

## CLASS POEM

Alas, we've reached a goal of every youth,  
Yet pained by the deepest sorrow;  
For we must leave what we've known as the truth,  
Our classmates, for a new life tomorrow.  
So we stretch out our hands and hope to find  
Friends like we're leaving, both true and kind.

Our future years are yet unknown to us;  
There's no one to forecast the years.  
Yet we hope to find the future e're thus:  
A future with much joy and few tears.  
So we're trusting that good to us shall fall  
Very soon--far off--at last, to all.

Our days, 'twill soon be those that are no more  
When we shall enter this dear 'ole place.  
Our paces today shall be as those before,  
E'en though our thoughts are upon our faces.  
'Tis true our high school days are ended here,  
The place that's grown to us so dear.

Though we'll be divided by time and place  
To seek the goals that we've decided;  
But hoping to meet again face to face,  
The class of '49 that'll soon be divided.  
Thus the saddest farewell this one must be,  
Cherishing the years we've spent with thee.

Carolyn Herlong, Class Poet

## CLASS SONG (Tune--"The Olden Songs")

To thee, dear B-L our song we bring,  
Oh, may this message clear forever ring,  
Within our hearts a sadness comes to dwell,  
Tho' as we go believe we love you well  
Thy voice in echoes dear we now recall,  
And with thy challenge we shall never fall,  
Our hearts, our lives, in part, we owe to you,  
And to thy mem'ry we shall e'er be true.

Chorus: Within these walls we've worked thro' years gone by,  
Thy teachings to our lives we'll e're apply,  
To our dear Alma Mater now, we send  
This message, as we reach our journey's end.

To you, we pause to pay our tribute, now,  
To love and cherish thee will be our vow,  
We'll n'er forget the happy moments we  
Have worked with friends in perfect harmony.  
As we look back on all our high school days,  
We pause to brush aside a tear and raise  
A prayer, that you'll abide within our hearts,  
Tho' varied paths may take us far apart.

---Barbara Ann Langford

COLORS: Red and White

FLOWER: Red Rose

MOTTO: "A little group of wise hearts is better than a  
wilderness of fools."