

Class Poem

Twelve years have come and gone at last,
Years that we sometimes thought would never pass,
But now that they have come to an end,
We look back and see mistakes we'll try to mend.

We didn't work so hard in our grammar school days,
Since all we cared about was making our grades,
However, in high school we became happy and gay,
While looking forward to the thrills of graduation day.

We will be faithful, brave, and true,
To each task we now find to do,
And while on life's every mile,
We shall try to face our duties with a smile.

With this new phase of life we have just begun,
We have our faces turned towards the sun,
In spite of mist and clouds and rain,
A fuller, richer life we hope to gain.

Betty Blanton
Class Poet