

Looking Ahead

There is nothing in all of your world, my friend, to compare with the soft luxury I find here on this cloud. You have often looked up here in my direction and your wishful thinking has told me how many times you too would have snuggled down in the crevice of a cloud, and leaned your head against a mound of feathery softness.

Ah, yes, if you were only here, you would be able to see the future of the world as I see it. There are a group of characters in whom, I believe, you will be most interested. They belong to that famous class of Seniors that graduated from Montreat College way back in year 1948.

Now to begin with—but wait, let me prop my feet on this nearby star. They get so tired hanging in space.

There was one girl, Jane Bachman—perhaps you remember her—Well, after establishing a school in Gastonia, Jane went to New York where she received her Dr.'s degree. Miss Bachman, tho' coming along in years, still travels by foot. She says it's a habit she picked up at one time in her early college days.

That little bundle of energy, Jean Morton, married a very wealthy man. They say he loves to hear Jean laugh, so he feeds her fried chicken three times a day—great life, Jean!

Inez Johnson is having loads of fun in her kindergarten. The children get a little out of hand sometimes. The other day they glued the rug to the bottom of Inez's fur coat for that "new look." Inez? Mad? Oh no, she just smiled and said, "Aren't they the cutest things!"

Nursing has improved since Dot Rader entered the profession, but it seems she had a hard time getting started. One of the patients bit the thermometer in half and Dot filled it up with iodine, patched it up with scotch tape, and used it on five other patients.

A big newspaper office recently reported one of its staff missing. All they could find were a few red hairs caught in the press—Seems as if Mabel Lee slipped up on her proof reading and then decided to do it at the last minute.

Jo Anne Heizer has just completed a tour of the world. She is still searching for her "perfect" man. As Jo Anne stepped off the

boat, I noticed a glossy stare in her eyes as she muttered, "There must be one somewhere, tall, dark, doesn't drink, smoke, chew, cusses loves me, only me—"

I saw Frankie Hall the other night. She is housewife, mother, and English teacher. She was working on a lesson plan with her right hand, stirring soup with her left, and bouncing a baby on each knee—busy little bee, isn't she?

Gloria Diaz has a fine little dress shop in Cuba. Her best sale, she says, is a little trick she calls Jenetias—Jenes with Spanish lace around the bottom.

Helen Loyd seemed to be under quite a strain after her last year in Montreat. The last time I saw her she had installed six tubs in her small apartment and leaps from one to the other shouting: "Hot water—a bath—hot water."

Gladys Goodman has recently published a new book, based on her new theory that the Church with a really efficient Director of Rel. Education no longer needs a preacher or a session. Her book seems to be getting a great deal of publicity.

Hodges struck oil out west somewhere and is really in the dough now. She buys ten packs of chewing gum every day, and—yes, she does too—she chews them all at the same time.

Did you know Helen Cassell married a banker? They say she understands his work real well. They had twins and named them Dollor and Cent.

Joan Rodrian? It's a shame what happened to that girl—seems as if she jumped a coal car during the last coal strike and landed on the end of John L. Lewis' pitch-fork.

Oh me, but I'm tired. I've exhorted so much effort telling you all this. Guess I'll blow the dust from my memory and settle down for a sleep, but before I do let me say one more thing: "Seniors of the class of '48, I love you, love you, love you."

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Let's turn back the pages of time to the fall of 1944. Here we are at Montreat—110 College freshmen full of pep and ready to work. As our class leaders we chose Mary J. Jackson, president; Mary McIntyre, vice-president; Gladys Goodman, secretary; and Mary Ellen Lucas, treasurer. Miss Gardner was unanimously chosen as class sponsor.

The first few weeks were a jumble of unpacking, getting our schedules fixed, and just a little homesickness; but with work, sports, and parties, we soon felt like real Montreat girls.

After Christmas, came "Talent Week" and "F. F. M. F. E." (in other words "The Freshman Follies") which was a rip-roaring success. The first thing we knew, it was time to decorate for the Junior-Senior banquet, and before long we were saying "Goodbye until next fall."

Our Sophomore year, there were only 66 of us. Helen Loyd joined the class that year. (She attended La Grange College her Freshman year.) Miss Gardner was again unanimously elected sponsor; Clara Koontz, president; Helen Loyd, vice-president; Evelyn Rae Kelley, secretary; and Jane Bachman, treasurer.

We enjoyed many parties during the year, but especially the Junior-Senior banquet with us as the seniors. As our senior play, we gave "Pride and Prejudice." Beverly Creasman reigned as May Queen and Ida Owens was our class representative.

Our class will be remembered for years to come as the last class to graduate from Montreat Junior College.

When we returned to Montreat as juniors, there were 25 in the class. Mabel Lee Wells was welcomed as a new member of the class. (She graduated in '45 and worked for a year.) Mary Jo Jackson was elected class president; Frances Dysart, vice presi-

dent, Juanita Connell, secretary; and Katherine Melton, treasurer. Miss Gardner was again chosen as our class sponsor.

The year was filled with entertainments and get-togethers, and our favorite refreshment was luscious chocolate nut sundaes.

Later came "Talent Week," and it was also our privilege to give the banquet for the seniors, the first graduating class of Montreat Senior College. That year Jo Anne Heizer was our representative to the May Court.

Our Senior year we started out with 16 members, each filled with that "Montreat spirit, pep, and go." For our leaders we elected Helen Loyd, president; Jean Morton, vice-president; Gloria Diaz, secretary and treasurer; and Miss Gardner, sponsor.

Several changes took place during the year. When Miss Gardner left Miss Sandefer was chosen as sponsor. Two members of the class dropped out—Mildred Gilreath and Katherine Melton.

The year was highlighted by several class parties, a delightful picnic with our class as the Sophomores' guests, and a swell banquet given by the Juniors.

Our Senior play was "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," with Juanita Connell and Jo Anne Heizer in the leading roles.

Gloria Diaz was elected May Queen and Mabel Lee Wells, our representative to the May Court.

That long-awaited day finally came and we walked across the platform and received our diplomas.

As we leave Montreat, our hearts are filled both with thanksgiving for the many opportunities we have had and with sadness because we must say goodbye; but slowly we turn our faces toward the future with visions of service that we have gained at Montreat. "Though the coming years scatter us far," we will always be united by our deep love for Montreat.

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