



## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

We started high school in the fall of 1961. Other than the fact that this was the last year for several centuries which would be written upside down with no change of meaning, that year held no significance for us; we were freshmen.

By mid-January of 1962 we had settled down and had passed through (or in some cases failed through) the mid-term examinations. For those of us who were taking biology it was about time to dissect our worms. None of us will ever forget the thrill, the excitement, or the smell of this experience.

Before long we had settled down for our struggle with Pip and his great expectations. By the time our last chapter summary was in, exams were on us again and our freshman year had ended.

The tenth grade arrived and so did a new principal. We all gathered on the bleachers of the old stadium and entered into a new period for ourselves and for our school.

It was about this time that our school entered into a program of rebuilding. The old stadium was torn down and replaced with the new one, the shop was replaced, and the vocational building was added to.

During the tenth grade we began to raise money for the Junior-Senior with our first project, a car wash.

In the eleventh grade things began to happen more quickly as we assumed more leadership of the school. Each home football game added to our treasury. For a while it seemed as though the football team might at last be headed for the conference championship, but it just wasn't destined to be.

As November began to fade the whole world stopped for four dark days when our president was killed in a brutal assassination.

In March the Junior-Senior arrived and all was gay. The theme was a Southern plantation. It is a pity that the gladness of March could not have lasted through May.

As the school year was coming to an end another Friday saw the deaths of two of our classmates, Howell Bailey and Charlie Adams. The following fall all were saddened by the death of Sandra Barber.

For the last time a new school year began for us as the whole nation was in a state of excitement over the elections. We too did our part, as the marks left by our bumper stickers on Mrs. Guess' blackboard will show for years.

The new gym replaced the one where for three years we had held our assemblies, the team again just missed a conference championship, and we once again changed principals in our senior year. But more important we assumed the leadership of our school. The things which we had seen done by others for three years were now being done by us.

Thus our high school days have passed. Most have been gay as they should be; some have been sad as they must be. From them we have learned what life is like and we have decided how we will live it.