,
Every year they're stooping lower,
Every year the lilting music stirs the hearts of older men;
Every year the flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them
As if grieving for the future when they'll never march again!

Every year that day draws nearer—
Every year the truth is clearer
That the men who saved the nation from the severing southern sword
Soon must pass away forever
From the scene of their endeavor,
Soon must answer to the roll-call of the angel of the Lord.

Every year with dwindling number,
Loyal to those that slumber,
Forth they march to where already many have found peace at last,
And they place the fairest blossoms
O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms
Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller,
Tattered flag and faded color;
Every year the hands that bear them find a harder task to do.
And the eyes that only brightened
When the blaze of battle lightened,
Like the tattered flags they follow are grown dim and faded too.

Every year we see them massing,
Every year we watch them passing,
Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain;
But the battle flags above them,
Seem to bend and bless and love them
And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone of pain!

Denis A. McCarthy, (1870-1931) New York Sun

MUSTERING OUT

Say, boys, have you heard what the newspapers say?
One hundred and fifty old soldiers a day,
Foot sore and weary have dropped out at last,
Back on the road where the column has passed.

Every week—seven days—keep the number in mind,
Another full regiment lagging behind;
We bid them good-bye with a tear and a song,
And the column keeps steadily marching along.

Every three weeks another brigade
Back of the silent old church is laid;
One look at the spot where they peacefully sleep,
And each at his place in the column must keep.

Sixty days—a division forever at rest,
No pickets thrown out, no foes will molest;
And let it be morning, at noon, or at night,
The column moves onward—is soon out of sight.

Every six months a full army corps
Goes into camp on the furthestmost shore,
No break in the column—the evening is damp,
But never mind, boys, *we'll soon be in camp.*

A. H. McGregor

DECORATION DAY

'Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades, in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

BY THE GRAVES OF HEROES

An hour, a flower, a memory, perchance a tear or two,
These give me from our life to them; Nation, what gave they you?
What of the silent partings, too solemn and sad for tears?
What of the homesick sighing which only the night-wind hears?
What of the waking picket, guarding the nation's sleep?
What of the cold and the hunger? What of the thirst and heat?
What of the midnight marching, where weary, footsore, drenched,
The pallid weeping morning shows the enemy entrenched?
What of the shriek of the battle? What of the after-hours?
Oh men! in the name of God, can ye heal such wounds with flowers?
Look to your lillies, Columbia! stainless they should be as snow,
To rest on hearts burned white in the battle's furnace glow;
And your roses, red as the blood that flowed on fields of death,
Their fragrance full sweet to stifle the smell of battle's breath!
Alas! if our flowers were all that we laid on each nameless grave—
Alas! for us and for them and the sacrifice they gave.
But over those lowly hillocks, as over the hills of God,
A glory breaks from the flower-cups withering on the sod.
For they are the pledge of the promise—"What you give us we will keep;"
The oath of the Nation's waking sons to her sons who are asleep.

Frances Denoyer Ten Eyck

THE OLD BLUE COAT

Father's musket, brown and rusty,
Hangs inside his study door;
Just above it, worn and faded
Is the old blue coat he wore
When he marched with dashing Sherman
From Atlanta to the Sea,
'Neath the tatters of "Old Glory,"
In the war to make men free.

CHORUS

Yes, the old blue coat so faded,
Tells to me a story true,
How a soldier fought for freedom,
When that dear old coat was new.
Shake the dust and smooth the wrinkles,
From the coat he used to wear;
Brush the cobwebs from the musket—
Lay him in his vacant chair;
Hark, the muffled drum is beating,
There's a sound of trampling feet;
See, his aged comrades marching,
Clad in blue, adown the street.

CHORUS

They will strew his grave with flowers,
They will speak in whispers low;
Sing again the songs of war-time,
As he sang them long ago;
Now he answers to the roll call,
From that far off spirit shore;
While we lay a snow-white blossom
On the old blue coat he wore.

CHORUS

Lillian Barker Beede

GRANDPA'S OLD CHUM

My grandpa he was in the war,—
Grandpa and his old chum,
Who lives down there at Engle Bar;
It's fun to have him come.
And grandpa shakes him by the hand,
And pounds him on the back—my land—
'Tis fun to see them laugh, and I
Have seen them laughing when they cry.
When his old chum said he had been
To the encampment, and had seen
Those fellows they call G. A. R.
Who'd fought with grandpa in the war,
Then grandpa cried. Tears in his eyes,
He laughed and said, "Now don't tell lies;
You say that you saw Tom McClure,
I'd give a hundred dollars sure
To see that fellow. And say, was he
As jolly as he used to be?
There's many a time we would have died
Of home-sickness and sick beside,
But for his monkey shines—and say,
How he could sing! Well, anyway
He was a trump! And lanky Jim,
George Jones and Bill and Bob Balloo;
I wish that I had gone there too.
What's that, old chum, I heard you say?
You're going? No! You're going to stay
And lunch with me;" and grandpa he
Just makes him stay; and ma and me,
And little sister what's just come,
He don't like as well as his old chum.

Libbie C. Baer, in Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual

NATIONAL MONUMENTS

Count not the cost of honor to the dead!
The tribute that a mighty nation pays
To those who loved her well in former days
Means more than gratitude for glories fled;
For every noble man that she hath bred,
Immortalized by art's immortal praise,
Lives in the bronze and marble that we raise,
To lead our sons as he our fathers led.
These monuments of manhood, brave and high,
Do more than forts or battleships to keep
Our dear-bought liberty. They fortify
The heart of youth with valor wise and deep;
They build eternal bulwarks, and command
Eternal strength to guard our native land.

Henry Van Dyke in June Century (1852-1933)

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear,
And at each succeeding roll call fewer voices answer "Here!"
Glorious tales of gallant service echo still on every hand,—
Charge and seige and bitter hardship,—comrades lost on sea and land.
Now a reunited nation joins to bless the honored dead,
May we not forget the living, who have likewise fought and bled.
Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here;
Lift them to the living heroes,—hail them all with cheer on cheer.
Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be
Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

Elsie Florence Fay

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 "This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell.

 High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concerted all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down,
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly,
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverent awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A veteran band, to the sound of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Henry Holcomb Bennett (1863-1924)

MEMORIAL DAY

Time only enhances the lasting value and demonstrates anew the true significance of these inspiring observances.

Whatever may be the character of its temporary problems, this liberty-loving nation is not and never can be forgetful of the immortal heroes of the Civil War.

The debt of gratitude which we owe to the Nation's defenders can never be repaid, either by this or future generations; yet the acknowledged gift of the obligation each year, in various forms and in a multitude of places throughout this broad land purifies our ideas and brings us all together in sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose.

Generations come and go and the issues for which they fought and died soon pass into history. But the principles of undertaking, worthily accomplished for an unselfish purpose, abide forever and guide us to a nobler destiny and still greater achievements as a nation.

President McKinley

THE GREY-HAIRED VET

We hear so much in these latter days
Of things that are new in this land of ours;
Of bustle and hurry in many ways,
And changes that come with the fleeting hours.
We rejoice in the rush and strife and din
Of this changeful age, that's ever new,
And scarcely think of the days that have been—
The days that are old but are tried and true.

With bands of steel we have bound our land,
We whisper a message from shore to shore,
The lightning obeys our least command,
The earth gives up its hidden store.
For newer things we look and strive
For stranger things as yet untold,
For things to help mankind to thrive
And bring new fame, or power or gold.

But while with heart and will and might
We strive to find the strange and new,
And while we praise, as is but right,
Our soldier boys so brave and true,
We think today of other days
Our people never should forget,
And bring our homage and our praise
And offer to the grey-haired Vet.

We heard way back in Sixty-one
The rebel shells on Sumter fall.
When pealing like a minute gun
There came the martyred Lincoln's call.

He left his home, his child, his wife,
He left his all—he did not lag;
He went forth to the mighty strife
To save his country and his flag.

He marched with Grant through Vicksburg's gates;
He bore the flag up Lookout's heights;
He tramped with Sherman through the states;
He followed Logan in his fights;
He saw the mighty crimson tide
At Gettysburg in breakers dash;
He saw the strife on Mission's side;
At Chancellorsville he heard the clash.

And when at last the white flag waved
At Appomattox' apple-tree,
He found a nation had been saved;
He found a race had been set free.
He found each star in yon blue field
Fixed firm as those that shine afar.
He found a people ne'er to yield
To the horrors of a civil war.

And as a nation now we turn
To seek the strange, untried and new.
With all our progress let us learn
Not to forget the brave and true.
Remember those who've passed away,
Remember those who linger yet,
And deck with laurel leaves today
The memory of the grey-haired Vet.

by F. F. Faville, Storm Lake, Iowa

HIS MOTHER'S SONG

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay,
Tiring of games and idle jest
As swept the hours along,
They cried to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."
"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause?"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."
"Sing us one more," the captain begged,
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing 'round with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me?" he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;'"
Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the soldier sang.
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah; the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred,
And up from many a bearded lip
In whispers soft and low;
Rises the prayer that mother taught
Her boy long years ago.

Selected

THE NATION'S DEAD

Hail to the dead—the nation's dead—
Who sleep by wood and field and shore!
To them we come with loyal tread
And kneel beside their graves once more
With notes of bugle-song and drum,
With flying flags and sweet May flowers,
And grateful hearts, again we come
To deck these soldier graves of ours.
With hopes undimmed by flying years,
And faith renewed by the great past,
We see amidst our funeral tears
The glory that was born to last.
Once more beside each verdant grave
We gather, and with pride recall
How heroes' blood alone could save,
How heroes' sons alone could fall.
They sleep today in silent lines,—
Heroic men, whom Fame hath lent
The glory that forever shines,
To be their lasting monument.
And years and men may pass, but they,
Shrined in their country's bosom, live
In fairer forms than flesh or clay;
The fitter forms than Fame can give.
Sleep on, sleep on, heroic dead,
It little recks what we may say,
For there, beyond your narrow bed,
Shines the new light, your better day;
And midst the music of the spheres
That sounds the soldier's revielle,
Where march and countermarch the years,
Ye wait the Peace that is to be.

(Written and read by Iowa-born S. H. M. Byers at the Decoration Day services in Washington, D. C., 1881, at the special request of Gen. W. T. Sherman.)