

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE TO THE CLASS '68

It is hoped that your four years at Colleton High School have been profitable as well as pleasant.

I am proud to see you publish a yearbook for the second time. This should reflect the memories of your school days, the charms of youth and your fellow classmates.

Emotions are mixed about departing from your Alma Mater. This is only a beginning in your climbing the educational ladder of success.

Your high school work has been directed and simplified for you, from now on you must depend more on your own efforts and decisions. Your success in life will depend on your own initiative. Take advantage of the many opportunities available to you. In this changing world in which we live, you must be able to cope with many problems.

Colleton High School has been your home during the formative years of your life. May you reflect credit to this institution.

My prayers and best wishes go with you as you leave the classrooms of dear old Colleton where many experiences have been gained.

Mr. F. L. Talford, Jr., Principal



A Message from Mr. R. T. Johnson, Assistant Principal, in the word of Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream - and not make dreams your
master;
If you can think - and not make your thoughts your
aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold On"

