

SENIOR CLASS POEM

C. D. Poole

The high school race for us is won,
The years of study and of fun,
The years of failure, luck, success.
We'll cherish them as we progress.

And now for us the race of life
Will bring much pleasure mixed with strife.
This span to us that's unreveled
Holds many battles on life's field.

Some go to work and some to college;
Others to seek even higher knowledge;
Some to gain by hard experience
Through work and constant diligence.

Soon, "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces,"
All seeking in life their own places.
'Each in his own separate star."
Will show what his ambitions are.

And in the years of fortune, grief and pain
May we live, but let's not live in vain.
'May we make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the dust descend."

In future years we may meet, man to man;
Then we'll know how short is life's brief span.
But may we, when we leave this earthly land,
Have said to us, "They can, who think they can."

CLASS SONG OF '34

Tune: In the Little White Church on the Hill
Roberta Wolf and Eleanor Ellis

High School days are over,
And parting are we;
But we'll never forget our old High
Our memories will linger, we'll never forget
Those good old school days gone by.
Goodby to our class mates
And all other who
Have been so faithful and loyal and true.
In years that are coming
We'll think, with a sigh,
Of our school days in Albemarle High.
