

HISTORY



Seniors at last . . .

Ah! but to recall those by-gone days of high school life . . . The year of 1944—a group, meek and un-cared-for, peeped into high school—a huge building of many mysterious adventures—facing the superior upperclassmen; who plagued us with their mockery and paddle. In time, they began to accept us as human beings; their seemingly endless supply of jokes and impossibilities began to cease, and we *marched* through our freshman year.

By 1945-46, we thought we were "IT"! Why, in the ninth grade, we were practically through with school! Little did we realize that the South Carolina State Board of Education was working behind our backs . . . This undercover job placed upon our backs the burden of another year of school, giving us the privilege of being the first class to go through the twelfth grade! The ninth grade also gave us a chance at club life and the wonderful idea of serving at the traditional Junior-Senior Banquet. Those of us who served will always remember the Hawaiian skirts, bare feet, broken dishes and the task of eating all we could hold.

In 1946-47 we became so-called juniors and this year was one of many important events. Our hands waving in the air with one finger thrust out was the answer to the most important of these. Our class rings had come and were we excited!

Late winter brought with it the Junior play try-outs—then the long hours of rehearsals for our first display of class talent. "High Pressure Homer" came through with honors making us financially able to give the seniors the best Junior-Senior ever presented, so we thought.

Our supposedly senior year, there was a question before us—were we juniors or seniors for two years? Anyway, we knew for sure, we were seniors in '49. We again proved ourselves with the "Foolproof Murder", our first Senior class play. History was made this year when, defeated only once, the Wildcats won over our old rival—Olympia.

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Our school life continued to be a rush—club meetings, athletics, and most important Senior Class meetings to settle issues so important to seniors. We could hardly realize that the time had come to produce our TUSITALA. Completing the work on the annual we looked forward to our second and biggest Senior play, which helped make the annual possible.

Senior activities, climaxed by our Junior-Senior, brought the realization that our high school days were nearing an end. Our last days at Mount Zion were never-to-be-forgotten. All the things that make a high school graduation wonderful were part of them.

And now looking back, we see our most wonderful days were our High School days; and looking forward, we have great expectations for the future. As we leave Mount Zion, we know that it will always remain in our memories as we travel life's pathway.

—TWEEDIE TIMMS,
Historian.