

IN MEMORIAM



The Doughboys Who Never Came Home: American Cemetery at Surames, Outado Paris, Where 1,497 Soldiers of the A. E. F. Lie Buried. Always Decorated on Memorial Day.

Fields of Honor in Fair France

Crosses Row on Row Mark Graves of Our Boys in Honored Rest.

Ten years after the declaration of war by the United States against Germany in the year 1917 there remain in Europe few traces of the American Expeditionary forces which proved the deciding factors in the conflict.

For the most part, the battlefields have grown up with weeds, or have been restored to cultivation by the host, the barracks, the hospitals we used have been returned long since to peace time duty. A few unofficial monuments mark certain battle scenes, but the official battle monuments are yet in the preliminary stages. The American Legionnaires who return to Europe for their convention at Paris next September will miss a great many sights which were familiar in 1917 and 1918. But there are eight permanent, plain and prominent monuments of the Legionnaires of ten years ago—the eight American military cemeteries overseas.

These cemeteries, the final resting places of more than 30,000 of those who followed Pershing overseas, are now handsome, well-kept, solemn fields of honor. At dawn the flag is raised over each of them. Each sunset it is lowered. In each the crosses stand in steady rows, white against a background of green and, and a first budding of young trees gives promise of greater beauty as the years roll by. Here are the lasting records of the A. E. F.

Six Mark Battlefields.

Six of the American cemeteries are on the battlefields, on ground taken from the enemy by the power of American arms, on ground restored to France and to Belgium by our delivering sword. The other two are near the great cities of London and Paris. Here is the list of them and the number of those who lie therein:

Official Name	Location	Number
Flanders field, Waershem, Belgium		325
Meuse-Argonne cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon		14,187
St. Mihiel cemetery, Thiaucourt		4,141
Oise-Argonne cemetery, Feren-Tardieu		4,946
Alsace-Marne cemetery, Belleau		5,212
Brookwood cemetery, London		427
Eng. cemetery, Paris, France		1,558

More than half of our soldier dead overseas were brought home to the States for burial.

Of the dead not brought back to America, those which were in 1918 already resting at Surames or Brookwood, or at the sites selected for the battlefields, remained undisturbed. The others, from scattering, temporary battlefield cemeteries, were reverently moved to their permanent resting places. This task, carefully and thoroughly performed by the graves registration service of the army, resulted in an almost complete identification of our soldier dead.

Monument Problem.

The cemeteries remain in charge of the graves registration service, which maintains rest houses at each, has caretakers in charge, keeps complete records for the use of visitors and maintains the grounds, landscape gardening and improvements. Further beautifying of the cemeteries has been placed in charge of the American Battle Monuments commission, a body created by congress to take charge of the whole plan and problem of American memorials in Europe.

This monument question is no simple one, as anyone who ever visited the battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa., will bear witness. States, cities, divisions, brigades, companies, and private citizens, not to mention memorial associations and societies, are already vying for the privilege of placing a monument at this point, a memorial at that. The government commission must decide where there shall be monuments and who shall raise them. In a similar way the cemeteries have offered a problem. Should individuals be allowed to place special headstones or monuments for their loved ones? Shall churches or societies be allowed to erect chapels at the cemeteries? And so forth.

The chairman of the Battle Monuments commission is Gen. John J. Pershing. Its membership, appointed by President Coolidge and serving without salary, includes Robert G. Woodside, of Pittsburgh, vice chairman; Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania; Representative John Philip Hill; Representative Philip J. Garrett; Col. D. John Mackay of Maryland; and Mrs. Frederic W. Bentley, Maj. X. H. Price, a regular army officer on duty at Washington, is secretary.

After careful studies, this commission outlined a complete plan for official battle monuments in the zones occupied by American forces in offensive operations, and a corresponding plan for the improvement of American cemeteries.

The most expensive phase of the cemetery work to be done is the erection of chapels. These will be suitable for sacred purposes, but not secular. The larger ones will probably have a room that will be something of a museum of battle relics, as well as the chapel room. Another matter now well in hand is completing masonry walls around the cemeteries, a work only delayed in places

OUR BOYS IN FRANCE

After the growl sound has died Of the last shrieking shell, Thinking of those but lately gone, Over the ones who fell.

They sleep. The world goes musing on. The world must halt today Thinking of those but lately gone, Resting so far away.

Solemn yet grand the hero's fate Soft, let the requiem be Whistled tender fingers decorate— Those graves across the sea. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

while waiting for the determination of definite plans for the chapels, as these in many cemeteries will have an effect on the location of the walls.

How Graves Are Marked.

In so far as personal monuments in the cemeteries are concerned, the commission adopted an iron-clad, final rule that there will be no special personal monuments. Over each grave will be a headstone, and there will be the same for officers and privates, rich and poor, young and old. The name, rank, organization and home state will be engraved on each stone. And they will lie side by side, as they fell, equal in glory and sacrifice.

The plans for battle monuments are another and even larger task of the commission. They are well under way, and form a project which should be completed in about two years.

The first of the American cemeteries to be so designated, and to receive American dead, was that hillside tract on Mont Valerien, overlooking Paris and the Seine valley, and called Surames. Everyone from America goes to Surames, both in tribute to our honored dead, and because there is no finer view of the city of Paris from any nearby hilltops. Surames is three miles from the city limits, on the right of the Seine below the city. The cemetery stands well up on the highest of several hills, and from its gates the panorama is uninterrupted for many miles.

At Surames are buried many who died in Paris hospitals from wounds sustained in battle, and others who fell victims of disease and accidents. It is most complete of all the American cemeteries in France, in so far as time has completed it by growing the trees larger, the shrubbery thicker and finer. Surames already belongs to the ages, a fit resting place for heroes, and above the towers of Notre Dame and the Arc de Triomphe, commanding forever what is perhaps the loveliest of the famous valleys of the world.

Ours to Keep the Faith

Memorial day is best celebrated by that deep appreciation of the loyalty, devotion and heroism which made this a united nation and which should impress us with our own responsibility for keeping it united for generations that are to follow us.—GRI.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

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

F. M. FISCH 1924-1925

The Phantom Parade

THEY tell me that pink-cheeked soldiers march On Memorial day in the big parade In uniforms that are stiff with starch, And with shining buttons and flashing blades, But I smile in a sort of superior way—I know who parades today.

SOUNDS the bugle, frail and wild— Frail as the last blue wisp of smoke That curls from the mouth of a gun defiled, To dance with the echoes the shot awakes, And wild as the scream of a wail of soul Impaled on a phantom pole.

OF A sudden a whiplash cleared the street, And the air grew thick with the muffled tread Of a host of flickering, shrouded feet, And a column of shades floated overhead, Wan as a shaft from the palling moon At the death of an afternoon.

AND the brasses blared in the street below, While an angel chorus welled on high, And burnished swords flashed to and fro On the ground while gray ghosts lit the sky With the flash of a thousand banners massed, Over graves of a glorious past.

AND from early morn till the sun was low, The thin, gray column filtered by, Until on a sweet, wild bugle blow It melted as mists a reluctant sigh, And my heart was ashes that somehow burned With the glow of a light returned.

THEY may tell me that pink-cheeked soldiers march On Memorial day in the big parade In uniforms that are stiff with starch, And with shining buttons and flashing blades, But I smile in a sort of superior way—I know who parades today! —B. A. Helmblinder, in the New York Times.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

We are the dead; short days ago We lived, full dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flanders fields

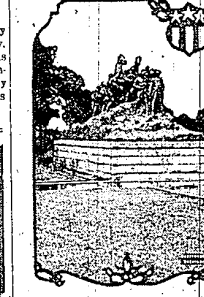
JOHN MACGREGOR 1914-1915

Symbol of the Day

Memorial day will ever remain the most sacred of all our holidays. We visit the last resting places of our near and dear loved ones, who in the peaceful avocation of life have quietly slipped away from our sight, and in loving memory we place our offerings of flowers on their lowly resting places. We do not forget them in our busy working days, but on Memorial day we seem to come nearer to them, and the great peace into which they have entered seems to encompass our hearts as we bridge the gap that has come between us with our offering of flowers.

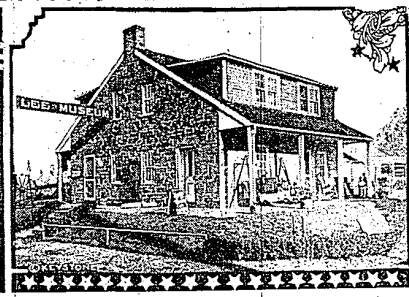
"They are not lost, they are not gone. 'Tis only they have slipped away. And put celestial garments on. To help us keep Memorial day." —Wisconsin Agriculturist.

Borglum Memorial



The Gutzon Borglum Memorial to the Wars of America, at Newark, N. J. Photograph shows the front view looking north.

Memorial of Heroic Conflict



On the famous battlefield of Gettysburg there sprang into life the spirit which made the United States the commanding power that it is today. To the victors and losers of the Civil war we owe our thanks for the firm cementing of friendship which shall continue infinitely. Photograph shows headquarters of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Gettysburg, now a museum containing historic relics.

Honors Paid to Wearers of Gray

Graves of Southern Prisoners Remembered.

Two hundred and six Southern soldiers, sleeping "the last long sleep" in a little burying ground on Johnson's Island in Sandusky bay, four miles north of Sandusky, Ohio, again claim the recognition that is annually theirs.

The graves of these two hundred and six, mostly officers of the Confederacy of the '60s, collectively referred to in history as "the flower of the Southern army," have come to be Sandusky's own. They are never forgotten.

When the first Memorial day was observed the thoughts of the "boys" of the locality who had worn the blue, turned to their brothers of the "confederate" who had worn the gray. "They're far from friends and home, comrades," said the late Gen. Isaac Foster Mack, of Sandusky, orator of the occasion. "Let us remember them as the gallant soldiers that they were, the soldiers who gave their all for the cause they espoused, and honor them accordingly."

Flowers on "Gray"

And so a custom was established that endures today—a custom in the continuation of which sons and daughters of those men who established it are always active in the morning of Memorial day.

Bright and early on the morning of Memorial day a boat puts out from Sandusky with Johnson's Island as the destination of the dozen or so aboard. Within the island burying ground a prayer is said and a hymn sung. Then flowers are strewn upon the graves.

Who are those southern sons who sleep in the little burying ground on Johnson's Island? Available records fail to disclose the names of all. They do, however, show that each man—and the men were officers with but few exceptions—was brought to the island as a prisoner of war between the autumn of 1862 and the early spring of 1865.

Grave No. 1 contains the mortal remains of Coy. J. E. Cruger or Scruggs, who commanded the thirty-fifth Virginia troops, and who died March 5, 1863.

In grave No. 2 rests Capt. E. J. Tuggles, Company H, Thirty-fifth regiment Georgia infantry, who died March 1863.

The records do not show who sleep in graves 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, their headstones bearing the single word: "Unknown."

On down the list of known soldiers buried in the cemetery one notes names of which not only the Southland but the nation today is justly proud.

Monument Marks Graves.

Through the efforts of the membership of Martha Patton chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy of Cincinnati, needed money was raised by subscription and, in 1905, the cemetery plot was purchased by the chapter, thus insuring its retention to posterity. The price paid was \$1,200.

June 8, 1910, a monument erected at

the entrance to the burying ground—the first monument ever erected to the memory of Southern soldiers in the so-called "North"—was dedicated. The United Daughters of the Confederacy supplied the necessary money, which was also raised by subscription.

The unveiling of the monument was made the occasion of elaborate ceremonies. The late Gen. George W. Gordon, the last major general of the Confederate army and, at the time, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, delivered the dedicatory address. Prominent men and women of the "South" and the "North" met and fraternized.

The monument, unveiled by Mrs. Mary Patton (Hudson) of Cincinnati, daughter of Col. Robert W. Patton, a West Virginia ranger after whom Robert Patton chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was named, was designed and executed by Sir Moses Ezekiel, a soldier under Lee and was donated to the United Daughters of the Confederacy by him. The cost, had not the sculptor given, would have been approximately \$8,000.

Louisiana Tiger.

The statue at the entrance to the Johnson's Island cemetery represents a "Louisiana tiger," with one hand clutching a musket and the other raised above the eyes, giving the figure an air of the appearance of peering into the distance. It has been so set that it faces the south.

The monument is 21 feet in height. The base beneath the statue is contributed by the state of Mississippi, through its Grand Lodge of Masons and bears the inscription:

"The stone upon which this is inscribed was placed by the Grand Lodge of Mississippi in remembrance of the Masons who sleep here."

The foundation of the monument is of Winsboro (S. C.) marble.

Forker's Good Work.

That the Johnson's Island cemetery is to endure is due to the activities of the late United States Senator Joseph Benson Forker of Ohio, almost as much as to the endeavors of the women of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Senator Forker personally negotiated the procedure that vested Robert Patton chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, with title to this little plot of hallowed ground, and, later, saw to it that markers for the graves were provided by the federal government.

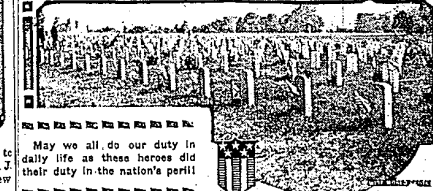
First Interment at Arlington in 1864

Arlington National cemetery was instituted by an act of congress for the interment of United States soldiers and sailors who have fallen in battle, or all men and women who have died in the regular or volunteer military or naval service of the United States, after having been mustered out or honorably discharged. The presentation of the commission warrant, letter of appointment, certificate of discharge or pension certificate, provided there were no dishonorable charges connected therewith, are sufficient evidence for interment.

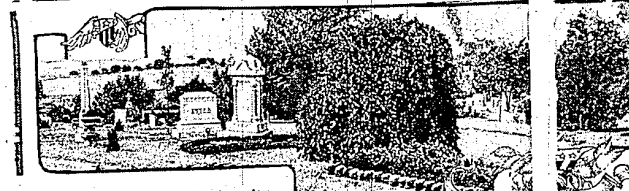
The cemetery is the largest of interment places for our soldiers and sailors. The first interment was made at Arlington on May 15, 1864, when the body of a Confederate soldier was buried there at Abraham Lincoln's request.

REMINISCENCE

A dusty private disfigure at my right Was shaking as he dug, and not from fright, But strangled sobs. A' shelt' burst, "One like that," He muttered, "picked my buddy off last night." —Frank L. Hayes in Chicago Tribune.



May we all do our duty in daily life as these heroes did their duty in the nation's peril



Beautiful spot in Arlington National cemetery, forever dedicated to the heroic dead.