

Unforgettable Bright Spot . . .

. . . in Our Memories

Another memorable date on our high school calendar was the Junior Prom. With a little etiquette from Miss Roberts, and supervision from Miss Galt on the decorations, we were all glad to see May 3, 1949, when it came, Five o'clock Saturday afternoon found us teetering on ladders trying to secure the last few umbrellas in place. At the last minute, Mr. Millwater won our undying love by producing some lanterns which shed a rosy, flattering DIM glow over the whole gym. This put the decorations in the best possible light—they looked "soft and gossamy" and one could not detect the scotch tape. The dance itself couldn't have been better. Everyone and everything looked lovely and the music was exceptionally good. And that, my children, is the reason a senior always looks hazy and reminiscent when you mention "Class of 50's Junior's Prom."

