

The fellow who stands around saying "It Can't be Done" is constantly being run over by the people who are Doing It.

Bernalillo County must sell \$250,000 in seven hours---between 8 and 4 Thursday, May 8.

If you are wearing a V button on your coat lapel, get after the fellow who isn't.

We simply must put it over. For these next two days nothing else matters.

Read these poems—Clip them out. They have been selected by P. B. Zettler as the best works of 180 patriotically inspired war poems.

WE SHALL NOT SLEEP

"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 by,
Scarce heard amidst 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 falling
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."

(Lieut. Col. McRae)

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

(Seegar Alan)

I have a rendezvous with Death,
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death,
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath
It may be I shall pass him still
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When Spring comes round this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath
Where hushed awakenings are dear
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town
When spring trips north again this year
And I to my pledged word am true
I shall not fail the Rendezvous.

WHEN

(By Ralph Linton, Private 668,
A. E. F. France.)

When I have gone into the dark,
I know quite well how they will mark
The muddy hole where I must lie:
A wooden cross, and set thereby
In case the weather leaves it blank,
A bottled tag, with my name and rank.
And yet, I'm fool enough to pray
Someone may dig me up some day
And box and ship me back again
To the golden land of little rain
To the silver sage and the turquoise sky
And the far-off hills that look close by:
And raise a stone above my head,
The way they should when a fellow's
dead,
With my name and age and the place I
died
And perhaps a line or two besides—
Not pious lies, but just the truth;
"Here lies a cup that the wine of youth
Filled up once to the very brim
Its owner clinked it, rim to rim,
With the cups of all folks about
And never cared if a bit spilled out:
Till just when he had had a taste
And knew the cup too good to waste,
Big trouble started in the place
And he flung the wine in a bully's face,
Cup and all, and the wine was lost
The cup was broken. He knew the cost:
And with legs still steady and eyes still
bright
He walked from the tavern into the
night."
And the boys I knew will turn aside,
Perhaps as much as half a day's ride,
To pass the place where the stone is set
For they aren't the sort that will forget.

The Local Victory Loan Campaign Committee have done their part and deserve full credit, and we are contributing this page to help them put it over

Montezuma Petroleum Co.

112 South Second Street