

MEMORIES OF BARRINGTON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



From John Livingston:

1. Remember girls' basketball in the 5-6th grades. The mid court line defined offensive and defensive sets and you couldn't cross over.
2. Four Square was a popular game.
3. Field Day in the spring. I remember in the 4th grade I got an 8 lbs shot put in my Easter basket. I took it to school and Mr. Angle only let me use it at Gym time. I could beat every boy in the class that year, but I couldn't beat Linda Jennings who remained the top "shot putter" at Barrington through the 5th grade. She even beat Scott Houston and John Fickle one year, both older than she!
4. I too have a memory of teasing the girls on the jungle gym and swing set. There was one girl ---and this still haunts me that we teased her so much about seeing her underpants on the playground in the 2nd grade. Then one morning she just didn't wear any underpants! We stopped teasing her!! No underpants, nothing to tease about!!!
5. Birthdays and Christmas and Holidays were always celebrated and special. One year in Mrs. LeValley's class we celebrated President's birthdays by dressing up in costumes depicting the times. That year one of the boys dressed up like Martha Washington and it created a stir! It might have been Duke Wick but the story sounds better if I say it was Doug Crim.
6. One interesting situation that has been past on through the generations. The dugout along the 1st base line that was used by the Jones Varsity baseball team was built by the WPA during the depression. Along the outfield side of the dugout and on the Andover side, there were several cinder blocks that had

become dislodged from the structure. The Jr. high guys always hid *Playboy* magazines in the empty holes of the cinder blocks. During recess we would go out and read the magazines. One day one of the Barrington Boys stole the magazines and that weekend the Jr. High guys roughed a few of us up---Johnny Spittler (who became a good friend in later years) was one of them. 25 years after I graduated I brought my family back to UA for our reunion and the parade. We watched from Margie Scully's home. After the parade I took my 3 boys over to the dugout and looked into our secret hiding place. I couldn't believe it when I found the most recent issue of *Playboy* tucked safely away. A UA tradition passed through the generations of young baseball players.

Boy did we have fun growing up.