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In No Man's Land.

In No Man's land wave here and there the petaled flare
of poppy hue,
A comrade true, though fragile-fair
As those who, yielding all of heart's own crimson rare
fare forth— ah pray!
The gentler way of poppy breath.

And this dear flow'r, than all the world's full-fragrant bloom
doth love to weave
A ruddy wreath on nature's loom
For frenzied fervid earth's forlorn and troubled tomb
in No Man's land—
Where sleep our noblest brave in death.

EDITORIAL

Does one often stop to think how literally and absolutely true is the familiar phrase "No Man's Land"—the long and tortuous strip of earth which has the unique distinction of being entirely without personal or national ownership? Yet it harbours the weirdest and most varied crop of man's sowing. Shell holes, mine craters, splintered trees, torn shrubbery and finally the broken and tattered grain of a happier day's sowing.

Just two things seem to live and flourish in this unrelenting land; one a mighty writhing monster—mayhap the reincarnation of a glorious saurian of pre-historic days when all the earth was no man's land because there wasn't any man!—the other a simple faced and friendly little crimson flower. Yes, the "Tank" and the poppy live and flourish together.

In many a letter is there mention of the little red poppy which dots the disfigured landscape with its friendly small face. Many an envelope goes homeward the world over, rich with its content of word and token—a ruby blossom picked from the inhospitable strip of sod before the trench.

Many a lonely lad has fond soothing uplift in contemplation of this little friend.