



"Stands a school so dear . . ."

Foreword

This is just a short account of what our years at SPHS have meant to us. We couldn't possibly place a memory of every important thing within the confines of this book. We will look at our yearbooks now; we'll sign them with the greatest of care; we'll be proud of our high school career. But we will not really treasure these memories until our class has drifted apart. When all the faces are only memories, then this Culmen will have reached its greatest value. The poem that follows will mean nothing to you now, but read it five or ten or fifteen years from now and think of your old friends in the Class of '48.

"Memory takes me back tonight
To the days of long ago;
To a little village—my old home—
And to those I used to know.
Again I see the old school house,
Our teacher, the girls and boys;
How precious now seem those schooldays
Mingled with sorrows and joys.
These childhood friends of long ago,
Where are they all tonight
They've vanished—like the ships at sea,
So quickly lost to sight.
My eyes grow heavy—a clock strikes twelve—
Memory is now taking flight;
But may it return and bring again
The pleasure it brought me tonight."

(SAMUEL O. BUCKNER)