

Below are illustrated advance creations from some of the leading houses:

*Lo, to the battleground of Life,
Child you are come like a conquering shout,
Out of a struggle—into strife,
Out of a darkness—into doubt.*

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

*How many million Aprils came
Before I ever knew
How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills how blue!*

SARA TEASDALE

Sixteen million men!

CARL SANDBURG

*But now at last the gray mist chokes
And numbs me. Leave me Pain!
Oh, let me feel the biting strokes
That I might fight again.*

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

*Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!
Keetchee-Manido, Manido,
Blow on Ah-bi-ti-bi many wings.*

LEW SARETT

I have a rendezvous with death.

ALAN SEEGER

*God knows you might have been something else, just like me.
You might have made soft little tunes, written cynical little
ditties, eh? Why the devil didn't you make some money and
own an automobile?*

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

*The next thing I lose is the sale of this poem—
and it's condensed milk
diluted in water...*

ALFRED KREYMBORG

*Lust is a lovely thing—if taken
As fruit from a wayside tree.*

WITTER BYNNER

*I am weary of being bitter and weary of being wise
And the armor and the mask of these fall from me, after long,
I would go where the islands sleep, or where the sea dawns rise,
And lose my bitter wisdom in the wisdom of a song.*

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE