

WILMETTE LIFE

Thursday, May 23, 1935



“IN FLANDERS FIELDS”

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, 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 grow
In Flanders fields.

POPPY DAY

in Wilmette

Monday, May 27

GIVE /