

Whole under com- forces d the t im- e may receive they ar dif- again. us for and But it China evolve ce and merica e that e built al and cturies civil- adards, th do- the relation e task assume The ents.



The German Gun.
I am one of the German guns
That did good work for the
Huns—
I smashed into pulp your
Do you love me for the
wrought;
That from bloody fields to
brought
And proudly placed on the
"Good will to men," and
earth"
On HOLY NIGHTS is my
berth.
This surely must move
mirth! —O. B. JOHNSON

THE POETS' CORNER
Edited by Martha L. Spencer
Address all communications to
"The Poets' Corner," care of The
Hartford Times.

Snow in April.
I saw Spring's lonely sister, Death,
On flowers and fields and woods,
I saw her icy finger-nails
On pink magnolia buds.
I saw her lay her jealous cloak
That made the young grass shiver—
How lovely was half gold, half-white
Forsythia by the river.
Three days Death fastened and I knew
Her love, and ruin, and pain—
Then came a glistening, pageant by,
The horses of the rain.
And Spring forsook her sister, Death—
But still must dream of her,
For with that frail, immortal bloom,
How beautiful they were.
—ELEANOR O'ROURKE KOENIG.
"Two On an Old Pathway."

Eleanor O'Rourke Koenig, of Hart-
ford, in "Two On an Old Pathway," her
second volume of poems, shows con-
sistent growth, since the publication
of her first book two years ago. Mrs.
Koenig is still a lyric poet in spite of
the variety of verse forms in the new
book, and these vary from tiny lyrics
to polyphonic prose. The dramatic di-
alogues are of romance and portray for
the most part some phase of shattered
love-dreams. Some of them have been
published in "Poetry" and many of the
shorter lyrics having been re-printed,
from other magazines, in this column
are already familiar. There is a strong
Celtic note in many of the poems and
a certain twist of words that seems to
be inherent in the emotional expres-
sion of that race. One of the most
dramatic poems in the book is, "The
Road," a narrative poem in blank verse
with a strong lyric undertone. "Gabriel
Hill," written in romantic couplets, tells
an interesting story with a touch of
humor.

Those familiar with "John Kane" in
"Herb Woman" will be interested to
find the companion poem, "The Re-
turn," in this volume. "She Has For-
gotten," a poem in difficult and beau-
tiful rhythms, which won second place
last year in a Poetry club contest, is
now printed for the first time. "Snow
in April" is quoted in preference to
other poems because of its local appeal.
The feminine personification of Death,
in contrast to the usually accepted con-
ventional form of the Reaper, may or
may not be accepted by the reader, but
those who looked entranced upon the
lyric beauty of the forsythia in Bush-
nell park by the river and the mag-
nolias above the fields of white will
find that Mrs. Koenig has caught the
enchantment of that April snow in her
poem. Those who have followed the
growing recognition since the first pub-
lications in The Times' column will be
interested in this second volume of
poems by this Hartford poet and pub-
lished by a Hartford publisher.—(Edwin
Valentine Mitchell.)

A contest for a Connecticut state
song is sponsored by the Federation of
Music Clubs and a prize of \$100 is of-
fered. The poem may be of three
verses and must be adapted to being set
to music. The contest closes January
1. Poems may be sent to Mrs. Mary
Morse-Granniss, No. 177 Stillman street,
Bridgeport. A nom de plume should
be used on the submitted copy, inclos-
ing their real name and address in a
sealed envelope which bears the same
nom de plume on the outside.

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.

Nightfall.
'Tis eventide, and with the night de-
scending,
The sun's last glow is fading from the
west.
The naked trees, the hill's high summit
fringing,
Stand stark and black, yet softening the
crest.
And from the east a radiance soft comes
drifting;
The full moon bathes the meadows with
pale light;
Her face, so coyly veiled with lacy
branches,
Serenely views the darkening edge of
night.
—EDITH RUDELL SMITH.

Hate's Slave.
How can she be light-hearted and kind?
She has been reared in the household
of Hate:
Found him lurking on every threshold—
You cannot blame her for her sullen
ways,
Her black moods, her angry replies.
Hate has her heart in his hard hand
And has taught her all she knows.
Do not censure her—
Pity her rather—Hate's slave.
—ELEANOR PEABODY.

Sabbath Morning.
The white spires of New England
are fingers
pointing toward God.
Against the sapphire sky,
High overhead,
and airplane drones its message—
progress,
speed.

The highway stretches wide before,
a winding ribbon
Ting across the fields and hills—
leading to adventure.
While church bells call unheeded,
tune toward the autumn tinted hills
and God as he must.
—NANCY ALLEN.

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley
Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut,
Congressman and United States Senator.
Written to
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.
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NO. XXV.
Wins Praise at Bull Run.

Then came the disastrous battle of
Bull Run. It was fought on the last day
of Hawley's three months enlistment.
The correspondence makes no mention
of it. However, it is known that Haw-
ley's Rifles did not participate in the
pell mell retreat of the Union forces.
They withdrew in good order and with
ranks intact. Following the engagement
Hawley was mustered out. The young
captain was specially mentioned for
good conduct on the field by his com-
manding officer, General Erastus
D. Keyes, brigade commander, a most
unusual distinction.

Hawley was not a three months man
in spirit. He had no purpose to leave
war duty to others but intended to do
his part in seeing things through.
Governor Buckingham commissioned
him major as soon as he was mustered
out from his three months' service. With
Colonel Alfred H. Terry, later a gen-
eral and for whom Fort Terry in Long
Island Sound is named, he was assigned
to recruit the Seventh regiment. Camp
English was set up at New Haven and
there the regiment was being assembled.
In addition to concerning himself with
recruiting duty and training the men
enlisted, Hawley had an eye on state af-
fairs and was obliged to give consider-
ation to personal matters.

In a letter dated September 4, he also
reported 700 men in the Seventh reg-
iment, and gaining daily. They were
generally "stout, healthy men." He
wrote:
"Had good talks with Jim English,
M. C. and Osborne of the Register. Both
declare that the war must be sustained
& no more peace meetings held.
Osborne has always opposed them & you
have seen nothing of them in New
Haven Co. Osborne wants to have the
Republican papers be easy so as to give
time for all hands to turn a little—don't
wait to be twitted with changing
course."

The Seventh Nearly Ready.

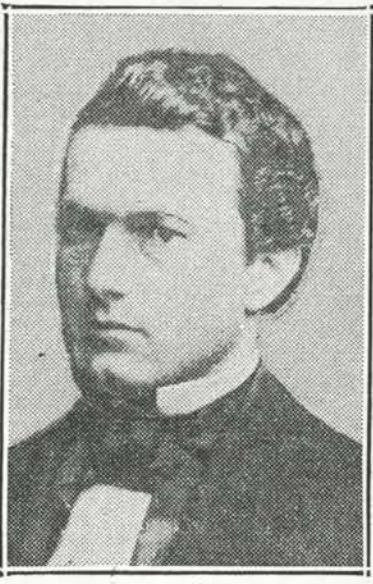
Recruiting proceeded expeditiously.
Five days later the regiment was nearly
filled. Like many another, Hawley
found the government a slow if sure
paymaster. He was acting as colonel
of the regiment and he had more than
\$100 due. After one pay day he ex-
pected no trouble but he was obliged
to ask his business associates for an
advance. According to the regulations
he required a new sword; a pistol he
already had bought and a new coat
which was not paid for. "In short,"
he wrote on September 9, "how is the
treasury of the Press? I presume there
is nothing due me. If there is, can it
be spared? If not, do you know any-
way that I can raise the wind to the
amount of \$100 for a month or so?"

Eight companies already had been
mustered in and the ninth was to be
within an hour. There were 750 men
in the regiment with prospect of full
ranks within twenty-four hours and
the possibility of leaving the state with-
in a week, probably for a camp of in-
struction. Mrs. Hawley was with him
but going to Guilford that day. Dis-
cussing the recruiting situation Hawley
wrote:

The trouble is the multiplicity of
captains. There are men enough en-
listed in the state, but they are split
up into fifty or sixty fragments of com-
panies. I wish that men could be en-
listed after the style of the regular
service, and—as they build Dutch
ships—by the mile—cutting off the
 requisite lengths.

Disillusioned About Fremont.

Within a few days Hawley was in
Washington, awaiting orders to move
into the south. He was also becoming
disillusioned about General Fremont,
who had been republican standard
bearer in 1856, as a military leader
and learning something about the
leeches which war attaches to every
army. So, in a letter marked "private,"
meaning apparently that Warner was
to make no use in the Press of the
information it contained Hawley wrote
from Willard's hotel in Washington on
a Friday soon after September 9, 1861:



HAWLEY AS A YOUTH.
A Picture Which Indicates the High
Character of the Young Man Who
Rose to Fame.

Private.
Willard's Hotel (Washington, D. C.)
11 1/2 Friday.

Dear Charley:
Down here on business. Mail closes
in 15 minutes. Say a word in private
ear. The Vanderbilt etc. are intended
for us. There will be at least 25 ves-
sels in the expedition. Don't know
where we are going. Think it is on the
Atlantic Coast, & not around New
Orleans after all. Think so because
the naval officer of the South Carolina
& Georgia coast has been consulting us
about it so much. Big thing. Chance
for yellow fever & glory. Compliment
to Connecticut that our boys are taken.
They do behave well. It's astonishing.
We have a right down good regiment
—19-20ths Yankees, try honestly to
learn, and make us no trouble what-
ever. Expect to embark at Annapolis
in three or four days—Monday or Tues-
day. Have sent for Hattie. Immense
army here.

My dear boy, we shall have to give up
Fremont. It is so. He is bad. Per-
haps he may turn out to be a general
after all. Napoleon slept with his
servant maid if he chose & yet was a
great general. And Napoleon could lie,
too. But Napoleon did shoot rotten
contractors. Fremont don't. One of
them brags that he has made half a
million so quick. That rotten concern
Palmer Cook & Co. hangs around him.
He ought to know better. We shall
have bad news from the West—sure.
Good news from McClellan you will get
always, I think.

Good-bye.
Yours ever,
J. R. Hawley.

Tip as to Movements.
In a separate communication, of
which Warner apparently was privi-
leged to make newspaper use, he wrote
at the same time:
11 1/2 Friday.

Dear Charley:
We leave camp at 1 o'clock to-night
go down to the depot & load up with
one day's cooked rations & fifteen on
hand. Leave at 6 a. m. for Annapolis.
The 9th Maine & 4th N. H. are in our
Brigade. Take steamers at Annapolis
& sail on Thursday. Shall probably
be joined by many more at Hampton
Roads. There will be from 11,000 to
14,000 troops—some artillery—no cav-
alry—that I know. Don't know where
we go—Beaufort, Savannah River—Fer-
nandina, Mississippi River or Fort
Pickering. Suspect the latter but have
not a glimmer of reason for it except on
general principles. If we are to go
on blockading we shall need that navy
yard. Until a force could be sent to
hold the yard, what was the use of
pulling the rascals out of Fort McRae,
etc.? Why not let them stay there &
keep them out of mischief elsewhere?
So I reason— Try your hand at it till
you hear from us. Charley, I don't ex-
pect to come out of a very hot fight
unhurt.—Both sides like to shoot of-
ficers. God bless you my dear friend.
Love to all.

Then in a postscript:
P. S. All this in private. We are
destined for several points all along
shore, probably attacking, securing and
leaving garrisons. Where shall we be
in a fortnight? (Now don't print that
if I get killed.) A terrible thunder-
storm has so flooded the camp that we
shall get little sleep to-night—it is 7 1/2
p. m. I must finish packing up—the
long roll beats at 12.
Yrs.
Joe.

(Continued To-morrow.)

The Once Over
BY H. I. PHILIPS

**STREET CORNER VERSION OF THE
POLAR FLIGHT.**

"I see the South Pole's been discov-
ered."
"Yeah? By who?"
"By a feller named Byrd."
"You got it wrong. The South Pole
was discovered long ago. I remember
hearing about it."
"It was not. Byrd just discovered it
in an airplane."
"Don't pull that sister, unless you
wanna be laughed at."
"I can show it to you in the news-
papers. It was just discovered by Byrd
and three other fellers."
"You're all mixed up. He only flew
over the South Pole. He didn't discover
it."
"What did he fly over it for, then?"
"That's his business."
"You're so smart, if he didn't dis-
cover the pole, who did?"
"Livingston."
"Yeah, he and George Washington."
"You don't need to get nasty about
it. I'm only setting you straight so you
won't talk foolish."
"Lissen. I read all the articles. I
the South Pole was a-ready discover-
ed by somebody, what would Byrd both-
er about it for?"
"For science."
"Science?"
"Sure."
"Why didn't the guy who discovered
it tell science all about it?"
"He didn't find out much. That's why
Byrd is there. From an airplane he can
get a better idea what it's all about."
"You're silly. It's all snow and ice,
ain't it?"
"Sure."
"Well, is snow any different from an
airplane than it is from a sled?"
"There's other things at the South
Pole besides snow."
"What, frinstance?"
"How do I know?"
"You're supposed to be smart. I
thought you knew everything."
"I ain't even interested. If I wanted
to know what's there as bad as you do,
I'd be up there with Byrd."
"You an' your friend Livingston."
"What Livingston?"
"I dunno. you brought him up. I
suppose you'll be saying Byrd didn't dis-
cover the North Pole either."
"Of course, he didn't."
"Ha! Livingston did that too, eh?"
"No."
"Who, then?"
"Mason and Dixon."
"They and Moran and Mack, eh?"
"Go ahead and wisecrack if you want
to. I'm only trying to give you the
straight dope."
"I know what I'm talking about.
Byrd discovered the North Pole and
then he discovered the South Pole."
"On the face of it, you're crazy. No-
body would be foolish enough to dis-
cover two poles."
"Why not?"
"When you're seen one pole you've
seen 'em all!"

The Skirt War.

Short skirts seem to be winning the
battle, if this department is any judge.
Legs are maintaining their high visi-
bility despite all the dressmakers and
style czars can do. The girls are wear-
ing the longer skirts, if at all, at formal
evening parties, their viewpoint being
that if they have to be modest it will
not be right out in the open where per-
fect strangers can notice it.

Ima Dodo called up her broker yes-
terday and asked if the Stock Exchange
was giving matinees this week or just
the morning show.

"President Hoover Urges Congress to
Speed Work."—Headline. This tops the
one about the traffic policeman who or-
dered the turtle to make it snappy.

It is to be hoped that the national
anti-noise campaign will not overlook
the talking cartoon in the moving pic-
ture houses. There oughta be a law.
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Newspapers.)

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Communications designed for publica-
tion in this column must be signed by
the writer and address given. Anony-
mous letters will not be printed.

Has Old Age Pension Plan.

To the Editor of The Times:
Relative to a plan suggested in one
of my letters for publication to raise
the necessary funds to support a pen-
sion or suitable homes for the aged
that are in financial need, would say
that there have been many good deeds
that have suffered for the lack of in-
terest in time of need, and for this
cause I again call the public attention
to a possible plan that could be worked
out to advantage.
In a case of this kind we often wait
for one another to make the first move.
This cause, however, is more than an
act of charity, it is rather an act of
justice and our duty to perform. For
when an aged person who has reached
the age of 70 after working hard all
his days, and many of them helped in
one way or another to build up our
government and are now in need, I say
it is time for us to act and see that
they are properly cared for without
being separated from one another in
many cases in their last days. This
class would be the first to receive finan-
cial aid in this plan and the rest of
the aged would follow.
We could call a public meeting and
form a corporation or society with a
board of directors to act. The name of
the society could be called "The Worthy
Aged Society." I have suggested a plan
to raise the first money from the pub-
lic and give them their money's worth
by attending a debate between Dr.
Theodore W. Darnell of New York and
the writer.

G. ALLEN BELL.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
BY O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Dec. 10.—A glittering
world has suddenly tarnished for those
orchidaceous ladies with purple pasts.
Their plight since the upheaval in Wall
them gaily at the pier, carried them off
to a cafe for a dinner celebration and
on the way home—unable longer to
stand the terrific strain—slumped to the
floor of his limousine in a dead faint.