

## FROM THE COLLEGE SCRAPBOOK OF LORAIN WILSON

### WAR!!

I SHALL NEVER FORGET WHEN I HEARD THE HORRIBLE NEWS – April 1917. I was not reconciled to the fact that the U.S. should enter (I saw my mistake later) but I never forget how terrible I thought it was when Niles Bean was joyous over the fact that we had made the declaration. I couldn't understand it. I was – then at Major Palmers. Soon training started and I could never describe the strange scenes of the boys building upon the campus. Many of those fellows went across – some did not return.

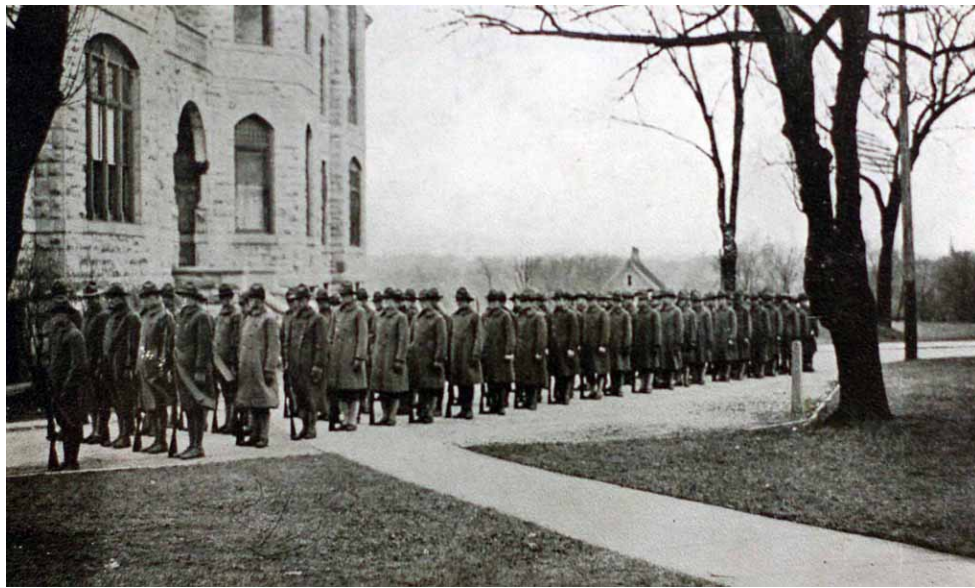
**“Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power and to set up amongst the really free and self governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action which will henceforth insure the observance of those principles.**

**Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved, and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances.”**

The President's war message – an extraordinary piece of literature. A man little understood but great nevertheless.

### FALL OF 1918

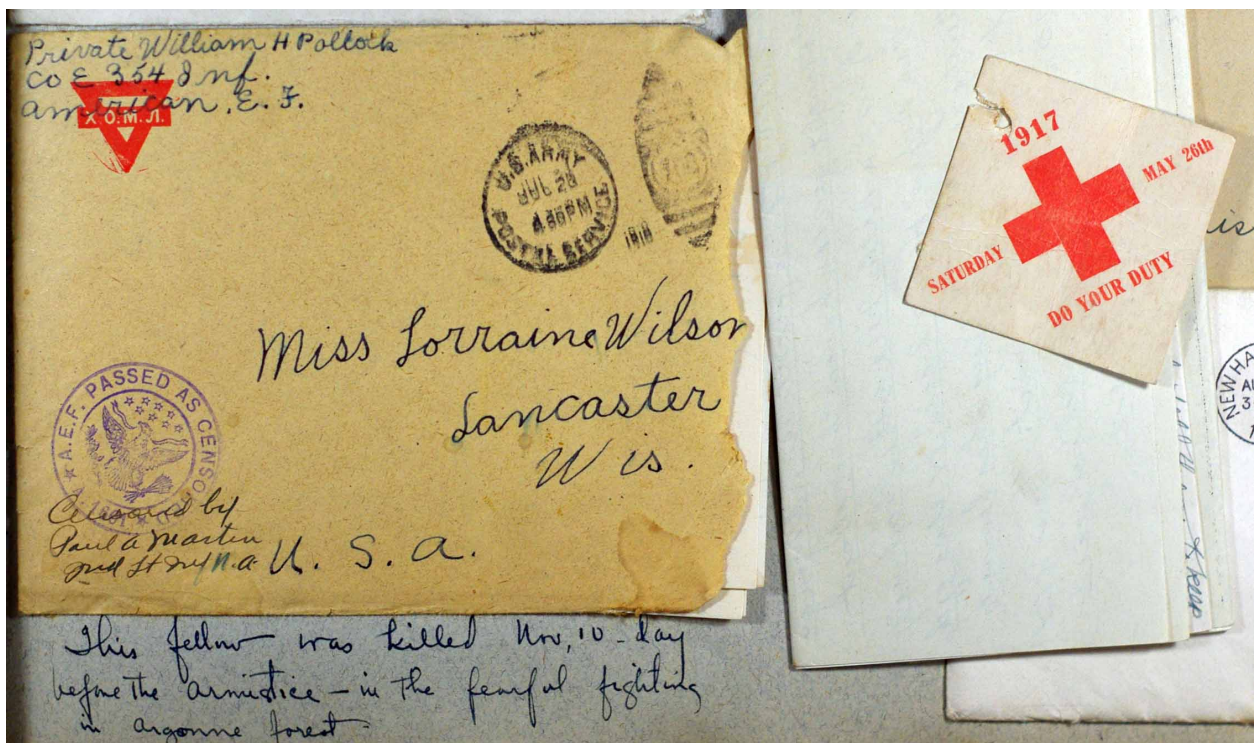
The war still going – the worst fighting of all I remember, so fearful it was that we did not know from one day to the next what terrible defeat the press would report. I cannot look at these pictures without very vivid memories of those boys. For them we didn't know how soon these fellows would have to go.



That is perhaps the reason there was such a menacing sound in the bugle call which brought them together before Main Hall in the evening, many times around sunset, or later at dusk. The black uncertainty ahead was perhaps the reason there was a feeling of – almost – fear, a very uncomfortable feeling as we could hear the rhythmic scuffle of pebbles along the road in the campus (I don't know if there can be a rhythmic scuffle but I know what I mean anyway). I shall never forget the sound of their marching along the pebbles road. They did not know how soon they had to go!



But on November 11<sup>th</sup>, after the most shameful fighting the world has ever witnessed, we heard of the armistice. People went crazy – they celebrated in peculiar and it seems to me inconsistent ways. At night we went out to the barracks and had a sort of celebration. I remember R.W.H (Robert Hayes who became her husband) that night. Aside from College Day it was my first memory of him.



What a pity that such men as Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Joyce Kilmer should have perished in the war – Brooke – another Lord Byron. Among his poems the most beautiful I believe is the one starting “If I should die, think only this of me-----.”



If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is forever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.  
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

The Soldier  
Rupert Brooke

Alfred Joyce Kilmer



Sgt. Joyce Kilmer, as a member of the Fighting  
69th Infantry Regiment, circa 1918.

### TREES

I THINK that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.



I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
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 of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

Rendezvous  
Alan Seeger