

# Class History

As we look into the dim shadows of the ever-fading past to that bright morning in September of 1944, we can remember thirty-two students setting forth on the greatest journey of their lives. We were young in age and heart, and the joy of this new adventure was overwhelming us.

Some of us had, at first, a tendency to be sad and many tears were shed in that room down the hall.

The years passed and we learned how to do those things that everyone has or will encounter at one time or another. We were fast learning how to read and write and how to play a lot of new games that none of us had ever heard of before.

We acquired and lost many other adventures on that rough road we have now traveled. To name a few: Harold Isgette, Donald LaTorre, Buddy O'Quinn, Alvin Cales, Audrey Dewitt, Mercer Reeves, Patricia Langdale, Jon Ann Reeves, and Anne Turner. They went away to different places and we extend to them our best wishes and lots of luck.

When we came into the seventh grade, we were in what may be classified as a migration. We were moving from grammar to junior high school level. There wasn't much that was very hard about it; just increased pressure on the spring of education flowing into our heads.

In those years we were introduced to the great sport of basketball; some of us even got a suit.

In the ninth grade we were started in the business of earning units instead of passing the grade. This wasn't too bad, but then why should it be, all there was to it was to keep on passing?

Then in the eleventh grade we had our class play, "Headin' for a Weddin'," which was a big hit and success. The proceeds were used in the sponsoring of our Junior-Senior Banquet. In the latter part of the year we ordered our rings. All this brought to mind the glorious future of next year.

Seniors!! Seniors at last!! The utmost, the ultimate, the infinite!! The period of our school time that had long been dreamed of and anticipated had arrived at last.

The year started with the arrival of our rings and the ordering of our invitations. The work on the annual was started and we soon found out what a job this was going to be.

As we take leave of this beloved school of ours we know we will never find any place to quite come up to the great happiness we have found here for the last 12 years. Each of bids Cottageville High School a fond farewell.

Dennis Cook