

Betty Jeanne Turner
Charles Cason Turner

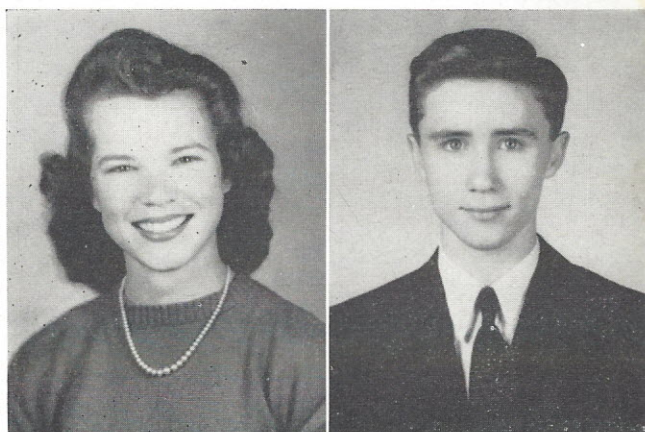
Seniors

BETTY JEANNE TURNER

Giggles . . . friendly . . . dependable . . . jokey . . .
likes blue . . . bright remarks . . . Harold? . . .
weakness: black hair.

CHARLES CASON TURNER

Witty? intellectual . . . giggles . . . great curiosity
. . . dependable . . . naive countenance . . . favorite
expression: "Good Gosh!" . . . corny jokes.



CLASS HISTORY

The bell is ringing for us to leave. . . . There is a general "hub-bub" as everyone rushes to get his coat and make a dash for Freedom. But suddenly we realize that this is the last time the bell will ring for us. We pause on the top step and look back over our past four years at Mount Zion.

1941-42: We tackled high school life . . . a bit awed, a trifle green, and extremely fresh; and moreover, we were ignorant of the fact. By the end of the year we had conquered Latin and algebra, and were beginning to feel sorry for those who would take our place.

1942-43: Sophomores! and all sorrow for the freshmen was forgotten as we began our "iron rule." A military air was added with the "hut-two" of the cadet corps. Lessons became shorter as we grew taller, and life became "sweeter." As servants at the Junior-Senior Banquet a fortunate few got a taste of the life of the upper-classmen. Ah!

1943-44: Juniors! we loved it all! We delved into the depths of geometry, "puppy-love," and football and basketball. Then—"stars were born" as we struggled to produce our Junior play, "Sixteen in August." Our reward came when, upon counting the money, we found we had broken the record set by the "high and mighty seniors." Of course, we think our Junior-Senior Banquet was the best that ever had or ever will hit Mount Zion! With our club meetings and increased night life we antagonized "mom" and "pop" and felt confident that we were capable of filling a senior's shoes!

1944-45: We made it! Dignified Seniors?? Our main problems were money and sleep and how to get 'em. Most of our activities centered around the publication of our annual—TUSITALA. Something new has been added—a cafeteria (with a walk right or march system). Then came mumps. . . . Oh! We had loads of fun giving our Senior play, "Damsels in Distress" and being guests at the Junior-Senior Banquet. But all good things must come to an end and so it was. With lumps in our throats and memories to last a lifetime, we received our diplomas.

And now the bell is ringing for us to leave . . . no matter what the future may hold, the bell of Mount Zion will reverberate through our entire lives and ring around us always.

MARGIE McCRIGHT, *Historian.*