

The fellow who stands around saying "It Can  
people who are Doing It.

Bernalillo County must sell \$250,000 in seven  
If you are wearing a V button on your coat  
We simply must put it over. For these n

*Read these poems—Clip them out. They have been selected by P.*

**WE SHALL NOT  
SLEEP**

"In Flanders fields  
the poppies blow  
Between the Crosses,  
row on row,  
That mark our place:  
and in the sky  
The larks still bravely  
singing by,  
Scarce heard amidst 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 falling  
hands we throw the  
torch—  
Be yours to hold it high;  
If ye break faith

**I HAVE A RENDEZVOU**

(Seegar A

I have a rendezvous with I  
At some disputed barric  
When Spring comes back w  
And apple blossoms fill t  
I have a rendezvous with D  
When Spring brings back

It may be he shall take my  
And lead me into his da  
And close my eyes and que  
It may be I shall pass hi

't be Done'' is constantly being run over by the  
 hours----between 8 and 4 Thursday, May 8.  
 apel, get after the fellow who isn't.  
 next two days nothing else matters.

*B. Zettler as the best works of 180 patriotically inspired war poems.*

# IOUS WITH DEATH

Alan)  
 Death,  
 ade,  
 with rustling shade  
 he air—  
 Death,  
 k blue days and fair.  
 hand  
 rk land  
 ench my breath  
 n still

# WHEN

(By Ralph Linton, Private 668,  
 A. E. F. France.)

When I have gone into the dark,  
 I know quite well how they will mark  
 The muddy hole where I must lie:  
 A wooden cross, and set thereby  
 In case the weather leaves it blank,  
 A bottled tag, with my name and rank.  
 And yet, I'm fool enough to pray  
 Someone may dig me up some day

With us who die  
We shall not sleep  
Though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields."

(Lieut. Col. McRae)

I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of barrenness  
When Spring comes round  
And the first meadow-flower

God knows 'twere better to  
Pillowed in silk and scented  
Where love throbs out in bliss  
Pulse nigh to pulse and  
Where hushed awakenings  
But I've a rendezvous with  
At midnight in some flaming  
When spring trips north  
And I to my pledged word  
I shall not fail the Rende

*The Local Victory Loan Campaign Committee have done their part*

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# Montezuma

112 South

death  
of battered hill  
this year  
flowers appear.  
  
be deep  
anted down  
lissful sleep  
reath to breath  
are dear . . . . .  
ith Death  
ng town  
again this year  
am true  
zvous.

And box and ship me back again  
To the golden land of little rain  
To the silver sage and the turquoise sky  
And the far-off hills that look close by;  
And raise a stone above my head,  
The way they should when a fellow's  
dead,  
With my name and age and the place I  
died  
And perhaps a line or two besides—  
Not pious lies, but just the truth;  
"Here lies a cup that the wine of youth  
Filled up once to the very brim  
Its owner clinked it, rim to rim,  
With the cups of all folks about  
And never cared if a bit spilled out:  
Till just when he had had a taste  
And knew the cup too good to waste,  
Big trouble started in the place  
And he flung the wine in a bully's face,  
Cup and all, and the wine was lost  
The cup was broken. He knew the cost:  
And with legs still steady and eyes still  
bright  
He walked from the tavern into the  
night."  
And the boys I knew will turn aside,  
Perhaps as much as half a day's ride,  
To pass the place where the stone is set  
For they aren't the sort that will forget.

*t and deserve full credit, and we are contributing this page to help them  
out it over*

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# Petroleum Co.

h Second Street

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## I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

(Seegar Alan)

I have a rendezvous with Death,  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death,  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath  
It may be I shall pass him still  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill  
When Spring comes round this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down  
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep  
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath  
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . . . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town  
When spring trips north again this year  
And I to my pledged word am true  
I shall not fail the Rendezvous.