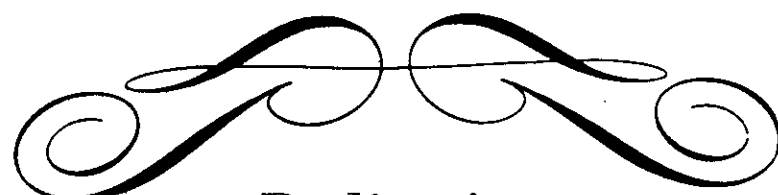


# 25<sup>th</sup> Edition



## Dedication

The Sandstorm marks a quarter century of publication in its 1962-63 edition. For twenty-five years the pictures, words, and layouts have added the final touch to a year past at Kermit High School.

Numerous copies occupy a treasured niche in the heart and home of ex-students who carried the ball and walked the hall of KHS. Each class has left behind its tracks through the Sandstorm pages. Living records prepared and presented in good faith chronicle the progress and the product most esteemed, the student.

The largest high-school student body in Kermit's history, 610, is pictured herein. Jackets gave rise in 1962-63 to a new athletic reign in district competition. The twice beaten football team thwarted Thanksgiving Day Seminole foe to beat the District 2-3A champs 8-7. Basketball followed with Maroon and Gold the second rated district team behind an Indian team that went on to be the second rated team in State. Volleyball girls amazed the fans with an unbeatable combination in district play. Thin-clads ran a blaze of glory for the flying "K." Baseball, golf, and tennis strengthened its fiber and gained respect for the Yellow Jacket.

Scholastic records soared to a new height as Kermit placed high in literary and scientific competitions. The Drama and Arts shined especially bright. Bliethe Spirit and The Enchanted faded in the footlights to the swell of "Coat of Arms" by the K-Band and "My Child is Gone" by the Yellow Jacket Choir. Students of the brush and pen filled the pages of such magazines as "Design."

The Sno-Ball melted into Candy Land as Royalty marched down the red carpet to be crowned. Juniors and Seniors dined and danced in Apple Blossom Time. Seniors felt the grasp of the last few days when the faculty feted them at a pre-school day breakfast. They bowed out of class on May 17 and tearfully listened to the May 19 baccalaureate sermon. May 24 wrote the finale and now this book is all that's left to stroke the string that pushes the button that opens the door of memory.

# FaVORites

