## **CLASS POEM**

- The may fuss and we may fight,

  But our bark is always worse than our bite;

  Midding as usual and mostly for fun,

  This class of 25 has now become one.
- 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,
  Femembering the laughter as well as the tears.
- 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!

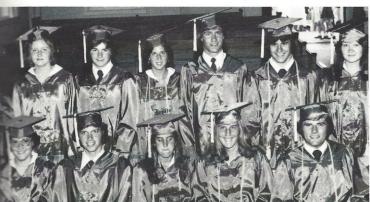
— Sallie Traylor

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.