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was so scanty, and in others so complete. I put the picture away in a drawer, and there it lay.

Now the War is a thing of the past, and nobody wants to hear any more about it. Perhaps that is why, from a spirit of contrariety, I am now moved to write of these boys. This post-bellum indifference is unworthy of us; we who sang such lusty war Processionals should chant our Recessionals with as deep a fervour—"lest we forget, lest we forget". As I look into the young faces in the picture (their ages ranged from fifteen to eighteen), and remember what they did and how they suffered in the Great War, and especially when I note that seven out of the sixteen gave up their lives, I feel that such lads and such deeds should not be lightly forgotten; that all sorts of reminders by voice and pen and act should be forthcoming. And so, even thus late in the day, I want to speak of these young soldiers, one by one, as I knew them: and in particular of those who are now only a memory—a memory that should be kept forever green. I shall take them one by one, from left to right, beginning with the back row.

Willard, the first boy ("Bill" the other boys preferred to call him), joined the Air Force immediately on receipt of the news that his brother