

OUR SOLDIER SAINTS

There are "Saints" in every battle,
On every blood-drenched sod;
There are "Saints" who go down fighting
To save the world for God.

There are "Saints" who carry rifles,
Who bravely fight, and die;
There are more who man our war-ships
To hold our banner high.

There are more who pilot bombers
To blast the way for peace.
For them the course is plotted
Till the roaring guns will cease.

They fight to save their country,
To keep their people free;
They waived a glowing future
In the cause of liberty.

We'll take the torch they throw us,
We'll not betray their trust.
To win the peace they've fought for
Becomes, for us, a must.

—J. E. Green, '47

ROMANCE

The tears I shed must ever fall!
I weep not for an absent swain;
For times may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

—Ballad.

In this present-day world of ours, there are many, many things that we do not reflect on or try to analyse. One of these things is Romance. Now let us analyse this word Romance. We shall not consult Webster's enlightening compilation of words, nor the haughty yellowed pages of the Concise Oxford for our definition, of this term (or should I say state?).