

1941 COLLEGE CLASS HISTORY

(Starts on page 1)

our Talent Week. We had no water for shampoos, washing clothes, or mopping floors, so we put our energy on that colorful operetta of Spain--"False Fernando." This brilliant work showed off the great amount of talent we have in our illustrious class.

On the first of December the Student Government gave teas in each of the three dormitories. About this time everybody started counting the days till vacation. Which one of us can ever forget the thrill and speculation of Peanut Week! It was climaxed by the Christmas Party in Anderson Auditorium the night before we went home. You need not be reminded what Christmas vacation means to freshmen away from home for their first year in college.

Not at all reluctant to come back, we returned to a fairyland in dazzling white snow. Remember sliding over frozen Lake Susan on tubs, chairs, and brooms? Exams were not long in coming, and the long faces of the seniors made us shake with terror in anticipation, but we survived and are still surviving, I hope. We really had a treat in hearing the beautiful harpist, Miss Lois Bannerman.

Along with the month of February came apples. Apples here, apples there, apples everywhere--breakfast, lunch, dinner. Shall we ever forget? This month was also the birthday of our poetically-inclined student's club, the Pierian Club. The Valentine Party with its Cupid darts flying around the gym and the crowning of our King and Queen of Hearts, is a memorable affair. Oh, yes, how can we not remember when four busses of us journeyed to see "Gone With the Wind"? We also enjoyed more than the music when we had the Davidson Concert. The Sun Dial Staff took care of the entertainment end.

Do you recall the Saturday night we all

went down to Anderson Auditorium to see and hear the "Gypsy Troubadour"? Then arrived those eventful days of elections in March, and happy we were with our new officers, and sorry we were to lose the old ones. When Easter came, there were only about one hundred of us left with the best food and fun. We had the most wonderful plans for Easter Sunrise Services but had to trudge through snow to get even to Gaither.

It was no April Fool joke even if Misses Henderlite and Burton seemed to think it was. Anderson Auditorium was a pitiful sight that morning after the fire, and so were we. Our hats off to Dr. Anderson for his wonderful work of restoration.

Thus arrived the social season. The County fair and the Little Brown Jug were certainly huge successes. Wasn't our Japanese Junior-Senior beautiful? Everyone with her big sister, walking the path across the lake to the Inn, seemed to feel as if she wanted to slow down the quickly passing year.

Our first May Day was a sight so impressive that it will always stand out in our memory souvenirs. It seems as if nature blossomed out to form a gorgeous background for our lovely May Court. Of course you remember "Jollo" and "Smitty" in the Senior Play, "Anne of Green Gables." Baccalaureate and Commencement at first meant only white dresses and careful marching, but they struck a deep chord in all hearts, if the thoughtful and sorrowful faces around us wore any sign.

Thus began the flood of tears that did not cease to flow until at least three or four busses had pulled out. Anxious to get home? Yes. Anxious to leave Montreat? No!

Fall 1940 brought us back to school with a flourish, for no longer were we bewildered, green little Freshmen but dignified Seniors who definitely realized their position and responsibility.

(Turn to page 3)