

CLASS HISTORY

The coming of the class of '52 brought sunshine to Montreat. We had heard about the rains that always come at the beginning of school, and came prepared, only to find weeks of beautiful weather. And so, we established our first precedent. We have been establishing them ever since.

A few weeks after our arrival, when we'd passed the handbook test and could call each other by name (or "myrt") — when the words Cabinet, Board, Council, and Staff had taken on the correct connotation—and when we were thoroughly saturated with the "Montreat Spirit," we met to elect our class president. We elected Betty Marshall, who immediately started working us to death. We gave the juniors a Halloween party at Andelk Lodge. It was an Old Maid's Convention which resulted in our being dubbed the most ingenious freshmen in Montreat's history. The Thanksgiving Banquet, for which we made over 300 turkeys from pine cones, was further proof of our ingenuity. We then retired from the social limelight until spring. The other classes were clamoring for a chance to entertain and the teachers were gently hinting that in college, an occasional evening spent with the books was advisable. In April, however, we put all past and future talent shows "in the shade" with our "Freshman Follies." Afterward, we gave "Myrt", the star of the show, a birthday party and she cried great, black tears (she was in black-face costume) on her first corsage.

We elected Wilma Carr, a cute little blonde who is in nurses's training now, to be our May Court representative.

In the closing days of school we hurriedly learned the traditional marching songs and helped to bring the curtain down on another great year at Montreat—and we were older and wiser women.

The following September found us flocking back, thoroughly enjoying our roles of sophomores. After we had almost strangled each other in enthusiastic greetings, we undertook to teach the freshmen all about Montreat, for there was simply NOTHING that we did not know! We were "wheels" on the campus now—assistant house presidents, tribe chiefs, head cheerleaders—yes, we were really important!! Betty Marshall was our class president again. We decided to sponsor a movie each month, and we did—using a noisy projector and showing the pictures in Anderson (Howerton did not exist yet). We gave a "family" Christmas party, and of course it was better than any that had ever been given. Otherwise, it would not be mentioned here.

Betty Marshall was our May Court representative.

The close of the year was a sad time for us because we said goodbye to Miss Carolyn Fields, who had been our faithful class sponsor for these two years.

When it was time for our junior year to begin, we moved into Howerton Hall, and the rivalry between College Hall and Fellowship ceased to exist. The first floor of this lovely, new building became "home" to the juniors and was known as "Liberty Hall." Lois Leisinger was our class president for the first semester, and Evelyn Hennessee took over these duties for the second half of the year. By now we were desperate for money; we sold greeting cards and stationery with such enthusiasm and sales talk that no one dared let us know when they received money from home. All of this hard-earned cash (and then some) was used to produce a lovely Junior-Senior Banquet. The theme was "April Showers." For this occasion we constructed a fence and a fountain, covered a huge beach umbrella with crepe paper, painted a piece of scenery that reached from post to post in the dining room, and did other things too numerous to mention. The sky was the limit, and we even moved the clouds into the dining room. Mr. Sinclair, our sponsor, was scared to death, but proud of us in the end.

Becky Glenn was our May Court representative.

Graduation that year gave us a feeling of awe, for we suddenly realized that we would be the next group to don our caps and gowns.

A round dozen of us returned to spend the last of these four wonderful years together. With Pat Williamson as our president, and Mr. Thatcher as our sponsor, we were assured of success. The Thanksgiving Banquet was again our chance, and it was indeed a festive occasion. Our financial condition was again strained, so we decided to have an "Ugliest Senior Contest," selling votes for 1c each. The excellent material which our class provided and our clever campaigning brought in some 3500 votes. Mae Hager was elected to this dubious honor.

The Junior-Senior Banquet at which we were the honorees was truly a thing of beauty and an occasion which we will long remember.

Our sister class, the sophomores, gave us a weiner roast at the new picnic grounds and provided lively entertainment.

Now, in these last days, with May Day over, where Betty Marshall reigned as Queen and Carolyn Williams was senior attendant, there remain final exams, and the presentation of our class play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

Prayer On The Morning Of Commencement

"Father, the high day I have looked to is beginning.
My mingled feelings drive me to my knees.
I bow in the still morning in this room
which has been my study and my altar
and my home.
My heart is heavy with regret for what
I have not done in this place.
I am not the fulfillment of my dreams
today, Father, forgive my mistakes.
This commencement day I step into the
unknown. I have dreams of tomorrow.
My mind is bravely eager but I am a child
and afraid.
But the dream you gave me I would not
think this day to pass.
I have had strange stirrings that urge
me into it.
It is for tomorrow that I come to this day.
Make it a fit beginning for what shall
come after;
Keep me humble and simple of life and
clean of body and soul, Father,
In tomorrow's unknown Thou are the only
known.

Hold Thou my hand."

—Louise Foreman Blount.

THE IDEAL LIFE . . .

The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing, — where there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do.

—Phillips Brooks

Then, diplomas in hand, we will go out to larger fields of service. The memories of these four years will make us more valuable citizens and workers in God's world.

Betty Marshall and

Martha Holman, Class Historians

R. S. Pitts O. H. Pitts J. I. Cook
Pres. Vice-Pres. Sec.-Treas.

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