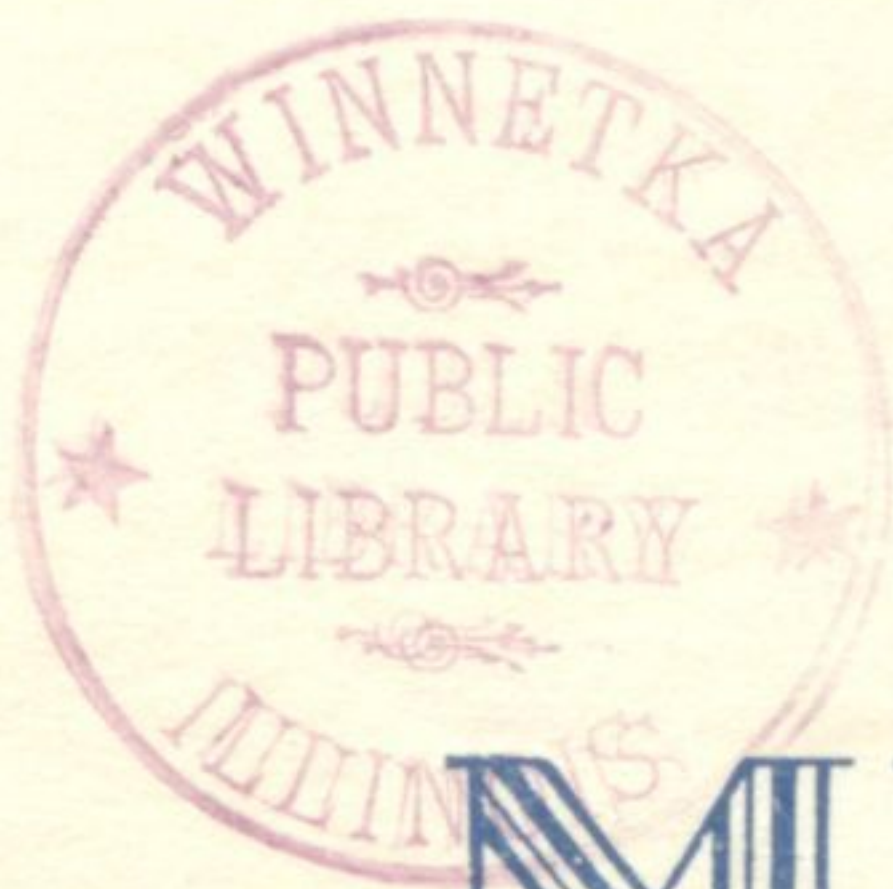


WINNETKA TALK

Saturday, May 28, 1927



MEMORIAL DAY ODE



*How sleep the brave who
sink to rest
By all their country's wishes
blest!
When Spring, with dewy
fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hal-
lowed mold,
She there shall find a sweeter
sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever
trod.*

*By fairy hands their knell is
rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is
sung;
There Honour comes, a pil-
grim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps
their clay:
And Freedom shall awhile
repair
To dwell a weeping hermit
there.*

—WILLIAM COLLINS