Reunion Notes

Marines Come Friday.

Eight picked members of the United States marine corps, accompanied by marine corps photographers, will arrive in Tulsa early Friday morning over the Santa Fe, according to word received yesterday by Sergeant Glenn Condon of the local marine corps recruiting station.

These marines, all of whom have served in campaigns in many parts of the world, will come with full equipment, prepared to act as escorts of honor to Colonel Van Zandt, acting commander-in-chief of the United Confederate veterans in their big annual parade Friday afternoon.

It will be a busy day for these "devil dog" soldiers. They will be met at the train with a big Packard car, donated by H. N. Greis of the Atlantic Petroleum company. A schedule for the day has been prepared and hundreds of photographs will be taken of the reunion and the marines, to be used in newspapers throughout the country. Moving pictures also will be taken and widely distributed.

The marine corps photographers will "catch" scenes of the parade and also of various celebrities. One picture will be made of all the maids and sponsors, with the marines as a background for this real bevy of southern belles.

The detail will leave Friday night at 11 o'clock, as authority was granted for them to spend but one day in Tulsa.

Hon. Scott Ferris' Speech.

The following extracts are taken from the speech of Hon. Scott Ferris at Convention hall yesterday:

America's Achievements in War.

Commanding General, Maids of Honor, Sponsors, Veterans: I shall spend no time in eulogy of beautiful Tulsa. She neither needs it or desires it. She is the Queen of the Prairie; she is the fairest in all the garden; she is the dream come true of those who conceived her. There is but one Tulsa.

"I shall consume no time in exploiting our pride in the bright new state. She was but yesterday a cow pasture, and an Indian reservation. Today she is the marvel of the west.

I shall spend no time in eulogy of the brave men here today, who fought from '61 to '65 for their homes and their rights. They were brave men then—they are brave men now. They were loyal to their cause then, as they are loyal to their cause now.

I shall spend no time in eulogy of the green mounds that mark the last resting place of those who have crossed over and gone. I prefer to remember them in the splendor of their youth and manly vigor, and to cling steadfastly to the thought that the future holds for them love, tenderness and appreciation for each and every one.

In the few moments I shall engage your attention I will content myself to deal with that brief space of time between April 6, 1917, the date of our entrance into the war, and the present.

America is at war. Five million men are being called to service. A million and three-quarters of them are now on the western front, fighting the battles of the republic—that democracy and free government may live. America has been in the war 17 months. In treasure and blood she is making every sacrifice that goes with war.

America Generous, America Willing, America Actually Doing Her Full Part.

How proud it must make every American feel to know that he lives in a country so strong, so able, so willing, and so generous, as to help the struggling nations of the earth preserve the liberties of mankind. The United States have, up to September 2, 1918, executed loans to our allies engaged in this great conflict to the amount of $7,092,040,000. Thus it will be observed that in shipbuilding, in railroad building, transportation of troops and supplies, in carrying every burden incident to this great conflict, in each time America has stood erect to duty the day that duty called—she has performed her full part. History's pages can not fail to record and give full credit to her great achievements and her great ability to do and to achieve.

America the Melting Pot.

As we run down the roster of names that are serving in this great conflict, we find every nationality represented, we find every nationality doing its part. How proud I am that the great majority of those that came to us from foreign shores so soon have taken on the spirit of freedom, liberty and justice; how soon they take on the spirit that means hope for humanity; how soon the heartbeat quickens for the flag of their adopted land!

This was brought to my attention most forcibly in an article appearing in Everybody's Magazine for July, 1916, by Elias Lieberman, entitled, "I Am an American."

At a meeting of school children in Madison Square Garden, New York city, to celebrate the Fourth of July, one boy, a descendant of native Austrians, spoke as follows: "I am an American. My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution; my mother belongs to the Colonial Dames. One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston harbor; another stood his ground with Warren; another hungered with Washington in Valley Forge. My forefathers were American in making; they spoke in her council halls; they died on her battle fields; they commanded her ships; they cleared her forests. Dawns reddened and paled. Staunch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star in the nation's Flag. Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory; the sweep of her seas, the plenty of her plains, the manhives of her billion-wired cities. Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism. I am proud of my past. I am an American."

Then a foreign boy arose and said: "I am an American. My father was an atom of dust; my mother was a straw in the wind of His Serene Majesty. One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia; another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knout; another was killed defending his home during the massacres. The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood to the palace gate of the Great White Czar. But then the dream came—the dream of America. In the light of Liberty's torch the atom of dust became a man and the straw in the wind became a woman for the first time. 'See,' said my father, pointing to the Flag that fluttered near, 'That Flag of Stars and Stripes is yours; it is the emblem of the promised land. It means, my son, the hope of humanity. Live for it, die for it!' Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so."

We Must Win the War.

The republic must play a vigorous and prominent part in the winning of this war. To do otherwise is to admit that free governments can not survive; that free governments will not stand together against the mailed fist. The republic can not successfully follow the dim and flickering light of pacifism. The "peace at any price" citizen will but lead us in the pathway of dishonor, disaster, disintegration and shame.

If Germany should succeed, it would be written in history that democracies are too weak to grapple with monarchies. The patriotic blood that flows through our veins, handed down to us by the fathers who conceived this republic, will allow no such page in history to be written.

We must win the war, for to lose it is not alone to lose our country, but our liberty. To lose the war would be to let freedom and liberty welter in the blood of the fathers. To lose the war is to say that the soldier and not the citizen shall make the state. To lose the war would mean that liberty would go cringingly out the back door while militarism comes in at the front.

No one knows when the war will be concluded or won. But I believe every one of the 110,000,000 patriotic citizens of the land knows it will be won, and that our brave boys at the front will do their full share in winning it.

Peace.

Peace has always been a passion with the nation in which we live. But it has been an honorable peace we have sought, as distinguished from a dishonorable one.

It has been a lasting peace that this nation has sought and not a temporary one. There are rights and liberties among men that are dearer than peace.

Peace can not be among honorable men or nations when war is constantly made upon them. Peace can not be when the Flag of the republic is being fired upon and disdained. Peace can not be when innocent men, women and children, going where they had a right to go, are torpedoed, submarined, mutilated, murdered and sunk. Peace can not be amidst the gurgling sounds of the drowning. Peace can not be when kaiserism, Prussianism, and the mailed fist reigns, and liberty, justice, and even the Deity is proselyted and disdained.

Democracy today is making her last stand in a death grapple with autocracy. The right of democracy to succeed against autocracy is dearer than peace. There can be no peace but an honorable peace. There can be no peace worth having but a lasting peace.

Patriotism! The republic and its destiny rests with you. Let every citizen in every corner of the land kindle it anew. Kindle the smouldering embers that patriotism may stalk among us as it did in '76. Kindle it anew that liberty, democracy, free government, free institutions, and the republic in which we live may not be distintegrated, perished and gone. For in the name of freedom, justice, and the liberties of man, we are right and they are wrong.

Mrs. C. E. Bryan.

Delegate Wade Hampton Chapter, El Paso, Texas.

Ardmore Vet Home Sends Camp.

Among the late arrivals last night were forty vets from the Confederate home at Ardmore, members of the Tate Brady camp, U. C. V. While here, they are the guests of Mr. Brady of this city, and all their trip is on his initiation.

Many of the vets in the home couldn't come. Those who are here were certified by the physician, and many of the others were disappointed, declaring they were as fit as the ones who came.

Congratulates Tulsa on Care of Guests.

Hon. Scott Ferris was especially pleased with the way in which Tulsans were taking care of the thousands of visitors here. "You're doing it lots better than Washington did," he told The World. At Washington the visitors were not very well received, but in Tulsa almost every part of the program is being carried out, and the guests are being shown many new courtesies. This is the first reunion city that has not charged for street car patrons, according to Tate Brady.

Two of the most delightful gentlemen we have met during the reunion are Gen. W. B. Freeman, commander of the Virginia division, and Lieut. Gen. J. Thompson Brown, both of that historic town of Richmond, who arrived yesterday morning. General Freeman has the distinction of being the father of D. S. Freeman, editor of the Richmond News-Leader, one of the greatest papers of the south. Lieutenant General Brown has had so many honors that we can hardly attempt to enumerate them. He participated in 17 of the principal battles, one of which was Gettysburg. He was wounded and captured at the battle of Marye's Heights, later severely wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania court house and again at the battle of Sailor's creek. He has survived both wounds and captures and is now hale and hearty and very good looking. General Freeman is no less distinguished in appearance and his honors have been many. Both of them are delighted with Tulsa and say that notwithstanding the distance, Richmond has the largest delegation here that she has sent to any reunion of recent years.

Oldest Young Man in Tulsa.

M. G. Dow, Kearney, Mo., 87 years old, does not use tobacco in any form and has not taken a drink since he took a trip on the steamer Messenger on the Ohio river in 1848, 70 years ago, is enjoying himself immensely. He was a veteran in the Mexican war and in the Civil war and claims to be the only man in the city who served under Gen. Winfield Scott. He was present at the capture of Vera Cruz, March 29, 1847. Mr. Dow says he has never been sick enough in his life to require the services of a physician. He claims that he is 50 per cent Scotch and 49 per cent and 16 ounces Irish. He recently built an addition to his home, erecting and shingling it by himself.

Tulsa Woman Named Sponsor.

Miss Bernard Shaw of 1310 South Main street has been appointed sponsor for the Georgia brigade by Brig. Gen. E. G. Gilmore, who arrived in Tulsa yesterday morning. Miss Shaw has not yet completed the appointment of her maids of honor.

Didn't Come Here to Sleep.

"You can just tell them all I didn't come a thousand miles to take a nap," said a lieutenant from Georgia. "I can do tht at home without half as much trouble." That's the way most of the visiting old soldiers feel about it. Tulsa interests them and they are going to see as much of the city as they possibly can before they leave. This veteran, who would not tell his name, came in Monday evening and spent the entire night wandering around looking at the sights. Says he feels perfectly at home and is going to advertise Tulsa as the most hospitable city in the world.

Needed Drink—Not Prayers.

Heading a delegation of fifteen members of the Raphael Semmes camp of United Confederate Veterans from Mobile, Ala., Judge Samuel B. Browne breezed into Tulsa yesterday forenoon. The judge was for 13 years on the circuit bench in his district in Alabama, and is hale and hearty despite his more than 80 years. He is a veteran of the fighting around Richmond, Va., and lost his leg there.

"I didn't mind the leg so much," said he, "as I did the idea of some of those pretty girls wanting to pray for me. I didn't need any prayers; what I needed more than anything else was a good drink of liquor." He has many interesting tales to tell of the war and his experiences while in the Confederate army.

Band Players Puffed Up.

Two members of Prothero's Tulsa band, which is playing for the reunion this week, were all puffed up yesterday after receiving their questionnaires from the local draft board.

The solo French horn player proudly exhibited his official envelope with the address.

"General delivery, Tulsa."

Only one member of the band failed to salute him. He was the first clarionet.

"You are not the only one to get a commission right off the reel," he exclaimed, with scorn, as he held aloft his questionnaire container. On it was this address:

"Admiral Boulevard, Tulsa, Okla.