

# *Class Poem*

We're just another graduating class:  
There's nothing special in the work we've done;  
But though the years slip by or slowly pass,  
We'll think back on the battle we have won  
We've had our friends; some fought with failing grades;  
But now that we are through and soon must leave,  
We know these years will slide into the shades  
Of what has been forgotten — and we grieve!  
A few of us may come to fame; the rest  
Will make their mark in business or at home.  
Instead of school, that gave to us her best,  
A hard, unfeeling world we'll have to face.  
Though distant be the countries we may roam,  
We'll not forget our faithful friend — this place!

*Norma Cuzzort.*