

CLASS POEM

Many years ago, it seems,
when we were very young,
With heads held up, tho' hearts were faint
and courage was not strong,
We started on our strug'ling way,
as together then we clung.

As each year came along it brought
us things both bright and sad
That taught us how to live and work
in good times and in bad,
As then we traveled on an on,
young lass and each young lad.

Now at the milestone in our lives
we pause a while to think --
What debts we owe our teachers, who,
with patience and with love,
Helped guide us in the best of ways
to reach this nearing brink.

What debts we owe to everyone
who helped us in our fight
To find what really counts in life:
Respect, not love of might;
Friendship, Faith, and Fellowship,
Kindness, love of Right,
Love of Country; Honesty;
these we must not slight.

Now, looking back, we all can see
how little we can do
To show how much we value all
the training we had too.

Today we surely realize
how much we owe to school;
Mount Zion, though we now must leave,
our hearts you'll ever rule.



SALLY HIOTT
Class Poet

Honor Graduates

Louise Baker
Anne Beckham
Patricia Cathcart
Barbara Fagan
Louise Finley
Douglass Geddings
Sybil Gladden
Frances Graham

Charles Turner

Sara Hiott
Barney Hoy
Mary McCright
Kitty Rice McMaster
Robert McMeekin
Ila Marie Satterfield
Louise Strange
Olga Tanner