

CLASS POEM

In the years to come, dear Winnsboro,
We will hold our memories dear;
Of the firm but gentle learning
That we gained here every year.

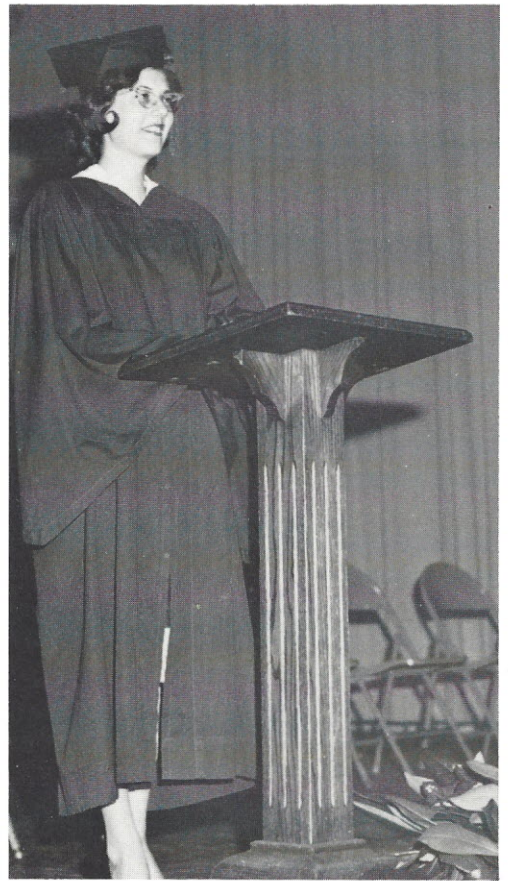
Tonight our thoughts drift backward
To the days when we began,
The long and tedious struggle
That is coming to an end.

And now we say in leaving
A word straight from each heart:
Our thanks to you, our teachers,
For doing well your part.

We thank also our parents,
For love and tender care,
For wisdom and for guidance
None can with them compare.

We look into the future
With hopes and ideals high,
To make our world a better place
With effort we shall try.

The year is drawing to a close;
Our carefree days are through,
And though we go our separate ways,
Our hearts remain with you.



CLASS POET
Cindy Hiott



"How we love the halls of ivy . . .



CLASS PROPHETS
Susie Lyles, Sam Arnette