

Je ^{größer} die ^{Or} ~~kleiner~~ die Wirkeln je je größer der Stamm
je kleiner die Wirkeln je " " je größer der Stamm

→ Wirkeln kn en ad und e halten.

" das ist die Blumen steln
Und den Stauch } in Wirkeln kn.
Andere, die vor ihnen sein
den Freuen sich auch."

Found in album of Wm Clark.

Dated 1873. Signed

O Phiddle Skyy

This distance may sever
Thine image from me
My spirit will ever
cling fondly to thee;
In absence will hover
Round pleasures of yore
And sigh to live over
Those memories once more

- O phiddle Skyy.

Awake again! where cannon boom
And all is blood and gore,
Tis there that MEN give up their ^{lives}
For King or Emperor.
I listen to a soldier hum
He hums a grand old tune;
And as new words flashthru my mind
I fall into a swoon.

It's a long way back to Kentucky
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way back to Kentucky
Where the sweetest grasses grow.
Good-bye my old Kentucky
Farewell blue grass too
For it's much too far to old
Kentucky
So blue grass-----adieu.

1918

A HORSE!

A horse, that's all, and wounded,
Ashell has split my side,
Others are lying near me
and here we must abide.
Oh, for just one drink of water
And oh, to be back home,
If only this war were over
I never more would roam.

These tho'ts came crowding ^{brain} to my
Till one tho't stood supreme,
And falling asleep on the banks
of the Marne

I dreamt this wonderful dream.

A colt. I stood with my mother,
A colt, once more, and free
I went skipping around the pasture,
No one could happier be.
I nibbled at the sweet young grass
I frisked about and played
Oh, how I love that pasture
I wish I there had stayed.

IF YOU'RE NOT A SOLDIER!!

Breathes there a man with soul so
dead

That never to himself hath said:-

"The boys are beating Kaiser Bill
While I am sitting safe and still
Why not get up and battle too
And do the best a man can do?
Does not my heart within me burn
When toward Berlin their face turn?
Can I not help this struggle on?
Why, I've been sleeping far too long
I cannot fight, alas, it's true
So really now, what can I do?
I know! I'll pour my pockets out
And with my gold the foe I'll rout;
And I'll do my bit for ages beyond
By buying a government

LIBERTY BOND!"

1918

A SOLDIER'S AID.

In God's Acre far from fighting
Thy dead body now reposes
With a wooden cross above thee
While the daylight softly closes.
Thou art heedless of the sorrows
And the strife of bitter factions
Of the storms of human passion
Of our armies and their actions.

When the toil of day is ended
And the sun-god sinks to setting,
When the strife of war is over
With its taking and its getting;
Then to thee my thoughts returning
Making trench-like e'en more
sadd'ning

But it helps me in the struggle
Ever near this noise so madd'ning.

In these hours so dark with sorrow
When great multitudes are weeping
Aid me ever in this struggle,
Thou, who art so lowly sleeping.

1918

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

(translated in 1919)

Quand tu finis un parfait jour
Et reste seul pensivement
Tantque le soleil couche, toujours
La paix est ton sentiment.
Tu pense à c'qu'l'fin d'un parfait jour
Veut dire aux coeurs fatigués
Et tu veux que le fin d'un parfait jour
Survive par toute l'annee.

WAR!

Grass green gas, screeching screaming ^{shells}

Mud, full of trenches, what a Hell of
hells

Nearly drowned in rain, suffocating ^{mud}

There falls another man with an
unheard thud.

Crucified Canadiens, Frenchmen tortured ^{too}

Belgians with their eyes gouged out.

Who says this is not true!!

PEACE?

No longer do the shells harass

The youthful swain and country lass

Their homes are nearly built again

No longer are they drenched in rain.

Gas-green grass once more in found

Nearly covering all the ground.

Peaceful home again exist.

Safe from the Boches iron fist.

But they're still across the Rhine

Watching! Waiting! to cross the line.

To kill your father and maltreat you

Oh, remember!

SOUVENEZ-VOUS!

1919

LIFE!

Tell! what is the use of living
Life's nothing but drudgery and
gloom

It's all joust giving and getting
To vanish away at your doom.

It's trouble and sorrow and grief

Then to that is added some more

It's a good thing life's only
brief

And then, ~~you'll admit, all~~ is o'er.

all our sorrow

GERMAN ADVANCE.

Cloud was the wind that arrived from
the north
Dark was the ruin on which the
child lay,
Lips from which words would be once
spoken forth,
Once, and then closed till the great
judgement day.
Opened her eyes half and then did
she speak:-
"Parents are dead and so here now I lie,
Huns killed my father because I was
meek
No one is near me, so now let me die
Happy and gay were the people of
France
Working their farms in the warm
August sun
When the news came on the savage
advance
Made by the still more detestible hun,
Innocent children, aged women
and men life
Only dared stay at the risk of their
life

Horridly, beastly they came from
their den
Plunging the world into long strife.
bitter
Then came the soldiers, true
Frenchman of zeal
Belgians and English on victory bent
Anxious to suffer all woe and no
weal
Conquer the Germans and they'd be content.
The Belgians did well but the English
did better
The Frenchmen excelled till the
Yankees arrived,
Commands were obeyed up to the last letter
And yet it still seemed as if the
huns thrived.
Back of the lines was a girl nearly starved
Only a child who escaped from the hun
Shivering, suffering all unobserved
Father and brothers and relatives none.
Intense more and more her suffering
grew
Till past all her suffering she alone
Offering a prayer to the world, said
No one but God heard, except the hard adieu
stone. 1919

LA TOMBE DIT A LA ROSE.
V. Hugo.

The grave said to the rose:-
"The tears with which the morn arose
What doest thou, lovely flower?"
The rose said the the groave:-
"What doest thou with the brave
Whom you in your jaws devour?"

The rose said;-"O solemn grave
With the tears the daybreak gave,
Golden perfume, as sweet can be."
The grave said;-"O sad flower
With the souls that come each hour,
Angels of eternity."

Translated at C.S.S. in
1919

CLASS POEM.
Northeast High School
June 1920

To-day we're gathered here to
celebrate
With saddened joy, and to commemorate
Our passing from this school, in
which these years,
Four long ones past, we've spent,
and naught endears
It more to us than this our death,
our birth,
The two combined on this one day
of mirth.
Our death because no more we'll
wander thru
These halls of laughter bursting
forth anew
At every turn; our birth because
demise
Is but the threshold to the
ecstasies
Of after-life, and preparation here
Must joined be with full fruition
there

And this, our graduation, is that
link
Which joins the two, and sure no
one could shrink
To take the step which leads him
o'er the brink.

The retrospect is pleasant now,
the time
We've spent has well been spent
and quite sublime
The pleasures we've enjoyed. We
now look back
And happily the happenings,
no lack
Of fun, relate. No Philtres needed
here
To make to us our old Northeast
more dear.
But later on, will those same
happenings seem
As fine? The joy we'll then
derive, supreme
Will be; as in a journey with
small stones
Beneath the foot our heart makes

many groans
Because those stones are sharp,
but at the end
When we look back, invisibly
they blend
Into the path, and only points
are seen
Where leafy trees, their shadows
on the green
Bestow, on which we rested when
the sun
Blazed hot with fury. Just so
later on
It will be, when we look back,
and think, we'll see
The happier spots, the brighter
days, and we
Will never view the dark obscurity.

From time to time a visit we
will pay
And once again enjoy in this
dear, gay,
Old place the fellowship of
friend with friend.
And in mosaic of the neatest blend

Our memory will piece together all
The pleasant scenes, and ~~the~~ we
will ^{then} recall
Today, and how we now enjoy the pun
These class day wits will make upon
each one
Of us. We'll linger in our thoughts
on how
We sat beneath each prof whose Zeus-
like brow
Enlightened us, and how he thought
us bright
When we might study on th'eventful
night
Before the last exam, and how we
wrote
In briefest time the verse on which
they dote,
The profs, I mean for literary taste
Has been with us a desolated waste.
Nor in the study of our mother
tongue
Alone, do we deserve to be unsung
But still, to us a few good points
belong.

These four years past, we've
traveled long and far
From deepest ocean bed to farthest
star.
We've learned why most things work,
we're ready now
To join the busy world and show
them how
To run things in a better way.
Maybe,
The several future presidents you
see
Here, will make politics so fair
that all
The nation will be pleased and
people shall
Contented be for once. These
physicists
New laws discover, these economists.
Forever settle all disputes between
Imperial capital, and labor keen
About its injured self. We've
studied them
And know their ins and outs, the
strategem

That's needed to produce results.
No more?
We've ranged in realms of Rome
and Greece, galore
The heros we have met. Aeneas good
We've followed thru his wanderings,
the blood
Of men have we seen spilt before
the gates
Of Troy. We've watched the swelling
tide of hates
O'erwhelm and drown them all in
one vast mass
Of straining struggling limbs, on
that morass
Of Teucres' shore. There's Bryseis
substitute
For Helen, there's Ulysses, man
astute
He was; and all the Olympian tribe
of gods
Together with a host of demi gods.
But what care we? The dreaded end
is past.
We stand for graduation here, at
last

And no one can our finished purpose
blast.

It is with saddened joy we celebrate
This passing from our school; we
graduate

To know that when we do return, the
one

To whom our hearts are bound in
love, has gone.

With bands of loving kindness has
he bound

His heart to us; and sharp will be
the wound

Resulting from the severance of
these ties,

O honoured one, most humble, yet
most wise.

Just as the Fates would cut the
cord of life

And end for mortal man his mundane
strife,

So will it seem with us, for we have
long

Been guided by his steady hand;

among

The treacherous rocks of school-
boy days, has he
Our pilot been, and very skilfully
Has guided us through out the
times of storm.

Just as the wise Clothanthus ,
seeing harm

In hidden reefs, has rightly led
his ship

In skilful manner that he might
outstrip

The rest and win that race of old,
just so

Have we been led; our ship, it may c
careen

A bit when he , who up till now
has been

Our helmsman true, has vanished
from the scene.

The forests vanish, and the mountain^s
too,

The seas dry up and e'en the earth
must go;

A block of granite crumbles slow
away,
The sun no more will give the light
of day;
The stars and all their systems
disappear,
There's naught that does not change
from year to year;
Ourselves must shortly pass by too,
and give
Our place to others, naught can
e'er survive;
BUT, when a name, is carved deep
upon
The hearts of men, the memory
lingers on.

LA SOURCE.

Quite near a lake, there starts
a source
Between two stones, a corner in;
With joy the water shapes its course
As ~~is~~ ~~at~~ last the sea to win.

It murmurs soft: "Oh what a joy
Beneath the earth it all was night
And here I taste without alloy
The grass so green in bright
sunlight.

The myosotis in flowers of blue
~~We~~retelling me: Forget-me-not:
And dragon flies as here they flew
Would brush me by in their gavot.

At my side birds drink their fill.
Who knows? Perhaps a ^{kind} turn or two
And I can turn a massive mill,
A river to the mystic blue.

I may embellish with my foam
A great stone bridge or granite pier
Or carry steamers to and from
On the ocean's vasty mere."

Thus prattles on the little stream,
A hundred projects, like an elf,
Boasting joyous in its dream.
Its wave cannot contain itself.

But its cradle is its tomb,
The future giant dies quite small,
Hardly born, it meets its doom
In the lake which drinks it all.

Trans. fr.
Th. Guatier.
1920.

A THOUGHT!

The charming night
Of soft moonlight
So clear, so bright
Steals away my soul.
Oh, that I might
At such a height
By truth and right
Attain that perfect goal.

The night I see
Brings back to me
A memory
Of when I asked a boon.
Its purity
Is right lovely
I wish to be
Like that clear pure moon.

You, for my mate
Did hesitate
And sealed my fate
That lovely night of June
Tis now too late
To imitate
The moon so great
Or sing its tender tune.

1920

BALLADE.

He asked: "Does work or leisure
make the man?"
To answer I will do the best I can.
The man who works from morn to night
at things
Whose interest lie in but the cash
it brings
To him, is not the one who by his
work
Is lead into the place where honors
lurk.
I think that he belongs to labor's
clan,
Altho, it all depends upon the man.
But let us try a nobler type of life
The one who, bothered not with
money's strife
Rejects the tasks of smaller
consequence
Attains a philosophic excellence
Takes cognizance of sophies and isms
Invented by all men in divers schisms.
There is but work, no leisure for
that fan

Altho, it all depends upon the man.
There is between these different
types, a one
Who works at work and oft times
plays at fun
Of all the men there are, most
numerous,
The happy medium, not frivolous.
Nor yet too sapient for their own
good;
These are who make a happy
brotherhood.
To arbitrary state, tis a trapan
Because it all depends upon the man.

L'ENVOI.

Philosophers, when you this
puzzle try
To find an answer, work until you
die.
I've answered it, it is the best
one can,
Tis this: - "It all depends upon
the man."

LIMERICKS.

A Ford is a notable thing
It starts to go with a bing
It can run over nails
And puppy dog tails
And still look fit for a king.

* * * * *

The lim'rick is poor kind of verse
Perhaps, maybe, it needs a nurse,
If I say what I think
You all would turn pink
For it ought to be put in a hearse.

* * * * *

English is pretty good stuff
We all like it, rather enough,
But this sort of dope
Takes from us all hope
Of getting away with the bluff.

TO YOU

Sometimes I have a sudden dread
That I might never see you more
And the thing remain unsaid
Which I've not told before.

It is a fearful sort of thing
That suddenly o'ertakes me
And gives to me a biting sting
I wish it would forsake me;
But now I have the chance this time
To tell it collectaneous
In this littly jingling rhyme,
A piece extemoraneous.

It's simply this:- I love the shore
I love the virgin forest too
But things like those I love the more
Because I first loved you.

1920

Dec. 31 1920.

Tis finished, 1920's past and gone,
Its work is over and its labor done,
Or else, not done. Its hopes and
fears, its joys

And tears will be forgotten soon,
the boys
Of yester-year will be the men ^{to-day.}
The men of yester-year will pass
away.

And so the endless cycle runs, the
world
Holds nothing new except the old
unfurl'd

Before our eyes, tis we who are ^{new.} the
And tis for us to learn the old,
review

The past in present time, not to
know much

And then to pass away like others
such.

But oh! you 1921; - you're here
If you smile fair, or if you are
austere

We have to battle on, but soon,
at last,
Safe in our Father's home, the
harbor past
We'll be; the start of still
another year.

1920

My Love ----
T'were vain to feign
There's no impression,
 For you impress.
The song is wrong
Without confession
 And I confess
 ----My love.

1920

MOONLIGHT.

Moonbeams splashing in the water
Play a pleasant melody,
Soft'ning lights and darkning shadows
Bringing thoughts of love to me.
Many people pass that water,
Many people see these beams,
But the thoughts that they are
thinking

Differ widely from my dreams.
Some are pious, some are prudent,
Others lacking sense of shame,
Some are dreary, some are weary,
But the moonlight is the same.

1920

Every Heart's Song.

From afar in the dim distant
 twilight
Come the strains of an organ's
 grand sound
As it peals forth a wonderful message
To the world who stands list'ning
 around.
Its calm melody quiets our troubles
Its sweet dream is the theme of our
 lay,
And its echo remains in our memory
Passing strong, from day unto day.

It's the tune that is always beside ^{us}
From the time that our eyes first
 see light,
And remains with us, dominant ever,
Till eyes close at our voyage into
 night.

Oh thou great and harmonious echo
Which reverberates oft thru the soul
Like the joy of Miltiades' victory;

Of Phidippides gaining his goal;
Thou art balm to the man who is
 mortal,
Thou art balm that is sent from ^{above};
In far countries thy name may be
 different
But the name which we use---
 it is "Love."

1921

Vision of Virtue.

It is night, and the darkness
around me

Is oppressively blind, and I grope ⁱⁿ
For a place which is safe to repose
And to wait for the morning's first
hope.

As I wait in that sullen black
blindness

There's a spark on th'horizon, I
see

A small light which is glowing,
advancing

Hesitatingly, slowly, to me.

Th'indistinguishable and vague
outline

Is approaching my couch more and more
And as it draws nearer, its glimmer
Makes me want to fall down and adore.

The small spark, the vague outline
grows larger

Till at last it permits me to guess
It's a true and material object
With a singular heavenliness.

As the figure comes closer and closer
It dispels the blind darkness
from me

And before me in gorgeous apparel
Is standing-- I cry--It is She!
But my rapture's too great for my
sleeping,

For the vision has passed and is gone
And to me there is left but the
memory

As I wake in the light of the dawn.

La vie est vaine
Un peu d'amour
Un peu de laine
Et puis Bonjour

La vie est brève
Un peu d'espoir
Un peu de rêve
Et puis Bonsoir

Geo. M

(in daytime ends + day lig fades fades

(in nig comes on + dark shades

As herbs pale, ^{some} grow drier

> love ^{light} flame burns ~~more~~ ^{still more} clear.

✓ blackness grip / d'ed hour

+ sorrow make / world seem dour

✓ LSD flame dispels all gloom

+ makes a heart life / bloom.

Galilean, Thou has conquered
Thou the vanquished pagan cries
Galilean, Thou hast conquered
woeful wail, as, lost, he dies.
^{soothing} ~~the~~ hate, remorse ^{abhorrence} and anguish
As the cross is lifted high
Galilean Thou has conquered
This the shriek that rents the sky.

O the bitter hate and carnage
Gnashing teeth and fearful wails
For the King of Kings has conquered
And the cross of Christ prevails.

Not in hate; in love resounding
Let this e'er our triumph be
Galilean Thou has conquered
Thou hast conquered even me.

bein 10
lyh | kon se
Sweetheart R^{ie}, true.
Simply, plainly
>) vainly
Darl - - - - -

Heidelberg July 1927

Inspired by

Du bist die Ruh
Der Friede mild
Die Sehnsucht, du,
Und was sie stillt.

For life is > all pleasure
 And loves as well brings pain
 > (not about 1 eye's dear
 In a union of souls is 1 gain?
 1 world is sweet & sorrow
 In nature each grows long
 Beyond 1 world's sleep is Order
 Beyond eye's voice is a Song.
 In dear your burden as dear's
 And carry your cross and a smile
 E & is grudge + merit
 Leads of in union tried. } ICor
 10:13
 1 each of me pleads our dear
 1 each of me'll ever be true
 And if you will always love me, dear,
 I always shall live just E you.

After 1 Blanket Bed,
 1 was no more in 1 room
 No other at the room in 1 city
 No pleasures made 1 air prop
 No stream and ripples by.
 Just trees, > an eye breaking
Darkness 1 sheet see - eye
 1st you made 1 1 place of places
 And your smile 1 way of ways.
 Your times had never been another
 Your eyes never show me the near
 Your transformation & the world 1 line
 Your changed darkness 1 billions clear.
 1st nature and joy was mingled
 And pain and love thrust
the me dear say for 1 1 future
 In our lines are no unnoticed.

To me, ~~but~~, ^{as} ~~has~~ ~~you~~
have so true a heart
I have loved me & love now
Except my death, and not me
Because we live with other.

W. D. K.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA

THE COLLEGE

PHILOSOPHY

Sprinkle me w/ kisses if you want my love to grow
And (if I want / Kiss you don't you dare to tell me No.
Kiss me in the morning & in the afternoon
And properly in the evening underneath a hidden moon
Wrap your arms around me & say you love me so, Oh,
Sprinkle me w/ kisses if you want my love to grow.

Sprinkle me w/ kisses if you want my love to grow
Get the garden hose out & don't act too blame slow.
Sprinkle Sprinkle Sprinkle until I'm soaky wet
Let me take you on my lap & teach you how to pet.
I'll kiss you in a thousand ways it and do I know, Oh,
Sprinkle me w/ kisses if you want my love to grow.

To each of me pledge our allegiance
/ Each of us will ever be true
And if you ^{will} always love me dear
I always shall live & just you.

Madonna, Christ child, angels, many;
Paintings from the greatest masters;
Flowers in colorful abundance;
Make old cities wondrous fair.
Statue of the Winged Victory,
Laocoon and Venus too,
Mona Lisa; yet still grander
Raphael's Sistine wonder rare.
Yet far from home, they're passing lonely,
Perfume wafting on the air,
Because, for me, their charm, their meaning
Lies in you, sweet Ruthie fair.

Beyond I think would I think
I know of Fred + B3
It makes its way + real
of quiet "long" in duty
+ (plate or) speak of God
more of true

Back, I person is quite clear,
We never had just you
You are my idea of God
Why B3? Why Fred
You are ~~the~~ my love
My sweet dear lady B3

SCHILDS HOTEL
UND RESTAURANT

DEM HAUPTBAHNHOF GEGENÜBER

ECKE WIENER PLATZ UND
CAROLASTRASSE 15

Haus für Familien und Kaufleute
Zentral-Heizung
Gesellschaftsräume

INHABER MAX SCHILD
FERNRUF NR. 18525

I / I am a jealous God.

Ioh, der Herr dein Gott, bin ein
DRESDEN-A., den

G. is active. ??

eifriger G

16 Ich bin jung in meinem Leben
daß mich der Tod nicht töten kann;
er macht mich nur zu einem Leben
von dem ^{im} glücklichsten Kinnom
ein andes Leben folgt auf dies;
mein Jahr ~~ist~~ alt: ich bin jung.

17 Ich bin jung, so all es heißen,
bis aus dem Glanzen bekann wird;
es all mich nicht vom Jahr reifen,
ich bin dein Selig, er ist mein Kind.
In Jungheit folgt hier kein Reis,
die Lösung heißt: ich bin jung.

Berg. Schmidt 1737

Ich bin jung in meinem Leben
den mich in Leben unverleibt.
Wer kann mir diese Klein od runden
das mir sein Blut und Tod verdrückt?
Sein leeres Wort bekämpft die
denn sagt mein Blut: Ich bin jung

18 Ich bin jung in meiner Liebe
die nur für Jahr lebt und wach,
daß, wenn ich mich im Glanzen, alle
mein Jahr in dem Jahr lebt.
Sein Leben is mein Paradies.
In Liebet mich: Ich bin jung.

19 Ich bin jung in meinem Leben
daß Jahr Gnade bei mir ist,
die folgt mir allen Jahres Fahren;
wenn sich mein Herz an seiner schließt
So achte ich kein Hindernis
Gott sagt für mich: ich bin jung.

You may walk the streets of Paris from Pigalle to Italic,
From the Star where lies the soldier to the Porte of St. Denis,
In cafes of every nature from the humblest to the Dôme
Are the boys and girls of Paris who can't make love at home.
There's no scene you see more often than of what I'm writing now
And if you will watch them closely, you will certainly learn how.
Their gestures and their loving put a sweetness in the air
For no matter where in Paris you will find the lovers there.
They walk with arms around their waists & hold each other's hands
They whisper low, they give the look which love well understands.
They stop at every corner before they cross the street,
And ere they run the danger their loving lips must meet.
But before I sip such sweetness, before I rest content,
I must recross the ocean to the place from which I went.
For I've searched the streets of Paris for the one I did not see
The only darling RV^{ie}-girl, who is meant alone for me.
It is hard to stay here waiting, tho it's but three weeks or four.
They will pass, but far more slowly than the whole three months before.
Oh the joy, the bliss, the rapture, when my sweetheart's face I see
For there's no one on earth dearer than my RV^{ie} is to me.

And the waiting will be over when I reach the other shore
Then let nothing come to harm us, neither separate nor sever,
And we'll live together, sorrow never, love forever
And as time goes always onward we shall love forever more.

Paris. Sept. 2 1927

"It is not good for man to ~~live~~ ^{That} ~~live~~ ^{should be} alone."
Thru many thousand years this word still stands,
And ever shall rest firm, till man no more
Can give the sign of clasping friendly hands.
It is not good for man to ~~live~~ alone;
To sail across the ocean to strange lands
Where foreign tongues are spoken, no friends near
Will teach what human nature still demands.
At home as well, man should not live alone;
Why, home means friends, it can't be made by one;
Without a loving wife to share in all
Why have a house, you might as well have none,
And in this sense the proverb first was said
All ^{Eden's} nature's grandeur, without Eve, was dead.
The purple of dark lilies, lighted by
The roses red was ugly, lonely, vain
The garden's still and quiet was but pain,
The throbbing life of nature cold as stone
Because a man was living there, alone!
God grant that always someone stays by me.
I'm human and a human sweethearts' love
Who faithful is thru all the trials of life
Is nearest here to that which is above
God grant me then a sympathetic wife.
Then when life's sun is sinking and the night
Engulfs me in its dark uncharted sea,
When human help is helpless + I'm gone,
Oh Lord, it is not good to ~~live~~ ^{be} alone
Be Thou my Friend thruout Eternity.

Paris. Sept 3. 1927
8:30 - 9:00 A.M.