

5/17/34.

1st. draft

Memorial Day Address.

① In the welter and rush of our daily lives we are sometimes prone to <sup>temporarily</sup> forget those who lie <sup>beneath</sup> about us here, so still and <sup>hushed</sup> restful is their rest. And it is perhaps fortunate, that the <sup>our</sup> human mind <sup>is</sup> so constituted that we do cannot not always have their tragedy before us. But on a day like this our thoughts must <sup>turn to</sup> bluntly ~~to~~ those who lie here; and it is well that we may ponder <sup>thoughtfully</sup> ~~here~~ together, for a few brief minutes, ~~more~~ fleeting moments.

② Today you have again heard the ageless, simple beauty of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. <sup>Perhaps no more sublime.</sup> in many ways as ~~beautiful~~ a prose passage ~~as~~ occurs in our language. And when we reflect that that address was given over the bodies of those who fell in war, it is sobering to remember that that address was given in the "1918 of the Civil War" — ~~in 1864~~ <sup>we must not forget that there was gathered many</sup> over the bodies of those who fought in that historic battle. And it was given to <sup>to that purpose</sup> fresh, eager "veterans," <sup>of that battle,</sup> ~~most of them~~ <sup>young</sup> and never <sup>to that purpose</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>more</sup> than we are here today. ~~Not so many years ago we could well remember those spry old gentlemen who ~~formed~~ made so much of this day — the old Civil War veterans.~~

And yet

yet, so relentless is the passage of time that you are sixteen years removed from your "1918." So sixteen years there are those among you who have fallen by the way — and gone to join the eternal silence of this resting place. <sup>It seems but yesterday</sup> ~~Not so~~ many years ago <sup>long since you</sup> you could well remember those <sup>of that battle,</sup> ~~of that battle,~~ <sup>young</sup> old gentlemen who made so much of this

It seems but yesterday  
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— the Civil War veterans.

day. But as the years rolled on, they too went to  
join their comrades <sup>fell silent, one by one,</sup> until now their dead far  
outnumber their living. And, so relentless is  
the passage of time that, <sup>And, so, now even</sup> you are sixteen years  
removed from your 1918 — a sixteen years  
during which <sup>increasing numbers remember,</sup> some of you, too, had gone to  
join your comrades in the silence of this  
resting place. You may <sup>find cause for reflection in the thought</sup> reflect, that so relentless  
is the passage of <sup>the years,</sup> time that, perhaps for the  
first time, you are being addressed by one  
who was too young to have joined <sup>will</sup> you in  
~~the~~ your War.

③ But it is not only ~~of~~ the dead ~~for~~  
upon whom our <sup>sober humble</sup> thoughts <sup>should dwell upon</sup> must ~~turn~~ ~~for~~ this day.  
We must think, ~~too~~, of the living, the  
wounded, the torn, ~~the~~ blinded — <sup>perhaps we</sup>  
can say the living-dead, <sup>who bear the scars of war,</sup> whose ~~feared~~  
racked bodies and minds still carry that  
spark which ~~denies~~ <sup>denies</sup> them the <sup>sublime</sup> peace of those  
who lie here.

~~Do you~~ — at <sup>any moment</sup> —  
Today, now, this ~~instant~~, down in  
the state of Illinois there is a hospital a  
mile long. In that <sup>vast building</sup> hospital lie scores and  
hundreds <sup>of your comrades</sup> in every stage of torture ~~to~~ which ~~the~~  
<sup>humanity</sup> ~~human~~ mind and body is subject — whose pain-  
racked bodies and minds still carry that spark  
which denies them the <sup>slight calm</sup> <sup>calm</sup> <sup>calm</sup> peace of those <sup>stricken</sup>  
who lie here. And so, <sup>today, they lie today with others of your comrades, all</sup> ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~over~~ this <sup>great</sup> land  
of ours — from the largest city to the most obscure  
village. May this day bring <sup>its portion of</sup> some peace to them.

what

(4) It is a strange, <sup>human</sup> paradox that, <sup>on</sup> this day, —  
 born <sup>out of</sup> the sweat and thunder of war, — that our  
 thoughts should <sup>invariably</sup> turn to Peace. Yet, there is no  
 greater need <sup>in there</sup> in this world of ours, <sup>today</sup> than for <sup>expressing</sup> PEACE.  
 As we stand here now, in our little way  
 trying to grasp some of the tragic meaning  
 of their <sup>stilled hushed</sup> voices of those who lie  
 here — and everywhere — could by <sup>some</sup> miracle  
 become articulate today — who would say  
 that their cry would <sup>not</sup> be: "PEACE, you who  
 live. PEACE. <sup>into you.</sup> Yet, <sup>over</sup> as we <sup>gather</sup> stand here now, in  
 our <sup>futile</sup> little way trying to grasp some of the  
 tragic meaning of their sacrifice, <sup>all the while is heard</sup> the insistent,  
 subterranean rumblings of war, <sup>are heard</sup>  
 even <sup>to</sup> shatter <sup>my own</sup> the <sup>dignity</sup> <sup>of</sup> this day. Can it be  
 that we have forgotten the <sup>vicious greed</sup> horror of war so soon?  
 Can it be that the <sup>mute</sup> <sup>substant</sup> testimony of those who  
 lie here is so soon put out of mind?

\* \* \*

(5) This ground seems to whisper  
 and ache with the stifled cries of those who  
 died <sup>from war</sup> for the <sup>to</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>to</sup> end war. "Peace" are they  
 saying <sup>praying</sup>? And <sup>answering</sup> <sup>praying</sup>, could we  
 not pray? — "O fallen comrades, may they <sup>put</sup>  
 long journey through the <sup>void</sup> unknown be marked by  
 eternal peace; and may we, the living, O God, be blessed  
 with peace on earth, forevermore!"

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

In the welter of our daily lives we ~~are~~ sometimes *grow* forgetful of those who lie beneath us here, so still and hushed is their rest. And it is perhaps fortunate for us who live that our minds are so constituted that we do not always have ~~thier~~ tragedy before us. But on a day like this our thoughts must bravely turn to those who lie here; and it is well that we may ponder ~~w~~ here together but for a few too fleeting moments.

Today you have heard again the simple, ageless beauty of Linclon's Gettysburg Address. Perhaps no more sublime prose passage occurs in our language. It is sober-ing to remember that it was <sup>uttered</sup> ~~delivered~~ in the <sup>very</sup> smoke of the Civil War, over the bodies of <sup>many</sup> those who bled and died in that historic conflict. It may be cause for somber reflection to recall that when our great president Lincoln delivered his beautiful tribute, there were gathered before him, in the full flush of thier young manhood, many fresh and eager veterans of that war; <sup>— the very veterans,</sup> and ~~yet~~ it seems but yesterday, <sup>remember</sup> since <sup>whom</sup> we ~~could so well remember~~ these, courageous, spry old gentlemen ~~— the Civil War veterans~~ <sup>as those</sup> who made so much of this day, Memorial Day. But as the relentless years rolled on, they too fell silent, one by one, until now their dead have nearly won their living. Thus, ever swells the ranks of our Spanish-American War dead. And so it is that even you are sixteen years removed, <sup>from</sup> ~~from~~ your 1918; a sixteen years during which some of your number, too, have gone to join your comrades in the silence of this resting place.

But it is not only the dead upon whom our humble thoughts may dwell this day. We must not be unmindful of the living; the wounded, the torn, the blinded -- should we say the living-dead? -- who still bear the angry scars of War. Today, at this moment, in the state of Illinois there stands <sup>dedicated to suffering,</sup> a ~~veterans~~ hospital a mile long. In that vast structure, ~~dedicated to suffering,~~ lie scores and hundreds of your comrades in every stage of torture to which humanity is subject; <sup>in</sup> whose pain-racked bodies and minds still ~~carry~~ <sup>burns</sup> that feeble flame which denies them the calm of those who lie here. And so it is today with others of your stricken number throughout this broad land of ours, the very world, from the <sup>greatest</sup> largest city to the most obscure village. May this day bring its measure of peace to them.

It is a strange human paradox that on this day, born out of the sweat and thunder of War, our thoughts should inevitably turn to Peace. And yet what greater need is there in this troublous world today than for enduring Peace? If the hushed voices of those who lie here, and everywhere, could by some miracle become articulate today, who would say that their cry would not be: "Peace, you who live! Peace be unto you!" Yet, even as we gather here, ~~not~~ in our groping way trying to ~~grasp~~ grasp some of the tragic meaning of their sacrifice, all the while is heard the insistent, subterranean rumblings of War, shattering even the dignity of this day. Can it be that we have forgotten the greedy horror of War so soon? Can it be that the ~~mute~~ mute testimony of those who lie here is so soon put out of mind?

This ground seems to whisper and ache with the stifled cries of those who died from War. "Peace!" are they praying? And answering, could we not pray? -- "O fallen comrades, may thy long journey through the unknown be marked but by eternal peace; and may we, the living, O God, be blessed with peace on earth, forevermore!"

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

*naught*

In the welter of our daily lives we are sometimes forgetful of those who lie beneath us here, so still and hushed is their rest. And it is perhaps fortunate for us who live that our minds are so constituted that ~~we do not always have their tragedy~~ before us. But on a day like this our thoughts must bravely turn to those who lie here; and it is well that we may ponder here together but <sup>for</sup> a few too fleeting moments.

Today you have ~~again~~ <sup>again</sup> heard the simple, ageless beauty of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Perhaps no more sublime prose passage occurs in our language. It is sobering to recall that it was delivered in the smoke of the Civil War, over the bodies of those who bled and died in that historic conflict. We must not forget that when our great president Lincoln delivered his beautiful tribute, there were gathered before him many fresh and eager veterans of that war, <sup>in</sup> the full flush of their young manhood, ~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> it seems but yesterday since you could so well remember those courageous, spry old gentlemen - the Civil War veterans --who made so much of this day, Memorial Day. Yet, as the relentless years rolled on, they too fell silent, one by one, until now their dead <sup>Thus, even swells the ranks of our Spanish-American War dead,</sup> have nearly won their living. And so it is that even you are sixteen years removed ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> your 1918; a sixteen years during which <sup>some</sup> ~~some~~ of your number, too, have gone to join your comrades in the silence of this resting place.

But it is not only the dead upon whom our humble thoughts may dwell this day. We must think too of the living; the wounded, the torn, the blinded -- should we say the living-dead? -- who still bear the angry

[naught]

scars of War. Today, at this moment, <sup>in</sup> the state of Illinois there stands a veteran's hospital a mile long. In that vast building lie scores and hundreds of your comrades, in every stage of torture to which humanity is subject; whose pain-racked bodies and minds still carry that feeble flame which denies them the calm of those who lie here. And so it is today with others of your stricken numbers, all over this broad land of ours, the very world, ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> the largest city to the most obscure village. May this day bring its measure of peace to them.

It is a strange human paradox that on this day, <sup>born</sup> ~~born~~ out of the sweat and thunder of War, our thoughts should inevitably turn to Peace. Yet what greater need is there in our world today than for enduring ~~peace~~ <sup>P</sup> peace? If the hushed voices of those who lie here, and everywhere, could by some miracle become articulate today, who would say that their cry would not be: "Peace, you who live! Peace be unto you!" Yet even as we gather here now, in our little, futile way trying to grasp some of the tragic meaning of their sacrifice, all the while is heard the insistent, subterranean rumblings of War, shattering even the dignity of this day. Can it be that we have forgotten the greedy horror of War so soon? Can it be that the mute testimony of those who lie here is so soon put out of mind?

This ground seems to whisper and ache with the stifled cries of those who died from War. "Peace!" are they praying? And answering, could we not pray?-- "O fallen comrades, may thy long journey through the unknown be marked but by eternal peace; and may we, the living, O God, be blessed with peace on earth, forevermore!"

5/17/34.  
2nd Draft.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS  
(Ishpeming Legion, Cemetery, 1934)

In the welter and rush of our daily lives we are sometimes forgetful of those who lie beneath us here, so still and hushed is their rest. And it is perhaps fortunate for us who live that our minds are so constituted that we do not always have their tragedy before us. But on a day like this our thoughts must *bravely* turn ~~bluntly~~ to those who lie here; and it is well that we may ponder <sup>here</sup> ~~thoughtfully~~ together <sup>but</sup> for a few ~~to~~ too fleeting moments.

Today you have again heard the simple, ageless beauty of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Perhaps no more sublime prose passage occurs in our language. It is sobering to recall that that address was given in the <sup>heat</sup> over the bodies of those who ~~"1918"~~ of the Civil War. ~~We must not forget that there were gathered-~~ who bled and died in that historic <sup>conflict.</sup> battle. We must not forget that at the time our great president Lincoln delivered his beautiful ~~message~~ tribute, there were gathered before him many eager, youthful veterans of that war, <sup>all</sup> many of whom were <sup>in the midst of</sup> younger and newer from the horror of their war, ~~than we are here today.~~ ~~Yet it~~

*Yet it* seems but yesterday since you could so well remember those courageous, spry old gentlemen who made so much of <sup>this Memorial</sup> that Day -- the Civil War veterans. ~~But~~ <sup>yet</sup> as the <sup>and relentless</sup> years rolled ~~on~~ on, they too fell silent, one by one, until now their dead <sup>have nearly won</sup> ~~far greatly outnumber~~ their living. And so it is <sup>that</sup> that ~~now~~ even you are sixteen years removed from your 1918 -- a sixteen years during which <sup>some of your</sup> increasing numbers, of you, too, have gone to join your comrades in the ~~awful~~ silence of this resting place. You may find some cause for reflection in the thought that so relentless is the passage of the years, that, perhaps for the first time, you are being addressed by one who was too young to have ~~joined with you in your War.~~



[2nd 5/17/34]

But it is not only the dead upon whom our humble thoughts <sup>may</sup> should dwell ~~upon~~ this day. We must think, too, of the living;--the wounded, the torn, the blinded -- ~~perhaps we may~~ <sup>should we</sup> say the living-dead?-- who still bear the angry scars of War. Today, now, ~~at~~ at this very moment, ~~in~~ in the state of Illinois there is a veteran's hospital a mile long. In that vast building lie scores and hundreds of your comrades in every stage of torture to which humanity is subject; whose pain-racked bodies and minds still carry that ~~stubborn~~ <sup>feeble</sup> spark which denies them the ~~of~~ calm of those who lie here. And so it is today with others of your stricken numbers, all over this broad land of ours, from the largest city to the most obscure village. May this day bring its measure of peace to them.

It is a strange human paradox that on this day, born out of the sweat and thunder of War, ~~that~~ our thoughts should inevitably turn to Peace. Yet what greater need is there in our world today than for enduring Peace? If the hushed voices of those who lie here, and everywhere, could by some miracle become articulate today, who would say that their cry would not be: ~~Peace be unto you!~~  
"Peace, you who live! Peace be unto you!" Yet even as we gather here now, in our little, futile way trying to grasp some of the tragic meaning of their sacrifice, all the while is heard the insistent, subterranean rumblings of War, shattering even the dignity of this day. Can it be that we have forgotten the greedy horror of War so soon? Can it be that the mute testimony of those who lie here is so soon put out of mind?

This ground seems to whisper and ache with the stifled cries of those who died from War. "Peace!" are they praying? And answering, could we not pray? -- "O fallen comrades, may thy long journey through the unknown be marked but by eternal peace; and may we, the living, O God, be blessed with peace on earth, forevermore!"

3rd

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

In the welter ~~and~~ rush of our daily lives we are sometimes forgetful of those who lie beneath us here, so still and hushed is their rest. And it is perhaps fortunate for us who live that our minds are so constituted that we do not always have their tragedy before us. But on a day like this our thoughts must bravely turn to those who lie here; and it is well that we may ponder here together but a few too fleeting moments.

Today you have again heard the simple, ageless beauty of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Perhaps no more sublime prose passage occurs in our language. It is sobering to recall that it was delivered in the ~~heat and~~ ~~and horror~~ smoke of the Civil War, over the bodies of those who bled and died in that historic conflict. We must not forget

that when our great president Lincoln delivered his beautiful tribute, there were gathered before him many fresh and <sup>of that war,</sup> in the flush of their young manhood. eager, ~~youthful~~ veterans, ~~of younger~~ than ~~many~~ of them,

And it seems but yesterday since you could so well remember those courageous, spry old gentlemen <sup>- the Civil War veterans -</sup> who made so much of this day, Memorial Day ~~the Civil War veterans~~. Yet, as the relentless years rolled on, they too fell silent, one by one, until now their dead have nearly won their living. And so it is that even you are sixteen years removed ~~from~~ your 1918; a sixteen years during which some of your number, too, have gone to join your comrades in the <sup>unbroken</sup> silence of this resting place.

But it is not only the dead upon whom our humble thoughts may dwell this day. We must think too of the living; the wounded, the torn, the blinded -- ~~perhaps~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ should/say the living-dead? -- who still bear the angry scars of War. Today, at this moment, in the state of Illinois there stands a veteran's hospital a mile long. In that vast building lie scores and hundreds of your comrades, in every stage of torture to which humanity is subject; whose pain-racked bodies and minds still carry that feeble flame which denies them the calm of those who lie here. And so it is today with others of your stricken numbers, all over this broad land of ours, the <sup>very</sup> world, ~~in fact~~, from the largest city to the most obscure village. May this day bring its measure of peace to them.

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#4.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS  
(Ishpeming Legion)  
1934

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Today you have heard again the simple, ageless beauty of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Perhaps no more sublime prose passage occurs in our language. It is sobering to <sup>remember</sup> ~~recall~~ that it was delivered in the smoke of the Civil War, over the bodies of those who <sup>it may be cause</sup> ~~bled and died~~ in that historic conflict. ~~We must not forget~~ <sup>for a reflection to remember recall</sup> that when our great president Lincoln delivered his beautiful tribute, there were gathered before him, in the full flush of their young manhood, many fresh and eager <sup>soldiers</sup> ~~veterans~~ of that war; <sup>and yet</sup> it seems but yesterday since <sup>we</sup> you could so well remember those courageous, spry <sup>veterans of</sup> ~~old gentlemen~~ the Civil War ~~veterans~~ <sup>But</sup> who made so much of this day, Memorial Day. ~~Yet~~ <sup>as</sup> the relentless years rolled on, they too fell silent, one by one, until now their dead have nearly won their living. Thus, ever swells the <sup>young</sup> ranks of our Spanish-American War dead. And so it is that even you are sixteen years removed from your 1918; a sixteen years during which some of your number, too, have gone to join your comrades in the silence of this resting place.

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But it is not only the dead upon whom our humble thoughts may dwell this day. We must <sup>not be unmindful</sup> think ~~too~~ of the living; the wounded, the torn, the blinded -- should we say the living-dead? -- who still bear the angry scars of War. Today, at this moment, in the state of Illinois there stands a veteran's hospital a mile long. In that <sup>structure, dedicated to suffering,</sup> vast ~~building,~~ lie scores and hundreds of your comrades, in every stage of torture to which humanity is subject; whose pain-racked bodies and minds still carry that feeble flame which denies them the calm of those who lie here. And so it is ~~today~~ <sup>throughout</sup> with others of your stricken numbers ~~all over~~ this broad land of ours, the very world; from the largest city to the most obscure village. May this day bring its measure of peace to them.

It is a strange human paradox that on this day, born out of the sweat and thunder of War, our thoughts should inevitably turn to Peace. <sup>And</sup> yet what greater need is there in <sup>this</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>troubled</sup> world today than for enduring Peace? If the hushed voices of those who lie here, and everywhere, could by some miracle become articulate today, who would say that their cry would not be: "Peace, you who live! Peace be unto you!" Yet even as we gather here now, in our ~~little~~ <sup>groping</sup> ~~way~~ <sup>futile</sup> way trying to grasp some of the tragic meaning of their sacrifice, all the while is heard the insistent, subterranean rumblings of War, shattering even the dignity of this day. Can it be that we have forgotten the greedy horror of War so soon? Can it be that the mute testimony of those who lie here is so soon put out of mind?

This ground seems to whisper and ache with the stifled cries of those who died from War. "Peace!" are they praying? And answering, could we not pray? -- "O fallen comrades, may thy long journey through the unknown be marked but by eternal peace; and may we, the living, O God, be blessed with peace on earth, forevermore!"

[ Final ]

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

In the welter of our daily lives we <sup>are</sup> sometimes ~~grow~~ forgetful of those who lie beneath us here, so still and hushed is their rest. And it is perhaps fortunate for us who live that our minds are so constituted that we do not always have their tragedy before us. But on a day like this our thoughts must bravely turn to those who lie here; and it is well that we may ponder here together but for a few too fleeting moments.

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[Final]

~~But it~~

But it is not only the dead upon whom our humble thoughts may dwell this day. We must not <sup>be</sup> ~~be~~ unmindful of the living; the <sup>wounded</sup> ~~wounded~~, the torn, the blinded -- should we say the living-dead? -- who still bear the angry scars of War. Today, at this moment, <sup>there stands</sup> ~~there stands~~ a veterans' hospital a mile long. In that vast structure lie scores and hundreds of your comrades in every stage of torture to which humanity is subject; in whose pain-racked bodies and minds still burns that feeble flame which denies them the calm of those who lie here. And so it is today with others of your stricken number throughout this broad land of ours, the very world, from the greatest city to the most obscure village. May this day bring its measure of peace to them.

It is a strange human paradox that on this day, born out of the sweat and thunder of War, our thoughts should inevitably turn to Peace. And yet what greater need is there in this troublous ~~world~~ world today than for enduring Peace? If the hushed voices of those who lie here, and everywhere, could by some miracle become articulate today, who would say that their cry would not be: "Peace, you who live! Peace be unto you!" Yet even as we gather here, in our groping way trying to grasp some of the tragic meaning of their sacrifice, all the while is heard the insistent, subterranean rumblings of War, shattering even the dignity of this day. Can it be that we have forgotten the greedy horror of War so soon? Can it be that the mute testimony of those who lie here is so soon put out of mind?

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1934

MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH

In the welter of our daily lives we are sometimes forgetful of those who lie beneath us here, so still and hushed is their rest. And it is perhaps fortunate for us who live that our minds are so constituted that we do not always have their tragedy before us. But on a day like this our thoughts must bravely turn to those who lie here; and it is well that we may ponder here together but for a few too fleeting moments.

Today you have heard again the simple, ageless beauty of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. Perhaps no more sublime prose passage occurs in our language. It is sobering to remember that it was uttered in the very smoke of the Civil War, over the bodies of those who bled and died in that historic conflict. It may be cause for somber reflection to recall that when our great President Lincoln delivered his beautiful tribute, there were gathered before him, in the full flush of their young manhood, many fresh and eager veterans of that war -- the very veterans, it seems but yesterday, whom we remember as those courageous old gentlemen who made so much of this day, Memorial Day. But as the relentless years rolled on, they too fell silent, one by one, until now their dead have nearly won their living. Thus ever swells the ranks of our Spanish-American War dead. And so it is that even you are sixteen years removed from your 1918; a sixteen years during which some of your number, too, have gone to join your comrades in the silence of this resting place.

But it is not only the dead upon whom our humble thoughts may dwell this day. We must be not unmindful of the living; the maimed, the torn, the blinded -- should we say the living-dead? -- who still bear the angry scars of War. Today, at this moment, there stands in the state of Illinois a veterans' hospital a mile long. In that vast structure lie scores and hundreds of your comrades in every stage of torture to which humanity is subject; in whose pain-racked bodies and minds still burns that feeble flame which denies them the calm of those who lie here. And so it is today with others of your stricken number throughout this



MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH

Page Two

broad land of ours, the very world, from the greatest city to the most obscure village. May this day bring its measure of peace to them.

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This ground seems to whisper and ache with the stifled cries of those who died from War. "Peace!" are they praying? And answering, could we not pray? -- "O fallen comrades, may thy long journey through the unknown be marked but by eternal peace; and may we, the living, O God, be blessed with peace on earth, forevermore!"

MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH

In the welter of our daily lives we are sometimes <sup>grow</sup> forgetful of those who lie beneath us here, so still and hushed is their rest. <sup>And it is well for</sup> ~~And it is perhaps fortunate~~ for us who live that our minds are so constituted that we do not always have their tragedy before us. But on a day like this our thoughts must bravely turn to those who lie here; and it is well that we may ponder here together but for a few too fleeting moments.

Today you have heard again the simple, ageless beauty of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. Perhaps no more sublime prose passage occurs in our language. It is sobering to remember that it was uttered in the very smoke of the Civil War, over the bodies of those who bled and died in that historic conflict. It may be cause for somber reflection to recall that when our great President Lincoln delivered his beautiful tribute, there were gathered before him, in the full flush of their young manhood, many fresh and eager veterans of that war -- the very veterans, it seems but yesterday, whom we remember as those courageous old gentlemen who made so much of this day, Memorial Day. But as the relentless years rolled on, they too fell silent, one by one, until now their dead have nearly won their living. Thus ever swell the ranks of our Spanish-American War dead. And so it is that even you are sixteen years removed from your 1918; a sixteen years during which some of your number, too, have gone to join your comrades in the silence of this resting place.

But it is not only the dead upon whom our humble thoughts may dwell this day. We must be not unmindful of the living; the maimed, the torn, the blinded -- should we say the living-dead? -- who still bear the angry scars of War. Today, at this moment, there stands in the state of Illinois a veterans' hospital a mile long. In that vast structure lie scores and hundreds of your comrades in every stage of torture to which humanity is subject; in whose pain-racked bodies and minds still burns that feeble flame which denies them the calm of those who lie here. And so it is today with others of your stricken number throughout this

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broad land of ours, the very world, from the greatest city to the most obscure village. May this day bring its measure of peace to them.

It is a strange human paradox that on this day, born out of the sweat and thunder of War, our thoughts should inevitably turn to Peace. And yet what greater need is there in this troublous world today than for enduring Peace? If the hushed voices of those who lie here, and everywhere, could by some miracle become articulate today, who would say that their cry would not be: "Peace, you who live! Peace be unto you!" Yet even as we gather here, in our groping way trying to grasp some of the tragic meaning of their sacrifice, all the while are heard the insistent, subterranean rumblings of War, shattering even the dignity of this day. Can it be that we have forgotten the greedy horror of War so soon? Can it be that the mute testimony of those who lie here is so soon put out of mind?

This ground seems to whisper and ache with the stifled cries of those who died from War. "Peace!" are they praying? And answering, could we not pray? -- "O fallen comrades, may thy long journey through the unknown be marked but by eternal peace; and may we, the living, O God, be blessed with peace on earth, forevermore!"