

Senior Class Officers



Super "70" Makes History

SENIOR HISTORY

Left to right: Paul Weissenstein, Vice-President; Debby Griffith, Treasurer; Jimmy Gardner, President; Meg Godwin, Secretary.

The Year: 1966

The Place: Walterboro High School

The Time: 8:45 A. M.

The People: The Class of 1970

That was it—the momentous occasion when the Class of '70 took that first giant step toward graduation. As Freshmen, we quickly learned that our inherited position was that of the "lowest of the low," but we were too busy really to care. Adjusting to schedules, finding classrooms, adapting to new and strange subjects seemed to take all of our time, but we enjoyed it. It seemed to give us a new status to be able to say, "I go to Walterboro High School."

Before we had time to realize it, our Freshman year was gone and our Sophomore year had arrived. We found that, with one year's experience under our belts, our position was raised slightly. Now we were the "lowly" and could look with pitying superiority upon the new Freshmen. With cake sales and car washes we began the task of earning money for our Junior-Senior of the next year. And, with NEDT's, the long barrage of tests that would last for the next three years began.

Junior year was here and we were halfway to our goal. The word was money and we worked constantly to make more and more for

Junior-Senior. Concession stands, Halloween Carnival, and the Junior Class play all came and passed, and our bank account grew. Then April arrived, and everyone worked feverishly to make our Junior-Senior the best ever; and we succeeded. We brought to life a lovely legend, and for one night Camelot was reborn.

Senior year at last! After three years of anticipation, we were *number one*. It was hard to comprehend at first, but not for long. Graduation invitations and robes had to be ordered early and doing this brought home the reality of graduation, only eight months away.

Through the haze of work and fun, we have watched our graduation draw steadily nearer, and now it is almost upon us. Soon, we shall leave Walterboro High School, and it will be a sad occasion, for, in spite of our frequent gripes and complaints, we have come to love the "ole" place.

WHS has prepared us as best she could for our roles in life, and now the rest is up to us. But she has given us more than just "book learning"; she has led us to many discoveries about ourselves, about others, and about life.

We are ready, and with this belief in mind, we say, "Good-bye, WHS."