

## Valedictory

Figure it out for yourself my lad,  
You have all that the best of men have had,  
Two arms, two hands, two legs, two eyes,  
And a brain to use if you would be wise.  
With this equipment they all began,  
So start from the top and say "I can."

You can triumph and come to skill,  
You can be great if only you will,  
You're well equipped for what fight you choose,  
You have legs and arms and a brain to use,  
And the man who has risen, great deeds to do  
Began his life with no more than you.

This is a very simple poem. It is straight forward and to the point. There is a great abundance of truth and reality contained within. We as the graduating class have spent some twelve or more years at school. We have had some very good times, some very memorable occasions and some not so pleasant happenings. Looking back over the last four memorable years at high school, I have come to the conclusion that our education did not begin, nor does not end in the classroom. We had sports days, inter-room basketball and extra curricular activities such as serving on the Students' Council, War Services committee and Collegiate paper. All these duties and pleasures added to our ability and knowledge. It increased our equipment as mentioned in the poem.

We have all been learning how to approach life with our two arms of Mathematics, two hands of Science, our two legs of sports, two eyes of History and the mind of literature. The companionship of teacher and student will serve us well, when we assume our places in society as men and women, leaders and as citizens of a better world: better because of the clear thinking and precision of its adults, the youth of yesterday.

Now all this seems very well and it pleases us to hear sayings so favorable to us but let me read the last verse of the poem with which I began.

You are the handicap you must face,  
You are the one who must choose your place,  
You must say where you want to go.  
How much you will study the truth to know,  
God has equipped you for life, But He  
Lets you decide what you want to be.

I like this poem. It is so true to life. Here we are a graduating class. We are to leave a life that has been planned for us and we strike out into life completely on our own. It is up to us – to decide what we want to be and it is also up to us to study so that we may realize our ambitions. We are the handicaps, we and our petty little selfish desires can ruin the whole wonderful set up of lasting peace and happiness.

We ought to have developed enough self-control and initiative within us after twelve years of fellowship and working together; so that we can achieve our purposes otherwise these years would be wasted.

Then again graduating from Collegiate and later from University as a professional man or woman we must always retain our clear thinking and precision so as to enable us to be rightful citizens in a community and country that will be progressive and peace-loving. We must never be so narrow as to believe that there will never be differences in this world, but we must be able to settle such differences without having to murder by the thousands in a bitter ungainly war.

In my opinion such a civilization can only be made by men who are courageous thinkers, who are broad minded and practice a truly Christian ethic.

Such men are not numbered among the bigots of prejudice.  
Such men are not found among reactionary elements.

Robert Service wrote a poem published in 1907, it has a lot of common sense; Doctor Barker used it as a last thought in his lecture to us, through the kindness of the Rotary Club. The poem is called “The Reckoning.” It consists of only three verses. I would like to read the last two verses to you.

It's great to go out every night on fun or pleasure bent;  
To wear your glad rags always and to never save a cent;  
To drift along regardless, have a good time every trip;  
To hit the high spots sometimes and t let your chances slip;  
To know your acting foolish, yet to go on foolish still,  
Till nature calls a show-down, and you PAY THE BILL.

Time has got a little bill -- get wise while yet you may,  
For the debit side's increasing in a most alarming way;  
The things you had no right to do, the things you should have done,  
They're all put down; it's up to you to pay for every one.  
So eat, drink and be merry, have a good time if you will,  
But God help you when the time comes, and you  
Foot the bill.

If Kay, Lois, Leonna and Ida their homework do  
Most of the class can get theirs done too,

If Mr Mullen believes himself, those views expressed aloud,  
Tennant, Hogman and Leydon say, humph he's not proud.

If the teachers can wait (for work) and not be tired by waiting,  
Or even when our competitors gain the prize  
Thus when we loose we don't give way to hating  
And yet don't look the hypocrite don't talk in lies.  
If Frank could dream and not make dreams his master  
If Prof could think and not make thoughts his aim  
If we as men could meet triumph and disaster  
And treat those imposters just the same  
If Iris, Doris and Nora could realize their ambitions  
Through hardship to test their endurance  
Or Irene, Don, and Betty Mick each to their professions  
Go with them solitary aim perseverance  
When the boys can make one heap of all their earnings  
And gamble it on crap or pitch-and-toss,  
And Nora, Lois and Doreen wish for their be  
Each after careful elimination says "Give us Billy D!"  
If Helen can sing with heart and soul  
To thrill the crowds even when she's gone  
And Malcom make the girls swoon en' whole

Then when some have failed others of us have shone.

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