

and add to that glorious and Olympian collection of which Broad, Case, Jack and Jim are members.

As I worked, Don and I talked, first of one thing and another, just superficially, because I was just amusing him with tales of other days, but gradually we became serious.

It is a long time since I have talked to any one of you—I seldom do because there are things too fine to allow any person to know, unless they understand and appreciate.

But as we talked, and I knew we pulled off many a protective layer of my soul, which had not been bared for many a long day, and he did the same. This was worth while talking about to us who appreciated. As we took off another layer, we climbed a little higher, till finally at three o'clock in the morning, when we fell asleep, it seemed to me that a pretty big event had occurred.

To me I discovered half forgotten dreams, things that had been great and real at one time or other, and as I unearthed them and gave them the light of added experience and sounder judgment, I found that they were still as real and as true as they had seemed when I dreamed them.

I had wanted to tell you. You will be glad I know and with me, amused perhaps. It is a sidelight on this great thing called the "World War," that, in the midst of what the world thinks so big, my biggest, finest moments there, came from a lump of clay, and finding a worth-while friend who understood.

Love and kisses,

Wid.

Comrade Ava'!

Herbert G. Paull.

Hi! there, Walt Whitman! Hail! you from over the way,
You, who scathelessly passed through the flood and the vale,
Through the dread portal from here to Somewhere in Glory,
Let's have audible speech with you—friend of the open-road and genial
comrade to boot.

Can there not be a minute's social communion 'twixt hither and thither?
Between the invisible world and the realm of material things?
No?

And why not pray—whilom friend of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow?
Don't you know, Walt Whitman, this red, round ball has been soaked to the
skin in women's tears, and the blood of our brothers?

Who now then can whistle, or sing, or dance, while the flames and smoke and
curses of Hell are still hot and close to our shoulders?

Say something cheerily Whitman, quick to gladden the hearts of the widow,
the mother and lover, the sister, father, brother and son.

Sing once again for us, Walt—America's choicest bard of the people.

The people, cantankerous, nondescript, wanton, monotonous, common—
divinely endowed, angels in embryo—what?

No! never a word to us all, proud spirit!

Not a single, encouraging word!

What? Whitman indifferent to the cry of the masses, the sobs of the sor-
rowing? the wild despair of the mourner?

Not he—No—Not on your life—Still not a word?

Say, Whitman, you surely have something to tell us who tarry behind in
the gloaming,

We of the clanging and turbulent multitudinous millions,
Sweltering, torturing, suffering, glorying here, hurrying yonder?