

Sandra Napier was the head majorette of the Junior Band. She was followed by Linda Deaton and Libby Shaver.

We couldn't possibly forget that day in May when we left school and "invaded" Raleigh. I doubt if Raleigh will forget that day either. Remember when we all just HAD to ride the "little kiddie train" at the park where we stopped to eat?

We even had an eighth grade graduation ceremony with awards and everything. Some of our girls even wore heels that day for the first time and went clomping and stumbling across the stage! Our eighth grade is one year we'll never forget.

As we walked through the doors of Ragsdale High School, we were immediately given the glorious title of "Punk Freshmen" and shunned by the upperclassmen. This was quite a comedown from our high position of being "eighth grade seniors."

The first few days at Ragsdale were strange and bewildering. I don't know how it happened, but we quite frequently wandered into the wrong classroom. It was very embarrassing when we finally realized our mistake and had to leave the room followed by the laughter of the upperclassmen. Another difficulty we had to overcome was the "complex" operation of lockers. After about the twentieth time we forgot the combination, we wisecracked and put pennies in the locks. Of course, this worked just fine until that ill-fated day when it got stuck and we had to get the key from Miss Boone.

It took us a while to get used to our classes and the routine of high school, but at last, we settled down to work — for a while anyway. The girls seemed to occupy their time with the senior boys or finding an excuse to walk down the "Senior Hall."

A few of us were fortunate enough to take a course in joke telling under the direction of Uncle Tom Miller. The educational program was climaxed by a trip to Duke University to see the Duke versus Navy game. This was the place where Tommy Hill ripped a girl's skirt off (accidentally) (of course).

The freshman class officers that year were Steve Johnson, president; Linwood Collins, vice-president; Dee Ann Coley, secretary; and Marie Poteat, treasurer.

Homecoming was about the biggest event during the ninth grade. Everyone took homecoming as a usual custom of the school except

freshmen!! The sound of knocking knees was heard by everyone as the freshmen attendants, Candie Black, Kathy Robinson, and Libby Shaver "stumbled" down the aisle onto the stage.

Yes sir! The DOWNSTAIRS AREA was quite nice those DRY days. There was music, UT'ing and of course, that outrageous TWIST. Then came those not-so-dry-days when everything was "moist", even the downstairs area — I mean when it's submerged a foot under water — well, you know. . . .

That was also the year when that little horse — the "Horse with Four Corners" — came to Ragsdale, Miss Joanie Taro.

Finally, after nine months of long, hard, struggling, sweat, and pain, we became Sophomores.

During our Sophomore year, we became more familiar with the routine of high school. We got to see what cats are really like . . . on the inside, learned how to put sunglasses and flippers on frogs, and how to read and outline CAREFULLY our world history assignments.

By the way, in October of our Sophomore year, our class stumbled upon NOTHING — alias Herman.

We were also very unfortunate this year . . . we lost our swimmin' swingin' juke box area. It seems that bird houses and shoe shine boxes came in with a bang and twistin' went out — outside.

This was the year that Steve Johnson was president of our class; Linwood Collins, vice-president; Dee Ann Coley, secretary; and Sarah Byrd, treasurer. Our homecoming representatives were Sarah Byrd, Kathy Robinson, and Libby Shaver. Finally, after nine months of long, hard, struggling, sweat, and pain — we became juniors.

We had been looking forward to being upperclassmen for a long time and finally the day came — the day we entered the school's juniors. Being an upperclassman meant a lot of things to us. We finally gained the privilege of sitting in the back of the middle section of seats in the auditorium during assemblies. To us gaining this area was quite an honor, and we filled it to the best of our abilities.

As juniors, we began to receive some awards. Among those to be honored with awards were Jamee Catlin, D. A. R. Good Citizen Award; Candie Black, Girls' State representative; Linwood Collins, Boys' State representative; and Dee Ann Coley, chief marshal. Some juniors were privileged with

being inducted into the Beta Club. These "brains" were as follows: Barbara Sossaman, Sandra Napier, Jerry Fruitt, Pat Gardner, Marie Poteat, Phyllis Johnson, Janie Bergman, Linda East, Sandra Moore, Jamee Catlin, Candie Black, Dee Ann Coley, Delores McDonald, Joyce Hodgins, Norma Byerly, Nancy Norman, Barbara Wilkins, Gail Furr, Joan Taro, Jackie Grisom, Bill Groome, Steve Johnson, Ranny Waugh, Dale Witcher, Don Loeber, John Manning, and Joe Coble.

The class officers for that year were Linwood Collins, president; Jerry Fruitt, vice-president; Sarah Byrd, secretary; and Dee Ann Coley, treasurer.

"Our Class Rings are Here!!" was heard once a week for a month or so until by some miracle they really got here. Everybody had to try on everybody else's ring even though they all looked just alike. Taking them on and off our fingers, they quite frequently got dropped on the floor. It didn't disturb classes too much when they made loud clangs and rolled halfway across the room. When our rings got to be "old stuff" after several weeks, we left them on our fingers where they belonged.

Our homecoming that year was a big success. We played the West Davidson Green Dragons and slaughtered them 39 to 6. The Junior attendants were Sarah Byrd, Carole Granchi, Kathy Robinson, and Libby Shaver.

This was the year we were to be hosts and hostesses at the annual Junior-Senior Prom. We proved our salesmanship by selling magazines to raise money for the prom. "Gone With The Wind" was the theme we chose, and we had quite a time decorating the gym to coincide with the theme. We had so much fun decorating the gym as we did at the dance. It's too bad someone forgot to keep the gym door unlocked one night, after all that trouble we went through of secretly meeting at Millis Road and driving around with no lights.

Our junior year was darkened by sadness on May 3, 1963, when Mr. Kenneth T. Miller, our long standing friend and district principal, passed away.

Herman was still with us during this year. You could see him — well, maybe not exactly see him — but he was there riding all over the school, even on the pipes, with his little red motor scooter. He was getting just about as wild as we were.

Well, after nine months of long,

hard, strubbling, sweat, and pain, we became Big SENIORS. We just couldn't believe it.

Being SENIORS now, we were ready to begin our final year through school and to make plans for the future. We didn't settle down to work or anything like that; we just became crazy seniors and quite often acted like freshmen.

To distinguish us from the rest of the school a sort of club was organized under the leadership of Jimmy Bilbro — alias Jim Gort. Only seniors could join the extremely active "do-gooder" club. The "GORTS" were responsible for the lovely, distinct banner which was present at all basketball games. Their peppy Gort cheers and Gort songs kept things livened up during the game and at half-time. The GORTS really had school spirit. The original GORT singers even came into existence this year. That talented group of singers is Candie Black, Jimmy Bilbro, Joe Coble, and Bill Groome and, of course, the Gorts were mainly responsible for the exquisite decorating of the bridge. The Gorts are really A-O-K!

The Senior class officers are Linwood Collins, president; Jerry Fruitt, vice-president; Dee Ann Coley, secretary; and Candie Black and Sarah Byrd, treasurers. Mike Gray is president of the student council and Candie Black is vice-president.

Our football players did an excellent job this past year. The Tri-Captains were Linwood Collins, Bill Groome, and Butch Simmons. They even played knee deep in water and mud at the Southeast game. Remember that game? It seems that besides a few parents and the referees, the Gorts and the cheerleaders were the only ones crazy enough to sit out in the rain and cold to watch the game. That's what you call school spirit. Remember the half-time when the Gorts got together under umbrellas and sang all kinds of songs, even Christmas carols?

Sandra Napier is the head majorette of the senior band, and Linda Deaton is the other senior majorette. We have quite a few senior cheerleaders. They are Kathy Robinson, chief, Gail Furr, asst. chief, Joan Taro, Janie Bergman, and Marie Poteat.

Much hard work went in to make our last homecoming a successful and long-remembered occasion. Kathy Robinson was elected to reign over the festivities with Can-

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