

CLASS POEM

We may fuss and we may fight,
But our bark is always worse than our bite;
Kidding as usual and mostly for fun,
This class of 25 has now become one.

Remembering the good times along with the bad
The ones that made us happy and the ones that made us sad,
We've grown up together from way back when
And as a family we've come from then.

For always there is a giggle ready
Or tacks sticking up and BB's flying steady,
When a joking retort cuts through the air,
Nothing but joking is ever found there.

In this class was always a friend to rely on,
And in times of trouble, a shoulder to cry on,
Through sport shots and school rots and all of that,
We hung on together — that's a known fact.

So whenever in a crowded room or sitting all alone,
When someone calls your name out loud or gives a giant moan,
We'll think of these precious high school years,
Remembering the laughter as well as the tears.

It's hard to think that it's time to part
With friends that will always be engraved on our heart;
And though we'll miss these times whether in this town or another,
One thing is for sure — Most of all — We will miss each other!

— Sallie Traylor

USHERS (Not Pictured): Andy Ligon, Debbie Plampin,
Chris McMeekin, Helen Matthews.



MARSHALS: Lee Dorrier and
Carolyn Teal

Commencement Sermon May 28, 1978



Seniors gather at Sion Presbyterian Church to hear message by Rev. Sturgis.