

OUR JUNIOR PROM...

Mes oui! . . . mes amis . . . Our Junior Prom! The red and white awnings, the carts piled high with paper flowers, the little tricolors were all part of the big dance of our junior year.

We called it *Soir a Paris* and it took days of planning and much hard work before the Tour Eiffel peered over the trees and the Arc de Triomphe smiled down at us from the mural. The square by the Cafe de la Ville, at the Crossroads of the Rue de la Paix and Champo Elysees was the site and our thoughts-will often return to that scene by street signs.

The girls were in their glory, their long gowns dusting the cobble stones of our mythical Paris. The boys felt a little strange in their tuxedos but it wasn't long before the stiffness was gone and we danced away the hours of a wonderful evening, our Evening in Paris.

