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THE
SENIOR CLASS
PRESENTS



THE
BLACK WIDOW

DEDICATION



As an expression of our gratitude for your leadership, guidance, understanding, and for being our friend, we, the Senior Class of Micro High School, humbly dedicate the 1957 BLACK WIDOW to our principal, Mr. J. W. Batten.



Kay Woodruff



Wrenn Bagley



Lloyd Batten



Faye Smith

YEARBOOK

Asst. Editor

Sponsor

Editor



Frances Eason



Miss Tyson



Pat Fitzgerald

STAFF

Pat Batten



Ed Creech



Donnie Watkins



Tom Flowers



Donnie Worley



FACULTY



Mr. J. W. Batten
French-chemistry



Mrs. C. Holland
Math-History



Miss B. Tyson
English



Mrs. J. Boyette
Commercial



Mr. C. Perry
Phys. Ed.-World History



Mr. R. Wallace
Agriculture

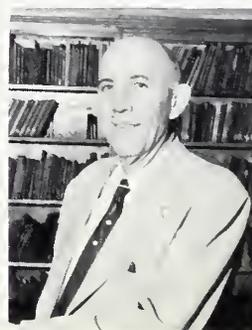
Mr. A. Narren
Math-Science



Mrs. M. Hinnant
Home Economics



Mr. A. White
Grade 8



Mr. J. Creech
Grade 7





Mrs. L. Wall
Grade 7 & 6



Mrs. I. Earp
Grade 6



Mrs. S. Richardson
Grade 5



Mrs. W. Pittman
Grade 5 & 4



Mrs. E. Pennington
Grade 4



Mrs. H. Aycock
Grade 3

Mrs. D. Driver
Grade 3 & 2



Mrs. N. Smith
Grade 2



Mrs. V. Woodall
Grade 1



Mrs. J. Bailey
Grade 1



HISTORY

It was on a bright sunny morning in August of the year 1944 when 39 boys and 30 girls entered the halls of Micro for the first time. Misses Mary Edwards and Clarie Barnes had the job of tutoring us for this first year. We slowly became acquainted with our surroundings. First, those big boys and girls in the second grade whom we were to follow for the next eleven years. And then there was the man who looked so mean when he walked around tapping the little fellows with his yard stick but who proved to be a bright spot in our memory, Mr. Worthington. Mrs. Norma Smith found the following year that our class had decreased from 69 to 51. Although we decreased in number that year, we increased in spirit because for the first time we met those lovable Peedin twins, Bessie and Jessie. In the third grade, Miss Bonnie Davis had the job of introducing us to that fine thing which was to cause so much trouble for the next nine years (and probably ever after) called English.

Our 61 was divided between the guidance of Mesdames Wilhelmenia Pittman and Ruth Roe Pittman. For the ones in Mrs. Ruth Roe's room that year was filled with selling hot dogs and soup, the proceeds being used to paint our room. We came back the following year only to find the whole school painted. We remember two words from Mrs. Richardson's fifth grade, STAY IN. It went like this: Two students were appointed to take names. If you were caught talking five times, you had to stay in at recess. Most of the class stayed in. The principal of our school for two years following Mr. Worthington was Mr. J. G. Feezor, a fine gentleman who always wore a red rose in his lapel. Mesdames Esther Pennington and Lillian Wall were our masters when we made our memorable trip to Raleigh in the sixth grade. It was raining but nothing could have dampened our spirits that day. Of course this was also the year we first met the man who was to become so dominant in our future, Mr. James W. Batten. I remember the first time I ever saw him. He suddenly burst into our room, pulled his belt out, and warmed the seat of a boy's pants who was attempting to tear a desk up. He then turned around, gave us one of the friendliest smiles you ever saw, and casually walked from the room. Mr. Berry Vause and Mrs. Lillian Wall were leading 56 of us in the seventh grade. This year will always be remembered for the United States history on which we did such a good job. Let us also say that our arithmetic teacher was Mr. Creech, who did an outstanding job. Mr. White had forty eight of us to try to prepare for high school. My only remark is that if there were failures, it was due to the students, not the teacher. Miss Nona Daniels found that our class had dwindled from sixty nine in the first to forty nine in the ninth. This year was full of pleasant memories too numerous to mention. Everything was wonderful that first year of high school. It will always hold a sacred spot in our hearts. Mr. Alvin Narron led us in the tenth grade to a very successful year.

As we approached our Junior year we were full of suspense. Who was to be our new teacher of English ^{and} ~~plus~~ the Junior Sponsor? Luck was with us for it was none other than Miss Betsy Tyson, a most lovable and wonderful person. In our senior year we finally had as our sponsor the woman we had heard so much about. Mrs. Holland lived up to her reputation and past it that year. She will never be forgotten. During our four years of high school we came in contact with several other persons. The vocational departments were so ably led by Mr. Ray Wallace and Mrs. Margenette Hinnant. For all but seven months, Mrs. Janet Boyette successfully led the Commercial department. We had Mrs. Geraldine Carroll for these seven months and although it was a short while, she made quite an impression on us. Mr. Calvin Perry came in our Senior year to brighten up our lives. The good times we had in his Phys. Ed. classes will always be remembered. Also his wife and small daughter, Susan, helped us alot that year. Mr. ~~Horace~~ ^{Thorne} Thorne was with us one year. This man, who had conquered the dreaded disease of polio, gave us courage to overcome handicaps. Did we have many parties? Of course. We had big ones, little ones, bad ones and good ones. In our junior year we presented "Lonely Little Liza Lou" and not even Broadway could have done the job we did. The banquet that we gave the Seniors whom we had met in the first grade was a great success. It was in the Masonic Hall in Smithfield with the theme being Moonlight and Roses. Our Senior Play, "Everybody's Crazy Now", was a great success. The Junior-Senior banquet honoring us was given at the Micro Community Building. It was a most delightful one and was enjoyed by all. Our twelve years at Micro was ended by a trip to New York. This was a fitting climax to twelve wonderful years.

Donnie Worley
Historian

OFFICERS

Frances Parrish
Kenneth Murray
Pat Batten
Pat Fitzgerald



MASCOTS

Mary Jo Stephenson
Tony Peele



FLOWER



POEM

Farewell to dear Micro, farewell to its halls
The birthplace of knowledge within its four walls;
Wherever we wander, wherever we rove
The school of dear Micro forever we love.

Farewell to the teachers, all laden with care;
Farewell to the students, Who both do and dare,
Farewell to the haunts we've all wandered o'er,
Farewell to these ties that will bind evermore.

MOTTO

"What We Are About To Be, We Are
Now Becoming"

SONG

When you leave Micro High,
Keep your chins up, mates.
And don't be afraid of the dawn—
At the break of day is a golden sky,
Filled with pillows of dreams all our own.
Walk on through the day
Walk on through the night.
Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown—
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone!

Sue Medlin
Edward Anderson
Rochelle Hicks



ZEB ADAMS
 "Laziness won't kill you; I had
 it for 19 years."



ED ANDERSON
 "Every man has an equal and every
 lover has a loved one"

WRENN BAGELY
 "Give him a minute and he'll take
 a week."

LLOYD BATTEN
 "Content to live, this is my story."

SENIORS

PATRICIA BATTEN
 "With her winning smile, she may
 be seen for miles."

WILLOWDENE BATTEN
 "Dynamite comes in packages, who
 wants to light the fuse?"

MERLON BOWEN
 "An unspoken word never does any
 harm."

BARBARA CRELOCH
 "Happy, thoughtful, kind and true,
 there is no favor she would not do."





ED CREECH
"Roses are red, violets are blue,
the day I was born someone goofed."

FRANCES MASON
"She's a speciality of ner kind."



PATRICIA FITZGERALD
"Beauty cares, but wisdom shows
the way."

HAZEL FLOWERS
"Small in quantity, large in quality."

SENIORS

TOM FLOWERS
"The higher the mountain, the slicker
the rock.
The harder the school, the farther I
drop."

GLENN HAWLEY
"Saying and doing are two different
things."

ROCHELLE HICKS
"Always jumping in a whirl, where
did you get that energy, girl?"

EUGENE HOUSE
"God's wonderful gift to women."





BILLY LUPER
 "A leader of men, a follower of women."

SUE MEDLIN
 "A good heart is worth alot of gold."

KENNETH MURRAY
 "Never look back, something might be gaining on you."

RUSSELL PATE
 "I hope the girls live forever, and I never die."

SENIORS

BESSIE PEEDIN
 "Happy, carefree, never gloom, always seen with her best chums."

JESSIE PEEDIN
 "Happy, carefree, never gloom, always seen with her best chums."

ALICE PITTMAN
 "Quietness often leads to fame."

FAYE SMITH
 "Why should the devil have all the fun?"





ALICE
 "But I am born to be a girl, like
 you, and I shall be a girl
 until I die."



JOHN
 "The world will always be
 the same to me."

WALTER
 "I am a boy, and I shall
 be a boy until I die."

MARY
 "I am a girl, and I shall
 be a girl until I die."

SENIORS

WALTER
 "I am a boy, and I shall
 be a boy until I die."

KAY WOODRUFF
 "She hates boys, but the Bible
 says love your enemies."



DOMIE
 "Why should I study as long as I
 can get out of school?"



FHOFHECY

It was in the year 1967, exactly ten years after graduation that we, Wrenn Egely an executive businessman in New York, and I, Kay Woodruff, a typist at Ft. Lee Army Base decided to round up all our schoolmates and find out just what they were doing. We decided the best thing to do was to notify the F.B.I. and let them find their whereabouts.

About a week later Wrenn and I were at my apartment discussing a business deal when the door bell rang. Upon opening the door we found the postman to be one of our old friends, Zeb Adams. He informed us that he had been a postman for three years.

The letter was from Washington and we knew at once it was in reply to our letter. While reading the letter we recognized two familiar signatures. Yes, it was Gene House and Dennis Wheeler. They both held prominent jobs with the F. B. I.

With a complete list of our friends, Wrenn and I began reading:

It seems that our all-time basketball champ, Douglas Williams is coach of the N.Y. Syacuse basketball team. All his players are doing very fine and are hoping to win the Championship.

Kenneth Murray and Berlon Watson are partners in a garage in Kenly, N. C. With Bessie Peedin as their private secretary, it seems they should do fairly well.

Much to our surprise, we learned that Russell Pate was president of the Dupont Corporation in Maryland. He seemed very contented driving his Cadillac and living a bachelor's life.

In Smithfield, N. C. we find Ed Anderson and his lovely wife. Ed works very hard as an electrician to support those kids!

One of our friends Wayne Vann decided to stick close to hom. From what we could acquire Wayne owns a school for comedians in Micro, North Carolina

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Creech, the former Jessie Peedin, are now living in Waycross, Georgia. Ed runs a used car lot while Jessie is kept busy with their twin girls.

Devoting all her time to the sick is Alice Pittman who is a registered nurse at Rex Hospital, Raleigh, N.C. Although still unmarried, she has a real chance to make some doctor a nice wife.

Donnie Watkins has put away all his artistic work and given all his time to his job. He must be making good as a tobacco grader in Canada. After all, only rich people drive Cadallacs and have chaffeurs.

Having completed college, Donnie Worley is now a math professor at the University of North Carolina. With a wife and three kids, I guess he needs to be a professor.

Mrs. Frankie Parker, the former Barbara Creech, and her two children are staying with her mother and father while Frankie is pulling overseas duty in the Army.

Mrs. Bill Flowers, the former Sue Medlin, is now the legal owner of her own beauty salon in Benson. Fixing hair is reall y her line.

Mrs. Billy Ray McKeel, the former Pat Batten, is still continuing to win beauty contests. Yes, only recently she was named "Mrs. America of 1967".

The U.S. Army has acquired two of our classmates. Yes, Glenn Hawley and Billy Luper are both stationed in Munich, Germany.

Flying with the U. S. Airforce is Tom Flowers. After having such a hard time graduating, he must have decided that the Air Force would be much easier than college.

Mrs. Jim Justice, the former Rochelle Hicks, is living with her husband's parents in Virginia. While her husband is away in the Airforce, she is singing with a very popular nightclub.

Mrs. Jesse Eason, the former Frances Parrish, has recently had a new addition to her family. making a total of 3 boys. Those three years of Home Ec. are really being put to use.

Helping all the students at Macro with their typing is Pat Fitzgerald. As Valedictorian of our class of 1957, Pat is fulfilling her duty.

The girl with the pretty voice answering to information is none other than Willowdene Batten. Her job as telephone operator in Raleigh doesn't give her much time for her boyfriends.

One of the most-loved boys in our class, Lloyd Batten, has really proven to be a great sucess. He seems to have chosen engineering as his career.

Hazel Flowers now holds a prominent typist job with an insurance company. Believe it or not but she really weighs 95 pounds and is five feet tall.

Sailing the seas of the South Pacific is Merlon Bowen. He has been in the navy for four years and has decided to make it his career.

At the bottom of the list is Faye Smith. She has sworn to be an old maid and keep all her money and riches to herself. Nevertheless, Dazey is stillly trying to change her mind.

Wrenn and I, having completed the list, were very tired and sleepy. We folded the list tucked it away in a safe place and returned to our apartments after a tiring but enjoyable evening.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and fifty-seven in the county of Johnston, the state of North Carolina, being of sound mind, and realizing our impending departure from Micro School, do hereby declare and make this our last will and testament.

To our parents, we express our love and appreciation for guidance, which has helped mold us into what we are now.

To Mr. Batten, we leave all our thanks for his love and guiding help and sincereness of heart for his seven years with us.

To Mrs. Holland, we leave all our love and appreciation for her guidance during our Senior year.

To Mrs. Boyette, we leave all the memories of our many problems she helped us solve and a set of twins for her and Ben.

To Miss Tyson, we leave all our knowledge of Moby Dick, Beowulf, and Macbeth.

To Mr. Narron, we leave all our hopes that he won't be a bachelor for long.

To Mr. Perry, we leave two champion basketball teams and all our love as a newcoming teacher.

To Mr. Wallace, we leave a better fourth period agriculture class and a coca-cola machine for the shop.

To Mrs. Hinnant, we leave two new stoves and an automatic washer for the Home Ec. room.

To Dear Old Micro School, we leave all the teachers full of joy because of our departure.

I, Zeb Adams, do will and bequeath my school bus licenses to Billy House and Harold Medlin.

I, Jessie Peedin, do will and bequeath my friendliness to Sonja Medlin.

I, Pat Batten, do will and bequeath my wart that Linda Smith left me last year and my superlative of Best Looking to Iris Herring.

I, Lloyd Batten, do will and bequeath my safe driving ability to Joe Daniels.

I, Willowdene Batten, do will and bequeath my witty ways to Wilbert Barbee.

I, Glenn Hawley, do will and bequeath my courteous ways to Jesse Aycock and Milton Boyette.



FRIENDLIEST

Jessie Feedin
Ed Creech

MOST TALENTED

Rochelle Hicks
Donnie Watkins



SUPERLATIVES



BEST SPORT

Barbara Creech
Tom Flowers

BEST PERSONALITY

Ed Anderson
Russell Pate





QUIETEST

Hazel Flowers
Eugene House

MOST DEPENDABLE

Alice Pittman
Billy Luper



SUPERLATIVES



MOST COURTEOUS

Zeb Adams
Glenn Hawley





MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Kay Woodruff
Berlon Watson

MOST INTELLIGENT

Pat Fitzgerald
Donnie Worley



SUPERLATIVES



WITTIEST

Willowdene Batten
Wayne Vann

ATHLETIC

Sue Medlin
Doug Williams





BEST ALL AROUND

Faye Smith
Lloyd Batten

MOST POPULAR

Bessie Peedin
Kenneth Murray



SUPERLATIVES



BEST LOOKING

Pat Batten
Dennis Wheeler

BEST DRESSED

Frances Eason
Wrenn Bagley



BUS DRIVERS



LUNCHROOM HELPERS



BETA CLUB



MICRO-SCOPE STAFF



GIRLS' BASKETBALL



BOYS' BASKETBALL



4-H CLUB



BASEBALL TEAM



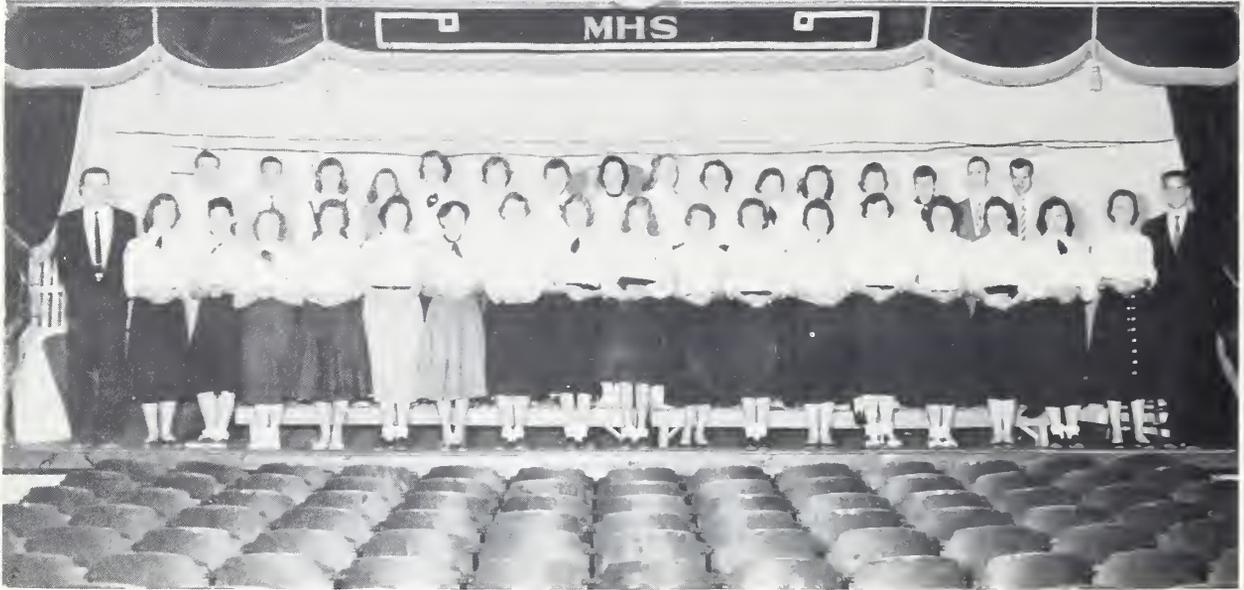
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Smithfield, N. C.



I, Kay Woodruff, do will and bequeath my Beta Club membership to Roger Langston in hopes he may be one next year.

I, Ed Creech, do will and bequeath my driving ability to Ed Aycock.

I, Gene House, do will and bequeath my aggravating ways to Jesse Pate since he has none of his own.

I, Dennis Wheeler, do will and bequeath my quiet ways to Royce Smith.

I, Sue Medlin, do will and bequeath my easy-going ways to Elwood Daughtry.

I, Berlon Watson, do will and bequeath my intelligence to Mary Ann Creech.

I, Pat Fitzgerald, do will and bequeath my intelligence to C. M. Littleton in hopes he may graduate next year.

I, Donnie Worley, do will and bequeath my good looks to Betty Jean Luper.

I, Alice Pittman, do will and bequeath my quiet ways to Reuben Daughtry.

I, Wrenn Bagley, do will and bequeath my neatness and ability to laugh to Irene Barnes.

I, Russell Pate, do will and bequeath my good looks and pretty hair to Shelby Pearce.

I, Hazel Flowers, do will and bequeath my height and quietness to Billy Batten.

I, Frances Eason, do will and bequeath my ability to stay in the Beta Club to Helen Childress.

I, Douglas Williams, do will and bequeath my athletic ability to Frankie Parker.

I, Merlon Bowen, do will and bequeath my quiet ways to Sylvia and Sybil Pearce.

I, Faye Smith, do will and bequeath my superlative of best all around to Virgie Warren.

I, Rochelle Hicks, do will and bequeath my short hair to Melba Pittman.

We, Bessie Peedin and Kenneth Murray, do will and bequeath our popularity to Joyce Flowers and Cravon Capps.

I, Edward Anderson, do will and bequeath that worn out generator on my '46 Chevrolet to my Uncle Jerry Parnell to start him a car in case of my death.

I, Billy Luper, do will and bequeath my height to James Phillips.

I, Donnie Watkins, do will and bequeath my art ability to my brother, Floyd.

I, Tom Flowers, do will and bequeath my ability to get along with people to Jackie Brown.

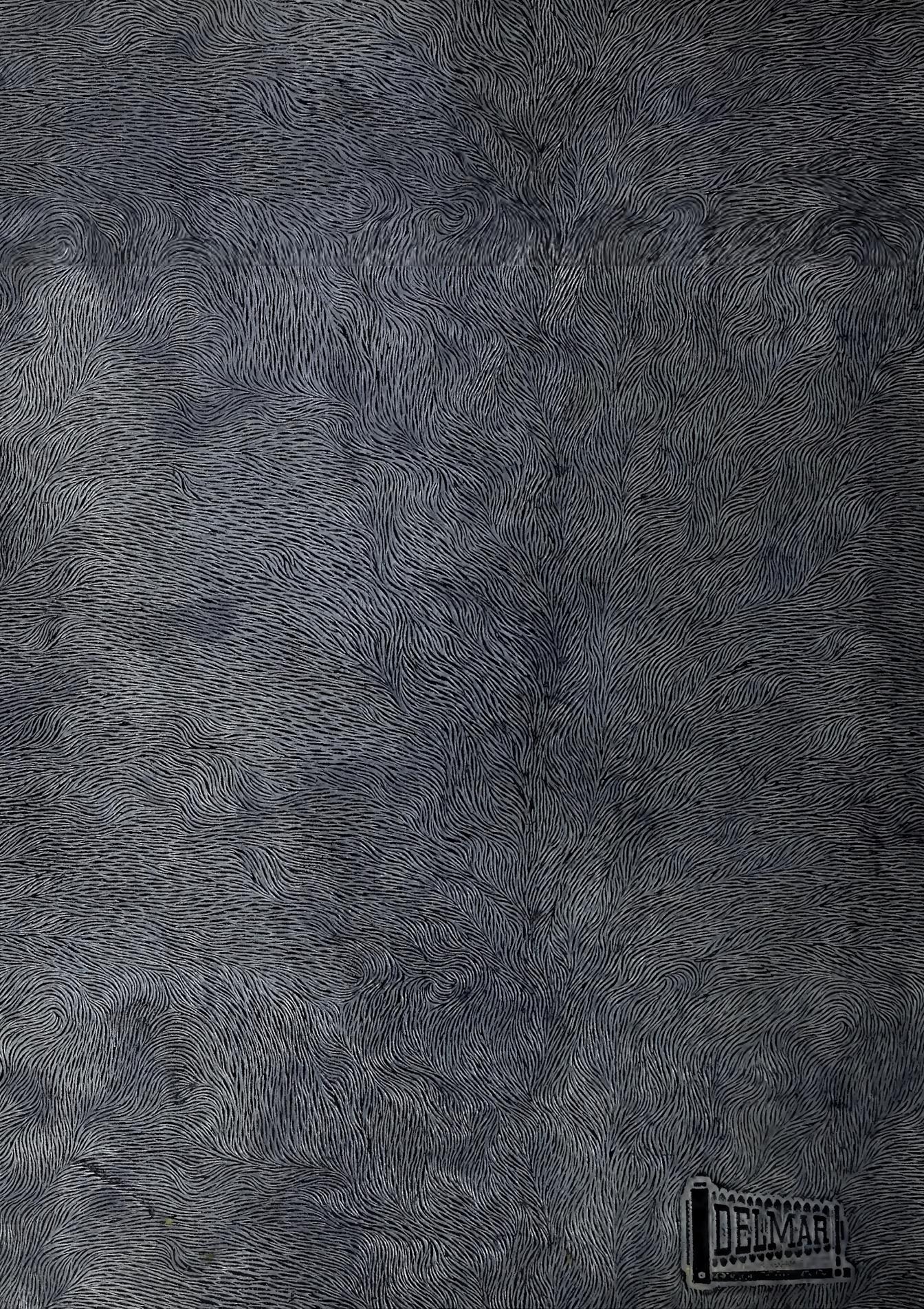
I, Barbara Creech, do will and bequeath my short hair to Louise Blackmon.

We hereby appoint Mrs. Walter Holland, our class advisor, as sole executor of this, our Last Will and Testament.

In Witness Whereof, We the Senior Class of 1957 do set seal on this, the tenth day of May in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty-seven.

Signed:

Faye Smith and Lloyd Batten
Testators



DELMAR