

THE DIALECTIC

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THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1941 HIGH SCHOOL

Crash! The thunder rumbles. The sky is dark and overcast. The rain comes down in sheets, and the clouds bunch up like pillows. In his cave on Gray Beard Mountain, Old Pete, the hermit, sits stroking his long white beard with a trembling hand. As he gazes into his ball, it clears. Slowly appears the likeness of a bright sunny day back in September of the year nineteen hundred thirty-seven. What is this small group of shining faces that he sees before him? Ah! Pete smiles, for he knows. That was the day when the present senior high school class entered Montreat as green Freshmen.

Ah yes, he remembers well that year. That was the year when under the guidance of Miss Woodhouse, sponsor, and Katie Wagner, president, the Freshmen "whooped it up" with a weiner roast. The class was very small, to be exact, only four now survive. The crystal clouds, and then again it is clear. The year of nineteen hundred thirty-eight flashes into the ball, and Pete laughs as he remembers that now the small class of the year before has increased, although some members dropped out. This year the class did their "whooping up" at a supper-hike at camp Montreat led by Miss McElroy, sponsor, and Thelma Corpening, president. This year was colored by the memorable event of Hazel Harris cutting her hair. Again the crystal clouds and again it is clear. This time the scene is that of the Junior plays, MY COUSIN FROM SWEDEN, and THANKS. AWFULLY, directed by Miss Brown, the Junior sponsor and

THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1941 COLLEGE

Oh, my! These past two years have simply flown by. It seems only yesterday that we walked these grounds, bewildered and awed at the sight of those impressive seniors. It didn't take us long to get acquainted with everyone though, did it? Our big sisters helped a lot. Remember the two receptions for the students and faculty in September, '39. Those were a big help.

Who will ever forget those sore shins we got down at the soccer field that first October. Live and learn! Didn't we have fun at College Night in the Home Ec. Room! That was about the first affair that we, as Juniors, gave. Then came that mountain-climbing, truck-riding, song-singing good time we had going to Mt. Mitchell. Later in the month came the Latin Banquet and the wonderful time we had at the Halloween Party given by the "M" Club. One of the most enjoyable memories of this year was the recital given by Mrs. Crosby Adams.

Talk about a flu epidemic what was an epidemic, well, we had one. Snow fell just about this time in November, and some of us saw our first snow looking out of the infirmary windows! That's why we had our Thanksgiving banquet in the Alpha dining room, instead of the Inn. The food was delicious, and so was the treat the faculty gave us in Gaither Hall afterwards--the opening night of "Epamanondis" and "Cinderella."

Then came the drought, and there went

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