



LOIS ANNELLE WYLIE

Two-tone hair . . . numerous clothes . . . likes Chopin . . .
love life: "Variety is the spice of life" . . . competent . . .
"Very funny" . . . Betty Grable legs.

Not pictured:

TRAYWICK SEVESTA BROOKS

WILLIAM HENRY PORTER

CHRISTOPHER DANIEL WILSON

CLASS HISTORY

Four years ago, we, the senior class of 1946, began our high school days as all poor freshmen do. Greeted with the inevitable disdain, mockery, and the paddle-and-barrel ritual, we lost any previous self-confidence as we became the target for numerous sophomore pranks. In time, the sophomores, having exhausted their abundant supply of jokes and impossibilities, began to consider us fairly acceptable human beings, and we gradually became a part of high school life.

The beginning of our next year brought sighs of relief as we "wise fools" took the whip into our hands, promptly forgetting the sympathy that we had felt for all freshmen. Our days became routines of studying . . . marching . . . studying . . . marching — until spring brought the traditional Junior-Senior Banquet and an exciting glimpse of the life of upperclassmen.

Slipping quietly into our junior year, we soon discovered that being upperclassmen was no picnic. With a minimum of sleep, studying, and the other minor things of life, we found our days crowded with classes, extra-curricular activities, and treks behind the ole' yellow bus loaded with the Wildcats. And were we proud of that "Junior-star-studded-football team!" About the middle of February our headaches had only begun as we started rehearsals for our first exhibition of class talent, and began our harassed plans for Junior-Senior. The night of March 2, 1945, proved that our efforts were more than rewarded. And, incidentally, we were more than relieved to discover that "The Ready-Made Family" had made us financially able to give the seniors one last fling at their Junior-Senior! Then, at last, when we could

order our class rings, we suddenly realized that our "dignified senior" year was soon to become a reality.

We began our senior year with lighter and more care-free hearts; for during the wonderful preceding summer, World War II had come to an end. Our school life continued to be a rush of club meetings, athletics, and class meetings to settle those issues of "senior importance." Enthusiastically working toward a larger post-war TUSITALA, we could hardly realize that it was our time to give the school its annual. With the completion of our work on the annual, we started looking forward to the production of our senior play. Proceeds from the play, presented early in May, helped to make this TUSITALA possible.

Senior activities, climaxed by our Junior-Senior, brought the realization that our high school days were nearing an end. Amazing as it seemed, no sense of joy came with this realization.

Our last days at Mount Zion were never-to-be-forgotten ones. All the things that make a high school graduation wonderful were part of them — invitations, gifts, Class Day, and then, half-dreaded and half-anticipated — the highlight of our high school careers — Graduation!

And now looking back upon those first hectic days we see them as only stepping stones to the glorious ones which were to follow. As we leave Mount Zion, we know that our memories of days spent here will forever endear it to us.

NELLE WYLIE, *Historian*