



Sylvia Meredith

SENIORS

One bright morning in September, a bewildered, but determined group of Freshmen entered the halls of old Dickinson High School. Everything was new and a little queer, but these brilliant students had no trouble getting used to the new rules and regulations of high school. Well, not much trouble!

The officers of that ambitious class were: Phyllis Neal, President; Willie Allen (Billy)

Fisher, Vice-President; Hortense Gilbert, Secretary and Reporter. We intrusted all our hard earned savings to Vivian Mills, our Treasurer. Bernice Jones and Floyd Cavallin did an excellent job representing the class on the Student Council.

The second week of school brought about the brutal Freshmen initiation by those beloved Seniors of '44. We were the victims. The girls appeared, unafraid, garbed in boy's clothing. The sound that was heard all day was a knocking made by our knees. The boys were busy getting accustomed to dresses and hats. We all wore lovely necklaces made of the strongest onions in town. Ribbons were on our toes instead of in our hair, which was stringing in our faces from lack of bobby pins. With tooth brushes in hand, we came to school ready to face anything our executors might have planned for us. When the belt line was formed, the many paddles held in readiness looked

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Ruth Lucas

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more like thousands of huge planks. Before we knew it, this day was all over and forgotten, and we began to think of the Seniors as pretty good sports.

We hardly knew when or how this first year of high





Fresh Fish for
Sale