

Love At First Sight

Mary Catherine Troutman

It was a very lovely day in the merry month of May. The birds were singing, the flowers blooming, and the trees were well-dressed in their green garments. Yes, it was a day when everything seemed to be bubbling over with joy. But, alas, in the bedroom of a beautiful home on Maple Street, Delores Blair was crying as though her heart were breaking. Perhaps she was sick, or her conscience was hurting her, or her parents may have objected to her going to a club dance. But these are not the answers. No, it was just that thing called "love" which seemed to be breaking Delores' heart.

Delores was a very attractive young girl and a senior in high school. Her jet black hair lay in lovely curls about her shoulders, and her blue eyes always seemed to be hiding some thrilling secret.

She was engaged to Dennis Murray, a prominent business man's son, and everyone was looking forward to their marriage. Everything went along smoothly until she was introduced to Larry Deane at a dance one night. Then things went from bad to worse! Throughout the day, while sleeping, and even when in the presence of Dennis, she could think only of Larry. But why should she be so much in love with him? After being introduced to her he didn't even bother to ask about her family, her likes and dislikes, and whether he should be permitted to see her again.

Larry was the only son of a poor carpenter. He lived in a near-by city and was forced to work at a blacksmith shop in order to help with the upkeep of the family. He was truly a nice-looking boy—tall and slender, with dark, wavy hair and sparkling blue eyes. He seldom had time to visit anyone or to run around with a crowd, but whenever it was convenient to do so, he was always popular with everyone.

Delores' evenings with Dennis became more and more dull and gloomy as the days went by until she finally refused to see him again. This broke his heart, because he was deeply in love with her. But rather than to cause any disturbances of any kind, he took a trip to another country and decided to spend his future life there.

After this Delores stayed at home all the time. She was never seen at the dance halls, and no one visited her anymore. Her youthful days were being entirely thrown away. But one day she received a telegram, and upon reading it she became greatly confused. It was the news of the death of her grandfather, but she had never known any relatives by that unfamiliar name. She immediately questioned her mother and father about the telegram, so there was nothing left for them to do but to tell her. She discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Blair were only her foster parents and that they had adopted her soon after the death of her parents. Her father had been killed in some sort of accident, and her mother died about three years later. She was also told that she had an older brother, but no one knew anything of his foster parents or his home town. He had also been adopted but was taken to another city to live, and after that no one saw or heard of him.

Delores went to the funeral the following day, and while on the way thoughts of her relatives buzzed through her mind. After her grandmother was laid away to rest, she was introduced to her relatives. While having a conversation with them, she heard the name of Larry Deane mentioned. She immediately began to investigate and she found that he was her brother. Larry was soon called, and they told him the story of his life just as they had told Delores. No one has ever been any more surprised or happier than they were. They spent the remainder of the evening getting acquainted, and they finally departed with the agreement that they would

Yes, Son

—Willie Catherine Greer

Yes, son, I can still remember the day the nurse brought you in and laid you in my arms. That was the happiest moment of my life. I had something to live for. Your father's words are still in my ears when he said you were going to be just "a chip off the old block." My, was he proud of you! He passed cigars out for two weeks after your birth.

Yes, son, I have just been looking through our picture album. What a darling you were at the age of two years, although you were such a mischievous boy. If you were not in the cookie jar, you were fighting Sammy, your playmate.

Then came school days. My, how you begged me not to send you, but later you took a different attitude. I think it all began when you were elected president of your class. You entered high school and then college. There were dances and football games and other social activities. All the time you were growing into a young man and I into a sweet age of life.

Yes, son, she was beautiful. I can see why you loved her. Her blue eyes and golden hair told me that she was meant for only you.

Happiness lingered over our family, but something told me that happiness could not last forever. Fate had planned differently. You were called for service; your country needed you. My, were we proud to say, "that's my son," although there were a million others like you. Today I received a telegram which read as follows: "We regret to inform you that your son was killed in action while performing the duties of his country."

American Realism

—Helen Crow

Many boys have given up their work and have had to quit school and go to war. They did not exactly want to, but they felt it their duty. They are now working hard all day and sometimes all night, but they continue doing their duty away from home, but are we doing our duty here at home?

You will probably say yes without thinking. Let's think about it and see if we are doing our duty.

First: They are looking to us to keep on going to school and to keep up the morals of the people at home. Are we doing this? Do we stay out just because of a headache? Are we always on time for school and work? Are we trying to make good grades? Do we try to skip class, or do we stay in class and study as we should?

Well, can you say you are doing this? Are you going to school every day, are you always on time, do you try to make good grades, and do you stay in class? Then if you are doing this first step, you are doing part of your duty. If you are not doing this, you have failed in your first step.

Second: Are you willing to work after school or during the summer in the mills so as to help keep up production? This is our duty because the

visit or write one another once a week.

Immediately upon her arrival home, a message was sent to Dennis telling of the strange things that had happened. Dennis started packing soon after he received the message and went to see Delores after his arrival home.

They were married the next day in the neighborhood church, and afterwards they went to his father's house to make their future home.

Larry visited Delores quite frequently and with each visit they grew to love one another more and more. But it was not the love with which one loves a sweetheart or a husband. No, it was merely that thing called "brotherly love." Dennis forgave Delores for the incident between her and Larry, and they promised one another that they would never let anything stand in their way again.

Poet's Corner

ENDING MEANS BEGINNING

—Tommy Thomason

The time is drawing near,
As we realize, our teachers dear;
That it won't be very long
Until we sing our Alma Mater song.

Tough was the road and long the time,
But pleasant was the school bells' chime;
Moments were dull and moments were gay,
But after all we have reached this day.

We are thinking now of tomorrow's woe,
And with chin up, chest out we'll go
To attack this inhuman strain,
Quieting and conquering the people's pain.

We have quite a job to do
Making this old world into new;
But along the way we'll wear a smile,
And try to make our time worth while.

Leaving now the school behind,
We'll start a job of another kind;
In life we'll move to another part,
And we start with a courageous heart.

JUST WONDERING

—Addie Mae Leonard

I'm just wondering if he ever thinks
of me,
As he strolls through his classes so
bold and free.
At times he seems rather quiet and
shy,
And I just wonder if he's thinking of
her, too.

Sometimes he seems so far away
In his actions and what he has to say.
Then other times he's so nice to me,
That makes me wonder; don't you see?

Every day I fear that he won't be here,
For then the day will be dark and
drear.

And when I see him the cloud shows
the sun,
For I know what's in store; just loads
of fun.

I know I'll miss him when graduation
is here.
Some will be happy, but it's the day
I fear.
But I'll be proud of him some day
When he's helping our country in Uncle
Sam's way.

So I'm just wondering if he'll think
of me
When our school days are over and
no more he'll see
Me walking in the halls so happy and
gay,
Thinking of him in a calm, quiet way.

boys have left, and we must take their
jobs until they are back home. If we
are willing to work in them, then we
are doing our second duty. If we are
not willing to go to work, then we are
not doing our duty.

Third, (and the greatest): Do we
pray for the boys every day or every
night? If we expect the boys to come
home or expect America to win this
war, we must always remember to
pray for the boys and America every
day. This is our duty, and it is our
greatest duty. It is a duty that every-
one should do. It is a duty that no
one should be ashamed of, but we
should be proud of this duty. We
should be proud of this duty because
it is the duty that will win this war.
Are we doing this duty? If we are
not, then now is the time for us to re-
solve that we will do this duty from
now on. We are idealists, but Amer-
icans, in time of war, must also be
realists.

WORTH FIGHTING FOR

—Austin Frye

In this land of ours we know nothing
of war,
But only of what we have heard.
We know what this country is fighting
for,
Or else democracy isn't a word.

Democracy means something in every-
one's eyes,
At least to my way of thinking.
And in the souls and hearts of our
own allies,
A chain for invasion is linking.

And as our men stride forth to meet
their foe,
To us, they may be father or brother.
But, anything to make the enemy em-
pire grow,
The count would make another.

But we know we have to take into
consideration
We aren't the only country at war.
We are only another nation,
But America's worth fighting for.

What the outcome will be, no one can
determine,
So, with God we'll let the matter rest;
And whether it's our soldier, or the
Japs or the Germans,
His decision will be for the best.

NIGHT AND DAY

—Hazel Jenkins

While moonlight dances across the
bay,
And twinkling stars came out to play,
And lights came on in every window,
The night came on in all her splendor.

The night, to the murderer, was the
time to kill.

To the thief, it was the time to steal.
The playboy's night was filled with
women and song;
While the children of God slept and
did no wrong.

As the sun came, to chase away night,
Birds awoke and began to take flight.
Across the river came a gentle breeze
That blew the dew drops from off the
trees.

To the honest man the day meant
hard labor and work.

To the crook it meant lying and shirk.
God said that the night was for sleep
and rest,
Is it not proven then, who loves Him
best?

VIOLETS

—Ruth Harwell

We bring the fragrant violets,
Great masses—single, sweet,
Wood-violets, stream-violets,
Violets from a wet, damp marsh.

Violets in clumps from hills,
With earth clinging to the roots,
Violets tugged from gray rocks,
Blue violets, moss, river-violets.

We saw the hyacinth-violet,
Sweet, smooth, cool to the touch—
And violets whiter than
The rushing, in-coming surf.

Blue violets as of the celestial blue,
Plucked among green blades of grass,
Deep-purple, bird-foot violets
Still moist with dew perfume the air.