

# CLASS HISTORY

Today is only yesterday a little later. Yesterday is history and by tomorrow, today will be history also. Yesterday we entered Mount Zion Institute as eighth-graders. We were young and comically small. The girls were taller than the boys, who sang soprano in the eighth grade choir. But the day came when we all felt bigger and more important. By initiation we became a part of Mount Zion.

So, in the fall of 1951, we were orientated into high school. We were enthusiastic about everything -- athletics, clubs, the paper -- even though we couldn't take a real part in them. We learned all the upperclassmen's names to give us a sense of belonging.

By the time we entered the ninth grade in 1952, we actually became parts of the high school machine. We were allowed to elect some of our courses. Some of us took Latin and algebra, while others found that their interests ran to home economics and agriculture. We joined every club we could think of and began to participate in sports. That year some of us were allowed to go to the mental contests for the first time.

Our year as freshmen passed quickly and before we knew it we were in the 10th grade. We attended the Harvest Ball and the Sweetheart Ball, gave class parties, and looked forward to being Juniors. That year we got our first taste of Junior-Senior. The girls served at the banquet and some of the boys were doormen.

Last year was probably our busiest, and I'm sure that we enjoyed it more than any other year. Some of us were initiated into the Beta Club and were able to go to the convention in Columbia. Our club ran Laughlin McDonald for state president and we were justifiably proud when he was elected. We gave our Junior-Senior and felt that it was one of the best ever given. Our theme was "Gay Paree" and we really worked to get the gym decorated with the Eiffel Tower and pictures of Paris. We elected representatives for Girl's State and some of us were marshals and ushers for graduation. Last, but not least, we presented Room for One More, our Junior play.

And then we were seniors. Our year was saddened by the deaths of Mr. Price and Jerry Branham. Mr. Price had guided us over the often rocky road of high school for four years and was a friend and counselor to all of us. We missed his helping hand in all our senior projects. But we are grateful to Mr. Williams for his wise counsel and for all the work he has done to bring us to this day. Jerry, bashful and shy though he was, was a sincere and devoted friend. His death not only shocked us but brought home to us the fact that tragedy could strike in our group as well as any other.

This year we have edited Campus Comments and our annual, the Tusitala. We elected Senior Superlatives, Miss D.A.R., Miss Hi Miss, and King Teen. A tennis team was organized this year -- an innovation in Mount Zion's sports' department. All the players were from the Senior Class, so we take the credit for beginning a sport which is sure to be popular with the student body. Again this year we let our dramatic inclinations come to the surface and presented Ring Around Elizabeth. And the high point of the whole year was the banquet and dance given us by the Junior Class.

And now the history of the Class of 1956 is nearing the end. In a few more days, our graduation will be over. It doesn't seem possible that the work of five years has been completed so quickly. But here we stand on the threshold of our adult years, with college and careers ahead. It is sad and a little frightening to know that soon we shall be a part of the history of Mount Zion.

Our years in high school have been good years. We have come to know our classmates and have shared the ups and downs of growing up together. And always we have Mount Zion's history to inspire us and to lead us onward.

We leave the school which has meant so much to us to those who follow. We leave our "Light on the Hill" which has burned for nearly two hundred years to generations yet unborn and we charge them to honor her name and preserve her traditions for posterity.

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Historian

