

CLASS POEM

From our class a poet, we tried to produce
Every teacher in high school tried with might
and main.
But when the poetic attempts were turned loose
The teachers knew they'd labored in vain.

Therefore, Seniors, let's give a toast
To the one and all who study the most.
We don't have to think, nor even wait,
It's just Rachel and it's no mistake.

The next on our list we can't forget
It's Margaret and Bessie you can bet!
We think they are primping, until we
see in their hands,
The history of some people who discovered
our land.

Now there's Claris. We all know
He likes music high and low.
He can't play a piano nor a guitar,
But his voice you can hear both near
and far.

Let's not forget Blanche and Doris do
They are both very kind and friendly too,
We see them together from bell to bell
But what's on their minds no one can tell.

Betty and Wilton come listen to me
Please don't fret about Thomas and Maree,
They're all very kind, even on the street
I can hear kind words of them, from
each person I meet.

When Mrs. Turner isn't looking,
John writes under his chair.
So if Bryant peeks below,
He will know Kilroy was there..

Last but not least we enrolled two vets.
Immediately they became the 1947 pets.
Billy is one
The heart of a girl he soon won.
The other is the handsome guy, Hugo.