



CLASS POEM.

ELEVEN YEARS HAVE PASSED,
BUT NOW THE TIME HAS COME
WHEN WE HAVE TO SAY "GOOD-BY"
TO SCHOOL DAYS AND TO CHUMS.

FOR ELEVEN YEARS WE'VE WAITED
FOR THIS HAPPY, JOYFUL DAY;
BUT TO-NIGHT WE EACH ADMIT
THAT HERE WE'D RATHER STAY.

OUR HEARTS ARE FILLED WITH SADNESS,
OUR EYES ARE FILLED WITH TEARS,
FOR WE HAVE KNOWN NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS
FOR ELEVEN SHORT YEARS.

THE ROAD TO OPPORTUNITY IS OPEN,
AND WE PRAY IT LEADS US ON
TO A LIFE THAT IS AS HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL
AS THE ONE WE HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.

FOR MOST OF US SCHOOL DAYS ARE OVER,
BUT LIFE'S JOURNEY MUST GO ON;
FOR EACH OF US A SUCCESS WE HOPE
TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

PEARL BLANTON ---POET