

Drip Water, California  
June 7, 1959.

My dearest Lou:

I suppose that after ten years the scrapbook you are keeping for the seniors is filled with many exciting happenings in the lives of the 49'ers. To bring the record up to date here are some juicy bits that I have collected.

It is, however, a difficult task to get my thoughts together with the radio going full blast. GINNY WOOD, as you know, has replaced Judy Canova and, at the present, is booming away on an old time favorite, "I let my heart fall into careless hands."

PAT COX has just opened a studio in New York City where she uses her poise, graciousness, and charm in instructing the ballet; however, the Olive Oyl is still her most popular dance.

I was astonished to read in the Raphine News that MISS ELIZABETH MILLER is visiting the Public Schools of Virginia giving lectures on Love, Courtship and Marriage. As we all prophesied, Lib turned out an old maid!!!!!!!

I have an advertisement that I am enclosing from the PROGRESSIVE FARMER of the McMULLEN Success Course, guaranteed to make you more charming, gracious, and beautiful or your money refunded. Edie is a real example of the success of the course.

SYLVIA, the intellectual member of the class, is now Dean of Women at an English Institute in Havana. This is thought to be the only school in which the students rule the teachers with a hand of iron.

CAREY LEE has proved that beauty and brains do mix. She has been voted "Queen of Hearts" for the state of North Carolina. Due to the radiant beauty and blushes of the Queen, the films of these pictures turned into technicolor.

It was a happy day for Montreat College when ETHEL LEE BRITT accepted the position as librarian. Montreat is proud of this new addition, for she now possesses the only library with a walking encyclopedia.

MILDRED JONES went to Atlanta where she runs a kindergarten of twenty-five children. Requirements for entry are at least one handsome elder brother. Miss "Hones" gives special courses in penmanship.

BETTY WHITTLE has gone far in the field of Home Economics. She is the best cook in Orangeburg County where her little Hamburger stand is most popular. It was always suspected that Betty would reach her goal!

VICTORIA, a blushing bride, just wrote me that she was recently in Montreat on her honeymoon. She and the lucky groom enjoyed very much their moonlight cruises on Lake Susan.

By the way, Lou, she told me that as she passed by Miss Hoyt's office one day she went in to speak to her and was surprised to find you in her place. She said you were doing an excellent job, and that you had complete control over your classes as you stood before them with a history book in one hand and a six-shooter in the other. You certainly deserve your nickname "Two-Gun Louie!"

Miss Hoyt is doing very well for herself since leaving Montreat. I suppose everyone knows by now that she was called to Hollywood to give a few dramatic lessons to some of the stars who had much to learn from her — Clark Gable, Lana Turner and Ingrid Bergman.

PAULINA is really going places these days. She is kept pretty busy traveling over North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Polly let her love for offices take over. She repairs every piece of office equipment in these three states! I don't believe there is an adding machine or a typewriter which does not know the healing and loving touch of her hand.

Well, enough for now of the 49'ers. Think I've touched upon happenings in the lives of each. As for myself, I am now married to LeRoy. We are the proud parents of triplets (LeRoy, Jr., Corduroy, and Killroy.)

Lou, I am looking forward to the class reunion next year, and can hardly wait to see everyone.

My love to you for now, always,

Anne.

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

By Maggie Washburn

I took a walk the other day  
Along a quiet country way.  
I hoped to find some peace of  
mind—

But that, alas, was not designed!  
Just as I started down the road  
I thought I spied a hopping toad,  
But upon a close examination

I found but EDIE in elation.  
I greeted her, and turned way  
To seek once more the quiet day  
When I noticed an elf behind a

thistle—  
'Twas VICKIE piping on a  
whistle.

This funny sight caused me to  
giggle,  
And then among the leaves, a  
wiggle

Made me look closer at the ground  
Where I saw LOU VAUGHT  
just playing around.

As it was morn, and my spirits  
were light,  
I wondered what next would  
greet my sight;

I looked up into a new-green tree  
And perched on a branch was  
CAREY LEE.

I shook my head, and made a vow  
Never to question what seniors  
do now,

When around a curve in the path  
I met  
LIB, with a yellow bird for a  
pet,

Sitting astride a log with ANNE,  
Telling stories of real life, and  
man.

What new marvel will be next?  
Is it midsummer, or is the wood  
hexed?

I wondered more when I saw  
PAULINA  
Typing away on a concertina.

No! Oh, no! There can't be more,  
But I knew not what was next  
in store,

For up on a hill overlooking the  
view  
Stood the well-known figure of  
ETHEL BLUE,

Grasping a shuffleboard cue in  
each hand,  
Declaiming on the lay of the  
land.

At her feet, with her legs propped  
on some stones  
Lay the inert figure of MILD-  
RED JONES.

Below this pair, 'neath an oak tree  
stood  
That imposing creature - GIN-  
NY WOOD.

She has a hangar clutched tight

## Liberal Seniors Leave Parting Gifts

We, the Senior Class of Montreat College of 1949, being of sane mind and sound body (we hope), do hereby leave, will, and bequeath the following:

To the Junior class, we leave the fun and hard work of being Seniors;

To the Sophomore class, we give our appreciation for being our sister class;

To the Freshman class, we leave our talent—what little bit there is of it;

Edie McMullen leaves her size—especially her height and weight to Pat Harley;

Polly Hagan leaves the notes she gets from Miss Daniel about cleaning up the room to Alyene Draper;

Betty Whittle leaves her work scholarship with Miss Miles to Margaret Gonano;

Lou Vaught gladly gives her ability to imitate to Katie Grose-close;

Anne McClintock bequeaths her beauty as May Queen to whom-ever is chosen for next year;

Carey Lee gladly leaves her many duties as president of the Student Body to Evan Wrenn;

Edie and "Hones" leave their love for Spanish to Mary Ruth Denman;

Pat Cox leaves her place in the Home Ec. practice house to Emily Cashwell and Helen Verser;

Vicky Samburg and Lib Miller leave the room they have shared for four years to Betty Attwood and Frances Brown;

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in one fist.

And was singing a song to the morning mist!

Oh, well, I thought, now that is that;

But I was wrong, for I next saw Pat

Puffing at a disconsolate fire

While SYLVIA threw logs to make it burn higher.

BETTY WHITTLE cracked eggs in a masterly way,

And MISS HOYT made coffee—the senior way.

Well, of all things, I should have known,

For after all, I'm almost grown, That I'm not crazy—or they, if you like—

The seniors were just on a breakfast hike!