



CLASS
OF
1975

ALL NIGHT PARTY

BELLAIRE HIGH SCHOOL

DATE June 3, 1975
WHEN Following Graduation
PLACE High School Cafeteria
TIME 11:00 - 3:00
GROUP Coconut

OUR TIME TOGETHER
- by Marlene McNeill

Throughout our school days,
We remained apart
Only bound together now by our closeness
and searching for the future.

'The world is ours," we're told -
"Go find it!"
Our teachers have done all they can
Most are glad we're through!

Striving for harmony,
With places to see and things to do,
All we face is ours to behold.
The time draws nigh.

Changes were wrought within our lives,
No longer children
We look for new life eagerly,
Winds whisper sweet promises of success.

We'll look back someday,
Memories are kept fresh and clear
Each followed a separate path
Centered towards a new horizon.

CLASS OFFICERS

President - Virginia Monroe

Vice President - Dana Greenwood

Secretary - Betsy Giffin

Treasurer - Marlene McNeill

MOTTO:

TIME MAY CHANGE ME

Prayer

CLASS COLORS:

DARK BLUE AND WHITE

CLASS FLOWER:

DAISY

MEMBERSHIP - 211

WOMEN - 109

MEN - 102

Today, O Lord --

let me put right before interest:
let me put others before self;
let me put the things of the spirit
before things of the body:
let me put the attainment of noble
ends above the enjoyment of
present pleasures:
let me put principle above reputation:
let me put Thee before all else.

Amen.

CLASS SONG

CHANGES

I still don't know what I'm waiting for,
And my time is running wild.
A million deadend streets -
Every time I thought I'd got it made
It seemed the taste was not so sweet;
So I turned myself to face me,
But I never caught a glimpse of how
others see the faker.
I'm much too fast to take the test --
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes; ch-ch-changes;
Don't want to be a richer man;
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes; ch-ch-changes;
Don't want to be a better man,
Time may change me but I can't trace time.
But never leave the stream of warm im-
permanance;
So days flow through my eyes;
But the days still seem the same,

And these children, that you spit on
As they try to change their worlds
Are immune to your consolation.
They're quite aware of what they're
going through,
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes; ch-ch-changes;
Don't tell them to grow up and out of it;
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes; where's your shame?
You've left us up to our necks in it!
You've left us up to our necks in it,
But I can't trace time;
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes; ch-ch-changes,
Look out you rock and rollers.
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes; ch-ch-changes;
Pretty soon you're gonna get a little
older;
Time may change me, but I can't trace
time.