

Senior Class Poem

*We, the class of forty-four
Stand before the open door
Which leads us to our destiny.*

*We gaze into a war-dark sky
And see the lightning flashing high,
To devastate humanity.*

*But here in our beloved school
We have wrought a sturdy tool
With which to conquer misery.*

*Of high ideals and friendships strong,
Of work and play and lifting song,
Of consecrated loyalty.*

*And as we pause before the door,
We see beyond those clouds of war,
To a peace that glows triumphantly!*

GRACE LAZELL HULL