

" ONCE UPON A TIME..... "

We, too, were freshmen. We'll never forget how scared we were when we walked into chapel that first day of school. As we sat together in the auditorium, we looked with amazement at the students around us and faced the new experience with little anticipation. Those first few months were filled with upperclassman pranks and the humility of getting lost between classes.

Then, as we became sophomores, we gained some idea of what high school was really like. We had a chance at club life and were more than thrilled at the grandeur of serving at the Junior-Senior Banquet. This was our first fling at night life, and we made the most of it. Those of us who served will never forget the crash of broken dishes and the job of eating all we could hold.

As "Jolly Juniors" we were truly jolly. We now had some new teachers; but it'll be a long time before they forget their first dealings with us! Our first big thrill of the year was putting on of the Junior play. Everyone hated the long hours of practice, but it was wonderful when "THE NUTT FAMILY" came through! "Our" Junior-Senior was the best ever, or at least we thought so; we hope the seniors of '46 thought so too!

At last! We were seniors!! All through school we had looked forward to this year; but when it came, it also brought the realization that our days at Mount Zion were soon to end. So, with this thought in mind, we set our eyes on our ultimate goal.....GRADUATION!! We have gone through this last year all too quickly to do all the things we wanted to, but it has left us many treasured memories---the senior play, when we had even more fun on the stage than the year before because now we were "seasoned actors"....the long-to-be-remembered times when we wrangled at class meetings about invitations, cards, caps and gowns, superlatives, and all the other things so important to seniors...and finally, our last "Junior-Senior". We'll never forget how important we felt as "honor guests".

And now, we face life, but in facing it we have a confidence in ourselves. We know that these years at "Dear Old M. Z. I." have given us the preparation we need to meet squarely the problems of living. We can never forget the friends we had, the jobs that were ours, and the experiences that inspired us during our years here. And truly.....

"Parting is such a sweet sorrow."

Class Historian

Luther Derieux Dunn, Jr.