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To Our Heroes of World War II

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TO OUR HEROES
OF WORLD WAR II

You closed your books and said farewell.
You could not stay when duty calls.
It was your love of country too,
That took you from these stately halls.

A tender clasp, a wistful smile,
A last fond look and you were gone,—
"Keep school running all the while
Until I'm back and war is won."

You spanned the restless, homeless sea,
And brought the Stars and Stripes afar;
The emblem of our liberty,
To every nation locked in war.

What change!—what shock of conflict there!—
What murderous onslaught in the night!—
The madness of untamed mankind!—
But you were battling for the right.

You manned the cockpit, staked the foe,
And gave no quarter until death.
Let every Fascist, Nazi die,
Who cursed you in his dying breath!

The flash and thunder of the guns;
The splash and burst of shell and bomb,
Are memories now, and you have won
Undying glory every one.

But some we shall not ever meet:—
Your unclaimed scripts are with me still;
I see you as I read again;—
And then my eyes begin to fill.

You sacrificed your selves, your all;
And won the patriots' fame.
Each honored now in Gold Star Hall,
Each owns a hero's name.

—J. A. Larsen

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