

CLASS POEM

In this world there is a mighty highway
On which we must forward press,
For it leads and it ever beckons
To the Temple of Success.

We are just beginning life's journey,
We've made ready and planned the way,
The future with duties awaits us,
We do but our best each day.

The way may be long and weary—
Far away from friends who are dear—
But like soldiers advancing with courage,
We march straight ahead without fear.

Sometimes we have troubles and trials,
We know not which way the path leads,
But always we turn to our motto—
Our lesson is "Strive to Succeed."

—ZELINA BRIGHAM

