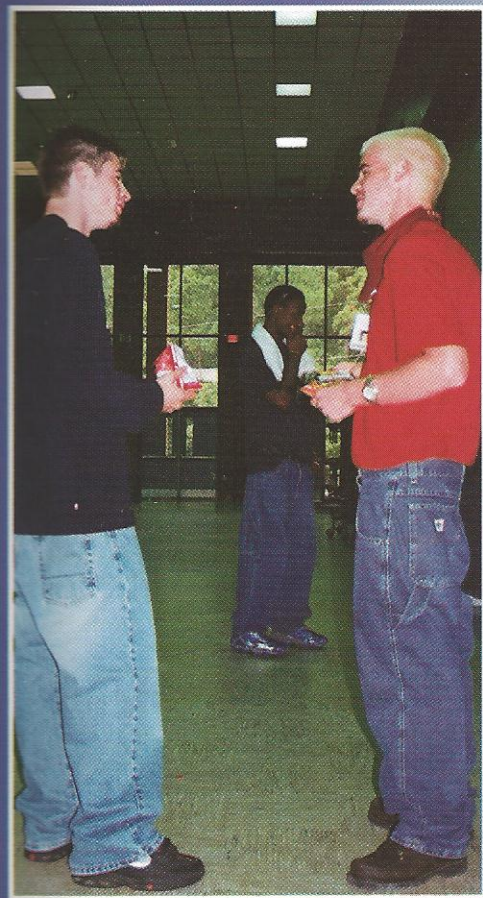


gerous events took place, but as the year progressed, students had nearly forgotten about the excitement. It came to realization that not only the school was changing, but the people in it were as well.

Seniors strutted down the hall with knowing grins, though they worried about future college and job options. *Juniors* worked harder than ever as they realized how close to adulthood they were. *Sophomores* knew they had a long way to go but were thrilled to move up a notch in the ranks. *Freshmen* tried to find their place in the crowd and adjust to a new building and schedule.



The faces of Walterboro High School swirled together as daily cycles became subconscious actions. Those faces remained that would be impossible to forget. The Band of Blue left its fans with astonishment as they swirled onto the field into amazing positions one last time. The boys of the football team played each game as if it was the last, as the cheerleaders yelled their hearts out. NJROTC members marched on the hot asphalt and in competitions with precision and respectability. The yearbook and newspaper staffs worked chaotically, in desperate attempts to meet every deadline. Everyone struggled to make it through each rumor, weekend, party, test, practice, game, dream, or break up.

Once again, the fresh paint and construction noises told about a year of rebuilding. In the meantime, students managed through the dog days of Walterboro High School in a daze all their own. With only the memories spinning through their minds to follow them, students walked out of the doors of Walterboro High School for the last time, saying goodbye to the **BULLDOGS**.

