

## THE UPWARD TRAIL

Upward, upward leads our trail,  
Forever leading upward.  
From bad to good,  
From good to better, and so on till eternity  
Our trail is ever winding.

In nineteen hundred and forty-three  
We started things in a dismal way;  
Rooms were bare, with rickety chairs  
And naught to cheer or comfort.

Ah, how clearly I remember:  
'Twas on our walks to school  
That we faced the icy north winds,  
Plodded through the mud, the rains, the fluttering snow.

With spring there came new hope, new courage and new effort  
And we cheerfully got to studies,  
And somehow things grew better;  
Our efforts were rewarded and our hopes burned ever brightly.

With trying times as well as good,  
The year so fleetingly passed,  
But left in its wake a realization  
That our path has been and always will be  
An Upward Trail;

(This poem on the annual theme by Janet Matsuda, 10-B, was selected winner in the contest sponsored by the Victoria.)

Matsuda, J. (1944). *The upward trail*. Special Collections, University of Arkansas Libraries.  
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