

Class Poem

To our former schools we said good-by
And quickly loved new Winnsboro High.
As the first senior class, we led the way
That future seniors would follow some day.

The eighth of June was the chosen date.
For the first senior class to graduate.
Now to strive for higher education
We leave our school with deep appreciation.

Winnsboro High in only one year,
Gave us memories to treasure so dear.
Some of joy and some of sorrow
Yielding sublimely our hope for tomorrow.

This year we leave with grateful heart
Though happy and sad with reluctance depart.
And eagerly await the years to come
The proud, happy Class of Sixty-One.



MARY JEAN COLLINS
Class Poet

Class History

Our day of graduation has finally come after five years of hard work. It seems as only yesterday that we entered high school as frightened sub-freshmen, who were very proud to consider ourselves as high school students. After our initiation, the high point of our sub-freshman year, we felt as if we really were a part of high school. Our freshman year many of us joined various clubs, participated in sports, and were active in many other school activities. Our sophomore year seemed to us as the point of no return, as we had completed two years of high school and had only two years remaining. Our junior year swept by very rapidly as we practiced for our Junior Plays. The high point of this year was our planning the Junior-Senior Proms. Several honors came to our class members this year as several girls were chosen to attend Girls' State and several boys were chosen to attend Boys' State. This representation was on a county wide basis. Our high school days were begun at Ridgeway, Blackstock, Monticello, Jenkinsville, Greenbrier, and Mount Zion. Little did we know that in our senior year we would all be united in one beautiful school. This year has indeed been the happiest of our high school days. We worked hard practicing for our Senior Play, ASK ANY GIRL. In the spring we were honored by the junior class at our Junior-Senior Prom, which had the theme, THE CITY OF LIGHTS.

Now it is hard to believe that we are seniors, that next year we will attend various colleges, and our high school graduation will be history, also. We will always cherish the memories of our high school days.



DUB DAVIS
Historian