



Uniformed Organizations at KHS

Foreword

How the ghosts of the Past
 Seem to rise to your view
 When the Old Sandstorm
 Is brought out for you!
 And its Silver, faded, covers
 You eagerly grasp
 And fumble once more
 at the old worn clasp.

There's a musty perfume
 To each yellowing page.
 With visions again
 Of a Long-Ago age.
 And fond recollection
 Come showering down
 A memory sweet of
 The oil field town.

How strange seem the faces
 Which peep at you there;
 How quaint are the styles
 Which you note everywhere.
 How odd are the garments
 Of young and of old,
 Which rise from the Past
 With its dust and its mold!
 The old-fashioned bonnets
 May cause you to smile,
 And the primitive gown,
 May appear out of style;
 But dear are the pictures
 Of Kermit's long age,
 Which the yellowing leaves
 Of the old Sandstorm show.

The face of a friend gazes
 Up into yours,
 And dim, misty thoughts
 To your memory lures.
 You see him again
 As he was when a boy,
 Enveloped again in this
 Child world of joy.
 And eyes of rare beauty
 Seem bending above
 The old-fashioned print
 Of the girls you once loved,
 Whose locks showed no trace
 Of the tinge of gray,
 Which frame all the charms
 Of her sweet face today.

But tears to your smiles
 Have again taken place,
 When the yellowed page
 Showed you a fair girlish face;
 And you are reminded
 Of one bitter day,
 When "Thy will be done, Lord,"
 Was all you could say.
 You feel the soft pressure
 Of slim, gentle hands;
 Which beckon to you
 From far-away lands,
 And out of the past,
 Falling sweetly and clear,
 Comes silvery laughter
 Again to your ear!
 And softly you close it,
 With eyelids ablur;
 The old silver and gold
 With its pictures of old.

