

How the Seniors Began

CLASS HISTORY

Sedgefield

Everyone knows how we came into the world; that's the facts of life. Many of us wonder how we got through these last twelve years — it might have been common sense, desire, or just plain luck. But how many of you remember how this year's senior class got started?

It was a rather warm autumn day in September, 1952, but the fifty-eight pupils who enrolled as first graders at Sedgefield school felt a chill as they sat nestled to their mothers with nothing on but a white cloth or, if you were lucky, your fall coat. Don't you remember?

The scene was in a classroom. In the long hall of the school there were tables down one wall with ladies in white uniforms trying to undress you, checking your heart, (which was beating faster and faster because your mother wasn't by your side) or seeing if you needed any "school" shots.

There we were: Don Routh, Holt Davis, John Elkins, Cathy Parham, Ralph Underwood, Gene Holmes, Judy Kivette, Rannie Hennis and Richard Morton — lined up — a picture of pure fright. But little Pamela Baily tried to make all the new students feel at ease with her charming smile and friendly "hi there." Sue Warren sat on the far side of the room staring at Dee Ann Coley and Joe Coble who were already absorbed in the Dick and Jane primers.

My, weren't Billy Groome and Janie Bergman cute — they were mistaken several times as twins.

The ladies-in-white followed us to the second grade when we were the guinea-pigs for Dr. Salk. The teachers called us "Polio Pioneers".

Our next two years passed quickly. We were the first class to move into the new building and cafeteria. But many of the pupils found they weren't hungry after playing in the woods at recess. Linda Beatty said those leaves tasted just like tomatoes.

Others found that our mornings were spent taking turns eating a "second breakfast" 'on hand-colored placemats. One of our classmates played host or hostess and if he were a good friend, he'd sneak an extra marshmallow your way.

After breakfast we would have our fifteen minute reading classes and then it was naptime. When we

were in the old building, we put our heads on our desks — but when we moved to the new building, we slept on the floor.

After a wonderful summer we returned to the fourth grade to meet Glanda Hough, Charles (Butch) Simmons, and the flaming red-head, Loretta Puett.

Upon entering the fifth grade in 1957, we felt quite grown-up. Janie Bergman and Candy Blair were among the first to begin wearing lipstick. Of course, they never put it on till they got to school!!

This was the year those hoop slips and "stand-out" crinolines were in style. A certain teacher, called "Hot Rod", made Susan Miller remove hers before coming to class. Billy Turner, Cynthia Wolfe, and Connie Gay were our new buddies.

Do you remember who had the longest black hair in the sixth grade? Gayle Allred's tresses hung almost to her waist.

Joe Venable and Bill Groome started their baseball careers when the Sedgefield team beat Union Hill every game but one. Janie and Candy had another "first" — they were the only sixth graders chosen for the cheerleading squad.

Jim Bilbro had a very athletic thumb — he won third place in the annual marble tournament. His past history shows his qualifications for being leader of the Gorts. He played "Whole Lot of Shaking Going On" in one of those terrific weekly talent shows we gave each Friday.

There were many fads going on those years — pop beads, going steady swords, leotards, saving ice cream wrappers and collecting 10-25 cent stamps which were sold every Wednesday. I wonder how many students bought enough stamps to receive a savings bond?

How many of you girls remember the private conferences we had with our sixth grade teacher during recess? She seemed to think we were entirely too young to be wearing tight skirts, lipstick, make-up and nylon hose. Many of us acted grown-up and pretended that these words didn't pertain to us, but the next day we donned our bobby socks, and we had shiny faces.

Bill "Pinky" Groome started his dramatic career in the seventh grade when he won a medal in a speech contest.

Beverly Dillon and Sandra Moore were among the last of our new friends. But something strange

happened to Sandra. She enrolled at Sedgefield one rainy day and made friends with everyone. The next day the girls were arguing over who was going to invite Sandra home with them to spend the night. But a funny thing happened — Sandy didn't come back to Sedgefield. But we saw her again a couple of years later at Jamestown.

Only twenty-seven of the fifty-eight Sedgefield first graders are in the senior class today. At the seventh grade graduation, June 1, 1959, we looked back with pride at our progress. Our past was successful and our future looked bright with promise.

UNION HILL

In the fall of 1952, the graduating class of 1964 began what seemed to them the longest twelve years of their life. James Killgo, Jackie Grissom, Steve Johnson, and Dale Witcher, just to mention a few, entered Union Hill School. And yes, old alma mater began rollicking.

School was certainly a new and tremendously exciting world for us first graders. Tremendously exciting! Rest period, art class, rest period, reading class, rest period, recess, and so on until summer came.

As if the novelty of school life was not enough in itself, we second graders were guinea pigs for the Salk polio vaccine. When these trial vaccinations were scheduled, everyone piled into a bus and was transported to a central location. According to assembly line procedure each child would receive a shot. Phyllis Tucker, by fate's decree, received a shot from a doctor who could not get the needle into her arm correctly. As a result, Phyllis received four punctures before a successful polio vaccination was completed.

There was quite a bit of mischief that year. Jackie Steele received a whipping for pulling Jackie Grissom's suspenders, Regina Craven was known for biting and pinching her classmates, and one would never see her cry. On the other hand Wanda Clark was the crybaby of the class. There were also those, such as Dianne Hill, who played possum at rest period in order to merit a gold star beside her name.

Sharon Sechrest was "Miss February" in the class play, after a two-week postponement because Sharon developed a case of the mumps. Brenda Hopkins and Phyl-

lis Johnson were the proud majorettes. Only, well I guess it was because Phyllis had practiced her batoning so much; well, the end of Phyllis' baton flew off and hit an unknown viewer's head.

During the third year at Union Hill everyone tried to outspell his classmate. Right at the beginning it was evident that Steve Johnson had us all beat. He would always get the free ice-cream.

Wanda Beeson and Sharon Tate joined us that year. With their entrance began the popularity of pig-tails. And, oh yes, Sharon was even then the clown of the class (just so you all will know that Union Hill grows 'em with a sense of humor). And, oh yes, Howard Sanders and Gray Metters were the pests of the class (according to the girls) and already seemed to be quite familiar with the "board of education." One of our fellow playmates, Jack Clinard, left us this year.

The fourth grade at Union Hill was overcrowded and several combination rooms were required. Whether she wanted more room to try for a home-runner or whatever the reason, Phyllis Tucker hit Wanda Rothrock in the mouth with a ballbat. There seemed to be quite a few disagreements among the boys as to who would write Sarah Ann Byrd love notes. But, of course Sarah flattered them all by checking the "I love you" square. It was traditional for the girls at Union Hill to compete for the Mayday queen attendant. Fifth grade Mayday court attendants were: Sharon Tate and James Killgo, Don George and Wanda Beeson, Steve Johnson and Sharon Sechrest.

The Glee Club at Union Hill was really good! It seemed as if everyone was a born vocalist. But, of course, everyone did so want to miss history of math or English or Mrs. Braswell's art class.

The highlight of the fifth grade was the trip to Guilford Battle Ground. James Killgo and Sharon Tate always seemed to get that back seat of the bus on all our trips. Archie Luffman gave Mrs. Howell a hard time that year or was it vice versa?

During the sixth grade, we journeyed to Winston-Salem where we visited the cigarette factories and the Tip-Top bakery. Jackie Steele and Carolyn Jones had quite a scare when they imagined those

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