

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?).

Since the first rays of moonlight shone on the first boy and girl, the first and most prevalent disease of man, namely romance, has existed. Practically no one from the age of nine to ninety is immune to it. The symptoms of romance are many and varied. Some victims become dreamy, lose their appetites, their health, and sometimes their lady friends; others become noisy, increase their appetites, their health, and sometimes the number of their lady friends.

The first requirement for romance is that a boy and girl establish a friendship. The next step is that they "go together" more than three times. After this their conversation must not be on a sensible plane, but must contain such words as "dear, honey, sugar, dove, sweetness, etc." If these words are not present in their private conversation, theirs is not a romance but a friendship. It is also necessary that he tell her that he would gladly die for her; she in turn must be able to give a heart-rending sigh, because next to association, pointless conversation, and dreamy stares, the sigh is the most important cog in the wheel of romance.

Romance is in the last stages when the eaves-dropper hears the words "twenty dollars a week," "two can live as cheaply as one," and "I won't live at your house because I don't like your mother." The next step after this is marriage.

Many people, mostly scientists, have tried to discover the part that moonlight plays in romance. The majority of them have attained no results at all; the remainder are credited with the discovery of a related subject (in name at least) called moonshine.

Wars may rage and empires crumble, but as long as there is a boy, a girl, and some moonlight, there will be Romance.

—Joseph J. MacDonald, '46