

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

Graduation Day – ah, it’s really here at last!
And yet, we thought the days would never pass.
Graduation was to us a distant, shining goal
When we would wear the gown and take the honored scroll.
But now it’s here we feel a pang—
Not of sadness, or regret, but something we can’t explain,
There’s a certain solemnity about this very air.
A missed up sort of feeling, that all of us do share.

This is not a day of sadness, but one of looking back
To all the pleasant memories with our dear red and black
Let’s take our memory book, from off the dusty shelf
And lift the cover gently, and take a look at our self.
For in this book of ours, we’ve kept many, many things
Their value known to us alone, and the pleasure that they bring.
First of course, are bygone days, back when we were a child
We’ve looked at these so many times and at them often smiled.
Now the pages grow more vivid, for they’re not so long ago
And as we look at them, we turn the pages slow.
Now here’s a marker—“High School Days”
We turn the page, without delay.

To be a Wellstonite and to sing our Wellston song
Gave us pride of that dear school, to which we did belong.
Yes, we sighed for school vacation, and thought they’d never come,
But when the summer ended, with all its charm and fun,
We gladly returned again to the school we couldn’t hate
And to greet old friends again, why, we would hardly wait.

After studies, we completed, there were sports to test our skill
To don a football jersey has given many of us a thrill
To go skimming down the field with that pigskin underarm
Co-workers, blocking every tackle, were there to set the charm
We spent much time at volleyball
Worth while time, if you recall,
It was how we played the game and not the winning score
And to earn a Wellston letter, what could please us more?

A game that stands out vividly, and I’m sure you all remember
The one we played Thanksgiving day, two years ago November,
We arrived there bright and early, so we could get a seat
But when the game had started, we were more often on our feet,
The Trojans took the Vikings, for a score of 13-0

For eighteen years they'd beaten us, but that day we weren't bluffing.

The spelling team that broadcast from station KSD
Received a thrill they'll not forget, and to hear them, so did we.
Those little planes we made for our country's goodly cause
Were so much fun to make, with all the tools and planes and saws.

For our mothers and our teachers, the art class, had a tea
We had an exhibition, so all our work they'd see
They looked at all the pictures carefully, but said they didn't know
Why we would paint a desert land, and leave the mountains go.

Remember Aeronautics class and what we learned on aviation?
We learned to make a wind rose with drift and deviation
We learned to plot the sir routes, by landmarks on the map
But what we liked the most was the code that went dit-di-dat
Then the time we went to Jefferson College to see the modern plastics
We saw the huge dissected planes and learned something of army tactics.

We so enjoyed the parties, for they were lots of fun
We knew each other better, and many friendships won.
With excitement we awaited the picnic every spring
That day we did it all, the swings and everything.
In Fact, we did so much, it sometimes made us lick
But put that upon an absence slip, and see if it will stick.

We all enjoyed the drama given through the years
We saw our friends in diverse roles, sometimes in smiles, sometimes tears,
We were astonished by their acting, as they strutted on the stage
And we marveled at the villain as he flew into a rage
To be one in these productions and to give it all your heart
An actor or a stage hand, it made no difference, we were a part.

You Remember Tony White Cloud, with his dancing Indian braves
The mystic liquid air man, and how this air behaves
How ice can fry an egg, and mercury can drive a nail
It was no less enchanting, than a charming fairy tale.
The musician was amusing as he mimicked bygone masters
He took his job, so seriously, he might have been a pastor,
There were many others and sessions, as you remember too,
Only one thing was wrong with them, they always were too few.

When we became a member of that National Honor group
No heart could quite contain the excitement of our troop
To be chosen by our teachers, to whom we credit much

Is a very worthy honor and should be always treated such.
Wear that Quill and Scroll pin proudly where it is always seen
International Honorary Society for High School Journalists,
Are what the letters mean—
And it reminds us of the FLASHLIGHT, of which we had a part
As a reporter of the facts—we gave it all our heart
It was a thrill to track down news, to cut the stencils true
To make the dummies up and type the pages too.

It was a thrilling day when the maids were read aloud
And to see this huge occasion there certainly was a crowd
Excitement kept increasing, and there uttered not a sound
As the climatic moment came, and then our queen was crowned.
The zombies that walked the hall, looked very queer it's true
But we really didn't mind—Weren't we Peppers through and through.

We are proud of our Student Government, as we have a right to be
We abide and serve it gladly, for this is our democracy.
And to be elected Student President, is all one can attain
As to trust and faith of fellow students, all their confidence
And friendship gain.

Of the many pleasant memories, we've kept within our book
I've related just a few—they're as endless as a brook
There are many empty pages, we'll go on filling just the same,
But these memories we'll not forget, even unto fame.
We'll miss our Alma Mater and all the things it meant
Our many patient teachers, whose valued time we spent.
We'll remember all these things and hope we're remembered too.
Our Stay at Wellston was a happy one, and now we'll say ado.

Allene Thompson
Poet Laureate, Class of '45