

Spring - Operetta "Sunbonnet Girl"

April - Sophomore girls served at Junior-Senior Banquet.

May - Commencement.

It was with us then even as Longfellow writes.

"O summer day so wonderful and white,

To some the gravestone of a dead delight,

To some the landmark of a new domain."

Some of us were regretting the "dead delight" of our verdant days, while others looked ahead, longing for "new domain" where the juniors ruled so royally. But our buds had become blossoms, and the color of our dominant characteristics had changed with the unfolding of the larger bloom.

Junior Year

But verily, in school life, even as in nature, "Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither," and the autumn of our days came as soon as we were ready. Very brilliant was our foliage that year, very rich our fruitage, as the little buds of the freshman year, grown into the flowers of Sophomore development, became the richer, more necessary and more satisfying fruit of autumn. It was indeed the harvest of all our early planting - the reaping of the results of all our dreams and hopes and efforts. The glow of our radiant knowledge flushed the whole year with the mellowness of unmet splendor. And it brought with it the glad Thanksgiving of November - thankful we knew so much, thankful we were no longer freshmen or sophomores, thankful that we would so soon be seniors, and that we had been able to achieve so much.

September, 1932 - Flightiness.

Fall - First french lesson ("Tres bien, merci")

April - Junior-Senior Banquet

Spring - Operetta - "Count and Coed."

May - Commencement

But it was not all glory and wonder and splendor. There were tests, cultivations and the fall planting, and with all our wisdom there was often much to be desired. We no longer blushed red at some unexpected question. We had passed through the stage of both verdancy and crimson confession and a new color spoke the tale of our advancement:

"Juniors oft in doubtful wonder,

Puzzling where they ought to know,

Scowled like clouds of blackest thunder,

Felt as blue as indigo!"

Senior Year

But even this stage passed on into eternity; the fruit was all gathered and stored away within our memories, and with the snows of all the past in hoary wisdom upon our heads, we welcome the approach of winter. Rugged in our young manhood and womanhood, clad in spotless snow and frost protecting the yet immature germs of developing life from the blighting atmosphere, we stand at the end of our course.

September, 1933 - Dignity - Beginning of an eight month's term.

January, 1934 - No exams!

Spring - Class meetings (75 or 100)