

Foreword

Our School year is made up of three seasons of the calendar year -- fall, winter, and spring -- and we have followed Mother Nature's own pattern in planning the pages of our 1962 LAIR.

When the first month of fall appears, school begins. There is always the eagerness and freshness and excitement of a new start. Wide-eyed freshmen throng the halls, uncertain and perhaps a little frightened. Upper classmen, suave and knowing, re-establish familiar routines. The first football game comes around with its attendant thrills and pageantry, followed by others equally colorful. Soon, however, everyone settles down to the real business of study, study, study.

As autumn merges into winter, the football season comes to an end, and basketball takes the athletic spotlight. The Halloween carnival offers fun and fright to all, the Junior Class play has its dramatic fling, and the Juniors begin to display proudly their newly-acquired class rings. Mid-term exams become a stern reality, and there is much burning of the midnight oil.

Then lovely spring speeds winter on its way, and there are flowers, budding trees, soft breezes -- and spring cleaning. The Junior-Senior Prom is a highlight of this season, a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. All too soon graduation comes, solemn, impressive, saddening, but long anticipated as the culmination and crown of four years of hard work.

We find delight in the particular tasks and pleasures of each season, and we are reluctant to let go its reality as it retreats into the past; but the feeling of sadness soon becomes one of rejoicing as the new season offers in turn its distinctive challenges and gifts.

So, as we come to the last cycle of the seasons in our high school life, we know that our reluctance to leave familiar and beloved surroundings will soon give way to an eagerness to participate in the new and stimulating situations we shall meet. And often we shall live again in memory the happy circuit of our seasons at Wal-terboro High.