## EDITORIALS

Message From The Dead Under the ravished soil of France, we countless
thousands lie-
The youthful dead of World War I; we did not wan But gave up our tomorrows that today you might

We thought the task was finished when we won that or twenty years we slept in peace where Flanders' poppies blew,

And then the tyrants rose again to start the strife
$\qquad$ Our graves are desecrated now by those who worship The peoples we had once set free, are slaves again Does it seem that we have been betrayed, who in lonely graves are lying?
That we accomplished nothing then, by marching, fighting, dying?
We do not feel that we died in vain, for our cause was carried on
By the valiant at Corregidor, and the heroes of Bataan,
By the lads who fought in Africa, or on the Isle of Sicily,
By those who lie in lonely graves on the hills of Italy! These gallant
started then,
started then,
But this awful sacrifice of youth must never be again!
We gave our lives, our future days, that wars no more



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LAWIN

## Crossword Puzzle




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Pick Up Trash

## Editorial Lauded





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## The Freelancer




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