

HISTORY OF SENIOR CLASS OF 1928

It was in the fall of 1924 that the doors of High School swung open for a class of tremulous and excited freshmen. It was with great trepidation that we stepped inside, for direful tales had come drifting down to the seventh grade about how Freshmen were treated in this strange place. However, we soon found ourselves being initiated into its delights and mysteries. Will such joy ever be ours again? I doubt it. For of all important Freshmen we were the most important. We were in High School at last and it was all it was represented to be. A new building, a large study hall where we sat with every one else, new teachers, changing classes, new subjects,--all delighted us and we came to the conclusion that it was quite a desirable thing to be grown (we really thought we were) and in High School. That year we took part in the club activities. Almost all of us joined the Debating Club or the Dramatic Club. One or two of our number were chosen for some ball team and we were quite proud of ourselves.

That year Miss Anderson was our guardian angel and protector. She excused our faults to others and helped us correct them, *And* She shielded us from the gibes of the Sophomores.

At the end of this first year our delight was unsurpassed because we had been judged worthy of passing and we congratulated ourselves on now being Sophomores.

When we came back in the fall we cast pitying glances on those who could only call themselves Freshmen, and unanimously we pronounced the Freshman class the most babyish we had ever seen. However, as the year went on we were too busy to notice

them. We grappled with Caesar in Gaul and studied the paroxysms of a member of the invertebrate family when impaled on two pins. That year personal achievements added to the glory of the class. Leslie Rothrock, whom we had all suspected of having real talent in music, won first place in the state-wide piano contest. Claudia Hall and Ethel Snow gained the distinction of being the most studious pupils in school. One member of the High School debating team was chosen from our class and several of us were members of the High Spots' staff. For the first time the class organized and elected officers with Miss Smith as sponser and toward the end of the year we celebrated our promotion to Juniorhood by a party.

Vacation flew by and it was with the realization that half our High School course was over that we resumed our studies. Our duties were heavier that year. The intricacies of French and Spanish puzzled and confounded us but order soon came out of chaos and "Parley-vous Francais?" or "Si, Si, Senor" might have been heard all over the building. Those of us who were not struggling with French ~~u's~~^{'s} or Spanish r's were deep in the depths of Shorthand and typing.

The spring of this year brought that long anticipated and hoped for event--our banquet for the seniors. How much we enjoyed it. It raised our self-esteem one hundred percent. We felt ourselves almost graduated from High School because only one more year remained.

And now, how quickly that year has passed. It seems so short a time since we proudly took our places in Rooms 12 and 7. Miss Benson and Miss Prather have been our sponserers this year

and under their guidance and protection we have enjoyed a very full and happy year. The difficult work of finishing our courses, of concluding our careers in High School and of graduating has been greatly lessened by their advice and help. Registration, Football, "Babe" Belton's place on the all state team, the Latin Contest, State Senior Exams, the French contest, Themes and Reading Reports in English, Midterms, Basketball, Leslie's third victory, Daddy-Long-Legs, Class Meetings, the commercial students' triumph, all these have flashed by in kaleidescopic procession. May 4, however, stands out as the date of the lovely banquet given by the Juniors, and then, May 11, as our farewell Class Meeting and picnic.

Now we stand at the end of a beginning. Our school years have been full of happiness. It is with joy mingled with regret that we leave Mount Airy High School--joy to have reached this goal and sorrow to have to go. But always, no matter where we go or what we do, we shall look back on M. A. H. S. with grateful, loving hearts.

Sue May Hendren,

Historian