

100 Years of the Poppy



can't appreciate their kindness
I know that they do for me. Well
Louie I received your Rose and
little bit of soap that you so
thoughtfully sent to me. So you
had to be satisfied playing your
poor kiddie I felt very sorry for
you. Of course I am not sympathetic
from experience, but just making
a guess at what it is like. "Nuff said."
Well Louie leave is not in sight
it is not as yet fixed up and
no sign of it. That is not very
cheerful news is it. I think we
will be leaving here by the time
you receive this so you know
what that means, don't you. I'll
well we have had a good spell so

little rats to run over you at night
it is slowly Well Louie I am now
a little better and out of Hospital
where I have been for 2 weeks
of course I am now with the
Battalion again - worn look.
I am very sorry that I could
not write you while you was
away, as I was so ill and could
not write. I was to like. Your
dad Old Dad sent me 2 boxes and
2 boxes of soldiers friend it was
very good of him, for we cannot
yet get things around here and we
have to shine up. They must
think that it will help to win
the war. Say Louie dad I sent
your Mother and father my Postal Order





Black Poppy

Remembering African, Black and
Caribbean communities'
contribution.



White Poppy

Remembers people who died in conflict
with a focus on an end to war.



Purple Poppy

To remember animal
victims of war.



In Flanders Fields – John McCrae



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, fly
Scarce heard amid 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 failing 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.

