

# WE DO IT TO WIN!

August 4, 1980. It's 8:15 a.m. and I'm walking to the Walterboro High Bandroom with 170 other kids for the first day of band practice.

One week later. We're at band camp, it's 103 degrees, and I'm standing here washed down in sweat, wondering why in the world I do this every year. We worked for 9 hours a day, mostly out on the field learning new drills. When we weren't on the field we were either in the food line or in bed from exhaustion.

Well, school has started, It's August 30th now. Besides hours of practice, we have homework too. The average school student gets out at 3:00, but band students don't get out until 4:30. (Which for Mr. Young that is 5:00 or whenever he feels that we can afford to go home.)

September 10. We have been in the stadium for 2 hours. It's hot as, well you know. Football season has started, so all of our Friday nights have been taken until November 7, and I'm still wondering what I do all this for.

October 10. We have started our contest season. We won Bamwell's contest but this is our

first big one. It's Furman and for a change it's cold! We get third place in the preliminaries, and a third in the finals. The crowd really loved our show and the new uniforms. Mr. Young really thought that now we might have a shot at the STATE. We all know that meant he was going to work us twice as hard.

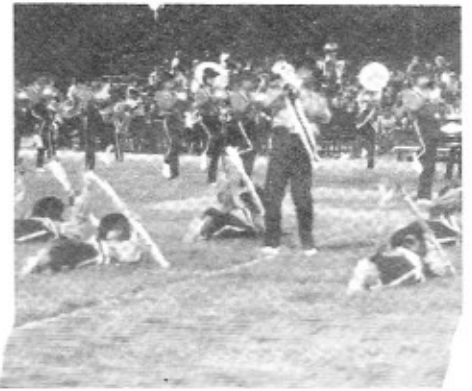
October 20. Five days from STATE contest. We have ran the show at least 2,000 times in the last month. Mr. Young is uptight. We are uptight and tired and run-down from practice Mon. - Fri., football games, and Saturday contests. Mr. Young's favorite words are ringing in my ears. "One more time, then you can go home if it's perfect."

October 25. Spring Valley, South Carolina. It's 8:25, it's cold and we're scared. We've done this for 3 years, but it happens when STATE contest rolls around. it's 11:30 p.m. It's 22 degrees and we are sitting in the stands waiting for the results. *Richland 3rd. Walterboro 2nd. Summerville 1st. We are the second best band in the state.*

The whole band goes back to the motel in shock. Now it's

over. We can go back to our lives like normal people (for a short while). Now I know why I do this each year. I know why we put up with the heat, the sweat, the tears, the long hours of practice, the short hours of rest and sleep, the old buses, the tricks that are pulled, the yelling that Mr. Young does. I do it because of winning and I do it just for the feeling of being in competition for our school. It have a feeling pride because everyone in the band expects you to do your job and if you don't you let everyone down.

Ben Thomas



Doing his trumpet solo, **Marshall Jones** "knocks em dead."



**Melophones and baritones:** (left to right) Ricky Hiers, Dale Phillips, Douglas Williams, Johnny Stephens, Denny Ferrell, Emory Ford, Danny Smoak, Steve Hanna.



**Trumpets:** **Front Row:** Jack Wright, Mark Marvin, Ronnie Harrison, Chad Everett, Donald Crosby, Tommie Roberts, Reggie Baker. **Second Row:** Crendal Kinard, Michael Hansborough, William Reynolds, Alvin Davinport, George Bryany, Stephen Stynchcomb, George Woovis. **Back Row:** Chad Simons, David Bright, Lorine Williams, Gary Evans, Marshall Jones, Adam Owsley.