

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



Left to Right—Shonting, Sec.; Cavanaugh, Pres.; Aucreman, V. Pres.; Kiger, Treas.

Flight into the Future

Like the seeds of a poppy on we fly,
Dispersed by the wind into the sky;
Flying hither and soaring yon,
Finally landing on a clean, green lawn.

There to grow—some great, some mean;
There to be heard, there to be seen;
Like this flower we Seniors are
Soon like the seeds to be scattered afar.

We'll grow in the light of this world, we will find,
Yet always remember the realm left behind.
The old "Alma Mater" we'll never forget,
As the symbol of age—the sun—starts to set.

We may now seem to think there's naught more to know;
But as we grow older, we'll find that's not so;
As the years fly by we can only just guess,
That the older we are, we know so much less.

Richard A. Stampfle