

Class Poem

Fourteen seniors at last are we,
That which it seemed to us would never be.
Now we take them one by one,
To tell what each of them has done.

Elva, the first on our list,
Has the personality of a very lovely miss.
As for Madelyn, a worthy girl and also kind,
Has music and the church uppermost in her mind.

Leona, the seamstress of our class,
Accomplishes many helpful and useful tasks.
Rhett, the quiet type, who is always easy to please,
Has a smile for each and everyone he sees.

Marie, who is quite often called Lee,
Is usually very full of glee.
And we wonder if Legree, a smiling speaker,
Will not some day become a preacher.

Vermelle, as a lover of music and art,
Will always hold these quite dear to her heart.
And Bill, usually so solemn, but still a big tease,
Is always seen riding around in the breeze.

Edward for a while was a cadet,
He's very intelligent but quite witty you bet!
Laverne, always quite jolly and gay,
Is also well mannered in every way.

John, who's always happiest when playing ball,
Is the very best on the team after all.
Francis, whom the boys call Henry,
Carries a smile and is very friendly.

Julie, who is a very sweet girl and an outstanding athlete,
Has intelligence that can't be beat.
The actress of our class is the well known Kaye,
And maybe that's what she'll be some day.

Now to our parents, and teachers so dear,
Who struggled with us year after year,
We wish to thank with all our hearts,
For you have all, well done your part.

-Vermelle Gatch-