

This poem was written by Amy Hoffer, a graduate of the class of 1989.

THE CLASS OF '89 THANKS YOU

To the faculty and staff of Sycamore High,
the class of '89 says a final goodbye.
The last four years have gone very fast.
Of course, the education and memories will last.
We did arrive a motley crowd,
but four years later, aren't you proud?
As freshmen we thought we were very nice,
but still you brought in Toma — **twice!**
Then you closed the smoking lounge.
For just a puff, you made us scrounge.
And then there was the deal with parking passes.
You never believed that's why we were late to classes.
So that was yet another DT to serve,
which, of course, we didn't deserve.
To some teachers we caused such strife,
that we forced them into the retired life.
Others still are hanging on,
thankful that we'll soon be gone.
I guess with Barnes we were in a rut.
So they brought in a guy whose name was Tutt.
Under his reign, we've been for three years.
He helped us all and calmed our fears.
As freshmen, we put Ms. Rose to the test.
In spite of us, she did her very best.
Then Mr. Hill had us for two more years,
causing him to get a little gray about the ears.
It was past the Rose and over the Hill
to give dear Mr. Klasmeier quite a thrill.
His many late nights and dedications

Balanced his endless jokes and humiliation.
Mr. K. said "To Columbus we'll go!"
However, the way he didn't quite know.
Three and a half hours in a school van;
giggly girls and guys and a very lost man.
We finally got there; much fun we had.
Plans turned out well. See? The luncheon's not bad!
Mr. K., Miss Robinson, and, of course, Stritt,
guaranteed this year would be a big hit.
What's up Stritt? We thought this year was great.
But now you're off to Ohio State.
Dear Miss Robinson — words can't say
all you've done to get us here today.
To the counselors — you helped us find our place.
Now we're off to enter the real rat race.
With Plus Reports and GPA's,
I guess you proved that studying pays.
To Jerry, Ralph, Ed, and the crew,
big thanks for cleaning up all the food we threw.
After that, the pranks weren't bad,
but throwing flour off the balcony is pretty sad.
Homecoming, Kidnap, Dances too,
are special memories to name just a few.
Academics, of course, earn a place,
but in **my** poem, they don't get much space.
The time has come, we're outta here,
but there's one thing that's very clear.
Thanks to you, we made it through.
The Class of '89 says a big THANK YOU!!!!

by Amy Hoffer