

SENIOR COLLEGE HISTORY (Continued)

The fine spirit of cooperation which can be shown by our class was shown on every occasion when we endeavored to make money for the climax of our Junior year --- the Junior-Senior Banquet. We sponsored two suppers and tea rooms during the year and gave a Junior Minstrel for this purpose. Although these required hard work, we all had fun working together, and the happiness and enjoyment of the Seniors at the Banquet more than repaid us for our efforts.

The time came when we were Seniors, but along with it the responsibility left by the fine class that had preceded us. They were missed, of course, but with the careful piloting of our ever-patient sponsor, we were able to forget to a great extent our unworthiness and felt more self-assured and confident. Our number had now decreased to about half its original size. The fifty who returned were heartily welcomed by each other.

During our Senior year we gave a farewell party to Verita Barnett and Margaret Tipton, who were leaving at the end of the first semester. The theme was a "Bon Voyage Trip". Gifts and booklets were presented to the honorees as farewell tokens.

On April 25 the Juniors entertained us at the annual Banquet at Assembly Inn. The theme of the Banquet--a pirate ship--was cleverly carried out in the mustaches and chests of gold as favors, the programs encased in pirate hats, and the toasts from various members of the crew.

The good times we have had together are many, and they, along with the lessons we have had to learn and responsibilities placed upon us, have furnished the high spots of our happy stay in Mon-

SENIOR COLLEGE PROPHECY

"Hey, Niblock, Pill, Magann, everybody gather round. I've had another dream," yelled Woodson as she tumbled out of bed, hair standing on end.

"Woodson, we know your dreams are just made up as you tell them," laughed Niblock.

"No, seriously, this one was good and real. It includes everybody in the Senior Class and deserves your attention. Now, just park and listen; we'll begin with you:

"I saw a huge stage filled with actors and actresses of prominence. You were sitting on a little seat drawn up into the wings directing them. Every now and then your voice would give out, and then the directions would be shouted by a fish-peddler whom you had felt sorry for and taken on as proxy for such occasions. You were very wealthy and somewhat eccentric, for you always kept a cook who prepared a special dish you ate out of a tin can. It was rumored that you called it 'Montreat Special' and that it was composed of a mixture of spaghetti, hamburger, and peppers. You, however, had consistently refused to divulge the secret formula.

"Then, it seemed that I saw Lib Welton behind a beautiful mahogany desk, turning out business by the load when her subordinates were around; but when,
(Continued on page 3)

treating. It is indeed with sadness that we face the near future when the time comes for us to part. Our one consolation is that all of us may look back on our two years and recall many clear memories of friends, events, and happy days that will remain in our hearts always. --J. Hutton