

Guide.

1. Fourteen years ago the big guns thundered to a disturbing silence.
2. But there were those who died upon the fields of Flanders and of France
3. Today, after the lapse of fourteen years we should pause and take stock.
4. The boys who fought so bravely on the field of battle are called upon again
5. There is more need of patriotism in time of peace than war.
6. What we need in office in men with courage to speak as they think.
7. The design of government is to afford protection and security. The further design
8. I am not one of those who believe the world is grown worse, intelligence and etc
9. Discipline and restraint.
10. Mother in the home
11. Picture gallery
12. It takes but a few months to paint a masterpiece but years to make character
13. Another thing, it has been said the world will never be civilized until they etc
14. It can well be maintained --- world court--- police the world---
15. But that thing so devoutly to be wished will never be ours until, etc.,
16. So it is imperative that we be able to properly defend ourselves.
17. When savagery of military power confronted the civilized world, ---treaties?
18. The young men of our land were wrested from their homes, friends and families
19. And those boys came back to us, some maimed and poisoned--came ennobled--
20. We wonder if all the wounds of war are healed? We hope so but we doubt.
21. Those boys who marched away fourteen years ago are middle-aged men of the nation
22. From those who have gone we have the heritage of right living, patriotism, citizenship. It is but fit and proper that their buddies organize to protect the living- for there is no greater gift to man than to have love and consideration for his fellow men--the Legion has done its bit, let us all do ours, and like Abou Ben Adam.

Address on Armistice Day at Okemah
November 11th, 1932.

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Fourteen years ago today and this hour the great guns of the world war thundered into a ~~disturbing~~ ^{Somber} silence. A million men stood in wonderment, scarcely grasping the full import of that silence. Peace had again come to the world. Life was again assured to those who hourly had expected death. Not only were those men, but all the world, held in momentary awe and astonishment. Had peace really come? Then the truth dawned upon the world and a great shout of rejoicing and happiness went up. Teeming millions back of the lines in frenzied happiness rejoiced that loved ones and kindred would be returned to them in health and whole of limb.

But there were those who died on the fields of Flanders and of France, those who journeyed bravely into the horizon of the West, going to meet the gray messenger coming on the last request. Those who cannot be here today and for them we can but pause and breathe a prayer that such men have lived. Theirs was a sacrifice of love, heroes all, may they rest in peace. We are only left with tenderest memories and an aching void.

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And today, fourteen years later, we pause and take stock of the time that has rushed by us. We find ourselves in a dreary situation again, depression, sorrow, and want again stalk in our midst. But the same brave spirit that ended the great conflict will save us in this. Each individual striving to save himself, put his own house in order, will make the nation sound. It is an individual struggle, and when that struggle is won, then our civilization shall be saved and our citizenship and ship of state will again be on an even keel.

Those boys who fought so bravely on the field of battle are called upon again, backed by a sturdy citizenship, to save this nation; and they are equal to the occasion. It takes more courage, more stamina, in civil life to be a good soldier than it does under the urge of acclaim, with bands playing, the shouts of the multitude and the excitement of marching men. There is as much need

or true patriotism in times of peace ^{and} ~~than~~ in times of war for now the apparent security, the taxing needs of business life, makes it more difficult. And yet to perpetuate our state and stabilize our ~~xxx~~ institutions of government ^{is} just as necessary to keep up continual warfare in times of peace as war. Continual war upon the things and the circumstances and conditions of our country that makes for sorrow and internal strife.

What we need in office, to-day, is, above all things, men who will have the courage to speak as they think. We need men in public life who will have the courage to tell the people the absolute truth as they see it. And then we need voters who will recognize worth and reward the same irregardless of prejudice and of spite. We want men in office who will appeal to the judgment and the reason of the people, who have the courage to speak their minds notwithstanding the loss of a few votes.

The design of our government is to afford protection and security to the people. The further design of that government is to have the people by wise selection provide men in office who will give the best thought and service to the country without thought to their own personal aggrandizement. This government of ours is primarily based upon an intelligent vote. When that vote is not intelligent, does not reflect the sound consideration and judgment of the voting public, then the very design of the government is debased. The very fabric of our institution has begun to ravel and ^{dis}integrate.

I am not one of those who believe the world is growing worse. I consider it much better than in any other period of its history. We have more intelligence, more enlightenment, and enlightenment makes for a better people. Ignorance cannot be good. Innocence may be appealing, but it cannot be constructive or helpful. Knowledge gives us greater scope to become helpful to ourselves, our families and our fellow men. And no one will deny that the great majority of the people today are more enlightened than in any other period of our history. There are certain ~~democratic principles which should be maintained and not sacrificed to the interests of a few~~

derelictions we should strive to correct. Perhaps less care is being given to the rearing of the young than should be the case. Perhaps we leave too much to the law and forget the benefits of early inculcations of high principals of morals in the young. The youth of the land is entitled to the best we have to give in the way of living a life that will be of service to humanity, rather than obstructive. This, perhaps, is being neglected during these days of fast living, and in reality change of living. We are in the midst of transition, and being so perhaps we forget or neglect the very salient duty we owe the young, for statistics show that seventy two per cent of the crimes of the United States are committed by children between the ages of seventeen and twenty three years. This is an appalling indictment, not so much of the children, as of the parents. It must be the result of a too lax regulation at home, a too thoughtless care of the whereabouts, environments and companions of our children. The lack of discipline in the home and in the schools is taking its toll. By a sort of fallacious sentiment the world has come to believe that it is wrong to use either force or fear to attain an object that means the betterment of the race and our institutions. I grant you it is pleasanter to waive punishment of our children than it is to chastise. We parents get a great pleasure out of giving to our children the best there is to be had, but I submit that there is grave doubts as to its benefit for the child. All throughout life we must be subsevient to some law, some regulation. In early childhood it is the home, and later the schools and in maturity the laws of the land and always the laws of nature. How much better it is for us to send the young man into the channels of business and professional life disciplined and under proper restraint, than it is to send them forth with a smattering of restraint. On the very threshold of manhood they meet with rebuffs, and then become bitter and mean. By indulgence they have become soft and unselfrelient. By indulgence they have been taught to expect something that the world does not readily give, and especially so when each and all are granted the same indulgence in their youth. It is unfair to the child, it is unfair to the man and woman that is to be. They

have been deprived of the greatest lesson of life, to give and take, and be self-reliant. By discipline and restraint the children go into the world better prepared to meet the demands of the world. And if adversity comes to them, as it most always does, that discipline will be a staff upon which to lean, and instead of the bitterness that comes with defeat, they can better gird their loins for future battles. This life is a battle, a fierce one at best. The boy in the street selling newspapers never receives my sympathy for the things he is missing; it is the boy in his father's car, indulged and petted, that is being imposed upon. When his time comes to meet the problems of life, he is unsuited and must build himself over again. And too often it is true that in seeking the easier, quicker way, that has been his in the past, he robs a filling station or pilfers the cash drawer. It is not because we are unjust that we should discipline the young, but because we are thoughtful of their future, and their future frame of mind. By overcoming adversity we are made strong and self-reliant. If we have such teachings in our early youth we are to the same extent strengthened for the struggles of life. And by such training we are made more considerate of other people's rights and ideas. A boy that has been led to believe that he can have whatever he may want at the hands of his parents, is to that extent made unfit for the problems of life. His mental stamina has become atrophied. He must solve the problems for himself, his parents cannot always be there to do it for him. We must teach the young to be self-reliant. We cannot keep a picket fence about them all their lives, for surely a breach will be made and then we find the young inexperienced and unfitted to cope with the problems that confront them.

A short time ago I stood in one of the great art galleries of the world; there I saw upon the walls the great paintings of all times. Saw the reproduction of the illustrious dead, saw reproduced the beauty spots of the world. What a weight of patient toil it represented. Toiling with the pleasure of reproduction, a production that meant happiness and joy to countless future millions. There in oil

and paint reposed the features of those dead heroes of other ages. There in paint and oil bloomed forth the landscapes of the earth; the flaming sky, the soothing green of the forests and the flashing silver of the streams and springs and brooks. And patient, loving toil had left it as a heritage to coming generations I thought it the acme of accomplishments. And then I passed on into another compartment ~~xxxx~~ and with a feeling of awe saw the sculpture of physical beauty from marble and stone. There in the magnificent of symmetry of form I saw the animal world reproduced in marble. There I saw the shapely contour of limb and body, the beauty of features and the ecstasy of grace, carved in cold stone. And I saw the artist at his work with chissel and hammer making the cold stone blossom into shapely life. Saw men mould from common clay the features and the forms of the living. Almost they seemed to breath the breath of life and I said: " here is somethin; greater, better and more **perfect**. What can there be more worthy than this patient toil, toil that gives to the world the pleasures of beauty? It, undoubtedly is the greatest calling, the finest occupation in life." And I moved on. And as I walked down the great steps of the building leading to the street below I came upon a mother speaking to her child; chastising him for some small infraction of her rules made for his guidance. In tender, motherly manner inculcating into the little mind the principles that were to make the good citizen and the honorable man. Implanting in that young, tender and retentive memory a lesson that would go through life, and make that life better for its having lived. And then I knew. Knew that here was the greatest thing in all life. The most enduring, the most efficient, the most noble. Where the artist had painted on canvas the reproduction of form, where the sculptor had moulded from clay and from stone the delights of features and form, the mother was moulding the intellect, the moral life, the character. And no doubt remained, the mother was the supreme artist, the artist that worked for enlightenment, progress, civilization and the advancement of humanity. It takes but a few months for the artist and the sculptor to produce a great masterpiece, but the patient toil of the mother goes on for years, and lasts on for a lifetime.

However we may stray from the better ways of life through forgetfulness, yet we will all in time drift back to those early teachings at mother's knee. They should be proper teachings. The mother is the bulwark of our nation and of our race. So long as she functions with zeal and love and thoughtfulness for her children just so long will our government survive and the progress of humanity be forward bound. And a lapse in such duties will bring disaster, strife and disorder. The finest thing there is in this life is the loving mother in the home, inculcating into little minds principles upon which to build a righteous life. Teaching little souls to speak the truth, honor their elders, pay their debts, morally and financially; to be God fearing, liberty loving and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them. For in the home the character of the nation is moulded and built. In the home the hope of this, and every other nation, rests. If there we find the proper influence and training, then we may rest assured that the well-fare of humanity is safe. But if there we find neglect and thoughtlessness, selfishness, then we shudder in fear for the results and should strive to rectify the condition.

And another thing; it has been said that the world will never be really civilized until the nations of the world settle their differences otherwise than with cannon and bomb, battle ships on the seas and battle planes in the air, submarines under the waves and countless thousands of fighting men upon the land. The barbarian still settles his disputes with the club but when he learns to submit his controversies to his fellow man, leave it to an impartial arbiter, then we call him civilized. But today the nations of the world sustain the same relation to each other as the barbarian sustains, that is: they settle their differences by force, each nation being the judge of its own righteousness and that judgment depending upon the strength of its arms, and always it remains that the strongest nation is the nearest right.

Now, it can well be maintained, that until the nations settle their differences in a world court, backed by the united armies and navies of the world, pledged to sustain the court, to police the world, as it were, this world of ours will remain, to that extent, uncivilized. And just here, too, the mothers of the world can do their part, for there never was a mother nor ever will be, who raised her boy to be a soldier. Yet, in times of need, in dire calamity, invasion or extremity she is as patriotic as the greatest hero. But in her lessons to the children of the world she may inculcate those lessons that will eventually obviate the necessity of war.

But that thing so devoutly to be wished for will never be ours until more of the great nations of the earth set the worthy example, and until that is done, I, for one, am in favor of the United States being armed. Until that thing has been accomplished it shall give me joy to know that another armoured fleet has been launched, another armoured fleet has taken wings. The olive branch, that token of friendship, to be of any force or importance must be offered by the strong arm. At least that is true until the coming generations have been educated up to a higher standard of thinking than exists today. For individuals make up the nations, and the ideas inculcated in youth bear fruit in manhood and womanhood. Peace today must be offered by the nation that has the force back of the offer. When offered by a weakling it becomes ludicrous and meets with scorn. The powerful, the imperial, must offer the olive branch, and by offering it in such a way as to establish an example for the world to profit by. In such a manner it will be accepted in the true spirit, otherwise it cannot. So, for me, until the world is more civilized than it is today, I am in favor of bigger guns, the largest fleets and the fastest and most efficient messengers of the air, to be had. I do not want a navy nor an air fleet unless it is the best, for otherwise it will be but a gift to the enemy when the dogs of war are loosed. It is imperative to my mind that we must be ready at all times to defend ourselves against the world. Unless we are able to defend ourselves, being the richest nation on the earth, we become

the enviting bait for the hungry wolves of the world. The powerful nations are sitting there now envying us our wealth, and such envy engenders hatred and ultimately war. Until the world will enter into the spirit that makes for universal peace, we must be armed, and armed better than the others. Any other conclusion will be but an invitation to the bloodshot eyes, the greedy, jelous maws, of the war torn nations of Europe. We cannot depend upon pursuasion, what good will pursuasion and talk do when the fleets of the enemy steam into our harbours?

When the savagery of military power confronted the civilized world, what availed the treaties? Our country could not stay out, the question was: " Shall the great republic take its stand to uphold the civilization of the world, protect the helpless nations of civilization?" That question was answered at St. Mahiel, Bellou wood and in every trench. And the answer was irresistable.

The young men of our land were wrested from business and home, from their families and from their loved ones, to do battle for civilization. They were not seekers for vain glory, because the mothers of this land had taught them otherwise. They faught not to acquire wealth or landed interests. They were neither animated by lust for plunder nor the love of conquest. They faught to preserve the torch of liberty and that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity; they destroyed military pomp and power, and in the name of the future slew the monster that menaced the peace and contentment of the world. Peace could only be had by fighting for it, and we faught. They were but carrying on the ideals started by our fathers in 1776. They broke the shackles from the feet of France, and gave embattled England respite from her woes. Mightier than the Greek, Nobler than the Roman and more perservering than Hannibal. With a patriotism as vast as the air itself, they battled for the rights of others. Faught that mothers might save their babies, that arrogant military tyrants might not trample down the helpless and set the foot upon the neck of helpless France.

Blood was water and flowed in great rivers and human life was but the pebbles upon the beach of time.

And those boys of ours came back to us, some maimed and poisoned, came back to their homes, their families and their friends. They came back ennobled, not demoralized. They came back to be as patriotic in times of peace as in times of war. To be as good citizens as they had been soldiers. To be as brave in government as they were on the field of battle. And we love them for it.



We wonder if all the wounds of war will be healed? We hope so but we doubt. The nations that fought have not learned their lessons. We hope they have but we fear they have not. They poke fun at us today, we who saved them but yesterday. But perhaps the coming generations will learn the text, it is our sincere wish that they may, and that wars shall vanish from the earth. But until that day comes we must be watchful, armed and ready.

And those boys who marched away fourteen years ago are back among us now as middleaged men of the nation. They compose the American Legion with its excellent tenets for good. Those of you who are met here today must prepare the world for peace. Must maintain this government. Must give your earnest thought and effort for better times. Must strike down fraud and fallacy where ever it be found and maintain right and justice at every cost.

From those who have gone we have the heritage of right living, fine patriotism and true citizenship. It is but fit and proper that their buddies organize to protect the living for there is no greater gift to man than that he has love and consideration for his fellow man. The Legion is doing its bit, we all should do ours, and like old

" Abou Ben Adam, may his tribe increase .

Awoke one night from a deep sleep of peace;
And found, within the moonlight of his room
Making it rich and like a lilly in bloom
An angel, writing in a book of gold.

Now, exceeding peace had made Ben Adam bold
And to the angel writing in the book of gold
He said: 'what writest thou?'

The angel raised its head, and in a voice
Made of all sweet accord, answered:

' The names of those who love the Lord.'

And is mine one, quoth Abou? Nay, not so the angel said
Abou spoke more low, but cheerily still, and said, then
Write me down as one who loves his fellow men.

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night it came
With a great awakening light, and showed the names of those
That the love of God had blest, and LO!
Ben Adam's name led all the rest.



A little while ago I stood at the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery just across the Potomac River from Washington. Stood there where many mothers who had lost their sons on the battle fields of France had dropped their tears in memory of a never to be forgotten boy. Thought that those bones in that sad and solemn tomb might be the remains of one whom I had known and cherished, whose glad some smile had welcomed me in the past and whose hand I had grasped in friendship and affection. And as I stood there thinking my mind went back in retrospect to those hectic, stirring days of 1917 and 18. And again I saw the countless thousands of marching men, saw the troop trains rushing by with windows crowded with human freight; saw the drafted groups at depots bidding farewell to loved ones and to friends; saw the tear dimmed eyes of wives and sweethearts and the drooping forms of sorrowing mothers and the stern faces of stricken dads; again I heard the click of needles as loving fingers fashioned garments for fighting men; saw the millions contributing to the needs of Red Cross, Y.M.C.A and Salvation Army; saw the wheat bread go and corn pone take its place; saw the restriction of sweets in lowly homes that fighting men might be provided; I saw the government selling bonds to finance a great war and little war savings bank spring up in every town.

And then, again, I heard the shouts of the multitude acclaiming the valor of those marching men; saw the wide streamers in the daily press proclaiming their bravery and their worth; heard the oratory in the halls of congress telling what indebtedness the nation was under to such dauntless men; heard the president of these great United States announce that the nation could never repay the debt it owed to its fighting men.

And then I saw the close of the war and our boys come dragging back, some with empty sleeves and wooden legs; some with hacking coughs from poison gas; maimed and bruised and bodies torn and minds ~~xxxxx~~ deranged. Saw them dribble home with torn uniforms and tired faces. No multitudes there to welcome them back, no bands to play- just a few dear ones with love and tenderness to welcome them home.

And as I stood and pondered over these things it seemed a small thin voice issued from the silence of that tomb: it said: " I am the Unknown Soldier and may I

ask- What of my buddies? Are they doing well? Have all the promises been kept that were so glowingly made. Have my wounded buddies found the helping hand? or are they selling pencils on the streets? Were their jobs held open for them and others made- has places been made for the empty sleeve and the wooden leg?

1. Close of war
2. Some did not return
3. after 17 yrs lets take stock & holden in time of peace
4. We need there in gov't who will speak
5. Not getting worse - directions
6. Am trying to win cause dear
7. A ruthless Military people - our entrance
8. Came back crippled not demoralized
9. At the Unknown Soldier grave
10. class