

*1964*



**Senior  
High School  
Memories**



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## Senior High School Memories

### The Caesar Rodney Class of 1964

The CR dress code didn't change from Junior High and girls still had to wear skirts or dresses to school no slacks, jeans, or shorts. There was skirt length requirement. I believe they couldn't be any shorter than where the tips of fingers touched hem when their arms hung down straight at their sides. There may have been some makeup rules. The boys may have had rules about hair length. The mini skirt craze did not start until after we graduated.

None us had a lot or carried a lot of money to school. You may have five dollars and it would have rare to had twenty dollars. You didn't really want to have money at school. Even then we had kids who would steal money, rings, or anything they liked. I doubt many even had a check with them. I believe minimum wage was around \$1.25 an hour for nonfarm labor.

Most didn't carry a book bag and nobody thought of using a backpack. Most of us just carried our stack of books and stuff in our arms. They were either held against our chest or carried by one hand down at our sides.

Unlike today, our teachers were expected to dress professionally. Every male teacher except for the PE and shop teachers wore a coat and tie while at school. Most wore white shirts with a plain tie but we did have a couple of bowtie guys. The shop teachers usually wore a white shirt and tie under their coveralls or lab coat.

Instead of writing our papers or taking tests with a pencil some teachers required we use ink. The fountain pens were messy and need bottle of ink to refill them. Sometimes they leaked, staining clothes. Even filling them was messy and more than once did my finger tips end up blue. When filled them at our desk we had to put something under the jar to protect the desk. If you flicked them they would throw ink. The tip needed to be tightly covered or your shirt pocket would have a blue stain. When ball point pens came out they were a little better, at least you didn't have to refill them but they often leaked. Because of the design the ink often smeared and if you left in your pocket and ended up in the wash there goes a good shirt. The teachers preferred us to use fountain pens because the letters were crisper. This assumes the pen didn't leak or we flicked to get the ink to flow. They did encourage us to type our papers but it was not required. I don't think everyone had a typewriter at home.

The college preparation track was made up students from 8-1 along with some students from the other 8<sup>th</sup>-grade sections who wanted to go to college. There were only 1 or 2 sections of college preparation classes. We had more male teachers in High School than we had in grades 1 to 8. Several of our teachers were War World II veterans. At the time we didn't realize who all were veterans and their role in the war. Very few of them talked about it.

The boys who had plastic pocket protectors for their pens and carried around a slide rule were considered to be “a brain” or a geek. The cool guys were the jocks or had fast cars. The coolest guys had a black comb and they did a lot of grooming. Their hot cars were designed for racing and laying patches of rubber. They often talked about whose car was the fastest. We had some girls who also had fast cars. You weren’t supposed to lay a patch of rubber at school. The cool guys also wore their letterman jackets or black leather jackets all day at school.

Chewing gum still wasn’t allowed in the classroom but instead of making you wear it you just had to toss it in the waste cans. Passing notes in class was more of an issue in the high school than junior high. Teachers varied in how they handled the notes. Some just tossed the notes without reading them. Some teachers read them and then decided on what action was needed. They could just toss the note, order you to stay after the class, or send it to the office. We had at least one teacher who would read the note aloud for the whole class to hear. There were several methods of passing notes. They could be made into paper airplanes and flying them over. They could be folded and tossed. Others could be enlisted to pass them. There was always a great risk in getting caught or someone could read note before it was passed on. Reading the note before passing it was unacceptable behavior. It rarely happened but it did.

We did have some cheating on tests. If teacher gave every class the same tests you tried to get questions from someone who already took it. Sometimes a couple of people worked together on tests using hand signals. If they were really daring they may pass a note. You wrote the answers on your hand or pencil, or have a cheat sheet on the floor or on your chair seat. The most common way of cheating was to copy answers off of someone else’s test with or without their consent. In US history for one test I was actually threatened not cover up my test or else they would beat me up.

We even managed to play some games doing school mostly in study hall or before class started but sometimes during class. Kids played games instead of listening to the boring teachers. Tic-Tac-Toe, Dots or hangman were the most common games. We also played football on the desk tops. It was played with triangular shaped folded paper. Some people still made paper airplanes to fly around the room when the teacher’s back was turned. Sometimes the airplane was a note being passed across the room. Spit balls were still made and shot around the room. You made a paper ball to toss around.

We did things to drive teachers crazy. If a teacher was late coming into the room somebody would hide the chalk and/or the erasers. Sometimes somebody would write a note on the board or change what assignment the teacher had posted. It was smart to ask someone to serve as a lookout to warn them. More than once the lookout failed to give enough warning. Mostly it was the girls who were asked to be the lookouts or the guys who the troublemakers usually picked on. The alert may not have been given so they would get caught. I know that is

what I did. It was my way to get even for being hazed. It was pretty safe way to get a little revenge without them knowing it. Nobody wanted to name who had done what. It was rare something got broken or somebody got physically hurt. I think we only had one or two incidents where the police were called in school. I believe one of those was to arrest somebody for incident which had nothing to do with the school.

Substitute teachers were fair game. We pulled a lot of tricks on them from changing ours seats to changing our names. Most students didn't say anything but some would give them a lot false information.

The first time a person would be substituting in the trailers have a lot trouble. They couldn't contact the office unless a student took over a note or they went over. There was no PA system and morning announcements may not make it out. They were blind as to what was supposed to be going on. If chose the wrong student they may get the right answer. Those teachers were taken advantage of in homeroom and 1<sup>st</sup> period. Since the bells didn't ring in the trailers it was easy to talk them into letting us out early. One time we even talked a sub out of collecting an English assignment. There was a price to pay for that when the teacher returned. It was the guys who told the little white lies. They put pressure on the girls go along or not to say anything. Sometime the girls wouldn't go along especially if teacher directly asked them.

If you needed to miss part of class, leave a class, or you had missed classes you needed an excuse. For some reason Mr. Farr gave me an excuse which he had signed but failed to put date, time, or reason. It was like having a "get out jail card". I kept it in my wallet and I used a couple times. The key was to avoid getting a teacher to sign it or taking it. I managed to keep it about 3 months until one of the guys found out I had it. They pressured me to lend it to them and I never got it back.

Air raid drills and fire drills were a lot different now because some of classes were out in the trailers. They seemed to call the fire drills when it was the nastiest weather, especially in the winter. I think we went out on the coldest and windiest days. It seem liked they also sent us out on rainy and snowy days. I guess they were trying to toughen us up for cruel cold world. Since you could not go to your locker you had to go as you were dressed. You wanted to huddle up but they wouldn't let you. About the best you could do was to try to stand in front of someone so they blocked some of the wind and wrap your arms around yourself.

The boy's behavior during fire drills hadn't change much since elementary school. We were still trying to get each other in trouble or just bug somebody. Your ear may get flicked by the person beside or behind you. You may have the back of your neck tickled with a weed. Somebody may try to put stuff down your shirt, bugs were the best. You may step behind

someone and with your knees you try to buckle their knees. If you wanted to really embarrass someone push them into someone else a girl.

Actually a few of the fire drills were caused by somebody pulling the alarm on the third floor, which made everybody in the school mad. They did catch one guy who pulled the alarm and he got suspended for three days.

Windy day fire drills were toughest for the girls because they had trouble holding down their dresses. More than one girl had her dress blow up to her head. Having to go outside in gym clothes was not only embarrassing, but we were miserable. The gym students got to stand in back of the building. It was mostly just boy and girl gym classes standing out back and maybe the auto shop class. Only thirty to forty people saw you suffer. At least the alarms never went off while we were in showers.

If you were out in the trailers, the fire drill reporting area was the parking lot. The classes would stand between the rows of cars which was nice on a windy because the cars served as a wind break.

The parking lot could be a nasty place to stand if it recently rained or snowed. With potholes and a poor drainage system there were lots of mud puddles, snow, or ice to deal with. Snowball fights could start anytime during a fire drill. Most of the snowballs were hurled as we were returning to the buildings and teachers were looking towards the buildings. Somebody in back would hit somebody in the back. The worst snowball tossing incident was in the parking lot. Once it started, the teachers couldn't control the situation. Because we were standing between the cars individuals were shielded from view. They couldn't see who had snowballs or were tossing them. Going back into the school with cold hands and damp clothing made it hard to get warm. For the main High school building, the waiting area was out on the grass in front of the building.

If there was snow on the ground somebody was going to try making a snowball and hit someone. There was always someone who thought it was funny to pack the snow so tight it became an ice ball. Ice balls hurt and they would bring tears to your eyes. Getting nailed with ones those was a call to action. You wanted revenge and more than fight was wanted. They were generally stopped before they started.

While we were standing between the cars for fire drills some people would mess with the cars. Lock the keys in, move the seats, toss in trash, leave notes, or whatever they happen to think of. It was the same group guys who cause trouble in the classrooms. There were 4 or 5 guys who like see how much they could away with.

The air raid drills weren't pleasant experiences. Everyone in the trailers had to come into the high school as the trailer weren't safe if they dropped a bomb. If they dropped a bomb or missile on DAFB, it wouldn't have made a difference where we were in the school. We all had to jam into the hallways. We would be standing 3 or 4 deep. It was really hot and stuff with all of us standing around. Our lockers were off-limits and you could not go and get a drink. If your friend blocked the view of the teachers, you got into the lockers. Since they didn't change the locker combination it was a good time to see what was in your old locker. The longer the drill lasted the more we complained about the situation.

We had a practice school emergency evacuation during the cold war. I believe it was in Fall. The goal was to see how fast we could be evacuated and sent home in case there was a missile attack on our country. It was announced we were going to be sent home as soon as buses came to pick us up. We were to get our things together and be ready. We really didn't know what was going on. Apparently the bus drivers weren't alerted ahead of time. The drill wasn't smooth. Many of us didn't get home as early as the civil defense figured we should because the bus didn't come any earlier than they would have normally. Mary Ellen remembers walking out and seeing the Air Force planes evacuating the base in formations of threes. We really weren't sure if it was a drill or the real thing. We all knew we lived in a high-value target area. Not only was Dover Air base an important target but we had high-value targets all around us. The Norfolk Navy base, Philly Navy yard, Washington DC, the McGuire Air force base and Fort Dix base in NJ.

After Christmas break and the mid-terms exams they would change our class schedules. They didn't change the classes we took, just changed the time of day or day of the week our class met. I think the reason for changing was so you wouldn't keep missing the same class if we had delayed openings or early closings. When we had a school delay, a school program, or had half days things got really confusing because they may change the order of classes just for the day. I think they kept a running account how many times you missed each class period.

Our class meetings were held in the auditorium with our class advisors. The meetings were led by our class officers and our faculty advisors. We didn't meet very often but we needed to meet to plan the play, plan fund-raising activities, plan for the prom, and to go over rules for class trips as well as elect officers. Like most organizations most of the work was done by 10 to 15% of the class. The carrot for working on the class fund-raising projects was reduced fees for trips. I think if you sold 4 ads and worked on the play you didn't have to pay anything to go on the senior trip.

All of the high school bathrooms were smoke-filled. I think they were used for smoking and gambling more than for their intended use. About once a year one of the boys would try to flood one, usually one on the top floor. They would plug up the sinks with paper towels and

leave the water running. There was always the risk of trouble in the boy's bathrooms. There were guys you did not want to be alone with in the bathroom. It was a place to get jumped. If you were a favorite target or the target of the day, you could be grabbed and pushed into the girls' bathroom or locker room. They would hold the door shut so you couldn't get out until the girls started screaming or they saw someone coming. Since it was usually 4 or 5 guys tossing you in, there wasn't much you could do about it. It was a very embarrassing situation.

The teacher's lounge was on the second floor of the high school and it was also a smoked-filled room. Our teachers went in there to smoke, eat lunch, or go when they did not have a class. They had the only coke machine in school and it dispensed the 6 or 8oz bottles. No students were allowed but sometimes a student would sneak in to get a coke. If you needed to talk to a teacher you had to knock on the door and ask for the teacher to come out. I don't think they wanted us to see them smoking.

We had a few changes in the administration while in high school. We gave nicknames to our administrators. The Superintendent when we started school in 1952 was W.B. Simpson who was nicknamed "gooseneck". Dr. Neil Postlethwait became our new superintendent when Dr. Simpson retired. Robert Coleman was soon given the nickname "Mousey" because of his size and voice. I don't think many of us felt that Archie Jordan and Russell Perry were student-friendly principals. Mr. Jordan was referred to as Archie.

In our homerooms we had both boys and girls, unlike in junior high. In 9th grade, I think all of our homerooms were in the trailers. Our daily routine in the 9<sup>th</sup> grade began by going to our lockers in the main building and putting away our jackets, lunch and after lunch books. Then out to the trailers for homeroom where the teacher had to read announcements, if they came in time. The teacher also led the Lord's Prayer and Pledge. Then it was off for our morning classes. At the end of morning classes you dropped your stuff in the locker and went to lunch. After you finished eating lunch you may go to new gym and play basketball, go dancing, or just hangout until it was time to back to your locker to get what you needed for the afternoon. At the end of the day you went back to your locker to take what you needed for home. The school was still in a big remodeling program and every fall when we came back there would be lots of changes. You may have high school classes out in the trailers, the high school and the junior high building.

We were free to take whatever courses we wanted as long you took enough credits to graduate. We all needed 4 years of English, 4 years of PE, 1 health class, US History, POD, 1 other history class, 2 to 4 years of science, and 3 or 4 years of math. The requirements to get into college were higher and you should be taking the college preparation classes. Every time we changed classes we changed who were going to class with.

For some reason it seemed our class was the one that had to deal with changes in school policies. We were no longer going to be allowed in the buildings before the first school bell rang. We were locked out of all the buildings before school and during the lunch period. The only areas we were allowed in were the cafeteria and the new gym. The other on-campus option was to stay outside. I don't think you were allowed to leave in your car. The locker rooms may have been open if a coach opened them. The restrooms were in the cafeteria or the in lobby of the new gym. It was a mess in the rain because you could get soaked between the gym and doors to the high school. There were over 500 students trying to get thru two sets of double doors.

Now we were not allowed to go to our lockers in between classes and we weren't happy about the rule change. They wanted the hallways kept open. You were only allowed to go to your locker before school, during lunch, and at the end of school unless you had written permission from a teacher. We were supposed to carry everything we needed in the morning until lunch. In afternoon you needed to carry all of the afternoon materials. At the beginning of lunch you could drop off the morning books and grabbed your lunch. After lunch you got the pm books. At the end of school you went back to get everything you needed. Most us did not like to carry our gym stuff especially after gym.

In October not being able to go your locker created a small problem for the baseball fans because we could no longer keep updated on the World Series games which were day games. The shop teachers would sometime let you listen to the game if someone brought a radio. I think someone in the office had the game on and someone could go check on the score when we were changing classes.

If the weather was really nasty in the morning they sometimes let us in the building. We had to go directly into the auditorium and sit until the first bell rang. At lunch, in nasty weather we had to stay in the cafeteria or gym and make a dash for the doors when they opened. From the high school building there was no good way to get back and forth to the cafeteria in bad weather unless you could go through the old gym and locker rooms, but they were locked.

We were supposed to walk with our right-hand side against the wall and keep the middle open. Then you had cut through the traffic to get into the classroom. There was often some pushing and shoving in front of classrooms because people were trying to get in and out and others were trying to walk past. Teachers would sometimes be posted on the stairways or in the center of the hall to enforce the travel rules.

The grading system changed while we were in high school. It happened in either our junior year or sophomore year. Instead of six grading periods the administration added two additional grades. They added a mid-term exam and final exam tests and they had equal value to a six



week grade. Our mid-term and final exams were two-hour exams and you took two a day. They were high-pressure tests designed to cover all the material we covered up to that point. Mid-term and final exam grades combined made up 25% of your final grade. You could have passing grades but if you failed the mid-term and/or final you could fail the class. They changed the grading system to better prepare us for college. Everyone had to take mid-terms and finals. No matter what your grade was or your attendance record you had to take your exams. At least one senior did not graduate because they failed the final exam.

The biggest change at school may have been integration. Integration was an issue in school board elections and if you were for it you would probably lose. A lot of people did not want the school to integrate but it was the law. The district decided that there would be fewer issues if the school gradually integrated. Under this program there would be black students in every grade with most being in first grade and the fewest in the 12<sup>th</sup> grade. In a few years the school was fully integrated. The Star Hill School, which was 100% black, would be fully integrated into the CR schools and be just another CR school building. Being fully integrated was speeded up because of another legal decision and the gradual integration program ended. Until integration black students who finished 8<sup>th</sup> grade at Star Hill could go to William Henry High School, the black high school for Kent County located in Dover.

We may have had 1 or 2 black students our class in 1962. I am not sure of the selection basis of black students to come to CR. Was it their ability to deal with the situation of being only 1 or 2 black students in a class of 120 white students? I don't remember any big protests at the beginning of the year. The class of 1963 had a black male who was a star athlete. I don't remember anybody hazing or harassing him at school. There were some issues at away games where the schools had not yet integrated and they did not think their children should be playing against black s. I think we had a black girl in our class as juniors but she left school before our senior year. She was very quiet and I don't remember much about her because she was not in any of my classes. The sophomore class had a couple of black students. One black boy was short and overweight and could he could laugh anything off. It was a good thing he was so good-natured. Some of the guys in gym class were mean to him. They were all letterman and could be bullies. They did a lot mean things and the gym teacher tended to not see their antics. He would have been picked on regardless of his race because he was short, overweight, and not an athlete, but being black made him a target. The worst physical thing I saw them do was to keep hitting him with the medicine ball. There weren't any coaches around when they hit him. I know it had to hurt but he laughed it off. If it was me I would have been slugging somebody.

Moving over to the Senior High school would involve more challenges in getting to classes on time. We would have to deal with temporary classrooms that would last over 10 years as the school continued to add students. We had six classroom trailers spaced around the parking lot.

The right wall of each trailer was solid with a small window close to the ceiling. The wall had hooks to hang your coats which no one used. The other wall was mostly windows with a two-shelf bookcase running the length of the room under the windows. They almost never had many books on it. The shelves were used mostly by us as place to lay our stuff. There were 4 to six red posts to support the roof which impacted where your desk sat. The Entry was at the back of the trailer. The teacher's desk was set in a little alcove on the left hand side of the room and opposite the desk was the back door which was never used except for emergencies. There was a small chalkboard (green) to the right of the teacher's desk. The trailers were heated with electric heat.

It was a pain having homeroom in the trailers because our lockers were in the main building. When you got to school you had wait for the doors to be opened. You now have five minutes to get to your locker and go to bathroom and make it to roll call in homeroom or be marked late or tardy. You didn't dare leave anything in the trailers as it was fair game. You needed to hustle to make it from one classroom to the next because your class could be far away. If we had to go to our homeroom for dismissal it was hard to make the bus. Once we were dismissed, we only had few minutes until the buses pulled out and we still needed to go get our things out of the lockers. Unless someone reminded the bus driver you were here at school, they started heading out. I had to run to catch the bus more than once because we had gotten out of homeroom late.

There wasn't any PA system connected to the trailers from the office. There were no bells in the trailers except for fire alarms. Messages had to be physically carried out the trailers. The announcements were sent out from the office and needed to read out loud by a teacher. We would sometime miss out on last minute changes. This system led to some confusion for both the teachers and students. We sometimes took advantage by passing along false messages to the teachers about early dismissals. Since we could not hear the bell we had to use the clock in the trailer to know when to change classes. It was a good excuse for being late for the next class. If the teacher wasn't in the room sometimes the clock would get reset.

The trailers were really noisy in heavy rainstorms and hail storms. Sometimes the teacher had trouble talking over the noise. The rain pounding on the metal roof and the wind whistling made you wonder if it was safe in the trailers. The steps were wooden and they were very slippery when wet especially with slush on them. More than one person slipped on them and fell down.

The metal roofs were almost flat and they all leaked. You may need to move your chair to keep from getting wet or put a trash can or bucket on your desk to catch the water. When floors got wet from our wet feet or from water coming in you had to be careful. More than one us slipped and a couple fell on their butt.

The trailers had electric heat and because of the way they were built they could be cold or very hot, especially if someone played with the thermostats. The supporting poles could be used for “exercising”. You could jump up and grab hold near the top and try to spin completely around without hitting the desks. The boys would have spinning contests. Best not try it with any of the teachers around.

If it was really windy the doors were very hard to open and close. The doors could just blow open. With strong winds out of east they could be jerked out of your hand or they smacked you in face. Most of doors had dents from hitting the railings. Depending type of dresses the girls were wearing they trouble carrying their books and holding their dresses down let alone deal with a door.

Wesley Hall loved to play jokes on people and he knew how to open the doors without a key. Apparently the way they were constructed made it easy to pop the doors open. Over lunch, he took the fire extinguishers and emptied them in the Spanish trailer, Mrs. Mintz classroom. What a mess, and I don’t think anybody knew he had done it. I am pretty sure Wesley managed to empty the fire extinguishers in at least one other trailer.

Wesley was a fun-loving guy and it was hard to stay mad at him, but his jokes could make you mad because he sometimes he went too far. In 9<sup>th</sup> grade, Wesley and I got into a fight after lunch in Mrs. Mintz’s trailer (our homeroom). The fight only lasted a couple of minutes and we were soon friends again. Actually, it was more of a wrestling match. I got him down and into a leg lock and I squeezed his waist as tight as could until he said uncle. He was trying to get me to say uncle by putting pressure on me. We didn’t any trade blows.

The first row of chairs had been pushed into the second row. We knocked some books on the floor. It was quickly over when figured out we were too good of buddies to be fighting over a dump joke. We got the room straightened up before she got back from lunch. I don’t think she ever knew about the fight. About four girls saw the fight but I don’t think they said much about it.

One time, one of our 9<sup>th</sup> grade teachers came to school to discover the chairs stack up on their desk. The rest of chairs were blocking the desk. Wesley had struck again. Wesley was smart. He didn’t brag about what he did so he rarely got caught pulling of teacher pranks.

In bad weather it was never any fun to getting to and from the trailers. In the winter you wanted to keep and wear your coat if you were going to the trailers. The problem was that you were stuck with having to carry it at least half day since we not allowed to go to the lockers. We wanted our coats because it was hard to keep warm in some of the trailers. The rules for trailers were just like the main building. We were locked out until the teacher opened to door.

You could be stuck outside for more than 5 minutes. At least that was the rule unless we popped the door open with knife.

If you tried running out to the trailer in the rain your shoes and legs could get soaked from being splashed. While you were trying to avoid the puddles and getting splashed, a classmate may hit the puddle splashing you. There is trick to splashing someone as they passed a mud puddle. We had four or five guys who were good at it. More than once somebody had to suffer through class with wet clothes or shoes.

In front of some trailers there was a puddle too deep to walk thru and too wide to walk around. You had try jump over it and land on the steps. The puddles were so deep and big in places in parking lot the school laid 2 by 6 planks to walk on. We had to walk the planks to avoid getting wet. You had to be aware who was close by. Some guys like to try to force you off or toss something in the water to get you wet.

Getting to the trailer for class was like having to navigate an obstacle course. We had to weave in and out of cars, cross water hazards, do a balancing act on the narrow boards and then leap on to a slippery step. More than one person dropped their books and papers into a puddle.

If there was snow on the ground you could count on seeing snowballs in the air. Walking on snow and ice could also be tricky. You could easily fall on your butt or into a car. They did not use a lot sand and salt around the school. One day Mr. Wilt, a gym and health teacher got nailed with a snowball in the parking lot on his way to teach health class.

In high school, we had the option to leave school to get lunch. We were allowed to leave the school grounds to buy lunch at the luncheonette across the street or any other place in walking distance as long as you were back for afternoon classes. A lot kids went across the street to eat and to smoke. Inside it was like a fog bank. It was not fancy but the food was good and the owners were friendly. Lunch might cost you a couple of dollars, not the 35 cents the school lunch cost. Instead milk we drank coke here. Lunch mostly hamburger, hot dogs, or mini subs with potato chips. Now we were the kids who got asked to buy candy for elementary kids. The couple who owned the luncheonette were Germans and they lived in Dover and their two schnauzers responded to commands in both German and English. We called them Ma and Pa and they mostly sold hamburgers and deli-style sandwiches, fountain drinks and milk shakes.

The luncheonette was a typical lunch room. The main door was on the end of the building. We always went in thru the side door directly across from the school. As we entered the side door, the candy counter was on your left. It was attached to the lunch counter which had stools to sit on. You placed and picked up your order at the counter where you could sit to eat or sit in a booth or a table. On the end of the lunch counter was a large jar of Penrose red hot sausages. They sold them for nickel each. They were good but you didn't want eat too many.

On top of the candy counter were the jars or boxes of penny candy and the packs of gum. A lot of us when we were young bought the gum with the baseball cards. The candy bars were kept in the glass case. Booths were attached to the outside walls. The tables and chairs filled the center of the room. There was a jukebox on the far wall which was often playing the latest hits. It was ten cents a song or 3 songs for a quarter. What songs got played was determined by “big guys” in the class, lettermen and the tough guys. There was space for dancing and some did. The booths were prized territory and were “reserved by those with the power to control them”. I never saw anyone fight over the booth but there was posturing.

You were not allowed to be in your car during lunch. In fact you had to have a permit to drive to school. You were expected to ride the bus unless you lived in town. You could drive to school if you played on a sport’s team, had an afterschool activity or if you had an after-school job. People in the 1960’s were trusting and car doors were often left unlocked. Some teachers and students would leave their keys in their car. One student stole Mr. Mac’s car and went on a joy ride. He got involved in a police chase in Dover and ran down a man who was crossing the street, killing him. We all felt bad for Mr. Mac because he was upset that his car was involved in the accident. The guy who stole car was a trouble-maker at school and acted tough. He spent a lot of his life in jail for his crimes.

Being locked out of the building limited what we could do over lunch. We could not go to library or get to of our lockers. It made it hard to work on homework you hadn’t finished. The only place where you sit down were in the cafeteria or in gym on one of the bleachers

If the weather wasn’t bad, some of us mostly hung around outside in the alley-way between the junior high and senior high buildings until they opened the doors. Those of us who hung out in the alley had staked out our own space where our group would hang out and girl-watch or trade tall-tales.

The most exciting thing that happened over lunch time happened in the boiler room across from the cafeteria. One of our classmate’s younger brother had taken his girlfriend into the broiler room for fun and games. It was a really dumb place to go. The room is below ground and two sides of the building contain large plate glass windows where anyone who looks down can see what is going on. Their secret was out before they were done. We watched them walking thru the alley trying to play it cool thinking nobody knew. They were suspended and on their way home before the end of 4<sup>th</sup> period. A classic but dumb move was when two of the students saw a ladder leaning up against the roof of the gym and decided climbed up to peek into the girl’s locker room. They fell asleep waiting to see girls and when they woke up the ladder was gone with no way down. They were caught and suspended.

For boys, the proper gym attire consisted of tennis shoes, white socks, jock strap, and our blue shirt and blue shorts with gold lettering and numbers. Wearing a complete uniform was part of your grade as the coaches used a point system. The shorts and shirt had the same number and we bought them at the school. We were required to take a shower after gym unless the class was running very late, which was rare. We got points for taking showers. When we played team sports the class was to divide into teams. We had two ways to identify the teams. The most common way was skins verse the shirts. The other way was blue shirts versus red tank tops over the shirts. For every sport we had a written test and usually some skills test. One year in football we had to kick a field goal, punt for distance and throw a pass through a tire. The written test mostly covered the rules and history.

I could not kick a field goal off a tee and get it over the bar. Mr. Wilt decided to hold ball and he told me if I followed his instructions I could do it. I went back, ran forward, and kick as hard as I could. But I kicked high and got more hand than ball. I know I hurt him because he hollered a couple of choice words and ran off telling me to pick up the gear and head to showers. I never had to try to kick a field goal again. I understand Mr. Wilt still remembered me as one of his golf buddies told me last year. I don't how my name came up on the golf course.

For touch football we were divided into six-man teams and we played each other. Your team's record counted in your grade. Wins counted the most points and with a tie you split the points and you got nothing for a loss. The team with the best athletes didn't always win. The team that best used the rules could often beat the better one or at least tie them.

Bill Wolstenholme and I designed a football game plan based on the special rules for our gym class that made us almost unbeatable. We did not win every game but didn't lose any games. We couldn't have done it without using every rule to our advantage. Our system frustrated the jocks and that was what it was designed to do. It was a very simple play plan of preventive defense and when we got the ball we kept it until we scored or kept it so they couldn't score before class was over.

The baseball equipment that the school had for gym was limited and well-used. There were never enough gloves and I have a feeling they were gloves that were left at school by students. If kids did not bring gloves from home and share them you wouldn't have one. I never thought it was fun catching a ball bare-handed. The softballs were well used and we were lucky to a get 1 new ball. The fields we played softball on were a little rough and balls took funny bounces. There were holes in the infield and if it had recently rained there were mud puddles, especially around home plate. One year instead of using a baseball field we played softball on the football field. We had two games going at the same time and the outfields overlapped each other, making it possible to have fly balls coming out in two different directions. We actually had a triple play against us on a deep fly ball to left. We had two very overweight guys on first and

second. They went about halfway to the next base and couldn't make it back to their base. They were really slow.

Our gym classes always started out the same way unless it was a written- test day. We would line up in 2 or 3 rows and get our proper spacing: two arms-length space to the sides and front and back to prevent hitting each other. The teacher called the roll and checked our uniform. If you gave a smart-alecky response you would be doing laps or pushups. Doing laps was the most common form of punishment. We got graded down if we weren't in uniform. Next we would go through our warm-up exercises. The exercises would vary somewhat. We always did jumping jacks, pushups, toe touches, squats, trunk twists, arm twirls, and sit ups. We did not do many stretches either before or after we exercised. We didn't usually get any water breaks. Then we would usually run some laps: the number depended on the size of the area and the mood of the coach. Then we spent most of the class period practicing or playing the sport we were studying.

Every coach was different in what they expected and how hard they would push us. Mr. Wilt could be a little sadistic. He made us go outside as long as it was not raining or snowing. In the winter he would be wearing a jacket, hat, and gloves hollering at us to keep moving because it would help keep us warm. On cold days everyone wanted to be on the team wearing the red jersey. Adding an extra layer was some help but not much when it was 20F.

One day we were all freezing, trying to play soccer. We were covered with goose bumps and we were trying to stay warm by hold our arms tight to our bodies. Even running could not help us keep warm. It was below freezing and the wind chill made it feel like zero. Everybody was complaining and he finally let us go into the small gym. I think the only reason he let us come in was because it was too cold for him to even blow the whistle. I saw him standing there shivering and he said to gather up the equipment and head into the small gym and he took off. He went right into the office which was warmer than the old gym and we did not see him the rest of the class.

The team sports we played were football, softball, soccer, volleyball, and basketball. We also took wrestling. Our grade for wrestling was based on the written test and our record. At least they divided us into weight groups and you didn't have to wrestle everyone. Being small, most years I had to wrestle guys who were 10 to 20 pounds heavier. It was a good thing I drew a lot of smokers to wrestle. If I could avoid being pinned, I could usually beat them on points or pin them in the 3<sup>rd</sup> period as they were too winded to go the full 3 periods. When wrestling a heavy smoker, by the third period they seemed to be exhaling smoke and their breath was gross.

When we played team sports the losing teams had to run extra laps and gather up all of the gear to carry it in. Sometimes the teams were stacked. The jocks would rig the team make-up by spacing themselves out and when we counted off they would all be on same team. It was frustrating that the coaches allowed it. However, nothing was sweeter than beating those guys and having them run laps.

One of our winter activities was gymnastics. We had several apparatus we had to use. The old gym is where we normally did gymnastics and wrestling. We used the parallel and uneven bars, two types of horses, mats for floor exercise, and the ropes. The girls also took gymnastics but we were never in the gym at the same time. To pass gymnastics you had earn so many points on each apparatus. There was risk of serious injuries in this sport when doing flips and vaults especially if you were counting on a classmate to be the spotter. I don't remember anyone being seriously hurt. However, some parts of the body took some blows that really took your breath away.

Every year we had to try to complete the rope climb to the rafters in the new gym. It was a long hard climb and if you didn't like heights tough stuff. There were two climbing options, arm pulls alone or using your arms and feet. The coach may require you to just use your arms. I never saw anyone fall climbing the rope. Coming down is where we usually got hurt. If we came down too fast our hands or hands and legs would suffer rope burns. Then you lost your grip and you would let go early.

We did play some games in gym when it was not fit to be outdoors. We played games like crab ball, dodge ball, and we played an indoor baseball game using a dodge ball. Crab ball was basically indoor soccer but it was played with a 4-foot-diameter ball. You got down on fours like a crab and your team had to move ball across the room and hit the other wall to score. The game was really tiring because of the positions we had moved in. Our fingers often got stepped on and we often got kicked by people kicking at the ball. This was a game we sometime were joined in by the girls. Sometimes both gym teachers stayed in to referee. We never got graded on these types of games.

When we played dodge ball or dodge-ball baseball it was not always a friendly game. We had one or two guys who seemed to try to hurt someone because of how hard and where they tried to hit someone.

Volleyball was another winter sport in which most of the grade was based on our written test. Team size did vary with the number of boys or girls in the class. They tried to set it up so each team had the same number of boys and girls. We played with as few as 6 and up to 9 on a side. As usual, losers had to run extra laps around the gym before they could hit the showers.



We did track classes in our Junior and/or Senior year. We had to do the broad jump and the triple jump (hop, skip, and jump) 100-yard dash, shot put, low hurdles, one-mile run and I think we had to run a relay race. They recorded our times and distances and our grade may have been based on how well we did.

We did have few classes with the girls in their lovely yellow one-piece gym uniforms with a belt and cuffed shorts. There were several names for their gym outfits, including monkey suits. Outside of learning to square dance and playing volleyball I think we only had classes together because the weather was too bad to be outdoors or one of the coaches had to leave. In volleyball the girls tended to get pushed out of the way or knocked down by the aggressive play of some of the boys. A lot of girls were better volleyball players than the boys.

At the end of every year we took the presidential fitness test. The test varied somewhat from year to year. The tests for the boys included the 100-yard dash and the six-hundred-yard run. Our times were used to rank our fitness level. We were scored on how many sit ups, pushups, and chin-ups we could do. The type of chin up required changed from year to year as did the pushup. Sit ups changed from total number to the number you could do in 2 minutes. To insure you did the sit ups correctly and the right count they were done in pairs. The person holding your legs down did the counting. In either our junior or senior year Barry McPherson set the standard for sit ups. He did 200 and the teacher told him to stop. Doing 25 was challenge and 50 was outstanding. (Lester Troyer) There was also the timed 4 block shuttle run. We had other skills tests but I am not sure they were part of the presidential physical fitness test. These tests included the standing broad jump, running broad jump and softball throw for distance. When we did the presidential test in our senior year, the girl's gym class was seated in the bleachers and some of them cheered us on. The coaches wanted to receive the fitness award every year.

Mr. Miles, a DJ at the Dover radio station, was our 9<sup>th</sup> grade English teacher. His trailer was at the back of the parking lot. He was a unique teacher and a cool guy because he was so different. He would share stories of his work as a DJ. Most of them were funny. He was not always prepared for class because he worked the morning shift at the radio station. One time he walked in and assigned us to write the Lord's Prayer and another time the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. They counted as an unannounced test. As we often did, we had to exchange tests and we graded our classmate's papers. To keep us from making a deal with another student for better grades he changed who we exchanged papers with. Sometimes we passed them to the left, the right, forward or back. I am not sure if he knew which way he wanted them passed until he opened his mouth. We probably graded as many assignments as he did. When it rained there was a big puddle right in front of the steps to his trailer. About the only way to avoid the puddle was to grab the railing and swing up on to the steps. I think Mr. Miles was a better DJ than he was a teacher. He did not last very long as a CR teacher.

Health classes were taught by the PE teachers and most were in the trailers and we generally took health in the 12<sup>th</sup> grade. The class had both boys and girls. The health classes focused on good eating habits, proper nutrition, sleep and healthy habits, and included sexually-transmitted diseases. There was one sexual educational movie just shown to the seniors. I think the girls and boys watched it separately in the auditorium. To prevent other students from seeing it, they covered the windows on the auditorium doors with brown paper.

Becky Harrington had lighted a cigarette in Mr. Wilt's Health class in the trailers. When we all turned around she threw it into the heat vent on the floor and it kept smoking. We laughed about it at the last reunion! Love you, Becky! (Linda G)

Mr. Cuthrell's first year of teaching was our freshmen year. He taught algebra and coached track. I found it difficult to learn algebra from him. He and I didn't get along and I didn't think he was a good teacher. He seemed to blame the student for not understanding the problem and didn't want to spend any time to help someone to learn it. 10<sup>th</sup> grade math was plane geometry which was taught by Mrs. Dot Townsend and she was tough but fair. She rarely smiled and often carried a ruler in her hand as she walked around the room. She also taught the advanced math classes.

Mr. Robert Wedde, taught general math and the non-college preparation math courses. He was very short, about 5'4". He had a very strong European accent and a high-pitched voice. He was like the Energizer Bunny as he was always in motion and he was very excitable. He was another teacher who smacked his pile of books to startle the class.

In freshman history we had Mr. Cronin for world history. He put a lot of energy into his teaching. He held your attention and he tried to bring history to life. He would pull off his coat and be perspiring by the end of class. He always had chalk dust on his jacket sleeve from using it to wipe off his drawings of the battlefields. You could not fall asleep in his classes. On one of his charges between the rows from the back of the room he tripped over Bob Shipley's feet. Mr. Cronin was able to catch himself before he hit a desk or the floor. Of course the class had a good laugh because Mr. Cronin said something funny about Bob's big feet. As I did in most classes I tried to avoid being seen or heard. At the end of year when he handed me back a test with an A and he said he was surprised I got an A. It was deflating because I had an A average in the class. I guess that was the price for being shy in school.

For me personally, love of history and the interest in other countries Mr. Cronin instilled me has been invaluable. I have worked with or dealt with people from all over the world. Because I retained a lot of what I learned I always share with what know about their countries. Instantly they are impressed and often say they are surprised meet someone who knew that much. This

changes the whole tone of conversation and they really want to help me and work me. They love sharing information about their country.

Mr. Cronin was also one of our social studies teachers in junior high school. Besides teaching world history he also taught European history in high school.

Mr. Tom Shaffer taught US History and was the football coach. He spent most of his time sitting behind his desk. He graded on a point system. You got three points for answering a question in class. You earned points on Friday quizzes and then you could earn up to 100 points on each exam. By the time you took the exam you had covered the same material three times. You could get him off subject by talking about football or Merrill's Marauders which was the unit he served in WWII. We spent most of the year studying the Civil War. A lot of time was spent on the various generals and the individual battles. If you could memorize material it was an easy course. I sat in the 1<sup>st</sup> row, 2<sup>nd</sup> seat just behind Karen Hartman. Karen always came in wearing Ellis' jacket carrying a big stack of books. Karen and I always made sure we answered at least one question in every class to get those 3 points. Since I got good grades in history I was told not to cover up my answers so they could be copied. Apparently 3 people were trying to improve their grades by copying off me.

Mr. Mac (MacFaddin) was our Problems of Democracy or POD teacher. We all had to take this class and US history to graduate. This class was to make us more knowledgeable and better citizens. For his class we needed to bring in a current event for Friday's class. You had to cut it out of the paper and read it in class. At first, we just had to read it and then we could keep it. The current event then could be passed on to someone in a later class. It was not uncommon to see someone walk out the class and pass it to someone walking in. I think later we had to sign them and turn them in. It was not smart to let someone in an earlier class to have yours. You may get it back because they shared with someone and they didn't give it back. I caught lending mine out to someone in 1<sup>st</sup> period and it never came back to me in 5<sup>th</sup> period. It counted for 5 points extra credit.

Mr. Mac was a popular teacher because he was a nice guy, but you did not want to get him mad. In spite of his bad leg he could really move down the hallway if he needed to. His room was close to the office because he was also an assistant principal. Apparently I was somewhat of a goof-off in this class according to my year book, but I am not sure why.

Mr. Fred Smith taught general science. He was a short but stout man and strong as an ox. He did not tolerate talking in class or back talk. He was deadly with an eraser. He could hit you in the head from any place in the room. Craig H. always played at being a tough guy and he had been suspended a couple of times. He had gotten smart with Mr. Smith and he refused to go to the office so Mr. Smith walked to the back of the room to force him out and Craig pushed back. Mr.

Smith picked Craig up and turned him upside down and tapped his head on the floor a couple of time and then took him to the office. Nobody in the class moved or messed around while Mr. Smith was out of room.

For biology, chemistry, and physics classes we had Mr. Bruce Chappelle. He had the coolest little green sport car. He wore his English driving hat and I'm not sure if he wore driving gloves. He often rode around with the top down. His chemistry and Biology classes were on the second floor of the high school in 10<sup>th</sup> grade. There was another biology teacher but I am not sure where his room was located. Chappelle's room was a double room. The east end contained his high desk and our regular desks. The west end had our lab tables with sinks where we conducted our biology and chemistry experiments. By the time we were juniors the old cafeteria had been converted to the science department and all our science classes would be moved over there. For Biology, we all had to buy a dissection kit from the school as we would be dissecting a grasshopper and frog. It had a scalpel, two long needles with wood handles, scissors, and another tool or two inside a brown plastic pouch which cost between \$5 and \$10. I don't think we dissected a rat but may have done a pig. I still have mine and I still use it occasionally. We had to diagram and label what we saw. It helped if you had some artistic ability. I think the frogs were alive and we had to kill them which was difficult for some. In fact some frogs escaped from the table and had to be caught. For chemistry lab we had to buy and use safety glasses. I don't remember us had any real accidents but in one test the place smelled like rotten eggs. Some ended up with some holes because the acids. I had a "Holy sweater" or two.

I had an epileptic event in biology class and no one knew it happened. At the time I didn't realize it was epileptic event. I just knew I didn't have clue as to what was going on. What is strange is I can still tell you what the question was and that Cyndi Lingo did answer the question.

Mr. Chappelle was a very good science teacher and I felt well prepared for taking college science classes. Like most chemistry teachers he got a bang out of dropping a piece of phosphorus into a bucket of water since it exploded on contact. We were all required to buy and wear safety glasses for chemistry lab. The chemistry lab was brand-new and it was moved to the basement of the junior high building. It was a lot better than the old and had more safety devices. Some of the lab tables were located behind our desks and the rest were on one side of the room. We had a couple of hoods to handle chemicals which were dangerous. One time we did need to air out the room because someone mixed the chemicals in the wrong order. We had a couple of class clowns who played around in class, especially when Chappelle was out of the room. They would mess with the gas, mess with other people's experiments, or play around with the burners. While Mr. Chappelle was out of the room, one of our classmates

tried spinning a titration tube and broke the top half off. Somebody happened to know where the key to the cabinets was kept and they switched tubes. I don't think anyone told on them. We were probably lucky nobody got hurt in lab.

I thought the chemistry classes and biology were more interesting and more fun than physics. Physics was a senior class course. Physics was tough if you didn't like using a slide rule or like dealing with all of those principles and theories. Lab science classes were more complicated to work into your schedule. The lab portion was only offered on 1 day and it was right after the lecture. This limited class options after science classes to study halls, gym, driver education, and health and it eliminated all the 5 day a week classes.

It was the afternoon of November 22, 1963 when the biggest shock of our young lives would happen. It was as shocking to us as December 7, 1941 was to our parents. I was in physics lab when Jim West burst with the news that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. The physics lab was in the basement of the old school. Jim came down the stairs and pushed open the doors and shouted the President had been shot. We all thought he was joking and we said it wasn't funny. We were all standing at our lab tables. Mary Ellen remembers we were making Whipple tanks at the time. The P.A. announcement soon followed. There wasn't much said after that as no one knew what say. We would soon be heading home, concerned with what it all meant. Were we going to war? Who did it and why? Would he survive or die? Rita and Joanne were on the football field with the rest of the band practicing their home-coming halftime show. They said Mr. Englehart stopped practice and had the band all go sit on the bleachers and he made the announcement to them.

Our lives were put on hold and everything was focused on the killing of our President. It was probably a good thing our TV shows were in black and white. Every television and radio program continuously reported on what had happened, what was happening and what might happen. We watched in shock as Lee Harvey Oswald was killed on live television by Jack Ruby. The armed services were put on worldwide alert in case the Soviets were involved.

This was our third major threat of having another world war during President Kennedy's term. We had the Cuban missile crisis where we lost a plane and pilot. Then we had the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. There even rumors the Cubans may invade Delmarva which did not make any sense.

Dennis Washington and I were lab partners for the Science Fair. Our experiment was the effect of smoking on mice. I had the mice for the 1st 3 weeks and Dennis had them for the last 3 weeks. When I took them over to Dennis I had lost one. I didn't know how it escaped or where. About week later my mother was driving down the road and spotted a white mouse sitting on the seat beside her. I was in trouble when I home and I had to get that mouse out of

the car immediately. The science fair was held in the new gym and we all had to enter it. I think it was a two-day affair. I think our exhibit was setup on Thursday and then judging was done on Friday. Friday afternoon it was open for viewing.

Driver education was a six week class which took the place of a study hall for one term. We met once a week. We did some vision-testing including color blindness, depth perception and periphery vision. In class we studied the rules of the road and driver safety (defensive driving) and we took the state driver exam. Our driving experience was done in pairs generally either two boys or two girls. We took our driving lessons during our regular class periods. The time we drove and day we got to drive changed every time. By doing this we did not miss but 1 or 2 class periods of any class. We were allowed to make up any class work we missed. In one of the driving classes we had to take off and put back on a tire. One of our last driving exercises would be in Dover. We went to the inspection lane for our parallel parking test. I think we drove the route all Kent County drivers had to drive to get their license. Weren't allowed to make U-turns instead we had to learn to turn around on a narrow street by backing around. We did this on back street in Wyoming which was one street over railroad tracks close to Route 10. Most of driving was done on US13A and US13 from Camden to Woodside. Our city or town driving was done in Camden and Dover.

There was a tragic traffic accident during our junior year and there were serious injuries to CR students. Richard Kast, along with his siblings and another classmate, were coming home from a 4-H meeting in Woodside. It was very foggy and when they pulled out onto US 13 they were struck broadside by a car. They were all seriously injured. I'm not sure if anyone was killed. In 1963, there wasn't a traffic light at the Woodside intersection. Actually there were very few lights on US 13 in the 1960's. I am not sure if the light at Camden was a stop light or flashing red light. The next light was up at Carroll's Corner and the one after that was at International Latex.

The college preparation English classes were taught by Mrs. Vogler in our sophomore year and Mrs. Wasson in our junior and senior years. I think we spent a lot of time in Mrs. Vogler's class diagramming sentences and identifying nouns, pronouns, adverbs, verbs, tenses, etc. Mrs. Wasson told us she was going to have all the college preparations students for two years to insure we would be better prepared for college. I am not sure how well it worked as we only wrote one paper for Senior English. We spent most of our time studying poetry, giving speeches, doing demonstrations, giving book reports, and every Friday we had a vocabulary test. We all had to buy a green vocabulary book which consisted of rarely used words. I think we had to learn 20 words a week. Not only did we have to be able to spell them we had to complete the fill-in the blank sentences. We also had to define them. I have rarely seen, used, or heard of any of these words since 1963-64.

In senior English, we read and analyzed several poems. We studied a lot of different kinds of poems. We each had to write several different types of poetry and read them in class. Reading them aloud was embarrassing when they weren't good ones. I believe we read Beowulf and analyzed it. I think the best written poem or at least the funniest one was written by Richard Rutter called "Trooper Cooper how could you be so mean". Trooper Arlee Cooper had given several of our classmates' tickets for speeding. I think we spent the whole six-week term on poetry.

In our Junior and Senior years we read and analyzed plays and short stories. Death of a Salesman and the Glass Menagerie were two of the plays we study. We read, studied, and analyzed Romeo and Juliet and either Macbeth or Richard the Third. Red Badge of Courage was one the books we read. The Gift of the Magi was one of the short stories. We had paperback copies some which I think we had to buy. We had to take turns reading parts of the plays during class and explain what it meant. The left-hand side of the room read did most of reading because she spent most of her time with those students and enjoyed doing it. Those students had the major parts in the school play which she directed.

I believe we spent one term working on making different types of speeches and doing demonstrations. One speech we had to write out, give her the copy, and give in class. We permitted to have note cards but the written copy. It had to be five minutes and not over 7 minutes. Then we had answer questions.

We did other types of speeches including one impromptu speech. Being shy, doing speeches was a tough assignment. She sat off to the left side of the room and she graded us. We had podium which we could stand behind. Part of grade was based on how we answered questions. The material, organization, presentation, and being within the time frame restriction were more important than our answers. Actually she asked most of the questions.

Mrs. Wasson was like many English teachers who know how to write but have little knowledge of facts. I wrote a paper on the bald eagles being endanger of going extinction unless steps were taken to protect them. She graded me down because my conclusions were wrong. American bald eagle was one of the first species placed on the endangered list in 1972. I guess I was too far ahead of my time.

I have seen several college English teachers grade down student papers because they did not know the facts or did bother to check the facts. They assumed their opinions were facts. After all their facts came from actor spoke persons. The kids would come into class complaining about the English teacher's telling them they didn't have their facts straight which they got from their science class. I told them ask them to call me but they never did.

For my demonstration talk I had my mother bring in a shotgun (no shells) and I demonstrated how to safely handle a gun and to clean it. Nowadays they would put me and mother in jail for a demonstration using a gun. In 2017, even bringing in a toy gun to use would gotten me arrested. I think we had to declare what we were going to do so we all didn't do the same the thing.

We had to write a short story. Instead of making one up I wrote about a real-life event. I was involved a black bear incident in the summer of 1963. I was on a Boy Scout high adventure camping trip in New Mexico. A couple of the guys had been playing around trying to scare the others by growling like a bear into a plastic tube. They had done this trick several times. About the third night we actually did have bear come into our camp. The problem was it sounded just like the guys who had been playing with the bear call. In fact it was one of the guys who were involved.

When the five of us rushed to the next camp for help, nobody believed us until they saw the eyes of bear which had followed us. All of us then fled to last camp. The same thing happened at the next camp. Then since the bear had followed us to both camps they threw the five of us out of camp to go find a ranger while used the fire to keep the bear away. Since this happened at night it made for an interesting trek in the dark without any lights. Mrs. Wasson doubted my true story. I guess I should have carried in my bear-damaged items or took one of the nine other CR guys who were there.

We had to make six book reports, one each term, sometimes they had to be written reports and sometime they were just oral reports. A lot of book reports were actually reports on the movie version or the Reader's Digest condensed versions. Book reports could be easily faked if you forgot to read a book. Seven Days in May was popular book to use for book reports (especially oral book reports) because so many of boys had already reported on it. I forgot I do a report that Friday. I faked a report on the Seven Days in May and I got a good grade. I later read the book.

I did not liking to being in front of the class or having to read aloud. I sat against the wall in the third seat from the end because it was a good place to hide from Mrs. Wasson. If I was lucky class would be over before she got to me. It worked most of the time. Actually I only had two classes that wanted to be noticed in. Vocational Agricultural and History were the two classes where I felt comfortable answering questions. I liked science but I preferred not to have to answer in class.

Most of our assemblies we had were educational. A benefit of being a senior is getting to sit in the front center section of the auditorium and being dismissed first. The freshmen were let out



last and sat in the back. Teachers did keep an eye us and they would pull you out for clowning around.

Mrs. Wasson was really mad at our class because we embarrassed her and the school when the UD student actors (E52 Players)) performed a Shakespeare play and we laughed all through it and it wasn't comedy. When we got back to room she said we all owed an apology for our rude behavior. As seniors we should have set better examples for the rest of the students.

We had a bird of prey assembly where the gentleman brought in several different birds including falcons, hawks, and eagles to show and discuss their place in the world. He talked about using the birds to hunt and laws involved in the sport. He said he used to let one of birds fly around the auditorium but he quit because a student injured one by shooting it with a spit ball. He was comical and his stories on care and training birds were funny.

In 11th grade English we went to the auditorium to watch Ivanhoe starring Richard Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor. I don't remember reading the book but we must have. I believe the movie was divided in 2 or 3 segments since it was a 2-hour+ movie. It was great to get out of class but I never understood why we saw the movie. I don't think we had a test and I think we had to write anything on it.

We had an assembly on the Monday before the presidential elections to announce the results of our school's mock election. That year our seats were up in the balcony. When the results were announced we would stand up cheer if our candidate won. It was a high-energy assembly and the administration was smart to make it the last period of the day.

We all got to vote using the new voting machines which the state had just introduced. These machines had never been used before in Delaware. The mock election I believe was to test the machines and teach us how to use them so we would tell our parents. None us would be allowed to vote until we were 21 years old. Up until then people voted by paper ballot. I think Nixon won in our mock school election. On Tuesday, it turned out to be a Kennedy victory in Delaware and the nation. With Kennedy being a Catholic, there was fear the Pope may influence or control USA policy.

Mr. Short was our vocational Agricultural teacher, FFA advisor, and Safety patrol advisor, and he also taught general science. Vocational Agricultural didn't allow girls in the 1960's. The freshmen and sophomores Ag students had class together and the juniors and seniors had class together. Mr. Short really went to bat for his "boys" and what he taught me in high school made college relatively easy. Because of him I was six weeks ahead in most of my freshman and sophomore agricultural classes at the University of Delaware.

We had to study and learn the Robert's Rules of Order in vocational agriculture. Invaluable lessons which I still use on regular basis. Knowing those rules has helped to me run meeting and deal with keeping every legal and above board. It has helped prevent improper procedures or improper motions being passed.

Mr. Short could really get upset when contest rules were changed during the contest, agreements were broken, or we were unfairly treated. One of our contests involved parliamentary procedure. The officers of our chapter had to run a mock meeting for a panel of three judges. We had to open the meeting with the pledge allegiance to flag and FFA ceremonial opening. The secretary was given three different pieces of business for the officers to deal with. We had to demonstrate we could complete the opening ceremony without any errors and are ability use Robert's Rules of Order to handle the business. The secretary received points for the minutes which had to be turned immediately after our presentation. I was never a chapter officer but I was always on the team because of knowledge of Robert's rules. Since the FFA teacher was part of ceremonial team one student had to take place in the contest. I either was Mr. Short for 15 minutes or I became the chapter secretary for 15 minutes. The more types of rules we demonstrated we could use the higher our score.

Two of the judges were from the University of Delaware and they had no involvement in FFA. They were the ones who changed rules during the contest. We twice lost the contest we thought we had won because the judges chose not to follow the guidelines. One year we lost because the judges said we were too prefect and we should have made mistakes. Another year we lost because the judges changed the scoring rules during the contest. The third time we lost, I lost it for the team because the judges said I was too aggressive in my use of Robert's Rules. I didn't break in any rules of the contest and all of motions were legal under Robert's Rules. We were a frustrated team because the rules kept changing from the rules we were given.

The CR FFA chapter had a harvest festival in the fall where every FFA student had to exhibit crops that they were involved in growing. You had to sign up your entries in early October which committed you to bring them. If you didn't exhibit everything your grade dropped. The exhibits were graded and we received prizes based on the placing. The show was held in the old gym which had a stage at that time. The fruit and nut crops were on the stage. (Later the stage would be removed and replaced with locker rooms when they remodeled.) The top prize winner for the show was Carl Melvin and nobody came close to dethroning him.

Over in the auditorium the girls were having a fashion show to model their sewing projects and there would be cash awards for their various projects. This was a big Friday night with kids

having exhibits or being in the fashion show. Whole families would come dressed up to see their kids' exhibits or attend the fashion show.

Vocational Agriculture was a 12 month program. We did not have classes in the summer but we all had FFA projects and project records to keep. We had to enter our projects and/or crops in the Delaware State Fair. We could enter any grain, forage or feed crop grown in the state and just about kind of vegetable. You could enter your welding or wood projects. Mr. Short expected you to enter whatever you had committed to. We got a grade for our entries. The grade was entered in the fall. If we had three or more entries we got fair pass which was good for the week. It only cost \$1.25 to get to the fair.

Carl Melvin had the most entries from CR. He won the most ribbons and prize money not only for chapter but for all of the FFA chapters. Because of Carl we took home the FFA Chapter prize awarded for the FFA chapter who had earned the most points. My contribution was the 1<sup>st</sup> prize for ripe tomatoes four straight years. My other entry, green tomatoes, never earned a place. Mr. Short always had me send double entries: one set for FFA and the other set he entered in the open class. If you placed you got some money. First place money was \$5. It is interesting to note both Mr. Short and Mrs. Short had entries in the open vegetable classes and competed against for prize money.

The Short's had a huge garden which was right across the street from the school which just inside Wyoming. The street beside the west side of the school was the dividing line for Camden and Wyoming. They raised most of their own vegetables. They canned and frozen enough to carry them until next year. Every year went over to visit their garden. It was weed free and it had straight rows. Mr. Short gave advice on how to save money on food by checking the paper and visiting the stores with sale items you needed.

When were we seniors most of the FFA judging contests were shifted from the University of Delaware to the Delaware State Fair grounds. This was a public relations effort trying to show the public what FFA was. The way it was set up it wasn't a good place to hold a judging contest. It was hot and dirty with lots of distractions. People were walking around us trying to figure out what we doing. Some people wanted to know how we were judging. You could answer because it was against the rules to talk during the contest and you didn't want your competitors know what you knew. In 1964 there weren't many places on the fair grounds to setup the contests and keep control of what was going on. The buildings were old and didn't have AC and very few had fans.

In 1964 the FFA program merged with the New Farmers of America (NFA). The NFA were the black chapters from the black schools in Delaware. We merged and held joint competitions but NFA chapters did not compete against FFA chapters. There were three NFA Chapters in

Delaware--- one in each of the black high schools. I believe everybody was uneasy at this first event. It was good thing the scoring and the placing was separate because of the blatant cheating I saw. I was on the vegetable judge team and one boy kept following trying to look over my shoulder. Where I went he went and he never wrote and answer down until after I did. I did not hear any racial remarks from CR boys which Mr. Short warned us he better not hear.

We liked having most of the state FFA contests at UD because we got out of school for a day. It was a pain having to take our lunch and it was a long bus ride to Newark on hot days. If you weren't on a judging team you had to stay at school and go to your classes. Mr. Short required everyone to be on a judging team or it counted against your grade. Mr. Short pushed us to win, so we had lots of practices. The top team and top individuals in each contest received pins as an award. The FFA Chapter who scored the most points won a trophy for the year. I think we won it almost every year. Our big competitors were the Laurel, the Milford and the Newark chapters.

There were no cash awards but there were trips for some contestants to compete. There were regional and national contests. The chapter had to raise the money for the trips to the contests. Usually Mr. Short was the chaperone on these trips. He drove the team when they went to regional contest in Richmond, Harrisburg, or New England. He usually got a retired FFA teacher to sub for him but a couple times his wife was the sub for our class. The poultry, dairy, meats, and soil judging contest had trips as did the tractor driving contest winner. The tractor driving contest was held at the PA Farm show in Harrisburg, Pa

I was on the first place team on the vegetable team but there wasn't any trip for that contest. Jim Papen and I think Ricky Necay were on the team with me. I believe Jimmy placed third.

In our junior year, our poultry team had a trip to Richmond and apparently they got playing around in the hotel room and broke some things. I think our chapter had to buy a new lamp and pay for some damages.

In 10<sup>th</sup> grade the VoAg classroom from to the high school and into Mrs. Sales/ Ms. Clute' s old classroom in the Junior high. It had been in the high school on the first floor. It could get really hot in the JR Hi and the windows needed to be wide open to let in some air. Mr. Short had to go to the office and we were on own. While he was gone some guys grabbed Erskine and hung him out the window by his feet. Mr. Short, for some reason came back into the room by walking around the front of building where nobody was watching for him. When they saw him coming they dropped Erskine. Luckily he fell into the bushes and he scampered back into the classroom before Mr. Short got back. Mr. Short walked in and put his hands on his hips. He said, "Erskine, what were you doing falling into the bushes? Don't you know you could damage them?" It broke the class up. We figured he was going to really mad us again.

The boys could take auto shop and they worked on their own cars. Not only did they do routine car repairs and care, but they also rebuilt engines and transmissions. They did them to get to run faster or they painted them to make them fancy. They had welding equipment in the shop and you could build things out of metal or repair damaged metal. I believe you had to buy the materials.

The vocational Ag students got a short course in welding. We probably spent 6 to 12 days auto shop learning to do the different kind of welding we may have to do on the farm. We used a torch cut off a piece of metal and then we learn how to weld things back together. This class had some danger to it. You get burnt, toxic gases could damage your brain or kill you, or the gas tank could explode. This was a class where you best not mess around in. A good class but I didn't have to use it.

Personally, Mr. Short helped me out of a jam. My Dad wanted to take me deer-hunting for two days and he wanted to take me the honest way instead claiming I was sick. If the school did not approve it I could not go. I had an agreement with the principal that if every teacher agreed I could miss class it would be acceptable. When I came back to school the principal would not honor our agreement and gave me an unapproved absence which meant I could get a zero for every day I missed and would not be allowed to make up the work. I was mad as you know what, but I held my tongue. I had my 1<sup>st</sup> three teachers sign my slip and then I saw Mr. Short. He got mad and took that slip right down to office and he made them honor their deal. He handed me a new slip which did not declare my absence as approved or unapproved. So then I had to go around to every teacher and explain what it meant. They had the option to give me a zero but none did. Every teacher honored the deal but there was confusion because other guys who said they went hunting got unapproved absences. I never took off school again.

In Vocational Agriculture I was considered to be an instigator by my some of classmates. I would get something started. They would get involved and they were the ones who got caught. Jimmy Papen claims those are the facts and he is probably right.

The Kent County Vo-Tech School was opening (1962) and there was move on by the guidance department to move the entire agricultural program out of CR along with all the other vocational classes. They want the CR High School to become a college preparation school. I was one of the few students who were in both the vocational agricultural program and academic program. In summer of 1963 the class schedule was changed over the summer so you had to choose between vocational agricultural and college preparation classes. When I left for summer break I was in both classes. I had no clue the guidance department had changed the schedule. For me it was easy because I didn't real want to go to college. I would take vocational agriculture and drop physics.

Mr. Short thought this was unfair to me and to his program to make kids choose. When school started I found he had changed my schedule. I would be taking my agriculture class four days a week and the fifth day I would take physics lab. I wouldn't get lunch on Mondays to make up the work I missed. Mrs. Ryan did not like the deal. My parents and Mr. Short wanted to be sure I could get into the University of Delaware. This arrangement set me apart from the rest of FFA students. I wasn't a fulltime college preparation student either. I was an Aggie not a real college-prep kid. I thought the guidance counselors looked down on anyone who wasn't a college-prep student.

In FFA, we had a unique fund-raising project. We had a chicken house behind the high school where we raised broilers. Each member had to sell 20 live chickens. The buyer could take them to any butcher to process or they could process them on their own. Money from their sale paid for all of the FFA activities. Not being a salesman, my family had a lot chicken to eat. Even though we could dress them ourselves we took ours to the butcher shop in Dover. I think the three of us kids were glad we didn't have dress 20 birds in the backyard. It wasn't one of our favorite chores. Some did take the birds and dress them.

The 1964 outstanding FFA senior was Carl Melvin with a four year average of 96. Carl was the most outstanding student not only because of his grades but because he carried the CR chapter to be the top chapter in the state. Carl probably had more first place ribbons than the other 39 boys combined.

At CR we had some programs I don't think every school had. We had "Teacher for a Day". Many of us looked forward to being a teacher for the day. Not everyone was allowed or wanted to be a teacher for a day. You had to come to school regardless. If you did not become a teacher you had to go to your classes. The senior classes were all cancelled. You did not have to be in the FTA (Future Teacher of America) program to teach classes. We got out of our classes for two days. I think we only got to do it as seniors. About a month before the "Teacher for the Day" you requested the grade level and classes you wanted to teach. You submitted your name for three classes and you may not get any of them. I am not sure how it was determined what teacher you replaced. On the Thursday before, you met the teacher you were filling in for and sat in on all of his or her classes for the day. They reminded their students all about the program and we were introduced to the class. They warned the students about giving us a hard time. If they gave us a problem they could be suspended or not allowed to teach when it was their turn. I believe the whole class could lose the privilege to teach if there were problems. The grades they earned that day would still count and we were allowed to give quizzes.

On Friday we needed to dress like the teachers did in 1964. For boys, it meant you had to wear a coat and tie all day. We had to prepare the lectures and the class work ourselves and grade assignments. I think we got to use the teacher lounge. There were no teachers in the building

with us on the day we taught. Mary Ellen and I taught Mr. Tisinger's general science classes in 1964. We divide up his classes. His room was in basement of the old school it had been the school store when were in the elementary school. I think Ken Orvis was a principal for the day. I do believe the principals were the only ones in the school along with custodians and cafeteria staff.

We had an activity period either at end of the school day or after lunch. They were once a week. Most of the school clubs or organizations met during this time frame. Every organization had a faculty advisor. Some organizations would host a social event after school. Some may go on day trip or have a party or dance. The safety patrol had a dance at school for the club members and their guests; at least they did in 8<sup>th</sup> or 9<sup>th</sup> grade.

The FFA had a banquet that was in the cafeteria every year for the members and their families. The activity period was when the FFA chapter held its meeting. Unless there was a special meeting this was the only time the 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> grade class met with 11<sup>th</sup> & 12<sup>th</sup> grade class. At FFA the banquet the individual awards were presented to the members. Since we raised chickens to pay for chapter events we had chicken for dinner. The Dean of the College of Agriculture of UD, Dean WorriLOW, often came to speak, as well as one of more of the state officers. Generally if one of our members was a state officer they would be the one attending. When I became a state officer in 1964 I would represent the state officers. Dean McDaniel was the speaker and rode down from Newark with him. We had flat tire near blackbird. He got and changed it by himself he didn't want me to get messed up.

The Spanish club took a trip to a show. Some of the language classes (clubs) had overseas trips during spring break. I think the Latin club went to Rome. I know the 1970 class went to Rome. CR had three language options. You could take French, Latin, or Spanish.

There was a small room just down the hall from the auditorium (ticket room) where we went to place our orders for class rings. The salesman came for one or two days and you had to stop in to place your order. They had already given each of us a booklet to take home to see our options in stones, gold color, engraving options, and adornments. We had to see him in-between classes, lunch, or get permission to go during study hall. He measured your finger and you put down your deposit or you paid in full. The boy's standard ring was larger than the girls and cost \$32.50 and girl's rings cost \$28.50. The other options raised the cost. When the rings came in he set up in the same spot and you stop by and tried on the ring. I believe the final payment was due when he delivered the ring. Some boys gave their rings to their girl friends soon after they came in. Within the first 24 hours one boy would have his ring stolen from the boy's locker room and another would have his ring lost by his girl friend. It was a common practice to wear their boyfriend's ring on a chain around her neck. We were not allowed to

wear our rings during gym class for safety reasons. There wasn't any safe place to leave them in the locker room.

CR was one of the few schools to have both a band and an orchestra. Mrs. Blaner and Mr. Englehart were very demanding music teachers and were loved by their students. When Mrs. Blaner left, the orchestra program ended. Mr. Englehart played in a dance band and served with distinction in World War II. All of our school music groups were excellent. We not only provided music for school programs but they also performed in the community. The band marched in the annual Memorial Day parade out to the Odd Fellows Cemetery. They went to Dover to march in the Delmarva Poultry Festival parade and played for the Opening Day Ceremonies at the Camden-Wyoming Little League Park. We had a big chorus which was directed by Mrs. Blaner. She probably had to re-sole her right shoe several times a year because she really tapped out every beat. Jean Nelson and Beverly Hurst assisted her playing the piano.

The band sold \$ .50 chocolate candy bars (with or without nuts) to raise funds. You could tell the band members because they carried those boxes all around school. The candy bars had a white wrapper with blue and gold lettering. The trouble with selling at school was avoiding coming up short with your money when it came time to turn it in when you sold the box. The other problem with selling at school is theft of candy bars and/ or money. The band members were not supposed to sell candy during class but I was involved in either passing money or candy bars around the room more than once. I think the teachers turned a blind eye to the transactions.

Letterman held an annual Basketball game against the teachers to raise money. During the game, I believe, Bob Shipley came down on Mr. Buckley's ankle in the first half. Mr. Buckley ended up on crutches for six weeks. The letters were awarded at the Spring Awards Assembly. Each coach presented the Letters or pins and made comments them. After you earned a letter you could buy a jacket or sweater to wear it on. After you got a letter you got a pin to add to it for each additional year or other sport.

On one of class trips we went to Philadelphia trip to view historic sites. We went to the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, and the Betsy Ross House. We walked to the Betsy Ross house and there may have been other historic buildings we visited. The National Park Service Rangers explain what happened to the Liberty bell. Another Ranger or volunteers dressed in colonial costumes led the tour of Independence Hall. I just don't remember when we took this trip, but I am guessing it was our freshmen year or we went there in junior high.

1963 – Our junior class trip was to Washington DC. We were dropped off at the Mall in front of the Natural History museum, but we were free to tour any of the museums of our choice until



noon. Some chose to go over to the Washington Monument. Some of those decided to run up the steps and down again. Others rode up elevators and then either ran down steps or walked down the steps. The smart ones rode the elevators both ways. The buses returned to pick us up in front of the museum, but we had to wait for a couple of students. Since we were on our own we were to form our own groups. There may have been a couple of guys who went off and drank a couple of beers. The drinking age in DC was 18, whereas it was 21 in Delaware. We then went to visit the Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials. Then we drove over to Arlington Cemetery to watch the changing of the guard. I think it was raining while we at Arlington.

I think we actually took two trips to DC because we also went to other buildings. I remember all us touring the Bureau of Engraving, the FBI building, and the Capital buildings. At the FBI building we saw a display of the infamous weapons they had taken from famous criminals like Baby-Face Nelson. Max remembers going to Mount Vernon. At the Bureau of Engraving we saw how the plates and money was made. They told us how they prevented workers from stealing sheets of money. We learned what happens to old money and how to replace damaged money. They had money for sale and other items. They sold glass containers which had \$100,000 of shredded money for about \$20. On these tours we went as small groups. I believe our group was our home room class. I think we also went on the White House tour.

1964 – The Senior class trips to New York City changed from an overnight trip to a day-trip because of problems by previous classes. The overnight trips ended with the class of 1961. At one time the class trip to NYC was a 3 day and 2 night trip. I am not sure how the 1961 was. The classes had too much fun and caused some damage in the hotel. Apparently they even toss a mattress out the window (Barbara Thomas). It was going to be a very long Friday. We had to be at school and on the bus by 4 or 5 A.M. For the trip we had to sign up for the bus we wanted to go on. Once a bus was full you had to select another bus. I believe most people picked a bus based on which kids were on the bus and the chaperone. Our little group want to be on Mr. Chappelle's bus. We thought he would be a cooler chaperone than the others. There were kids who we didn't want to be on the same bus and there were kids we wanted to on the bus with. Our first stop was at Clemente's bus stop in New Castle County for breakfast. If you were on the 1<sup>st</sup> bus you had time to get your breakfast, sit down and eat it. The last bus did not have much time to eat because of how long it took the others to get their food. We went to the 1964 World's Fair which was across the street from the Mets new stadium. We were allowed to tour the Fair on our own but we were supposed to go in groups. We had a group of four and I was amazed how few times we saw any other CR students. The GE exhibit in EPCOT of Disney World in Florida is the same one we saw at the World's Fair in 1964 with updates. The surround film that was at the World's Fair is also shown in EPCOT. I believe a couple of foreign exhibits which are at EPCOT are based on what we saw in New York. The lines were long to get into the popular exhibits. It was not uncommon to have a 45-minute to a two-hour wait. We all

had to be back at the gate by 5 P.M. to board the buses. We did have a few break the rules by having a couple beers because it was legal in New York, but it was against school policy. I think we stopped for dinner and a show that evening before returning to CR. Once we had dinner we drove home without any other stops. A lot kids fell asleep on way back. Mr. Chappelle did walk to the back of the bus around midnight to see what was going on. We got back around 2 or 3 A.M. in the morning.

If you did not want to go on the trip you were supposed to come to school and go to class. It was a school day, and if you didn't show up it was an unexcused absence. Bad behavior would keep you from being allowed to go. Not everyone went on the senior trip. Maybe they didn't have the money, had to go to work, parents didn't give permission, or it could have been another reason they didn't go. The trip did cost some money. You needed money for breakfast, lunch, and for spending. I am not sure but I think if you weren't going to graduate you weren't allowed to go.

We were expected to participate in class activities to get to go on the senior trip. For the Senior Class Play, if you weren't an actor you needed to be working on it by selling tickets, serving as an usher, working on the sets, handling the lights, taking down sets, working on the stage crew, or making costumes. John Dyer and I teamed up to sell ads and be ushers for the play. We signed up to be ushers for the balcony because it was less work. We really didn't have to do much ushering. We mainly collected tickets and held the doors open for people. Selling ads reduced the amount of money it cost to go on the trip. One of the ads we sold cost another yearbook one of their ads. I think we had the option of paying for the trip instead of selling ads and working on the play.

Our murder/mystery play went well on Friday night, but on Saturday night we hit a snag. The jury, who came from the audience, came back as a hung jury and had difficulty coming up with a decision. It took several votes to decide the case. This caused a stir with the rest of the audience who were ready to go home. They only reason they came up with a verdict was because of the pressure from the audience. Steve Clute told me he wanted to play the murder victim because he had been trained to know how to fall without hurting himself. Steve was the first kid I knew who had his own backyard pool which was built his physical therapy. He had invited everyone in his 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> grade class to a pool party.

Junior prom in 1963 was held in the new gym and we were responsible for the decorations. We had a live band (Bob Wagner band) unlike today's proms which use a DJ and CD's. The band played at both our Junior and Senior proms and Mr. Englehart was in the band (Beverly Hurst). I don't think many students went out for dinner before the prom or came to the prom in a limousine as they do now. Many of the girls took part of Friday off to get their hair done for the big night. Billy Wolstenholme was too young to drive to either the junior or senior prom. Billy

was the youngest student in our class and he graduated at 16. We did have an after-prom breakfast at Alexander's at 2 am (Pam Learned). All we needed was a ticket. The breakfast was paid for by the CR Alumni Association. I think our prom theme was "Stairway to the Stars". I think we only had Thursday night and Friday to put up the decorations. Prom was on a Friday night and clean-up day was the next day as the gym had to be ready for Monday morning classes. As juniors we all were supposed to work on the prom or help with the cleanup. After our senior prom some kids hosted small after-prom parties at their homes. Several of us were invited to Wildcat Manor by Alana Hunn, the historic home of Alana's family. We did not see or hear any ghosts while we were there.

The alumni association also had dances at the school either in the winter or early spring in the school gym. They sold tickets and refreshments and the money they made went towards the alumni scholarship program. The Bob Wagner band often played for them

We were all encouraged to take the SAT tests when they were offered at the school. The one I took was given at 8:30 am Saturday morning at CR after a big Friday night dance. We took the test in the new cafeteria which was not a perfect testing site. The monitors had us sit in the center of the room and they spaced out one every third seat so we could not cheat. I don't remember if there were courses or books available to help you prepare for the test. I know I did not do any studying for the test. I don't think we could take them a second time. Based on today's University of Delaware standards, my SAT scores may have kept me out.

Senior week at CR was our last week of school. Since we were seniors, we only had to come to school to take our exams and we then we could leave. I believe that you had to take the exams--- there were no exceptions. There was an assembly on Thursday where the senior awards were presented and local scholarship awards were announced. Some awards were books or awards of \$25 up to \$100. Twenty-five dollars doesn't sound like a lot of money, but most people made less than \$150 a week in 1964.

Graduation memories: on Friday morning we had to report to school for graduation practice. The first step was to pair us up boy – girl until we ran out of boys. We were paired up by height starting with the shortest boy and girl for the graduation march. Some of the boys tried to look taller than they were because they didn't want to be one of "short boys". Kenny can look tall by standing on his tip toes, but they didn't let him get away with it. They made us practice walking in and out in time to the music. We had to keep the proper distances walking in, which was about 4 rows. We also had to stay directly opposite of our walking partner. The boys marched down the right aisle and the girls the left. We sat on the stage with the speaker and the school board. When we exited we had to use the center aisle with the boy escorting a girl on his right arm until we ran out of boys. We had to practice the march until we got it right. At our final practice for graduation one of the girls had just found out she failed a final exam and

wasn't going to walk. It was a bad scene in the back of the auditorium with her crying and all her friends trying to console her. After we practiced the march they sat us all down and went over what to wear and what not to wear. They would not let you march if you wore something that was not approved.

We rented our caps and gowns and we had to buy the gold tassels which we got to keep. The boys had to wear dark socks and black shoes, dark slacks, a white shirt and tie under our blue gowns. Girls were told to wear white shoes and a white dress. A teacher suggested the girls not wear dresses under their white gowns because of the heat. Instead they should wear a white slip. The girls' locker room was going to open for them to change.

The graduation and baccalaureate ceremonies were both held in the auditorium. Both nights were going to be hot affairs. The baccalaureate ceremonial was on Sunday night at 6 pm and you could not participate in the graduation ceremony if you didn't go. Our graduation was on a Monday night. All of us had to report early to the gym to have our class graduation pictures taken. There was no way to tell the color of what we wore in 1964 because most photos were black and white. At the same time we were inspected to be sure we were properly dressed for graduation. We had to get our caps and gowns early because they needed to be pressed to get all the wrinkles out. I think we had to turn them back in that night at the gym. As we were leaving the gym after turning in our caps and gowns, Jim West invited everyone to stop by his house for a graduation party. When Dennis Washington and I arrived, there were about 15 to 20 classmates there. We didn't stay very long. It would be years before I would see any of them again. Those who went to the University of Delaware I would be seeing in the fall.

Marilynne Mazock, class valedictorian, won most of the local scholarship money. This upset a lot of people because they believed that money should have been given to several students instead of one. Carl Melvin was the top Vocational Agriculture student with a four year average of 96, chapter president, and he had a ton of ribbons from the state fair. Beverly Hurst won the Spanish and English awards.

More than 10% of the class of 1964 went to University of Delaware: Sue Benson, Rita Hall, Joanne Hart, Beverly Hurst, Carolyn Jones, Jane Paul, Eleanor Kaplan, Cyndi Lingo, Teena Wilson, Bob Shipley, Dennis Washington, Jim West, Pam Learned, Terry Oldham, Janie Carter, Bill Wolstenholme, and Derby Walker would graduate from the University of Delaware. I think 15 went directly from CR to the University and another two transferred in. Those who entered in 1964 as freshmen had the pleasure of wearing UD dinks. Most graduated in 1968; one graduated from the 2-year program and one was in a five-year UD program (Dennis Washington). Considering that the graduating rate for a freshmen class was only about 60% we did really well. Being down-state students we were often teased about being "down-homers". Mostly I saw the boys. Bob, Dennis, and I were living on the same dorm, Sypherd. Dennis and I

were roommates for the 1<sup>st</sup> year and Bob was a few doors away. Jim West was close by. The girls I rarely saw as they lived on the other end of the campus and we didn't eat in the same dining rooms. I did have a surprise visit from Wesley Hall. He stopped in one Sunday afternoon and went to dinner with me. Good old Wesley, he told the gal checking meal tickets he had forgotten his and gave her one with numbers that hadn't been check off. She said it was a girl's ticket number and I can't remember what he told her, but she let him in. It was a typical Sunday evening meal of mystery meat.

There were several activities that involved CR students while we were in school that could be classified as dumb. Two of our students one night decorated the high school building and got caught. They were suspended from classes, but had to come to school to clean up the mess. Some of our classmates went to Dover High school on a Thursday night and cut down the goal posts on one end of the football field. They probably didn't have time to cut both down. We didn't play Dover in football because of all the fights after the games.

A new fiberglass pole-vaulting pole which Smyrna high school owned somehow ended up on the CR track team bus but it didn't make it out of the Smyrna parking lot (Jim West). It was not uncommon for our classmates to find their parked car had magically been moved to a new location. It was a simple task. It took two or three people to push a car. One put it in neutral and steered while the others pushed. Wesley and Rodney lost their car in the Nichol's parking lot one day. They shouldn't have left it unlocked. I am sure he knew we did it.

Trying to walk on or sit on the banister was dumber than trying to slide down it. It was against rules and dangerous. It was also never a good idea to set your books on it unless you kept your hands on them as somebody was likely to knock them off. It was easy to predict who would try to knock your books off. The same guys who knocked them out your hands or off your desks would be the ones. It wasn't something the girls did.

One of our classmates claimed he put a bag of dog poop on a teacher's porch and set it on fire and he rang the doorbell as he ran away (a believe-it-or-not story).

Drag-racing on the back roads or down US 13 was popular and dangerous. It is hard to believe in 1964 there were no traffic lights between Camden and State Street. After midnight US 13 had very few cars on it. Both the boys and some of the girls would drag-raced. Sometimes they raced in reverse. Apparently the Volkswagen beetle had a good chance of winning in reverse. I think there were a few accidents drag-racing.

There were not a lot fast-food places to go to after a game or a movie. There was Kirby and Holloway where the girls took orders and delivered food on roller skates. There was the Dover diner, Bette's, Peanut Room, Dairy Queen, and Char-o-Burger near Carroll's corner. There weren't many places where you could get a pizza in Dover. The Char-burgers were cooked on

flames which shot up 2 to 3 feet and the burgers were burnt crisp on the outside. They had only been in business a few years when someone announced that increased the risk of cancer.

Pam had a Halloween party at her house. Her mother had made taffy and we had old fashion taffy-pull. That was the second and last time I was involved with taffy-pull. It was cool thing to do. A unique game we did was to wrap a package and tie it with ribbon and tie a bow. We were divided into teams of three. Cyndi, Pam, and I were a team but did not win because of me messing around too much. It sounds like a simple chore, but each person could only use one hand. We later went down to the basement and we tried dropping clothes pins into a milk bottle. We used real clothes pins and a real glass milk bottle. That game turned into spin the bottle as Pam's parents were up- stairs. She had a closet close by for the "winners" or "losers", depending on your point of view.

Cyndi Lingo's sweet sixteen birthday party was at the Fruitland Grange Hall in Camden and she had a pretty big party. I think there was music for dancing. They were 45's record.

Ice skating was popular on the ponds and in most years it got cold enough to have an ice-skating party. You can't go ice -skating outside without bonfires, hot drinks, and maybe some food. Generally the food was hot dogs cooked on a stick and roasted marshmallows. A nice cup of hot chocolate always went well with skating. We had our own little L-shaped pond which was only 3 feet deep and it froze before the deeper ponds. It was a very safe place to go ice skating. The bonfire provided light, heat, and a place to cook marshmallows.

Some kids said they were going to the trout races, which meant they were going parking near Moore's Lake. The state had a fishery at Moore's Lake where they raised the fish to stock ponds.

The opening of the drive-in theaters changed where teenagers went on dates. The Kent Drive-in would have long lines of cars trying to get in on Friday and Saturday nights. To get in free kids would hide in the trunk or walk around the fence to meet with their friends. The back rows were more for necking than movie-watching. You didn't see families with younger children in the back two rows. More than one girl got pregnant there. More than one speaker was snapped off its post because of someone forgetting to take it off the window before trying to leave. In summer they fogged the place, but you still had a lot of bugs to deal with and it could be hot, temperature wise. There are lots of stories which are best left there.

The class of 1964 continues to get together for reunions and some special occasions. Beside a reunion every five years they celebrate special birthdays. They had a 40<sup>th</sup>, 50<sup>th</sup>, 60<sup>th</sup> and 70<sup>th</sup> birthday party. One time we had a float in the home coming parade and before they tore down the old school we had tour of the school to see why it needed to be replaced. The old junior

high school was trashed it looked like a rundown inner city school. It was embarrassing what they had let happen to the building.

# School Memories

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**From Mary Ellen Short:** From 1st grade to 12th the school allowed students to exchange Xmas gifts. You were only allowed to buy a gift that cost either 25 or 50 cents. And every year my dad made sure that a notice was sent out to remind everyone of the limit. About all you could buy was a mechanical lead pencil. Most people spent about a dollar. I believe it was in 7th or 8th grade that my mom purchased one scheme of Aunt Lydia's rug yarn. I was humiliated to give the gift and offered to give her my gift. Then in Mrs. Webb science class she had everyone tell the class what their gift was. Talk about pouring salt on a wound.

This girl moved away to Fla. during junior high. She and Ms. Hopkins (during Handicraft and knitting club at lunch .time) taught me to knit.. The 1st project was not a scarf or pot holder but was a pair of baby booties knitted on 4 double pointed needles. Forget the easy stuff I went straight to the advanced stuff. Next I made a pair of gloves. I used a mittens pattern and figure out how to switch it to fingers. My mom helped figure it out. She did crocheting and was not a knitter.

I remember the grasshopper because the formaldehyde made me sick. It was over powering and I could taste and smell it for days. I believe we also did blood typing. I am not sure about the pig. In college we did rats, cats, and pigs in anatomy and physiology. We had to kill the rat by putting it in a closed glass jar with cotton balls soaked in ether. We also had to get a frog out of the tank and stick needles in its neck. Another time we looked at their website under the microscope and watch their blood cells circulate. Mr. Chappell really gave us a good foundation in all the classes he taught to us. I remember how hard it was in chemistry especially with moles, molar etc College chemo was so easy as we had already had all that stuff. What shocked me was the fact that from 1964 to 1974 they had done away with the electronic shells and renamed several elements.

I believe the Salk polio vaccine came out in 1955. The Sabin oral vaccine came out later and was given on a sugar cube. They brought the cubes to the rooms. Mrs. Townsend's son Timmy died in 3 days with the severe pulmonary polio. I believe he got sick on a Friday and died by Mon. I remember dad saying they had to disinfect the entire school.

When I was in 1st grade I had a Dale Evans outfit and my younger brother had Roy Roger's. I loved wearing mine to school. Do you remember when Erskine Gillespie fell off the big tractor and it ran over him. He was spared because the ground was soft. If it had been hard he would have been crushed. Whatever happened to David Jump, Bill Hoffman, and William Luff?

**From Max Hengst:** Derby and the rest - does anyone remember a group of us going to the University of Delaware for a Science Symposium on a Saturday and then we went to Wilmington to see Bert Lahr in A Midsummer Night's Dream???

**From Sandy Hobbs:** Max. I remember going to see "A MidSummer Night's Dream". I think it was in the 10th grade, maybe 9th. It was such a major event for me. My Aunt bought me a beautiful new dress to wear. I thought I was so grown up and sophisticated. I don't remember any particulars but I was there and it made a big impression. I think that was the beginning of my love of the theatre and the arts.



## School Memories

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**From Jeanne Meyer on photos of girls gym uniforms:** I think for us girls sanity, you can forget the photos of the gym outfits. But, I admire all the work you have done on our class history. I am looking forward to our class having a 70th Birthday party, although I am not happy about turning 70. But, that beats the alternative.

**From Carol Hughes:** I had Dave Williams for 7th grade. .messed me up...I was straight A til him. He said only God got A's in his class. After him I had no incentive.

**From David Cox on elementary school:** I remember Mrs. Forrest 2nd.grade class in the old building. She was a super nice person. Ms. C. Bell Moore in the 3rd. grade and life got very dismal.

**From Beverly Hurst:** Derby did anyone tell you about Miss Wohlhieter and the wallet? She thought we girls didn't need to carry purses anywhere. She thought all we needed was a wallet and hanky, and those could be tucked into our cleavage, like she did. We all looked at her very ample cleavage and then at our jr high chests, and knew that would never work!

**From Carol Hughes on civil air:** My Civil Air Patrol platoon always marched in the Memorial Day parades.

**I seem to remember you talking about doing search and rescue drill in class didn't:** Yes, we did lots of that. We flew in planes from the Dover Air Base, even have a picture of me in a jet. Not just drills...found lost child in Cornfield once.

**From Judy Irons on dances:** We couldn't wear our shoes on the gym floor. We had to dance in our stocking feet.

**From Beverly Hurst on dances:** I think I recall that there were noon dances in the old gym. Anyone remember that? I also remember a dance (7th grade?) in the old cafeteria in the old building.

**From Janice Dean on dances:** Loved the dances.

**From Teena Wilson:** 9th Grade General Science – We had more than general science teacher. One of science rooms was directly above the principal's office. The other one was Mr. Short's room which was located on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor at the end of the hall on the west end of building. On one of those nasty hot days when all the big windows were open we cross the line, again. We had 1<sup>st</sup> year teacher who couldn't keep us under control. We were a very nosy class and pulled every trick in the book. There was note passing, talking, and some were shooting spit balls. Some were grabbing other's stuff to play keep away with. The chalk and erasers had been hidden away. To further disrupt the teacher one after another would get to sharpen pencils and/or ask for a hall pass to go the bathroom.

We had some great paper airplane makers. This day they weren't just satisfied with throwing them around the room. They decided to have a long distance flight test. They tossed them out the open window. The problem was the principal must have seen one fly by his office window. It wasn't long after the planes went flying when he appeared with one of the planes in his hand.

## School Memories

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We were read the riot act and of course nobody knew who threw them. I think he threaten to have the window kept shut if he saw another one. I also think there was the threat of detention.

On the way to DC, in our junior year, Teena said she was surprised to find out some of us I never been to Washington DC. She had assumed everybody's family took them to DC because her father taken her.

## Class of 1964 --- Junior High School Years at Caesar Rodney

When we started in 7<sup>th</sup> grade all the elementary classes had been moved out the old school building into the new wings (buildings). We referred to them as wings because they were all attached by the breezeway which connected them to the cafeteria and the old school. The old school had been partially remodeled and most of our junior high classes would be held in this building.

When we entered 9<sup>th</sup> grade, the old building would be further remodeled and the remodeling would be finished by the start of either our junior year. Our Junior High art, shop, music, and home economics classes were actually in the new High School building and we would have some classes in Mrs. Sanderson's house.

We were divided into six sections 7-1 to 7-6. Boys and girls would be in different homerooms and our homerooms were scattered all over the two buildings as some of the boys had their homerooms out in the shops. The boys and girls would join together for the rest of the day except for the "girl classes" or the "boy classes".

In junior high, we could now join some of the school clubs and play on the junior high sport teams. We could volunteer to work in the junior high library, join the Av crew, join the safety patrol or become a member of any club the school offered. The safety patrol members had to have good grades and I believe you had to be selected. The clubs met during the activity period and if you were not in a club you had a study hall. Our activity period was after lunch.

In the Av club you delivered and set up the AV equipment. We had filmstrip projectors, overhead projectors, and movie projectors. You may have to make minor repairs. Changing bulbs, getting the film to thread in the movie projector or splicing the film were some of our normal tasks. The best part was being able to get out and travel the halls without having a permission slip. Being on the AV squad, however, was not cool because members were thought to be "geeky".

We had to doing a lot of walking because classrooms were scattered all over the school grounds. You may have to go from the Jr. High building out to Mrs. Sanderson's house, and then back to the Jr. High, then out the back field for gym. We had six periods a day plus lunch. Five of our classes met every day, math, English, history, social studies, and science. Our sixth class would be a combination of different classes. Two days a week we had gym, two days of study hall and the other day our class changed every term (6 different classes). We had an art, music, shop, typing, home economics, or aviation class.

In 8<sup>th</sup> grade we had to spend one class period in one term with the guidance counselors. In this class we spent six weeks looking at careers and avocations. The guidance counselors were

pretty boring as classroom instructors. We had to take a series of standardized tests which were supposed to point out our careers options based on our interests and abilities. Some of the tests asked the same question several times but in different ways. It was easy to see how to manipulate the test. We each got our own report on what types of job we should consider. In theory, it was going help us pick our high school classes. The test was also used to point out if we needed to go to college, training school or into one of armed services. Mrs. Ryan, the guidance counselor, wasn't concerned with non-college-bound students and she had her favorite students who she gave special treatment. At least that is my opinion of her based on her attitude towards my interests. I believe this was a class divided by gender.

The eighth grade classes were also divided into six sections. However, section 8-1 would only be made up students selected for accelerated classes. The selection for 8-1 was supposedly based solely on ability. In theory, the 8-1 kids were the smartest 32 kids in the eighth grade. I think boys and girls still had separate homerooms. Some of the kids in 8-1 were considered snobs because they were in 8-1. I am not sure that was fair. Below 8-1, I think a student's section assignment was randomly-based because we all took the same classes. The 8-1 kids had harder classes than the other 5 sections. They had to take Spanish and advanced math. They also had a trip or two that the other sections didn't get.

Only 91 students who were in our eighth grade class would graduate with us in 1964 for a variety of reasons: the most common being a transfer to other schools or moving away.

In junior high we had to learn to deal with lockers and they were a challenge for some. Some lockers would stick shut, the lock could get jammed, or the combinations were tricky to work. A lot unkind words were directed at the lockers as well as kicks and slamming of fists. Kicking did help with some lockers that were stuck shut. Janitors were often being called to help get the lockers open. Lockers for 7-2 boys were outside Mr. Morris shop. They were full size lockers. In other parts of the building the lockers were half size. At the end of the school day it was difficult to get to the locker, get stuff out, and make the bus without running. Running in halls and on the stairs was against the rules.

In junior high we were allowed stop by our locker and put stuff in or take it out as long as you could make it to the next class on time. They changed the policy when we got to high school. Some years we had to share a locker. Your locker-mate could protect your things from others or let others in to mess with your things or take stuff.

We had to deal with the locker practical jokes. For example, someone may change your lock with some else's. Your stuff could be put in someone else's locker and locked. The lock could be jammed. A couple of times kids would gang up on a smaller kid and stuff him in a locker. It wasn't any fun being stuck in locker. At least nobody was locked in and somebody would let

you out. Some kids liked getting into some else's locker and then throwing their stuff down the steps or hallway.

In 8<sup>th</sup> grade we did stuff one boy in locker for an afternoon. It was down by Mr. Morris's Shop. Almost nobody except students went down that hallway which is why very few ever knew it happened. He had brought a squeeze lemon filled with vodka. He was drunk after lunch. He was 16 and was going quit school if he could finish 8<sup>th</sup> grade. We stuffed him in a locker until school let out so he wouldn't get expelled to insure that he finished 8<sup>th</sup> grade. He was a James Dean-type. He wore a black leather jacket and his shirts had the sleeves rolled up which is where he kept his smokes. He was one of the few 8<sup>th</sup> graders who drove to school. You knew when he drove out because his car was loud and he laid a patch rubber if the cops weren't around. He had a ducktail and spent a lot time combing his hair. He was a typical 1950's tough guy and he would deck you for looking wrong at him. However, if you were his friend he would stand up for you. Unlike the Fonz, he did not have a big following of girls. I am not sure he did any homework. He wasn't very smart and I think they passed him to get rid of him.

Some class options were limited because of gender. Girls could not take any of the shop classes or agricultural classes and the boys could not take home economics. I am not sure if those gender-based classes were determined by the state or school board. Girls taking shop would probably not have been teased as much as a boy taking home economics classes.

In 7<sup>th</sup> grade the boys had woodworking shop with Mr. Ed Morris. We had to cut out and make a peg board game and candle holders. Those of us without talent just made the required items. Those with woodworking skills, like Kenny Hutchins, also got to make lamps and bookcases. In Mr. Morris's shop everyone had to take their turn in the tool room or tool cage. Your job was to sign out and sign in each tool, and you were responsible for making sure every tool was put back. In Mr. Morris's class we were only allowed to use hand tools. Sometimes he would have to leave us alone. When that happened somebody would lock you in and you couldn't get out until Mr. Morris let you out of cage. Then you could be late for the next class. Mr. Morris had the reputation as a tough teacher. He had short temper and you did not mess around in his room or mess around during shop. At the end of the year he treated the 7-2 boys to cokes. He made his mark in Delaware by leading the boy's juvenile detention system. The juvenile detention center in Milford is named after him.

His shop was behind the auditorium, meaning we had to either go outside and thru the alley to the JR building or we could cut thru the auditorium to save time and avoid the weather. However, the auditorium door could be locked and you couldn't get out. Since it was unlikely to find a teacher in the hallway behind auditorium, it was the "right spot" for a fight between students. The office probably wouldn't know about it. There was more than one fight back there. Billy Wilson and I got into it one afternoon after shop class. No blood was drawn and no

hard punches were landed. I don't think anyone other than the guys who saw the fight knew about it.

We had two other shop classes. Mr. Gibe taught a woodworking class in 8<sup>th</sup> grade where we used a band saw to rough-cut out a duck and we were to finish carving out its features using a pen knife. I nearly cut my thumb off trying to carve the duck. I ended up with six stitches on the inside and six on the outside. Added to the six stitches from horseplay in elementary school, I now had 12 stitches from school. I had 30 stitches on my back when I had surgery to remove a birthmark. When people saw those scars in junior high they would want to know what happened. Sometimes I made up a story to explain the scars just to see if they would buy it. Sometimes they would, but then I would tell them the truth.

In Mr. Wolfe's shop class we first had to draw to scale a metal tray with a handle on stiff paper which we then cut out. After we had made a good paper model we got a piece of sheet metal. In the shop, we drew out the tray and the handle. When it was right we used tin-snips to cut out the tray. Next we bent the metal to form the tray. The handle was cut, bent, and attached to it. If it was done right it would sit flat, be the exact size, have the correct angles, and hold water. I still have mine but didn't it sit flat or hold water. I wasn't ever going to be a craftsman with wood or metal.

In 7<sup>th</sup> grade we also studied electricity with Mr. Morris. We would wire different kinds switches and lights with different kinds of hook ups. Like the other shop courses the goal was for us to learn some lifetime skills. We learned what tools we needed, how to properly use them, and how to make simple repairs.

Everybody had to take a six-week typing course and we were supposed to be able to type so many words per minute without a mistake. Those old fashion typewriters could be a pain to use. The keys would jam and they would holler at you for jamming them. It was easy to mess up the paper if you didn't get in right. It could get torn, paper wouldn't turn, crooked lines would be crooked or the machine jammed. More than once I started with my fingers on the wrong row. Since you were not allowed to look at the typewriter until done, if your fingers were wrong the letter was wrong. We had 30 typewriters dinging away every time the return carriage was hit. Computers are so much easier to use.

We had an art class and music class both years. In Mrs. Blanner's music class we had to learn the music notes and the fundamentals of writing and reading music. She did not tolerate you breaking her rules. One of our assignments was to write a short music score. Her classroom was at the back of the new section of high school. To get there you either had to go outside and down the alleyway or go through the auditorium assuming it was unlocked. You could get pretty wet going outside even if it was raining because there were lots of big puddles.

She directed both the chorus and orchestra. My little brother had put a preying-mantis egg case in my sister's violin case. She did not know it, and while she was playing the girl next to her noticed a preying-mantis on her bow, and the girl screamed and freaked out. By then 100's of little preying-mantis were emerging from my sister's case. Mrs. Blanner was mad at my sister. My sister and mother were mad at my younger brother, but I love telling the story.

Miss Wohlhiete was our art teacher in junior high school. Some of us made fun of her because of her size and the way she dressed. Her classroom was in the high school and her room had the old black desks with two students to a desk. She was given nickname of Miss Wall-heater. I think we did do some water-color painting and we needed to bring a large old shirt to protect our clothes. She would post the best works on the wall behind her desk. She rented a room on the third floor of Wesley Hall's house. She died in Wesley's house a few years after we graduated.

Beverly Hurst Shunta shared this insightful advice that Miss Wohlhieter offered the girls. She thought the girls didn't need to carry purses anywhere. She thought all they needed was a wallet and hanky, and those could be tucked into their cleavage, like she did. Beverly said they all looked at her very ample cleavage and then at their junior high chests, and knew it would never work.

Mrs. Sanderson taught 7<sup>th</sup> grade social studies and she wrote the Delaware History text for 7<sup>th</sup> grade. Her room was on the second floor next to the walkway going over to the high school. Taking the walkway kept you out of the weather but wasn't the quickest way to go from one building to the next if you had to change levels. It was quicker to go downstairs and across. There was a set of double doors on both ends and if someone pushed against them, you were blocked from crossing over.

Delaware history was taught by Mr. Scheidt. His wife taught home economics. I think our 7<sup>th</sup> grade class trip was to some of the historic sites in Dover were for his and Mrs. Sanderson's classes.

In first grade I should have learned not to bring anything to school that I didn't want to lose. Mrs. Sanderson asked us to bring in any Indian artifacts we had from Delaware. I had found a perfect arrowhead on our farm and brought to show my class. She asked me to leave it with her and she said she would keep it safe and not pass it around the class. When I came back to pick it up at the end of the day she told me she gotten distracted and somebody took it off her desk. She said she was sorry. She asked for it to be returned and it wasn't.

Mrs. Sanderson also taught one of the six-week 8th grade classes. In 8<sup>th</sup> grade, her classes were held in her house. The school had bought her house which was next door to the high school. The school was short on classrooms so they used her house for a few years as a classroom. The

two-story white house was not designed for a classroom. I don't think the upstairs was used for classes. We took the aviation class in her house. Some students went out to Dover Air Base for aviation classes. Later her house was taken down and turned into tennis courts. The school had "tennis courts" for a while. At least they had one or two marked out in the parking lot behind the school. The boys never used them for gym.

I don't believe we all could fit in one room. Some of us sat in her living room and the rest of the class sat in her dining room, and she stood between the two rooms under the archway. Her desk was in the kitchen. Because the room was too small we didn't have desks, so we just sat on chairs. Our laps were our desktops. It was really crowded and there wasn't any room between the chairs or the rows. It could really get warm in the crowded room. I don't believe she and Tommy, her son, lived in the house when we had classes in it. We normally entered and left her house by using the backdoor.

It could be a long walk to the house if you came directly from a class in the old building. You could get really wet when it rained even if you traveled through the high school building. There was no sidewalk to her backdoor, only paving stones. The only sidewalk into the house came in front and it came in from the street. The shortest way to her house was to cut across the lawns and go in through the backdoor. If the grass was wet or there was snow your feet got soaked before you got there. If we had snow there was a good chance somebody was getting hit with a snowball or pushed into the snow. It was pretty easy to guess who was going to throw the snowballs. Snowball throwing was started by the same guys.

The aviation books I think came from the Air Force. We learned about lift, drag, air foil, ground speed, air speed, head winds, search and rescue, and general aviation rules. In our 8-2 section one girl was a member of the Civil Air Patrol and she was thrilled to have this class. I believe it was Carol Hughes. Carol would wear her Civil Air Patrol uniform to school and she talked about going on mock search parties for downed planes and doing a real search. They found a girl who was lost in a corn field. She didn't fly the plane, but she served as the spotter. Her unit would also march in the Memorial Day parades. I am not sure what we actually got tested on.

Mrs. Pearl Hopkins was our 7th grade math teacher and she had the center room on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor of the junior high. Her room was one of the few with two doors. Over the lunch break you could play checkers or chess in her room. She would often knit during lunch and she taught some of the girls how to knit. Billy Hopkins was in 7<sup>th</sup> grade with us and in her math class. He really liked to play checkers and he was hard to beat. One time over lunch someone put a tack on her chair and everyone knew it. We were all waiting for her to sit down to see what she would do. We were disappointed when nothing happened and she never said a thing about it. One time when she came back from the restroom she had a trail of toilet paper behind her. We



all thought it was funny. She was another teacher who cracked the whip in class, but outside of class she was very helpful.

For 8<sup>th</sup> grade we had a retired college professor, Dr. Kunzleman. He was not a friendly person and could not deal with junior high students. I remember Dr. Kunzleman as a teacher who thought of himself as being a great gift to us. He paraded up and down on the left side and across the front of the classroom waving his arms with a piece of chalk in his hand. He used the chalk like a pointer when he called on you. I think we lived in fear that he would call on us. His suit jacket was kept unbuttoned. He was always loud and he could really get mad at us. His jacket sleeves were covered in chalk dust because he had a habit of wiping off the chalkboard with his sleeve. In 8-2 he got so mad he walked out of the room after chewing us out. He had the same room Mrs. Hopkins had to teach 8<sup>th</sup> grade. He demanded our respect but I don't think many of us gave it to him. I don't think he lasted too long at CR.

"Max Hengst was in 8-1 Math and Dr. Kunzleman said their class was assinine, that started a major conflict with the 8-1 parents when their kids got home and told them he had called them asses..." , according to Beverly Hurst. Yes, I remember that incident with Dr. Kunzleman. He said, "Are you jackasses or fools?!" It did cause a stir. Looking back, it must have been quite an adjustment for him to go from teaching college to teaching junior high. I think we did things to drive him crazy.

In 8-2 we had an incident in either Mrs. Jarrell's or Mrs. Horn's class. Her classroom was at the top of stairs. She was a new teacher and we drove her crazy. We had a boy in our class who was very odd. He wore a coat and ties to school every day and carried a leather brief case. When he sat down he carefully organized everything on his desk top. I don't think he participated in gym activities. I think he was bright but he couldn't deal with people. Today I think he would have been diagnosed as having a learning or social disability. He had a crush on the girl who sat in front of him in the first row. He was bugging her and the teacher ordered him to go to the office. He flipped out and pulled two switchblades out of his brief case and waved them around, threatening the teacher. Tommy Webb, who was 16 years old and the biggest boy in the class, took care of the situation. He came up behind him. He grabbed both of his arms and threw him against the blackboards. When he hit the wall he dropped both knives and he fled the room. I assume he was expelled from school since he never came back to school.

Miss Clute was one of our English teachers. Her classroom was previously Mrs. Sales' 6<sup>th</sup> grade classroom before all the 6<sup>th</sup> grade classes moved out. She was one the prettiest teachers we would have and she married Mr. Cella, one of the gym teachers. They moved to New Jersey and had a baby. I believe some of his football players played at University of Delaware. She was

Steve Clute's cousin. Next to her room was Mr. Joyce's (it was at one time David Williams' classroom). I believe Mr. Joyce taught English. His room was full of the classics.

Our junior high sciences focused on the earth sciences. We studied volcanoes, mountains, the development of soils, the impact of winds and water, and types of rocks. I think Mr. Short was one of junior high science teachers, as well as the vocational Agricultural teacher for the high school and advisor to the safety patrol. Mary Ellen, his daughter, was in our class. They live right next door to the school.

In late fall, the school had a Fall Fashion show and a harvest show. The girls who took home economics with Mrs. Scheidt, Mrs. Woodrow, and Mrs. Webb would have to make an item to wear in the fashion show. They also had to model their items and they would be judged with some cash prizes awarded. Carol and Jeanie said they had to do cooking and sewing projects and they believed they all had to make skirts.

At the same time as the Fashion show in auditorium, the Harvest show was going on for Future Farmers of America. FFA members were all high school students. If you were a vocation agricultural student you were expected to join FFA. In early fall, Mr. Short had you sign up to what you were going to enter. This committed you harvested and prepared the exhibits you signed up for in September. Everyone could enter 2 of every class.

The old gym was used for this event. All the fruit and nut crops were put on display on the stage. The grains, vegetables, and hays were on the gym floor place on the tables. The entries were judged and cash prizes were awarded. Everyone also received a grade for their entries. Whatever you signed up for had to be exhibited or you got points deducted from your grade. Carl Melvin won the most ribbons and the most money. As freshman it was common mistake to sign up for than you entered

I do remember the second floor of the high school building needing to be aired out because of a Home Economics cooking classing. Apparently somebody's cooking project went very wrong and burned. To get the smoke out of the room they opened all of the doors and windows, including the one into the hallway. With the hallway door open, you could smell burnt food all down the hallway. It was a good thing it was an afternoon class and that we didn't have smoke detectors in the school. I think the home economics classroom was the only with a fire escape. There was a trash bin located below the home economic kitchen which caught fire one time. The rumor was it was started by a cooking project that went badly. Luckily, the fire was after school.

When they remodeled the old school, in the basement they put in a junior high Library. The high school library stayed in the high school and Mrs. Cool managed it. Prior to that there was only one library for the whole school. Library aid was one of the easier club jobs especially the

junior high library. You just checked the books in and out and put them back on shelves. It was a good place to flip baseball cards and coins without getting caught.

Carol thought we had to sell magazine subscriptions and you could earn prizes if you sold certain amounts. I believe we were to sell a certain number (5). I think there was even competition between classrooms. I had forgotten we had to sell stuff and I hated doing to. I am not sure if we had stuff to sell every year or not. I believe selling started in 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade. I guess the money was needed to fund our school trips and maybe to fund the programs that the school brought in.

When we had gym, we carried our all of gym stuff including our gym shoes to school and then changed for gym and then we changed back again after gym. In Junior high most kids carried their gym clothes in a gym bag. In high school it was common practice to wrap your gym clothes up inside your towel and tie it together with shoes. In theory the gym clothes were taken home and washed. Some guys forgot to take them home for a week or two. Even their lockers would smell.

The boy's gym classes focused on learning how to play team sports like baseball, football, basketball, volleyball, and soccer. We also played dodge ball and a baseball-like game using a dodge ball. Gym grades were based on being properly dressed, showering, attendance, skill tests, and the written tests on the history and rules of the sport. The written test helped those who couldn't do well on the skill tests. The coach stood outside the shower room and marked off if we went in and came out wet.

If he wasn't in the locker room some guys would roll up their wet towels and snap them on your bare behind. Another thing that would happen when coach wasn't around was taking your clothes. They would try to toss up your clothes into the locked cage. Then you had to get coach to open it. They would play monkey-in-the-middle, daring you to try to get your clothes back. It was always the same guys taking your clothes. Helping someone get their stuff back spoiled their fun and you needed to watch out.

Relationships between boys and girls were changing. Instead of knocking a girl's books out of her arms you were more interested in walking her to the next class carrying her books. We no longer avoided dancing with the girls in the old gym or at school dances. Still 80 to 90% of those dancing in the gym were girls, especially fast dancing. There were more fast dances played than slow. The locker room doors were often kept open during the dances but I am sure a teacher stayed in the locker room. I think the student council ran the lunch time dances. I believe we brought in our own 45 rpm records to play. The school had a dance code as far as how close boys and girls could dance together. Teachers would step up to remind you if you dancing too close together. I don't think most parents let their daughters go out on dates in 8<sup>th</sup>

grade. You couldn't dance on the new gym floor unless you wore soft-sole shoes or were in your stocking feet. I don't think girls were allowed to wear high heels to school. While we were in junior high, the old gym still had a stage which was where the record player was setup. There was no dancing on the stage. Later the stage was removed and that area was used to expand the locker rooms.

There were only a few true couples in Junior High School. Taking ballroom dancing lessons became a benefit because girls would ask me to dance with them (two-step). One time I was warned by three of my classmates not to dance with the "girl friend" of their buddy or else they would beat me up. This made for a weird situation. I didn't know it was his girl friend and I'm not sure she knew it. She was the one who asked me to dance and didn't know why it was a problem for his buddies. I still danced with her and nothing was ever said about it and nothing happened. These dances were a good place to embarrass a classmate. Both boys and girls had embarrassing things happen. All you needed was to get an article of their personal clothing and hang it on the wire grates or from the basketball backboard, and then let people know whose clothes were hanging up. Usually the girl's clothes were obtained from another girl.

Those who pulled tricks don't seem to remember doing them, but the victims seem to have long memories. After our 30<sup>th</sup> reunion, I was sitting with several classmates who were not involved in "dirty tricks" and I remarked about some things which happened to me. I was surprised to hear how many of them remember things which happened to them.

Being in senior high made us the big kids on the bus. All of the big kids had to sit in the back of the bus. Mr. Cool wanted us to get up out our seats and walk to front of bus so when he stopped to let us off we were right at door. The elementary kids were to remain seated until he stopped. You needed to walk in rhythm of the swaying bus to avoid landing in someone's lap. If you had both arms full it was tough to navigate and there was the possibility of someone trying to trip you. He also expected us to close any windows we opened before we left the bus.

I found it hard to determine what years we took specific tours. We did go to the John Dickinson plantation for a tour. Our tour guide took us into three or four of the downstairs rooms. We spent most of our time in the kitchen and parlor because they were the 2 most restored rooms. It wasn't safe for us to go up stairs. There were a limited number of artifacts in the house. Most items were in storage to protect them until restoration was complete. We could not visit any of the out buildings. Restoration was going slowly because of a lack of funds. Our tour guide talked about the slaves and their lives on the farm. She talked about the life of John Dickinson and his family on the farm. We went to learn about his role in the forming of the United States government.

We went to the Friends' Meeting house in Camden. We sat on those hard benches and learned about the Friends' beliefs and how their church operated. We also learned about the Friends' place in the Delaware portion of the Underground Railroad.

We did a walking tour of several buildings (3 or 4) on the Dover Green. This tour was probably for Social Studies. I think we also had to write a report on these visits. We went into the old State Court House, the State House, and Legislative Hall and probably another site. Our tour began at the State Court House and was given by a woman dressed in a colonial dress. Her job was to explain how the court used to operate and what important events took place there. Over at Legislative Hall we went in to see both the House and Senate chambers. They talked about the difference between being a Delaware Senator and Representative, the function of both chambers, and how they each operated. Some students even got to sit in the Senator's chairs, while the rest of us sat or stood in the gallery.

Since the DuPont family was very important in Delaware, we visited the DuPont Powder Mill in the Brandywine valley. There we learned about powder mill operations and the importance of the DuPont family to Delaware. We learned why they chose Delaware and the Brandywine Valley. We were told stories about the workers--- who they were, where, and how they lived. We learned how the DuPont family built houses for their workers and provided benefits for them. We learned about the DuPont's role in keeping Delaware in the north in the Civil War period. . We also toured the Hagley and Winterthur Museums. I am not sure if we did all three on the same trip or we took two different trips. I think we took bag lunches and ate in one of the state or county parks. There were not many fast food places in the early 1960's.

At Winterthur we mainly toured the house and looked at all the various antiques the DuPont's had collected. We did not spend time touring the Winterthur grounds because it was a rainy day. I'm sure we didn't go down to barns where they had a dairy herd. They had put plastic runners down in hallways for us to walk on during the first part of our tour. I believe we did look at some of the gardens close to the house.

We had a fun day trip to Lake Como in June in both 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades. It was actually just an afternoon trip. We had lunch at school and traveled by school bus to Smyrna. Most of the boys put their bathing suits on at school instead in the bath house at the lake. We were only there a couple of hours because we had to be back to catch the bus home. I think a lot of girls changed in the bath house. It was warm and sunny, but the water was cold and more people stayed on the beach than went swimming. There was a concession stand on the West side of the "beach". The swimming area was roped off and there was floating dock out in water for diving into the water but it had to be a shallow dive. We were not allowed to be outside the roped off area. I believe the only chaperones were teachers.

On the 7<sup>th</sup> grade trip some of us commented on how some of the girls looked in bathing suits. We did insult at least one girl who still reminds me of the fact. I guess we were too loud or the girls had better hearing than we thought.

Gambling was not uncommon with the boys. Playing mostly for nickels, dimes and quarters, you could find guys flipping cards and calling out odds or evens. Several boys lost their lunch money and more. There were guys who lost all of their money. Then they lost more money trying to get the money back. You had to pay up or risk being beaten up. A couple of guys lost five dollars in a day which was big money in junior high. Guys would gamble in the library, in empty rooms, in hallways where teachers didn't travel or outside near a corner of the building. You could get sent to the office for gambling for money. Boys would also gamble on test grades and ball games, especially during the World Series. The most common bet was who was going to win the Series.

Boys did a lot of dumb stuff starting in junior high like trading hits. You took turns hitting each other in the arm until you said uncle to see how tough you were. Your arm could be black and blue. You were dared to keep playing or be called chicken. You could play the other way and see who could hit the softest. This was a setup as the second guy would slug you and declare you the winner.

Lots of mean tricks were played in Junior High School and High School. The "In" crowd didn't play them on each other but everyone else was fair game. The more different you were from the "norm", the more tricks you had to put up with. Befriending a person on their pick-on list put you on the list. Knocking your books on the floor was a favorite. I am not sure which was more embarrassing: having to pick up your books off floor after they had been shoved off your desk or having to pick them up off the stairs when everyone was changing classes. The more your stuff was scattered, the more people had to walk around you and over your stuff. The more steps your stuff landed on, the bigger the laugh. Not only did your books get knocked out of your hands in the buildings, but also into mud puddles and into snow outdoors.

It was so much fun to be stung with rubber bands or hit with spitballs. Some guys would try to trip you as walked to or from your seat. If your gym clothes were under your chair they could be tied to it. They may grab your gym stuff and start a game of keep away. When they got tired of it they tossed it and you had to go get them. When there was snow a bunch of kids would make you their target or shove you down into the snow or rub your face with snow. To be really evil, someone would send a note with your name on it or start a rumor about you.

I didn't like the false friendships from the guys who acted like they suddenly wanted you to be one of their friends. Then after they got what they wanted, it was right back to the same as the old status. I decided the best way of dealing with "people issues" was to avoid those

people. I also kept a low profile around them. Then when I had enough I just walked up and nailed one of them. I actually got into a fight once a year with somebody. I was lucky no teacher every saw me in a fight.

The most common reasons to get sent to the office were smoking, skipping class, fighting, and back-talking. There were at least 2 guys who had switchblades at school. I am not sure but I think they caught one person who was stealing. Both teachers and students had things stolen from lockers, desks, cars etc. Money, class rings, jewelry, clothes, and food were taken.

We only had one office for the whole school. If someone got into trouble they had to go over to High School building to see the principal to find out your punishment. Unless it was a really serious problem, the teacher didn't take the student to the office. They selected a trustworthy student to carry a note to office instead. If you got sent to the office you had better go straight there or you were into bigger trouble. You had to sit on the high-back wooden bench, waiting your turn to see the principal. When someone came into office and saw someone on the bench, most likely they were in trouble. The principal could paddle you, give you detention, a 3- day suspension, or give you a work task. For example, you may have to wash the eggs you threw off the windows, or clean off the paint you painted on the building. There were some kids who spent a lot of time in the office.

## Caesar Rodney Class of 1964: Elementary School Years

These are the good, the bad, and the ugly memories I have from going to school. I have tried to censor my words to protect the innocent and guilty because it is all in the past. Every one of us has different memories and we have different views of things we saw, heard, or did. What looked like harmless fun to some was hurtful to others. I don't think most people believe they were being cruel. However, there were a couple people who I believe meant to be cruel. I don't think our class was greatly different from any other. I don't think school was as bad as we felt at the time, nor was it as good as it looked.

In 1952 many of us met for the first time as we started 12 years of schooling. My 1<sup>st</sup> grade class was in the 1<sup>st</sup> classroom in the new wing or "chicken house". We would spend our first 2 years in this building. The building looked like one of the Delaware chicken houses. It had a flat roof, it was long and narrow with lots windows just like a chicken house. The building was designed with the idea a second story could be added. They never added a second story but instead they built five more buildings on the west side of the school. All of the 1<sup>st</sup> grade classrooms were on the south end of the building. Mrs. Nellie Stokes had the 1<sup>st</sup> room on the end. The first day of school was a real change for all of us. Some kids were thrilled to be here, some were crying and wanted to go home, and other were in a daze. Some of us would become lifetime friends. Some would hate going for variety of reasons.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> day most of our mothers either brought us to school or met us there after they put us on the bus or walked us to school. I think everyone was wearing new clothes and new shoes. The first day we would be assigned seats, get our books, and our name tags. We were given sheets to sign up for the weekly reader magazine which we were required to buy. I don't think it cost more than \$10. The teachers asked our mothers to sign up to be room mothers.

Our school was made up of a variety of kids. We had town kids and kids who lived in the developments. We had farm kids and kids who lived in the country but not on farms. There was a wide variation in family incomes. Farm family incomes varied a lot depending the size and type of farm. In most families, the mothers stayed home or would work part-time. Money was tight for most families.

We had a lot Air Force kids and Amish kids start school with us but most would not be here in 12 years. The Air Force kids who went to school with us were often only here for 3 years because of their families getting transferred to other bases.

When we started school in 1952 the schools were segregated by race. The colored students in the CR district went to the Star Hill School until 8<sup>th</sup> grade and then they had the option to go William Henry in Dover which was the colored high school for Kent



County. We did not have any colored students when we started school. I think the first colored students entered CR in 1962.

It was rare to see a black family living outside any of the black communities. Every town had a black community. Their churches and black businesses were located within their community. Black business did have some white customers and white business did sell to blacks. Restaurants and hotels served one race or other or they had segregated sections. Out in the county there were black communities like Star Hill. The black communities all had local names which locals used. In these communities there was a mixture of housing from very nice, to decent, to shacks without indoor plumbing or electricity. There were several unwritten rules when dealing people of the other race. We needed to know what was permitted when being with colored people and what wasn't. We were expected to always show respect but certain boundaries were not to be crossed. For us, colored people which were the majority of black people we knew were good people and were to be respected. Then there was the black trash and white trash which equally bad. These people had criminal type behavior or had low morals.

I don't think we had any Jewish kids in our class although there was at least one family with kids at CR. There weren't any special education students in school with us. "Special education students" most likely would have been kept at home or placed in a state center like Stockely. I don't believe they labeled kids as to having specific learning disabilities. The only physically handicapped student in our class was Steve Clute who wore a leg brace. Later Alex Richardson would enter CR and he had limited use of his left arm because of polio and Judy Clark had a deformed hand caused by a birth defect.

We did have students who were referred to as being slow. I don't think any of them made it into high school. I believe most those students quit after the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. Slow students were often made fun of or had tricks played on them. The teachers would get after us for picking on them. Befriending one of them to protect them from being bullied would usually result in students making fun of you. Genetically I think we are programmed to try to be a top dog and pick on the weak.

If my research is correct, less than 30% of the students who started together 1952 made up the 1964 graduation class. Most of the Amish students left when they completed the 8<sup>th</sup> grade because their parents believed they only needed 8 years of education to function in their society. The Air Force kids from 1952 would have transferred out. Our class would be adding a lot of new kids from Dover Air Base School which only went to the 6<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> grade. We had three students transfer in from the Frederica when they finished 6<sup>th</sup> grade and may have had some from Hartley.

The Dover Air Base School was part of the CR district and was administrated by our district office. However, the Air Force decided on how many grades the school had.

The Dover Air Base School changed the number grades several times. If you lived in base housing you went to Air Base School. If you didn't live on the base you went to the school in the district where you lived. In 1952, the DAFB School went the 1st to the 6<sup>th</sup> grades, then 1st to the 8<sup>th</sup>, and finally a 1st to 12<sup>th</sup>. We lost some classmates when the DAFB changed over to a 1st to 12th grade school.

We did have some students transfer out of CR after being with us. Some went to private schools or another public school. We mainly lost students to Holy Cross, Milford, Felton, or Dover.

You may be held back, not because you failed but because your teacher and your parents felt you would do better by repeating the grade. If you did not want to be held back a year you could go to summer school and if you made enough progress you could move up. We were expected to master the material before we could move to the next level. I think the only ones who got promoted without doing the work were the ones who were going to quit in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. We had at least 2 boys in our 8<sup>th</sup> grade class who already were 16. All they needed was not get expelled and then they could quit school. They didn't make an effort to do their work. The teachers didn't call on them unless they were causing trouble. There were a couple of students who were allowed to skip a grade.

Just like today, you may end up struggling in school because you and the teacher didn't get along. I had two teachers who I found it very difficult to deal with. Mrs. Williams and I did not get along at all. I also did not get along with my algebra teacher.

We had a lot of Air Force families who lived off base and they mainly lived in places like Rodney Village, Kent Acres, Palmer Park, Briar Park, and some of mobile home parks who catered to Air Force personnel. Not all "base kids" had parents were servicemen and service women. The base had a lot of civilian employees. They may have had to move from one base to another. The kids who lived off base and in the CR district came directly to CR. I think one of the reasons the Air force families tended to live in same community was because they recommended those place to the newcomers.

If a girl got pregnant, had a child, or got married she had to drop out school because it was either against the state or school policy for her to go to a regular school. I think the administration or state government believed these girls would be a bad influence on other girls. The father was allowed to stay in school even if they were married. There were mothers in the area who actually were raising their grandchild as their own so their daughter could continue in school. If a girl went off to stay with an aunt it was assumed she went off to have baby. I don't think we had girls get pregnant in elementary or junior high.

We did have different dress standards in the 1950's and early 1960's. The girls were not allowed to wear slacks or jeans in school even in the winter. In winter, if it was really cold or snowy the girls could wear legging under their dresses or could wear slacks. At school, they had to take them off and put on a dress. The girls were expected to wear dresses that covered their knees until around 1962 when they only had to touch the knees. For the boys it was slacks and shirts. I think most boys wore pants with cuffs turned up a couple of inches. As the boys grew the cuffs were let out to cover your ankles. If you grew too fast you ended up wearing "high water pants." High water pants didn't cover your socks, exposing some of ankles. Flannel shirts and cowboy shirts were popular with boys. Boys rarely wore hats to school except in the lower grades.

Some girls wore poodle shirts and saddle shoes at least in junior high and high school. Pony tails were popular and I think every girl who had them had them pulled. The same things happened to the girls with pigtails.

We got new school clothes just before school started. My parents expected the clothes to last the year or longer. This year's school clothes became next year's play clothes. Pants were brought a little bigger to have room to grow. Mother's would sew in a tuck in the back of pants so they would not look baggy. The dresses would be hemmed up and pant legs would all have cuffs. As you grew the clothes would be let out and let down. Pant cuffs were a pain because they would collect dirt and hook on things when you were climbing. Since they were school clothes we shouldn't have been out playing in them anyhow. Hand-me-downs were common. We would exchange clothes with brothers and/or cousins. If knees were worn out they became shorts or they were patched. Elbow patches would extend the life of shirts or shirt became a short sleeve shirt. If you didn't have clothes to pass on you were labeled as being hard on clothes.

For shoes we got a new pair of "church shoes" and sneakers just before school from Lou's shoe store in Milford. Last year's church shoes became this year's school shoes. Last year's school shoes became our play shoes. You weren't suppose go outside to play in your church shoes or school shoes because they were your good shoes. The church shoes were often bought one size too big. Then you stuffed tissue paper in toes to make them fit. We also handed down shoes to our relatives if they were in good shape. Sneakers only lasted a year because the soles were worn off.

In the winter most of us wore wool hats and mittens or gloves in elementary school. To keep from losing mittens they could be connected by a string. What a pain to put them on them with a jacket! When we came in from recess we would rush over the radiators to get warm. If we could, we would sit on them to get warm faster. If our gloves were wet from the snow we left them under or on it to dry. If they were on the radiator too long they would be really stiff and could shrink. If gloves got too hot they began to stink and you could smell them across the room. The teachers always complained we took

too long to get our clothes off and into our seats after recess. They would sometimes deduct the time from our next recess or we weren't allowed out.

Most of us did not wear sneakers or gym shoes to school until junior high. Buster Brown's were a very popular brand of shoe in the 1950's for elementary school kids. If you were lucky to have a TV or access to one every Saturday morning you may get to watch The Buster Brown Show. Their logo featured a boy (Buster) and his dog, Tige. They hosted an adventure show which also had a cartoon or two. A lot of families did not own a TV in the early 1950's. We had to go to our grandparents' or friends' house to watch TV on Saturday mornings. Televisions were very expensive and the reception was not always good. You could have nothing but snow or blackness. You may have to deal with a picture that continued rolling, half picture, and you may or not have sound.

Since there was no air conditioning in any of the school buildings we were sometimes allowed to wear shorts to school when it was predicted to be a very hot steamy day. The school windows were huge to let in more air but they didn't have any screens on them and the bugs would come in. The big tall windows (6 feet tall) were good for cooling but they would rattle in the wind. If bugs flew in for a visit someone would panic and start screaming. Sometime kids would jump out their chairs and run around trying to kill them. It could get real crazy when wasps flew in. Teachers would holler for everyone to sit in their chairs and be calm, while some kids swung at the wasp, and a few kids may be freaking out.

If it got too hot to do school work sometimes we were allowed to put our heads on our desk and rest if we stayed quiet. This was a good time to try to pass notes or make faces at each other. Sometimes a teacher would take the class outside and sit on the lawn but that was rare beside there wasn't much shade around the building. Sitting outside gave boys chance to bug the girls and each other with a blade of grass or a bug. It was real cool to catch a bug and drop it into some ones blouse or shirt and watch them try to get it out. You wanted to do it to the kid who was most likely to freak out.

On rainy days galoshes, rain coats, and rain hats were common in elementary school. Boys with galoshes sometimes would stomp their feet in the mud puddles to slash others especially the girls. On snowy days or when we had snow on the ground we wore snow boots or galoshes. They were hard to put on and take off since they fit over our shoes. You often needed help to take them off while you held on to your chair. The boots fit on so tightly you usually pulled off your shoes and sometimes your socks. It was just as hard to pull your shoes out of the boots when they weren't on your feet.

Mrs. Stokes was my first grade teacher and she taught my mother and I think she taught everybody else in my family with exception of my father who went to the

Woodside two-room schoolhouse. I think most of the kids in her classroom were the children of her former students. Many of her former students requested her to teach their children. Parents did have some impact on which teachers their children got.

I think we were supposed to be 6 by December 1<sup>st</sup> to start school in 1952 but your parents could get you in if you were younger and the classes weren't full. When we started school we were to know our numbers and our letters. You either went to a private kindergarten or your mother could teach you at home. My mother taught us and it wasn't fun for either of us.

Along the inside wall of our 1<sup>st</sup> grade classroom was a place to hang our coats and put our boots. There were a couple of shelves above the coat hooks to put our lunchboxes and other items. In the back were the drinking fountain and the two bathrooms. Our bathroom breaks were scheduled. The boys lined up by theirs and girls by theirs and weren't suppose to use it between times unless with permission. Our classroom library was at the back. The outside wall was mostly large windows for cooling the room. The radiators under were under the windows. The boys were often the ones to help open and close the windows.

The school day always began with the Lord's Prayer, the Pledge of Allegiance, and the school announcements. Our building, beside the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grade classrooms, had a couple of small rooms. The speech therapist or other specialists used those rooms to work with individual students. I worked with a speech specialist once a week when I was in grade school. I think she was employed by the state and was only at our school one or two days per week.

In 1<sup>st</sup> grade, every day we read stories about Dick, Jane, and their dog Spot. Every week we read the Weekly Reader which was 4 to 6 pages long. I think we had to read aloud we did it standing up at our desks. Having a speech problem, I hated to be called on to read out aloud. It was embarrassing because your classmates would giggle at your mistakes.

We learned to make our capital and small letters using double lined paper. Writing was one our punishments. You could find yourself having to write 100 times "I will not chew gum in class again", for example. In making our letters we had touch the correct two lines without going over. It seemed like we wrote the same letter a 100 times before trying the next. I never had good penmanship and never will. Another task was to learn how to stay between the lines when coloring. That was another of many things I was not good at. I think having to read aloud was tough if you were not a good reader. The good readers seem to get special treatment which was probably their reward for being the top of the class. I think Cyndi and Max were two of the best readers.

Mr. Bill Brown was our music teacher he had a cart he moved from room to room with his music materials. He came in once or twice a week. He started every song using his round pitch pipe. He was one of the partners of B&B Music in Camden where most went to buy music instruments, have private lessons, and buy music books.

We had two 15 minute recesses per day in 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grades, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Most days we went outside unless it was raining or bitter cold or dangerously hot. If we had misbehaved we would not have recess. Sometimes the whole class was kept in because of misbehavior. It was not uncommon for 1 or 2 students to miss recess. When a student had to stay in, the teacher would not always go outside with the class. She may go out with class, leaving the unlucky one to write their "I will not" statement. One of the other teachers would keep an eye on us. I think all 1<sup>st</sup> grade classes had recess at the same time. On nasty days, we stayed in and the teacher may lead games like mother-may-I.

I am not sure if we got 1 or 2 recesses a day in grades 3 to 6. As we got older we may have had only one per day.

First grade was the first time I ever heard about cooties. Kids would tease each other about having cooties and would touch each other to pass on cooties to someone else. I really didn't know what they were but I knew it was something you didn't want. If you wore glasses you were called "bug eyes" or "four eyes". There was a lot of teasing if you were different.

If you rode a bus to school you could either bring your lunch or you could buy one at school. I think a school lunch platter cost a quarter in 1952 and later was increased to 35 cents. Instead of buying a lunch platter you could buy individual items like soup, sandwich, fruit, or Jell-o.

If you lived in town and walked to school you had three lunch options. You could go home for lunch, buy your lunch or bring it. In elementary school, kids usually brought lunch in a lunch box decorated with TV western heroes, comic strip, or cartoon characters. The lunchbox had a thermos to bring in hot soup or a cold drink. Kool-Aid or milk were the most common drinks carried to school. If you forgot your lunch or lunch money either the teacher would lend you the money or you sign an IOU at the register. Instead of carrying money to school every day for lunch you could buy a weekly meal ticket from your teacher. In first and second grade they kept the meal ticket for us and then gave it to us. There was a place to write our name on the ticket but if you lost it you had to buy a new one. The cashier punched the ticket whenever you got lunch. The ice cream was an extra charge and you paid for it in cash. If you had a quarter in your pocket you had a lot of money.

Some of us carried our lunch to school except on days we really liked the school menu. Nothing was said if you had a butter knife in your lunch box. Most had a sandwich, a drink, and fruit in their lunch box. Beside P & J sandwiches, the sandwich may be last night's meat sliced up or bacon and cheese or a plain cheese sandwich. Leftover fried chicken also made a great-tasting lunch. If you were lucky you had a few cookies, some pudding, or cupcakes for dessert. A package of Tasty Cakes made a great dessert. Thermoses were not well insulated and lunch boxes were not insulated, so it is a wonder we all didn't have food-borne illnesses. After Easter, lunch may have been two hard boiled eggs.

At the end of school day we had to turn our chairs upside down and put them on top of our desks so the room could be cleaned. We also had to pick up everything off the floor before we were dismissed. We had to stand quietly by our desks and she dismissed us by rows, based on our cooperation. Once we hit junior high the only chairs we had to put on the desks were the ones at lab-type tables.

When we started school everybody on that route rode the same bus regardless of your age. The first bus I rode on had a row of seat along the outside of bus and one or two rows down middle facing the outside. The bus was so full some us had to stand from Woodside to school which was about 3 miles. I think the bus had a horizontal pole that you could hold on to. A couple years later the bus had the normal seating arrangement and there was less need to stand. Several years later some kids had to be bused to other schools. Those kids came to school and then got on another bus to transfer to Star Hill or the school at Rising Sun.

Glenn Cool drove our bus and he had strict rules including where you sat. The rules did change over the years but they were not being broken. You didn't want to make him mad. He would pull over and stop and would not move until we stopped what we were doing. If he had to come back to talk to you it was real trouble. I believe he put one kid off the bus and he had to walk home.

He expected you to be at your bus stop waiting for him no matter the weather conditions. When our bus route changed to US13 dual highway we had about quarter mile walk and we had to cross the dual highway. On both sides of the dual the traffic had to stop when he put out the stop arm. Before we got picked up on the dual we got the bus on old 13A which was a half mile walk. Our dad took us over to get the bus. After school in the fall we could stay at my grandmother's house and watch TV or go to the packing house and pack apples.

The school cafeteria in 1952 was in the basement of the old building along with the nurse's office and the school store. The nurse's office and store were on each side of the stairs leading up to the front doors. Tables were setup north to south. The kitchen

was on the east end of the building. In elementary school our teacher sat with us and we all sat together as a class. It wasn't until we got in junior high school that we were allowed to sit anywhere we wanted in our section of the cafeteria. I believe our school nurse was Mrs. Shoemaker. I think we could carry our own medicines with us and take them ourselves.

In the school store you could buy pencils, erasers, lead for mechanical pencils, notebooks, paper, and other school supplies. They had some candy for sale including the "Lunch Bar" which was a 3 cent chocolate candy bar. It came in a green wrapper with red lettering. All of other the candy bars were 5 cents. Mounds bars and Almond Joy candy bars were introduced in the 1950's. They had the slogan of "sometimes you feel like a nut and sometimes you don't". I believe they sold chewing gum but it was illegal to chew it in school. I think they may have sold Black Jack gum, Teaberry, and Cinnamon gum. They also sold Luden's or Smith Brother's cough drops. I believe pencils were 2 cents each and the big erasers were a nickel. I don't think many us carried any or very little money to school except for lunch money. I know I was only given enough for lunch and once in a while money for an ice cream.

In 1952 our playground was the front lawn of the school. On the playground we had monkey bars for climbing and we had a big metal swing set, and we had 4 seesaws and then we had a "merry-go-round or carousel". The playground sets were 100% steel and they sat on hard dirt. Behind our building was another set of swings but we used it in 1<sup>st</sup> grade. They were taken down while we were in third grade in order to build the new buildings. They were moved to the field behind the school. We did have our share of bumps and bruises and we had couple of kids break their arms or legs on the monkey bars. I ended up with a few stitches in my lower lip. Scraping up legs and arms were common occurrences during recess.

Across the front of the school was an 8 foot wrought-iron fence with brick pillars on both sides of the three driveways and the walkway into the school. Chain-link fences marked side and back boundaries of the school and there was a back gate. The school could close all of the entry gates, but I don't remember them ever doing it. The back gate was often closed. Behind the walkway gates were two large shrubs which the boys made into their "hideouts". Lining the walkway there were four to six mulberry trees. We would pick and eat the berries when they were ripe and we never thought about the worms in the fruit and we didn't bother to wash them. The birds loved eat them and the walkway was covered with white and purple stains. The bird also deposited their droppings everywhere. If you were unlucky a passing bird would get you. The little green inch worms would hang down on silk threads. It was easy to break the thread and drop a worm on someone's back.



We played games like red rover, tag, mother-may-I, and other games on the playground. Sometimes we would play cowboy and Indians using finger guns or stick guns. Hop scotch and jumping rope were more popular games with girls. Jacks and tic-tac-toe were popular indoor games. The girls would find a corner in a room or in hallway next to the doorway to play jacks. The boys liked to wrestle. There was thumb wrestling, arm wrestling, and Indian Leg wrestling. We also had “chicken fights” or “fought on horseback” and you tried to force your opponent off their horse. Chicken fights were more fun in water than on the playground. Getting pushed or pulled to the ground stung.

Mrs. Stokes (and I think the other 1<sup>st</sup> grade teachers) would organize the games at recess. I know our class did a May Pole dance in the spring. Mrs. Stokes had us playing London Bridge is falling down, Ring-around-the rosy, blind-man bluff, and various games of tag.

For special events, we sometimes went outside to say the Pledge of Allegiance at the flag pole. In front of the flag pole was our gathering spot for fire drills for the classes on the eastside of the building. I believe for fire drills the teachers had to check us off the roll. Classes on the west side of the building lined up on the back side of building along the fence. For air raid drills, (just in case Russians dropped an atomic bomb) we hid under our desks which didn't make any sense. Later they decided we should line up in hallways against the wall until the all-clear sounded.

The flag pole was used in pranks, especially around Halloween when kids would run different items up the pole and insure that they were seen. They would disable the pulley and someone would have to come to fix it. In about 6<sup>th</sup> grade, the scout troop “depanted” one the older boys and ran his pants up the pole. Generally the fire company came down with the ladder truck to fix the pulley.

Holiday seasons were celebrated as well as birthdays, at least in 1<sup>st</sup> grade. The main reason we had homeroom mothers was to supply food and drinks for a celebration and to help if we were having a party. For Christmas, my dad cut a Christmas tree from our farm and we made paper decorations to put on the tree and we got to take them home. For Valentine's Day we had to have cards for everyone in our class. I am not sure if we made them at school or had to bring them. In art class we made something to give to our parents Christmas. At Halloween, we had a party at the end of the day, sometimes with costumes.

When we went into third grade we moved into the old school. The CR district was involved in a big building boom. They were adding another building like the one we were in 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grade and more buildings after that. We would spend the next 6 years in the old building. It seemed CR was adding a new elementary building every other year.

Every building was dedicated to a single grade level. They were building a new cafeteria at the same time which opened when we were in the sixth grade. Four or five of our classmates during lunch had gotten into the new cafeteria before it was open to students. The building was almost complete and currently being used by the service clubs for meals. The kids used the dish carts to race around the building and broke several ash trays by seeing how far they could slide them across the room. They made a mess of the building but they were all caught by the principal and had to clean it up. Actually only one was caught and he gave up the others. The only broken objects were the ash trays. They had to clean up the cafeteria and they got about 4 hours detention.

When they were building the new wings there were dirt piles about 6 foot tall. They made a great place to play King of the Mountain. It could be an individual trying to hold the top, or a group. Some of the girls were involved. You got really dirty playing on the dirt piles. We weren't supposed to be on them but we did every chance we could. The clumps of dirt were good for throwing at things including each other. It seemed like someone would get hit with a rock every time we started a dirt ball fight. We were lucky no one got a serious injury from these fights.

The new wings, gym, and cafeteria took up most of open land to west and behind the school. The eastside was covered by the football field. Around 5<sup>th</sup> grade (before we got into junior high school) the only open fields were behind the school buildings. The elementary classes would have to cross to road to have a playground. They had a softball field next to the road and the baseball diamond was on the far side of the field, making it a long walk or run to reach it. I think when we were either Juniors or Seniors the elementary school kids would use the fields for recess and we just used the football field for gym classes.

Shooting marbles became popular for both boys and girls. When you played "keepies" you were gambling you could out-shoot the others. Usually we played marbles out in the dirt. There was usually more watching than play. Some kids lost all their marbles in one day. There were different types of marbles and they had different values. There were steelies, catseye, clearies, clays, solid colors, opaque, and they came in different sizes. Winners were happy and losers were upset and there were some hard feelings. Some kids were called cheaters because they won. Shooting marbles wasn't fun when you played for keeps and lost.

Instead of losing marbles playing for keeps or flipping baseball cards to get more of them we should have locked them in a safe. Now they are collector items. Some of those baseball cards are worth hundreds or even thousands of dollars. In fact, a lot of things we took outside to play with are now worth a lot of money especially the Disney stuff and action heroes. In a lot of cases the box it came in is worth more than the item.

As general rule, if you got in trouble at school and you were punished, you didn't want to talk about it at home. You would be punished again by your parents because the teacher was right and you were wrong. Our teachers had several ways to punish us. They could make us sit or stand in corner with our back to the class, or they could put us in the hall or coat room and you better not move from that spot. A couple of teachers drew a circle on board where your nose was to go and stay. In Junior high, somebody ended up staying in a coat closet longer than normal because the teacher had forgotten they were there until they were reminded.

If you back-talked or were foul-mouthed you could get your mouth washed with soap. Neither Miss. Brown nor Mrs. Williams spared the soap. You never wanted a second dose from them and tried to avoid that. They sometimes gave a second dose if you were still being a smart-mouthed.

If you got caught chewing gum they could make you wear it on your nose. If you got caught sticking the gum under your chair or desk you had to come in after school and clean it off all of the chairs. If you had a habit of chewing your pencils, nails or clothing they would soap them to break you of the bad habit. Passing notes did not go unpunished. Some teachers just took the notes and some teachers made you read it aloud. Some notes got you sent to the office with the note.

I hated having to write 100 times "I will not do..." this or that. Especially if had to write it on the blackboard. Generally you had to write it during recess or after school. It was bad enough having to do it on paper. At least you could do it at home. Having to do it at school was double punishment: the writing and the missing of school free time.

They did inspect our books for damage and they inspected you desk at the end of the year. At the beginning of the year books were given and it's number and condition were recorded. The numbers were stamped into the book so be couldn't alter them. We then wrote our name in it and then at end the books had to be returned. Some kids did try to trade books or grab someone else's book to turn in. One of my books was turned in by classmate. I never figured out how he got my book to turn in. I thought I was going to have to buy a new book because I one I had was missing pages. He turned his book, my book, before me and teacher said your book was already turned in. I never knew who's book I had or when my was exchanged. You family would be charged for any of the damages or they may have to buy a new book.

Some teachers were good at cracking your knuckles with a ruler or pointer for a variety of misdeeds. One sure way to get your knuckles cracked was to get caught poking another student. Teachers were allowed to paddle which was more of a slap on the butt and I don't remember too many kids getting paddled. The principals had wooden paddles they could use. I remember guys who got paddled saying it didn't hurt. I was

in the office when a couple of our classmates got paddled. They didn't cry out but you could tell it hurt. I can only remember one girl being sent to office to be paddled. There were a couple of hard heads in our class and they got paddled several times.

Teachers or principals could give you an after-school detention. Detention was for 1 hour and when we started school it was the teacher who gave it who had to stay with you. By the time we were in junior high detention was handled by one teacher who signed off on you being there. I think we could choose the day we took it because we had to find our own way home.

Some teachers had "pet students" and some gave out awards for good behavior or good work. They may allow their 'pet students' to leave first or do things. They may have allowed them to go outside and clean the erasers or wash the blackboard. It's hard to believe we thought cleaning erasers was a reward. They may let you go to the school store and get a treat. Miss Brown would let her favorites go get ice cream.

We didn't have the vaccines so we all had to suffer thru the childhood diseases. I think we all had whooping cough, chicken pox, mumps, and measles. Those diseases are rare today because of the vaccines which can prevent them. We also had the flu and cold viruses to deal with and if you had them during the school year you could miss 6 weeks or more. We also lived under the threat of polio and TB. If you got too far behind because of being sick you would be held back a year unless you could make it during summer school. We would lose a few students to the following class and pick up a few from the class in front of us from being held back.

For most of us the third and fourth grades were chicken pox, measles, whooping cough, and mumps years. We passed them around to each and to our younger brothers and sisters. Once you came down with you them you had to stay home for 10 to 14 days. I had them one after another. I just got over one and I got another after only being back in school for less than two weeks. It was either the chicken pox or measles that I broke out with at school and got sent home in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. I always thought I got one of them from Cyndi who had them before I did. There was a great variation in how sick you actually got. Our teachers would send our school work home for us to do so we would not fall too far behind. If someone couldn't pick up the materials some teachers actually took it your house. What fun, having to do school work while you are sick. Nobody wanted to come see you because the illnesses were contagious. It was boring being stuck at home since we didn't have a television and couldn't go out. With mumps you wanted to get them on both sides to get over with. For one those diseases they wanted us to stay out of light. I think we had a couple students got them on one side and later on the other side. Now that we have all had the chicken pox we can look forward to getting shingles.

When we were either 9 or 10 we all got vaccinated for polio which was a common disease in 1940's and 1950's. I had a second cousin who had contracted it. According to Mary Ellen, he dad said Tim Townsend, Dot Townsend son's, got pulmonary polio on Friday died on Monday. The whole school had to be disinfected. I not sure what the law was, but I think the Amish did not want to be vaccinated, but we all had to be. The first dose of the vaccine (Salk) was given by injection in our left arm. We all went to the old gym by class. We stood in line outside the gym to get our shots as stepped into the gym. The second doze was the oral vaccine which was on a sugar cube. Mary Ellen remembered the nurse coming around to every classroom with a tray of sugar cubes. We got to pickup our cube. I am not sure if public health or Dr. Neese gave us the shots but he was there went they were given. I don't remember anyone freaking out getting shots. I think we also got vaccinated against small pox at school.

We did get checked for TB at school at least once. They brought in a mobile x-ray machine. We entered the front door of the converted van, had our chest x-rayed, and exited out the back door. I think we also did the pin prick test and the school nurse later checked our arms. We may have been in 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> grade when we had a x-ray. I think the 1<sup>st</sup> chest X-ray was in junior high because we had to walkover from either the high school building or the trailers. It was nice day because did not have on a coat and we had to wait in line outside the van.

School delays and cancellation due to snow and cold was a lot different in 1950's and 60's. They did not cancel based on a weather forecast of the possibility of ice or snow. I don't believe we ever cancelled school because it was too cold for school unless the school heating system didn't work or the pipes froze. There were days we stood waiting for the bus while it was snowing. If snow was getting too deep (over 4") they would send us home early. One time one of the buses going to Willow Grove area could not make down the 9-foot roads and it had to return to school and the kids had to spend the night sleeping in the cafeteria. The next day the bus made it to the main road where the parents came out on tractors to haul the kids home as the bus still could not get down their road. I think we missed 3 days of school for that snow. I don't think anyone threatened to sue the school because they waited too late to send us home, but those parents were mad. When a blizzard of over 20 inches hit, we did miss a whole lot of school days.

CR only cancelled school when it was a big ice storm or a snow storm that produced at least 6 inches of snow. Out in the county there were a lot of 9ft roads and dirt roads and they were the last to be plowed by the state. The nine foot roads were 18 feet wide but only 9 ft was paved. You had to yield to drivers on paved side. This put someone on the dirt side where it was easy to get stuck in the snow or the mud. We actually had more cold weather when we were in school than we do today. Most years it was cold enough to freeze ponds hard enough to go ice skating. A couple of times it froze deep enough

for people to even drive vehicles out on the ice. That was a foolish thing to do because one or two cars ended up in the water.

If you had some money and wanted to get some gum or candy you could hang out around the fence and ask one of high school students who was going over to the luncheonette to buy it for you. You gave them your money and they would bring back what you wanted. I don't know anybody who didn't get the candy or their money back. However, if you caught with eating candy in class the teacher would either take it away or make you share it with everyone.

I know I never carried around much money as kid. I believe most of us had less 25 cents or less in our pockets. I think we mainly bought the penny candy which cost two cents. If you wanted any money, you searched the roadside for soda bottles. They were worth two cents each and with 5 bottles you had it made! You could buy a coke and five cents worth of candy. Jaw breakers, Atomic fireballs, flavored sugar powder in straws, Fizzies drink tabs, waxed bottles with flavored water, red licorice, black licorice, waxed lips, Pez, Sugar Daddies, Bonomo's Turkish Taffy ( banana, strawberry, or chocolate ), Sky Bars , candy cigarettes, beer nuts, root beer barrels, and, of course, Mary Janes were popular. We had a wide selection of gums: Blackjack, Teaberry, Beech-nut, bubble-gum cigarettes and cigars, Topps bubble gum with baseball cards could be yours for a nickel. Instead of dropping the fizzies tabs in water you could just pop one in your mouth for the thrill of it reacting in your mouth. I think we were warned it was dangerous if you swallowed it.

When we were third grade, kids involved in Scouts wore their scout uniforms to school. Brownies, Cub scouts, and some Girl Scout groups met right after school and the kids had to wear them to school. One of the problems of wearing your uniform to school was keeping it neat and clean. During scout week (February) all scouts were supposed to wear their uniforms everyday to school. Kids not in scouts loved to tease them and mess with their uniforms. I don't think the girls had as much problem as the boys. After Boy Scout Troop 108 lost their meeting place in Wyoming they met on Monday nights in the old gym until the community built a new scout building on West Street in Camden. I think the schools were more open to youth groups using the buildings for their activities at that time.

Becoming blood brothers in 1950's was popular thing because our western heroes and Davey Crockett did it. Cutting your fingers to mix your blood with your buddies never did seem to be the smart thing to do. Beside it hurt and we were lucky we didn't get lockjaw. Some kids tried to light cattails to smoke. They were hard to light and they stunk. Generally trying smoke cattails was done on a dare.

Miss Brown, our third grade teacher, encouraged us to bring a book from home to school to read to the class. If you didn't want to read it aloud and the class wanted to hear the story one of her good readers could read it for you. Cyndi Lingo was one of Miss Brown's good readers. Miss Brown would put a chair up front for the reader to sit while they read the story. If you chose not to read you still had go up and sit with the reader. Two people sitting on the chair made for a tight fit.

Mrs. Bea Clymer was my 4<sup>th</sup> grade teacher and I believed she thought she had the duty to break us of our bad habits. I believe she had the permission of our parents. When I got nervous like having to read aloud I would chew my left shirt collar. She broke me by soaping it. If she saw you chewing your finger nails or pencils she would march right back to your desk and soap them. If you gave her back talk she would march back to your desk and grab you by the ear and off to the sink to get your mouth washed out. If you didn't sit up straight in your chair she would straighten you up. Nobody laughed when somebody got one of her treatments. For me, this was a year for painful horseplay. On the playground in the Fall I was running around and banged my mouth with one our hard-headed girls and I cut the inside of my lip and needed three *stitches*. And they didn't numb the lip to sew it up! In the spring I was teasing a girl in the classroom and she pushed me and I cut the back of my head on a desk and needed three stitches. It had to happen over recess because there were only three us in the room when it happened. Linda Gruwell remembers that part of ceiling fell during our class. The boy who sat in front of her had ringworms in the back of his head.

In 5<sup>th</sup> grade the Little League started in Camden- Wyoming. The teacher announced the program. Signup cards were handed out to every boy in class to signup if they were interested. The cards were collected and turn over to the league. There weren't any tryouts. Instead, the boys were divided into teams and assigned a coach. The National Little League Association wanted to be part of the Boy Scouts of America and for the BSA to run the program, but the BSA said no. Since both organizations expect the boys to attend all of their functions many boys had to choose one over the other. Troop 108 lost some boys to Little League program.

We started having classroom spelling bees around 4<sup>th</sup> grade (4<sup>th</sup> thru 6<sup>th</sup>). Everybody had to participate. The teacher either stood or sat in front of us and read us a word to spell. When you missed a word you were out. I remember that Richard Kast, Cyndi Lingo, and Beverly Hurst were all good spellers. Our classroom winner would take on the other winners of the other classes in the school Spelling Bee. It was held in the auditorium and we all had to go to it. I believe the parents of the contestants could also attend. I assume there was state contest but I am not sure of a national test.

We had some other contests at school. There was the Fire Safety Poster contest with prize money from the Camden-Wyoming Fire Company. There were some art project

contests for any object you made and there were also classroom competitions. Classroom contests were mostly for the class which sold the most of whatever they wanted was to sell. I think we had to sell magazine subscriptions.

I had Mrs. Williams in 5<sup>th</sup> grade and she and I did not get along at all. I thought she was a mean old lady. She was very hard on me for some reason. It was clear from the beginning of the class I would be given a hard time. My mother tried to get me transferred out of her class but they wouldn't do it. It was very long year for me. I think I had to sit the corner of the room a couple of times for misbehavior. I think 5 of us got in trouble within a few minutes of each other. Four of us had the honor of standing in the corners of the room facing the walls. The fifth person had to stand facing a side wall half-way between the others.

In the 6<sup>th</sup> grade we lost Teddy Cruz, who died from Leukemia. Mary Ellen thought he was in Mrs. Crawford's class. Teddy always had a smile and could be seen around town riding his bicycle. He loved being a Boy Scout in Troop 108. Teddy was buried in his scout uniform at Odd Fellows Cemetery and Scouts were his pall bearers. His dad sent the troop boxes of fresh fruit to celebrate Teddy's life and to thank the troop for being there for him. In honor of Teddy the troop dedicated our permanent camp ground in his name. Camp Cruz was on our farm and the troop used it up to the 1980's. There are not many of us who remember Teddy.

In 5<sup>th</sup> grade you could sign up to play a musical instrument and most kids rented their instruments from B&B music store which was owned by our former elementary school music teacher Mr. Brown. He started every song we sang by blowing into his pitch pipe. I think his was in shape of disc.

In either fourth grade or fifth grade, one of the boys was not allowed to go outside for recess that fall. They had come down with scarlet fever in the summer and apparently the doctor said they weren't allowed to play outside. They were stuck inside with anyone who could go out because they were sick or being punished. Often someone would stay inside with him by choice.

In 5<sup>th</sup> grade some of our parents signed us up to take ballroom-dancing lessons on Friday nights. Our parents had to have gotten together because there was an even number of boys and girls. I believe most of our parents who signed us up had taken ballroom-dancing lessons from Ms. Ivanski. We probably had 8 to 10 weeks of dance lessons. We had to learn several dances including the two-step, waltz, foxtrot, polka, jitterbug, the stroll, the cha-cha, and even a couple of square dances. I think boys were more against the lessons than were the girls. I assumed our parents wanted us to be able to dance when we had a school dance in the spring. Ms. Ivanski even had us dress up, at least for the last dance class. We had to learn the proper way to escort our



“date” to and from her seat. We had to ask a girl to dance and then thank her for the dance. We also had to serve them refreshments. We had to nicely ask what they wanted and then go get it and bring it back to them. Girls had to wear white gloves to be properly dressed. They were instructed on how to a young lady should behave. Our dance instructor was Russian. I think she must have been a drill instructor in the army. She did not give anyone a break.

In spite of learning how to dance we did not want to be seen dancing with girls in public. The other guys would tease us if we danced with a girl. At our first school dance, the boys stayed on one side of the room and when the girls came over to get us to dance, most of us refused. Our first school dance was held in the old cafeteria. It was a long two hours from 7 to 9 pm.

When I went Boy Scout summer camp in 5th grade I was told I needed glasses. After all of teasing I had seen in school and was part of, I didn't tell my parents I needed glasses. I was able to cover up the fact. Because of not getting glasses, my shooting skills dropped as well as my grades. The school nurse figured out what going on and gave me an eye test and she called my parents. They weren't happy with me for not telling them I needed glasses. After I got them I tried to wear them as little as possible when other kids were around to avoid being called names.

In Mrs. Sales' 6<sup>th</sup> grade class, we had 4 students named Mike. It seemed that every new student who joined our class was named Mike. She numbered them based on when they joined the class and that became part of their name. She didn't change their number when one of them left. I think we lost one of our Mike's. He either moved before the end of school year for transferred to another room. There was Mike Anderson, Mike Cavey, Mike Stevenson, and Mike Duncan.

In 6<sup>th</sup> grade the Spring Music Concert featured an Irish Dance involving four couples and you had to wear Irish costumes while the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> grade bands played the music. I was one of the dancers and the band director and I got mad at each other so I quit and Gil Wilson took my place. I was not too keen about the outfit I had to wear. I think we had elementary shows which included everyone in 4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> grades. Everybody was in the chorus regardless of their singing ability. I remember the chorus had to stand on risers on the left side of the auditorium.

Beverly Hurst said we had 4 girls whose name was Beverly: Beverly Van Sant, Beverly Hurst, Beverly Miller, and another Beverly who had long blond hair and joined Mrs. Clymer's 4<sup>th</sup> grade class with Beverly Hurst. To separate the two, Beverly Hurst was called Beverly Jo (which she did not like) but the name didn't last. The fourth Beverly had dark hair and we don't know her last name. I think the four Beverlys were here in the sixth grade, but two of them left before 8<sup>th</sup> grade.

At the end of the school year Mrs. Sales told us she was leaving to be new principal at the Dover Air Base. She was another stern but fair teacher. I think we all liked her.

When we finished 6<sup>th</sup> grade the old school would be converted into the new junior high school and all the elementary classes would moved out into the new wings (buildings). The basement of the Junior High building was being remodeled over the summer. When we returned to school for 7<sup>th</sup> grade the old cafeteria, nurse's office and school store were converted into classrooms, and the junior high school library.

Several of the rooms on the first floor of our future junior high had coat rooms on one side of the room on the inside wall. In elementary school our coats and stuff went in there. More than one student to had sit in there for as punishment in both elementary school and in junior high. At the T in the hallway, those three rooms had two doorways making it easier to get in and out. Most came in doorway furthest from the teacher's desk

The new cafeteria had all new tables and chairs. I not sure if we started using it in 6<sup>th</sup> or 7<sup>th</sup> grade. It was bright and large with more serving lines. The new cafeteria was huge compared to the old one. There would be two lunch lines instead one. The service counters and kitchen were in a separate section from the dining room so the kitchen could be locked and dining room used for other events. The coolers with the milk and ice cream were in the main room just in front of the cashiers. The western half of room was reserved was for the elementary students The table on the far east side was the teacher's table which students had to ask permission to visit. When you exited the center back doors you dumped your trash into trash cans and put your trays and silver ware on the counter in the wash room. Mrs. Kersey ran the cafeteria and she did not tolerate messing around in her cafeteria. There was a regular cycle of meals. Friday lunches were always meatless and usually it was fish sticks or cheese sandwiches (not toasted). They made a pizza burger for either Wednesday or Thursday. In the winter there was chicken noodle soup and a sandwich. We had a mini sub sandwiches 2 to 4 times a month. I think we had meatloaf and mashed potatoes. We also had spaghetti and meat balls. Jell-O and fruit cocktail were often served as was peanut butter and jelly sandwiches (grape or strawberry)

I think when we started lunch platters cost a quarter and then were increased to 35 cents. A half pint of Diamond State white milk was 2 cents and chocolate milk was 3 cents. Dixie cups, ice cream bars, and ice cream cones were 5 cents. I think they may have also sold half pints of orange drink. I think we had some rules concerning buying ice cream. The ice cream was extra and I think in elementary school if you brought a school lunch you could not ice cream if you didn't buy milk. I don't think we were allowed to buy ice cream with we didn't carry a lunch or buy a lunch.

Mrs. Kersey and her staff also prepared the meals for several service clubs. I don't think the school charged them for the use of the cafeteria. The Lions Club met on Monday nights, Rotary met on Wednesday nights and the Ruritan club met on Thursday nights. I believe they met once a month. These groups also used the school for some of their fund-raising activities like donkey basketball and baseball.

We took several trips in elementary school. I believe we went some place every year. At the end of our 1<sup>st</sup> year in school we had a picnic at Voshell's Mill Pond which the Lingos owned. The girl's restroom was the out-house and boys used the sandpit. Those bathroom arrangements would be illegal today. I believe we had grilled hot dogs and Kool-Aid. My dad took us to the pond in the back of our farm truck with the floor covered with straw. He brought along a ladder so we could climb into the truck. I think Mrs. Stokes had us sing songs on the way to the pond. We may have also taken a trip to Wheeler Park and we went by school bus.

In second grade we went to either Kitts Hummock or Pickering beach for a lesson on beach life and we had a picnic lunch. The beach was not very nice and the water was dirty looking and the bottom muddy. If you walked in the water your feet sunk in. When the mud was turned up it stunk.

Mary Ellen remembered we went to the Philadelphia Zoo on our fourth grade trip in either the late April or early May. We rode up in school buses and some of our parents did volunteer to go along as chaperones. We had about six kids to every parent. We each took a bag lunch. I am not sure if we could take drinks on the trip or were supposed to buy them.

One year we had a historic tour of Philadelphia. Mary Ellen said we went in 5<sup>th</sup> grade. We visited Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, and the Betsy Ross House where Besty Ross sewed the first American flag. On this tour the buses dropped us off at Independence Mall and we walked from one place to the next.

We went to Old New Castle to tour Old Swedes Church, the tavern, and the restored New Castle Court House. We may have taken the ferry over to Fort Delaware but I am not sure enough to say we did. Fort Delaware was not a very nice place to visit then. The moat was nasty because it was filled with debris. The place was in need of repair and there was not a lot to see or do. The rooms were dark and moldy but they were good place to play hide- and-seek. The best part of going to the fort was the boat ride over and back. They had an old tractor and wagon to haul you the fort. The biting flies would get after you if you had to walk from the dock to the fort. It is a lot different today with more to see and do. Now visitors with disabilities can get to the fort. When we have gone to fort you had to be able to climb up and down a ladder to get onto the boat. When the tide was out you had to go down several rungs and be able to get into

the rocking boat. You needed to bring your own food and drinks because there wasn't any in the 1950's. The bathrooms were old outhouses and they weren't well kept. They didn't have the demonstrations and the actors there to explain what life was like at the fort.

The class went to the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia in either the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade and there may have been other sites they visited. I did not go because I was sick. I just remember hearing stories about walking through the model of a human heart.

In elementary school and/or Junior High we went on historical tours of Dover and Kent County. We had more than one trip into Dover to learn about Delaware history and government. I believe some were during elementary school with most being in junior high school. We went to Delaware State Museum and at that time it had an old log cabin in it. I think the cabin has since been moved to the Agricultural Museum. On the tour of the State Museum, the guide got out a set of water glasses which she filled to different water levels and she played a tune by taking her finger and running it around the lips of the different glasses. I don't think they still play music on the water glasses now, but they were still doing it in the 1980's.

Behind the State museum is the RCA museum (called Johnson Museum). They would play some of the old record players for us. With the State Museum being in an old church they pointed out important people who were buried there. On the north side of the church, along the street is row of black metal hitching posts for the Amish or others who came to town in a horse and buggy or wagon. Not only did the Amish to tie their horses to the hitching post, they sometimes would tie them up to the parking meters on main street. I actually have several family members buried close to the doorway of the State Museum but they were not important or famous in Delaware history. Although my family was not famous they did furnished the wood to build the pews in the old Presbyterian Church.

I am not sure how many school trips we made to Wheeler's Park (just northwest of Harrington) for an end-of-year picnic. Wheeler Park was a very popular place to go and almost every group who had a summer or early fall gathering went there at least once. The park had the same kind of playground equipment we had at school, but there everything was in the shade. Just like at school we would sometimes end up with scrapes and bumps, trying to make the swings go higher or Merry-go-round go faster. They had a concrete building with bars where a couple of monkeys were kept. If you stuck your fingers in the cage you could get bitten. Somebody in class got bitten while we were there. There was a stream running thru park and you crossed it by walking across one of two crossings or by swinging across it on a rope. The stream looked to be 6 to 8 ft wide and I don't think it was too deep. A couple of boys on one of our trips didn't make it and fell in. Did they really fall in by accident or was it on purpose?

Wheeler Park had a steam train and you could buy a ticket and ride around the oval track. I think it pulled about six cars. When Wheeler Park closed the Bowmans bought all of the train equipment and built a railroad line outside of Woodside (Route 10 and Peach Basket Road).

The Bowman's built a train station, crossings, bridge, a shaded picnic area, and train yard. They had brought a lot more track and cars and couple of other engines. His train system was huge compared to Wheeler Park. His train operated in the late 1960's and 1970's. A lot people and groups went there to just ride the train or to have a picnic and train ride. The high cost of insurance forced the Bowman's to close down their popular attraction.

The State of Delaware (DOT) brought the train and track. They moved to it to the Smyrna rest stop. The idea was to encourage people to come to the rest stop and give people something to do while they were there. They installed the track but I don't think they ever ran the train. I think they finally realized it needed to operate 7 days a week, someone had to collect money, and someone had to repair it. They needed to have couple engineers, and there was the insurance problem. I am sure tax money was lost on the deal.

There was a summer program at the school. It started shortly after summer break started. I am not sure who ran the program--- it may have been a church summer school or a state program. You had to sign up for it and there may have been 30 to 60 kids in the program. One year our parents had to take and pick us at the school. One year we were picked up and taken home on a school bus. Mr. Williams, an elementary school teacher, drove the Woodside route. We did some activities at school and then we went up to Lake Como for swimming lessons. I think it may have been a half day program that lasted about 2 weeks. We either met in the old cafeteria or the old gym. I believe anyone in elementary school could go because my sister also went and she was 3 years younger.

Another summer program, many of us took advantage of was the summer Tuesday matinees at the Capital Theater. I believe the movies cost a quarter and with another quarter you could get a drink and popcorn or drink and some candy. If you were lucky and found a star on the bottom of the popcorn cup you got a free ticket or a box of popcorn. I was never that lucky. If you knew the counter-person your chance of winning went up. You could get a box of Cracker Jacks with a prize for 10 cents. Turkish taffy, Sky Bars, boxes of Juicy fruit or Junior Mints, Sugar Babies, Sugar Daddies, Good & Plenty, or any kind of candy bar they made could be bought at the counter for 10 cents.

You'd want to be early to be able to get your food and seat before the good seats were gone. Kids would be lined up from the front of the theater all the way down North Street to the end of the theater to wait for the doors to open. The place was always packed for matinee programs. If you were down the line to get in you would have long wait to get your food. Going to movies on hot day was a real treat since it had air conditioning. It was great: no parents, a movie, air conditioning and "good kid food". We weren't allowed to go until our chores were done.

Without our parents we could sit anywhere, including the balcony, which we never sat in with our parents because the balcony was for the black families. Most of the kids in the theater were white. Besides having separate seating for colored people there were separate drinking fountains.

The matinees usually included a cartoon, a news reel clip, the next installment of the serial they were running, and the feature film. The serial may have been a western like "the Whip", "Lash LaRue" or our space hero "Flash Gordon", or one of the other action heroes. The serials were black and white films. There may have been eight to ten matinees to choose from. If you bought the package deal, which included six matinees, then you only paid 25 cents. There was always at least one western movie, a Disney True Life movie, Disney action movie, and an action movie involving pirates or knights. Very few parents were in the theater. The older kids were expected to be responsible for looking after their younger brothers, sisters or cousins. Our parents dropped most of us off on the side street to get in line and then came back to pick us. It was a mad-house when the movie was over with a couple hundred kids pouring out both sides of all the exits. This side street was one-way and when the movie let out there would be a long line of cars down the street and 2 long lines stopped in front of theater. It was a traffic jam, plus hundreds of kids on the sidewalks trying finding their ride. Drivers had to be alert, have patience, and to show courtesy to the other drivers and kids.

We had a three-step system to find our ride home. We were to come out on North Street and look for the car. We never sure who to look for when we came out because plans may have changed for our parents. If they weren't there on North Street we were to cross State Street. They would be parked just east of theater on State Street. If was not uncommon for us to hear a honk to attract our attention as we walked because there was no place park. They had been driving around the block hoping to catch us before we reached the hat shop. If they weren't there we were to continue walking towards our great-aunt's hat shop. If we didn't see anyone on the way we were to wait at her shop. It wasn't a thrill for us to have to wait in the hat shop.

I think Beverly Van Sant's birthday party was the first party with everyone from our classroom being invited. It was held at her house near Wyoming railroad tracks and it

was almost next door to Dr. Neese's office. We were in 1<sup>st</sup> grade and I remember playing pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey and musical chairs.

The other classroom party I remember was at Steve Clute's house and it was a pool party at his house. Having your own pool was very rare in the 1950's and Steve needed one for his physical therapy. There were very few private pools in area where you could go if your family wasn't a member. There weren't any public swimming pools.

All the public swimming areas were at state, city, or county-owned ponds or you went to the beach. There were swimming holes around on private property. Since we spent a lot time outdoors we knew places to go to get cooled off. The problem was too many kids didn't know how to swim. Silver Lake in Dover and Lake Como were the two closest.

Biking riding, sandlot sports, exploring, playing in the woods, and fishing were things a lot us did for fun. With sandlot football and baseball it necessary to change the rules for every game since the number of players and the size and shape of the field changed. Most of us played at least game in cow pasture. Dry cow patties could be used for bases. I only played in one baseball game where we broke a window. Having ghost runners or permanent pitchers or quarterbacks were not uncommon. Trees or bushes could be bases as could empty sacks, baseball glove, pieces cardboard, board or scratched one in the dirt. The number of strikes would vary with age. If you good you may have to bat and throw opposite hand to play. The sports equipment we had was well-used. We sometimes played all summer or two summer with a taped up baseball. Generally we used black electrical tape. The bats may be cracked and they were taped or we put a nail in them. Until the bat actually broke it used. To play football we may not have been allowed to rush the quarterback for 3 seconds. You count out loud 1001, 1002, and 1003.

We played a lot of cowboys and Indians and most neighborhoods had a tree house or fort to play in. We also played a lot of army generally USA against Germany or Japan. Things we did as kids didn't cost much. You went fishing with pole, string, a hook, and a can with a few worms. We even our own bobber from any stick that would float. My sister and I thought we had a fancy fishing set up. We had a \$5 pole with a reel a few weights and hooks, which we still have with 60 year old string. Probably needs to be cleaned, oiled, and needs new string.

When it was rainy or we couldn't go outside we played a lot of board games or cards. Depending on our age, the board game could have been Clute and Ladders, Candy Land, Checkers, Uncle Wiggly, Life, Scrabble, Monopoly, Parcheesi, Chinese checkers or chess. There were lots of different card games we played. Old Maids, Go Fish, poker,

blackjack, 500 rummy, canasta, war, thirty-one were some of the most common cards games we played.