

A R M I S T I C E - D A Y

A One Act Play

BY

Gordon Shumard & David Young

6- B Auditorium Class



--- Armistice Day ---

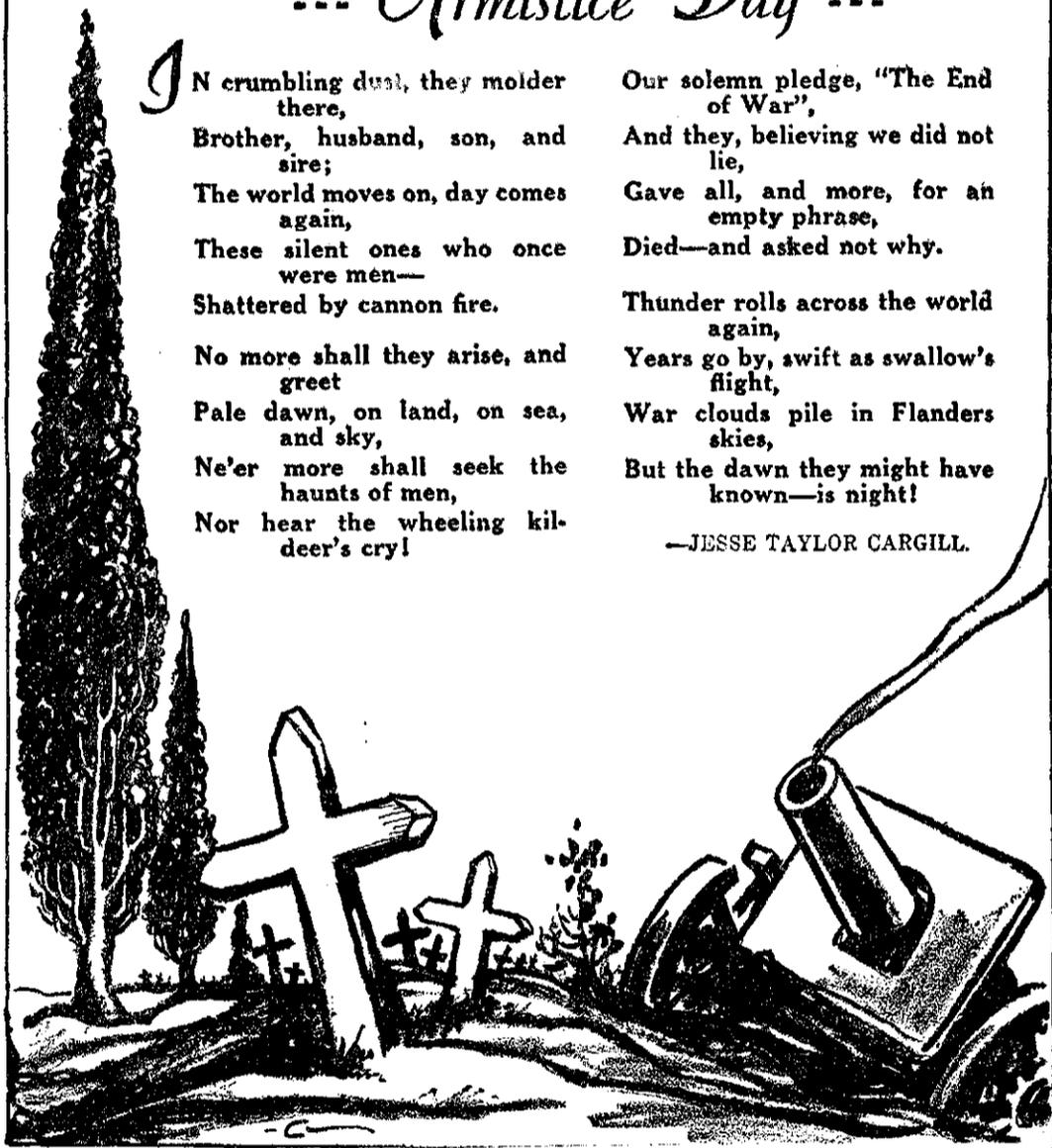
**I**N crumbling dust, they molder  
there,  
Brother, husband, son, and  
sire;  
The world moves on, day comes  
again,  
These silent ones who once  
were men—  
Shattered by cannon fire.

No more shall they arise, and  
greet  
Pale dawn, on land, on sea,  
and sky,  
Ne'er more shall seek the  
haunts of men,  
Nor hear the wheeling kil-  
deer's cry!

Our solemn pledge, "The End  
of War",  
And they, believing we did not  
lie,  
Gave all, and more, for an  
empty phrase,  
Died—and asked not why.

Thunder rolls across the world  
again,  
Years go by, swift as swallow's  
flight,  
War clouds pile in Flanders  
skies,  
But the dawn they might have  
known—is night!

—JESSE TAYLOR CARGILL.



ARMISTICE DAY

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Time--November 11th. 1918

Place--A Middle West Town

Characters--Mr. Brown and Mrs Brown  
Mr. Williams and Mrs Williams and Jack Williams  
Mr. Jones  
Mrs Johnson  
Mrs Smith  
---- John and Henry  
---- Sallie  
---- Other citizens

(Curtain rises on a street scene---Mr. and Mrs Brown, John and Henry enter--Right)

Mrs Brown---Hurry up, Pa

Mr. Brown---Well I am hurring as fast as I can---ramember my good old rheumatism.

John (Whining) --I want some candy.  
(Enter Mr. Williams and Jack--Left)

Mr. Williams and Jack ---Good Morning.

Mr. Brown---I hear that Jack is to go to camp tomorrow.

Mr. Williams--Yes, and the way things look you and I will be leaving soon.

Jack--When did you hear from Bill, Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown--Had a letter this morning. Would you like to hear what he has to say?

Mr. Williams and Jack---Yes, indeed!  
(Enter Mrs. Johnson)

Mr. Brown reads-- "Dear Pop things look pretty bad for us going to the front to-morrow. Captain Anderson of our company was killed, blown up by a bomb in the attack we made yesterday. Captured 23 German soldiers, I was one of the guards to look after these men."

Henry--I'd like to be him.

John--Bill said he'd bring me a German helmet.

Mr. Williams--Jack you're going to bring home a German helmet aren't you?

Jack--Yes several I hope.

Mrs. Johnson--Go on with the letter.

Mr. Brown reads--"I am much interested in these boys, they seem to want to be captured. One of them can speak English and he teaches me to speak German. Here are a few words I can say.  
"Nein" means No. "Yah" means yes. "Auf Wiedersehn" Good bye."

Mrs. Brown--I'm proud of him  
(Enter Mrs. Smith, Mr. Jones and others)  
(All gather to hear his reading)

Mrs. Smith--Oh, are you reading a letter from Bill? Does he say anything about my boy?

Mr. Brown-- Oh, Yes, I'm just about to come to that.

Mrs. Smith--Oh, hurry!

Mr. Brown, reads.--" I forgot to tell you that I saw Pete Smith in the hospital on my furlough in Paris. His wounds were pretty bad, but he was in good spirits. He said, he would have to be sent home as soon as he is able to travel."

Mrs. Smith--I hope he won't be crippled!

Mr. Brown, reads on---" How is Mom, is she feeling alright? I am going to bring her something that will make her eyes shine and you will be surprised what I bring you.

Mr. Williams--That may be a long time from now.

Mrs Brown-----If he gets home all right, that's enough for me.

Mr. Brown ,reads--" I can't help but laugh about Mom's letter telling me of your wheatless days and meatless days so the flour and meat may be sent to France. She said you were a good old soldier and ate corn-bread although you don't like it. "

Mrs Smith--We certainly observe wheatless and meatless days at our house.

Jack--We don't have much sugar, I expect I'll get more in France than I do at home.

Mr. Brown,reads---"Even the Germans praise our President, Woodrow Wilson, while all of France think's he is the greatest man on earth, The war might last a long time but from what we can find out from the German prisoners they would quit any old time. You have heard about the cooties in the trenches. I'll have to go cootie hunting before I can go to sleep."

John----I want a cootie.

Mrs Brown--- Hush, John! A cootie is something nobody wants. (They hear cries and shouting down the street----Sallie runs excited.)

Sallie-- Oh, Jack! The war is over ---Armistice is signed!!! (Much noise, running and shouting)

END

## Armistice Day

THE guns have ceased,  
And again bright grasses grow  
Where skylarks sing their matin song,  
And legions proud, march no more  
In bannered ranks along.

A MILLION dead in whited' row,  
Phalanxed deep, both friend and foe,  
The silent legions of eternal sleep,  
Dream on through sun and snow,  
Bugle call and cannon's roar  
Shall rouse no more from slumber deep  
These silent ones who gave their all,  
That we, the fruits of peace might reap.

THE fruits of peace!  
The oxwain's creak,  
The flash of bright plow share,  
The scythe of peace and not of war  
Garners the harvest there.

The skylark sings his vesper song,  
The day of toil is done;  
Home, and fireside, honest sleep,  
'Til fading stars salute the sun!

—JESSE TAYLOR CARGILL.

