



THREE GALLANT LADS FROM FLANDERS

By Ronald Kenvyn.

Three gallant lads from Flanders
Came visiting today,
Their faces bright with gladness,
Their soldier spirits gay;
But two had lost a leg each,
And one had lost an arm,
Yet they have won their glory
And earned a noble calm.

Those gallant lads from Flanders
Are wonderful to me;
Indomitable Britishers,
Inspiring, spacious, free;
They suffered fearful hardships,
They paid a frightful toll,
They lost their limbs in Flanders,
But, oh, they gained a soul!

O, gallant lads from Flanders,
How can we give you thanks,
And all that band of brothers
Who joined you in the ranks?
You still keep brave and smiling,
You camouflage the pain,
If you are bright and cheerful,
Good Lord, should we complain?



An Appreciation

By Frank C. Raney, Kerrisdale.

"Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Each of these men have done that. When the call came and he passed through the little recruiting station, into the great "Over There," he wrote off his ambitions; stepped out of the line of civil promotion; gave up his family; turned his back on his business or profession, and stood, eyes front, facing the East. He had discounted death, and there was no reinsurance. What has come back to us is salvage. Only those who have passed through the ordeal know what it means to "decide" to "go." The supreme sacrifice may as truly be made at the recruiting station as in the trenches or on the battleship.

It is not easy to express the appreciation we feel in the presence of these men. They have been at the front of the world, and have seen history in the making. They formed a part of Kitchener's "Contemptible army" which, despite German sneers, halted and held the devastating progress of the great Prussian war machine until new lines of defense could be manned. They were at Ypres and Vimy Ridge and Mons and Verdun, everywhere, up and down the Empire's far-flung battle line, wherever there was need for strong hands and brave hearts and determined spirits. They were with Haig on the dark day when that S.O.S. call, which only the direst need could have wrung from that sturdy old Scotsman, went out "Our backs are against the wall." They fought with the French in front of Paris, and shared with the Poilus his unalterable determination as, over and over he repeated that psychological formula, at once a prayer and a curse, "They shall not pass. They shall not pass." They were with Currie on that fateful night when they stood, a thin line in front of the great German drive on Paris and heard from the splendid soldier, that memorable order which seemed more like a benediction than an order of battle. In which he told them in simple words that from their destruction, which was imminent they would pass into heaven and that their mothers would be proud of them.

Point Grey is proud of her men who have formed a part of this gallant army.

While our homes are bereaved and our hearts are sad at the frequent recurrence of those fateful words "killed in action," we are sustained by the glorious sentiment that they died to make men free.

By reason of having left a part of their bodies buried with the comrades on the battle fields, the members of the Amputation Club bring to us a sacred message from our dead. And in these latter day, amidst the crumbling of monarchies and the crash of military despotism, and while the statue of liberty, bearing the principles of eternal justice and right, loom large on the horizon of the world, we may well uncover in the presence of that splendid tribute to the dead, and their appeal to the living, written by Col. McCrae on the field of battle and in the imminence and very shadow of his own death.

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"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.