

Senior Poets

OF
43

RAIN

Like soothing balm to wounded spirits
Is the gently falling rain.
A melody without the lyrics,
A solace--sound and sane.

The endless rain, so sad, so dreary,
That laughs and mocks and jeers,
Depresses those already weary,
Plays havoc with their fears.

The thunderous rain with flashing light,
Its fearfulness a dare,
Excites and spurs us on to fight
By its beauty, strange and rare.

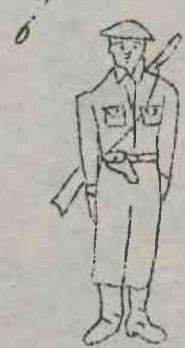
Sarah Farmer

TRIBUTE TO THE EMPTY CHAIRS

Empty chairs now dot the room
Where once our brothers sat.
They, in youth's full bloom,
Have donned the soldier's hat.

They'll bring world freedom nigh;
For fraternal love they fight.
With the help of God on high
They will defend the right.

Carl H. Walker, Jr.



THE U. S. S. NORTH CAROLINA

Her sturdy stern splits the inky foam,
Her guns point toward the sky.
The captain steers her far from home,
She sings a battle cry.

No other ship e'er put to sea,
Can prove herself any finer.
Than our SHIP OF STATE that roams the sea,
By the name of North Carolina.

She bears the name of our great State.
That great and war like liner.
She'll make proud her name sake
That dear old North Carolina.

She prowls the bleak and bounding main,
Prey-seeking the oceans wide
Her battles will fore'er remain,
Long after peace arrives.

No other ship has put to sea,
Can prove herself any finer.
Than our SHIP OF STATE that roams the sea,
By the name of North Carolina.

Richard Stott

