

Escape to Love

—Dot Bumgarner

One night as Lib sat by her window reading, she noticed a figure pass by. She glanced up from her book, and she saw the shadow of a man. This man looked familiar, but she could not place him. A few moments later, a knock was heard at the door. Lib rose and opened it. There, standing in the doorway, was the same man whom she had seen pass by her window. Lib couldn't believe her eyes. It was her boy friend, Sam, who had returned from China.

Lib was so astonished that she could hardly speak. Earlier in the year Sam's parents had received a message from the War Department saying that Sam had been killed in action. But Sam had escaped and was taken into a Japanese prison camp. There he was not allowed to write home or to send out any possible information of his being alive. The Japanese prison camp was a very harsh place. There Sam saw men die from hunger every day. There were starving to death, being beaten to death by the Japanese officers, and were killed in many different ways. Death meant nothing to the Japanese.

Sam dreaded each day as it came along. He thought maybe the next day that his life would be taken. But this disaster did not happen to him. Sam grew weak and lost very much weight. One day while thinking of home, Lib, and the nice things of life, he decided that he would try to escape from the camp.

That night when all the American prisoners were asleep, Sam crept slowly down the corridor; all the guards had fallen asleep. This was not supposed to happen, but the men were stubborn and didn't want to keep watch.

Sam went out the front gate and as it slammed, one guard was awakened by the sound. Sam hid in the bushes and could not be seen when the guard went to look for him. The guard thought perhaps he was just dreaming and went back to his post.

Slowly Sam crept through the bushes and was soon on the main road from Tokyo to the coast. His idea was to get to the coast in Japanese clothing, and then be picked up by a ship. But how was he going to get the Japanese clothing? He would be recognized and probably tortured for escaping. At that instant he saw a Jap who was coming toward him. He planned how he would get his clothes. The boy was closer, but Sam hid so that he could not be seen easily. As the boy passed, Sam threw a stick, and it hit the boy so hard that it knocked him down. Then Sam got the boy's clothing while he was "out."

Sam then hurried to dress, and he went on toward the coast. Sam travelled as quickly as he could so that he would reach the coast by morning.

The next morning Sam reached the coast very early, changed his clothes, and then he swam out far into the ocean. Some planes roared overhead. They were American planes which had come to attack Tokyo. There was a small island in the ocean and Sam swam to it and waved his handkerchief. One of the pilots noticed it and began to fall out of formation and to circle the small piece of land. The plane landed; Sam was taken aboard, and then they went on to Tokyo.

After Sam was given dry clothes and some food, he told of his escape from the prison camp. Just as he finished telling his story, Tokyo was reached. He had long waited for this instant. He wanted to bomb Tokyo. He wanted the Japs to know that the Americans had mightier ammunition than they. In the heart of Tokyo Sam went to the bombardier; he asked him if he could drop just one bomb on Tokyo. The bombardier told him that he could. Sam waited until the plane was over the largest industrial section of the city. Over the largest and most expensive mill, he dropped the bomb. Flames burst out, and

New Faculty Members

(Continued from page 1)

is a graduate of Queens.

Mr. Theodore Leonard an L. H. S. alumnus on Route No. 1, Lexington, is a graduate of Catawba College. Mr. Leonard teaches chemistry, history and he and Mrs. Leonard come to us from the Reeds High School faculty. Mrs. Leonard is a graduate of W.C.U.N.C. and teaches home economics.

Chemistry and General Science

Miss Charlotte Matthews, who comes from Raleigh, is a graduate of East Carolina Teachers' College. While in Lexington, Miss Matthews is staying at Century Oaks.

Health and Physical Education

Miss Ellen Philbeck, a graduate of Appalachian State Teachers' College comes from Shelby and lives at the home of Miss Alma Owen here. She teaches 1st girls' classes of physical education.

D. O. and Industrial Arts

Mr. Pete Lea is an N. C. State graduate and has previously been on the L.H.S. and State College faculties. He returned to Lexington after being in service and teaches D. O. and Industrial Arts. His home is in Elkin. He, Mrs. Lea, and Judy live at 18 West Second Street.

Music Director

Mr. John H. Crocker, a graduate of the University of Michigan. He was the band director of Charleston High School at Charleston, Michigan, for two years. His home is in Saginaw, Michigan. Mr. Crocker will direct the band and glee club.

Maybe a glance at the teachers who left us last year would be of interest. Mrs. Lester Ross, formerly Miss Frances Kerr, who was married September 21, lives in Charlotte.

Miss Martha Furchess is teaching physical education at the Shelby High School. Mr. Jack Sawyer is teaching at the University of Missouri. While there, Mr. Sawyer is earning his Ph.D.

Miss Pleasants is teaching in the high school in Kannapolis. Mrs. Dugan Aycock resides in Lexington.

Mrs. Charles Horner, who before her marriage this summer, was Miss Carol Jean Mickle, resides in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. L. A. Martin is living in Swicegood apartments.

Mrs. Prim was Miss Marjorie Holton before her marriage this summer. She lives in Raleigh.

Miss Graham is teaching in the Shelby High School.

Miss Lillian Mullis has gone to the Baptist Training School in Louisville, Kentucky, for religious work.

Mr. Fred Putnam teaches health and is assistant coach in Morganton.

Lexington High School students welcome the new faculty members and wish them a successful and pleasant year. They also remember the missing ones from last year's faculty and extend their best wishes to them wherever they may be.

soon the mill was burning to the ground.

After the bombing, the planes were on their way to the home base in the Philippines. After remaining there for a few days, Sam was taken home by a ship which had stopped to refuel. The ship was the U. S. S. Palawan, a destroyer with home base located at Shanghai, China. He was glad to be on his way home again because he would finally be able to see Lib. Upon his arrival, he had not called or telegraphed either Lib or his family. He wanted to surprise them, and surprise them he did.

When he arrived in New York, he went to a large jewelry store before going out to Long Island where he lived. He bought a large solitaire diamond for Lib. He placed it on the third finger of her left hand. She knew that this day was what she had waited for.

They were to be married the sixth day of June in the Little Church Around the Corner.

God Giveth and Taketh Away

—Bob Tate

I have a problem. Yes, I have a problem that I cannot solve, yet it must be solved. Perhaps, if I explain, you may understand what a predicament I am engrossed in.

Since I was a teen age boy, I have had a woman in my life. I married her at the age of twenty-one. She was really a nice girl and I loved her dearly. My parents objected to my getting married and believed that my marriage would be broken up. However, for once in their life they were wrong, because there were never two people who lived together more beautifully than my wife and I. Perhaps the reason for this was our love for each other, or perhaps it was that we had acquired the same ideals and characteristics. Anyway the two years following my marriage were the happiest of my life.

Tragedy strikes quickly sometimes and one really doesn't realize that it has descended until it is too late. This is what happened in my case. Jane, my wife, was to give birth to a child. I shall never forget that dreadful night. I was seated on a couch at the hospital when I noticed two doctors approaching me. They had come to me for advice. They told me that they had done everything in their power, but that they could not save my wife and the child both. One of them must go. As the words sank into my brain, I could not believe it, and for several minutes I was dumbfounded. When I finally came to my senses, I remember telling the doctors that they must save Jane. However, when I made that remark, I knew deep down in my heart what her answer would be, for I knew my wife and the nobility of her soul.

At that time I wanted Jane to live instead of the child, but she had made up her mind to sacrifice her life for it. Unselfishness was one of my wife's characteristics, and I knew it. I knew also that I was powerless to change her mind. I had learned that from past experience.

Jane, much to my sorrow, died, and a baby daughter was put into my arms and I resolved from that minute that I would give her anything she needed, no matter what the price might be.

I named her for her mother; and as she grew, she truly became the very image of her mother in appearance. I guess that is the reason I loved her so, or perhaps I loved her because she was all that I had and all that I had to live for. She was never a healthy child and was ill half of her short life.

I remember one cold afternoon I received a call at my office to come home at once, that Jane was seriously ill and had been taken home from school. This shocked me very much, for I thought that she was perfectly well when she went to school. I remember the very words the doctor said: "Double pneumonia and a fifty-fifty chance of getting well." I prayed to God as I had never prayed before, asking him to spare the life of my little girl. Sometimes God does things that we don't understand. He knows, of course, what is best, and He can see into the future. My child did not recover and passed away into eternity at the early age of seven years.

For weeks afterwards I tried to forget her by burying myself with work. I could not, no matter how hard I tried. I could not eat and I could not sleep, for I always saw her sweet face; and it would bring back memories that would tear at the very roots of my heart. In this case, time was the only medicine that could help me, and it took plenty of that.

As I sit here before an open fire, two years after the loss of my child, you probably wonder what my problem is. You remember I mentioned it at the first of the story. It is this: Shall I remain single for the remain-

Poet's CORNER

Old Dead Eye Pete

—Larry M. Carlton

Old Dead Eye Pete was a very bad one,
And how he loved a lot of fun;
And he had it with his old six gun.
When he came to town all the people
run.
When he came to town not a soul
did he see.
For everyone else was up in a tree.
Now Old Dead Eye was in a rage
Because the sheriff wouldn't put him
in a cage.
When a stranger came to town,
Old Dead Eye had to settle down.
Now Old Dead Eye is in his grave;
Although he may have been brave,
No more will he roam;
For the stranger that came along,
Proved that Old Dead Eye was wrong.

Gangster Jim

—Larry M. Carlton

Gangster Jim was another bad 'un
But he was handy with a gun.
He paid for nothing that he bought,
For to pay he thought was naught.
When the store had something he
wanted,
The clerks he always haunted.
Then one day he had a terrible en-
counter,
When a cop was standing behind the
counter.
The cop said Jim would pay,
But Jim said he would like to see the
day.
When the cop pulled his gun,
He thought he was going to have some
fun.
But that is where he had his fate
For he was a little too late.
Jim beat him to the draw,
And shot the cop through the craw.
Jim is still on the loose,
So if he comes your way,
See if you can make him pay.

Monty Bo

—Larry M. Carlton

Mounty Bo was a brave man,
And he played in the Army band—
That is when his horse would stand.
When the band would play Mounty
songs,
You couldn't hold his horse with a
pair of tongs.
He would prance that way;
He would prance this way—
He acted as if he wanted to play.
Bo's horse was calm as calm could be
When the General he did see.
Bo's horse would always abide
When into battle Bo did ride.
The reason he was called Mounty Bo
Was because his horse was ready to go.
Bo's horse would walk very light
When he saw two mountys fight.
He would walk right up and enjoy the
fun.
Like he was a mounty with a gun.
He would watch the fun until one
would run.
When Bo was about to be put in jail,
His horse he did loudly hail.
He mounted and he rode away,
And has not been seen to this very
day.

der of my life? My friends want me
to get married and settle down again
and try to forget the past. They
think a companion would really help
me. That is much easier to say than
to do. I am truly lonely, but I cannot
conceive of the idea of marrying some-
one else, because I would always be
thinking of memories. One comfort
that I have is that my wife and
daughter are looking down from above
and will sometime in the future give
me advice that will content me and
make me happy for the remainder of
my life. This is my only consolation.