

POEM

With the close of our last year drawing near,
We think of the past and friends so dear;
We'll remember through the years the joy we knew,
The heartaches, the sorrows, and the worries, too.

We'll remember, too, as the days go by
With a reminiscing smile, perhaps a sigh,
The number of teachers we told "we'll be good"
And then broke our word in the spot that we stood.

We'll think of the gum under our desks,
Of classwork, homework, and endless tests;
And those things of great importance to all,
The clubs, the dances, and basketball.

Some day when we open this book and turn a page,
We'll remember the night we stood on the stage;
We received our diplomas, one by one,
For the homework and classwork at last were done.

As we marched from the stage and through the door,
We knew in our hearts we'd be coming no more;
In our memories, our schooldays remain with us still,
Of Mount Zion, the schoolhouse, the "Light on the Hill".

—ELIZABETH TRAYLOR.

