

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

The poem, "In Flanders Fields," generally considered the finest lyric called forth by the world war, was written by Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, of the Canadian expeditionary forces in France. He was in continuous service from the outbreak of the war until the time of his death, which occurred at Boulogne, France, January 28, 1918. In his answer, Mr. Galbreath voices the rising spirit of America that is leading our khaki-clad boys by the million to the theater of war. Both poems have been widely published.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

(By Lieut.-Col. John McCrea.)

In Flanders fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; an din the sky  
The larks still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved; and now we  
lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you, from failing hands, we  
throw  
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies  
blow  
In Flanders fields.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

(An Answer by C. B. Galbreath.)

In Flanders fields the cannon boom  
And fitful flashes light the gloom,  
While up above, like eagles, fly  
The fierce destroyers of the sky;  
With stains the earth wherein you  
lie  
Is redder than the poppy bloom,  
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking  
shell,  
The quaking trench, the startled yell,  
The fury of the battle hell  
Shall wake you not, for all is well.  
Sleep peacefully for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,  
With burning heart an oath we  
swear  
To keep the faith, to fight it  
through,  
To crush the foe or sleep with you  
In Flanders fields.

"FOXEY" FOOLS FRIENDS.

"Foxy" Fields successfully surprised all his friends by announcing upon his return from his furlough, recently, that he had been married. Howard himself hails from Dorchester, Mass., and it is understood that the fortunate ?? young lady is from another city in the immediate vicinity.

THREE RETURN.

Ted. Roberts, Julius Stumpf and "Red" Hutchison are all back on the job after furloughs spent among airy plains of Indiana.

THE SILENT "RAZZ."

(With apologies to the Bard of Barracks St., whose poem "The Pledge Answer" appeared in this space last week.)

HOW YOU GET THAT WAY?

This little verse so commonplace  
Is just to fill in space.  
And tho' the subject isn't new,  
Yet must I write 'bout violet time  
"When Piedmont Skies are Blue?"

Say, how the deuce do you get that  
way,  
To rave so of a scene,  
When all last Winter we saw MUD  
And not one bit of Green.  
When Quartermaster trucks can't run  
Thru all the mud and sime,  
And "eats" were mighty hard to get  
in this here Sunny clime,  
Still, you speak of the "splendors  
new,"  
Oh, violet time in Dixie Land,"

Avaunt thee wretch; I loudly cry,  
These things are partially true,  
You fail to mention of the MUD,  
"While Piedmont Skies are Blue."

"Oh, violet time in Dixie Land,"  
When all is done and said,  
I'll ne'er forget you, never fear,  
Your Piedmont MUD so red.  
By SGT. MONROE F. ZUNDER.

DISPENSATION ORDERED.

The war department authorizes the following statement from the Catholic chaplains of the army and navy:

"In order that all doubt as to the obligation of abstinence on Fridays might be removed from the minds of the Catholic soldiers and sailors of the United States forces, it is requested that the following announcement be brought to the attention of those whom it may concern:

"All Catholics in the army and navy of the United States, whether serving in America or abroad, are dispensed, as long as they remain in military service, from the obligation of abstaining from flesh meats on all Fridays throughout the year, with the sole exception of Good Friday.

"Catholic nurses are also dispensed.

"PATRICK J. HAYES,  
"Catholic Chaplain Bishop."

MORE CLOSED.

As the summer progresses there are being more and more of the less needed wards closed weekly. This time it was D-2; D-3 and D-8 that were not needed and accordingly closed up for the present.

MORE FARMERS.

After spending busy furloughs of 30 days' duration presumably plowing pretty pastures, James Townsend and George Akers have returned from their homes in New England and have now resumed their former duties here at the hospital.

James Dunning is back with us again after a very pleasant leave spent in a maze of mystery in Massachusetts.

D. M. JONES  
& CO.

COTTON BROKERS

Gastonia, N. C.

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