

Edith (McGrew) Sims Autobiography



My Early Childhood



Although I know my mother makes a fuss over everything, this incident was ridiculous. When I decided that it was about time for me to make my appearance, my mother put on one of her best dresses, put on her make-up and tried to comb every hair in place. Imagine all this, just to have a baby! When we arrived at the hospital, I was almost born before we reached the delivery room! At any rate, I entered this world on March 3, 1952, at 12:45 A. M., a normal screaming baby girl, in Memorial hospital.

Much of my early life, spent in sleeping and watching people making stupid expressions, was pretty drab until I discovered the edges of tables, drawers to open and objects to knock off tables. (If I was lucky, they would break into a million tiny glimmering pieces.) Usually when I did this, Mother spanked me, although I don't know why. I thought it was fascination and amusing myself, but then I guess Mother never did have a very good sense of humor.

After I learned to walk, I was always outside with Daddy, riding tractors, helping do chores (Ha!), or just playing with the animals. I became acquainted with an old black cow and made a pet out of her. One day I decided that I wanted to ride her, and, after much struggling and climbing, I managed to do so. Daddy thought it was cute, but Mommy about had a conniption!

I had many more pets of which my favorite was Bambi, a lamb. He was the first thing that I had ever owned, and, boy was I proud of him! Even if he was far away in the pasture, I could call and he would come, day or night.

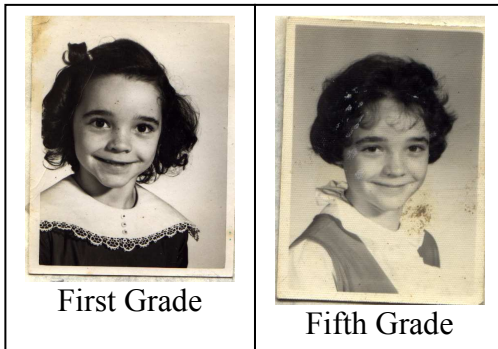
When I received my first cow, I was under the impression that I could always have her. She was a sweet ole' Hereford cow with large brown eyes, and I became very attached to her. One day my mean daddy took her to a sale and sold her without telling me. When he came home, I was in a rage! I shrieked, "I'm gonna kick you!", and I tried, but missed him. In disgust, I turned and ran to my room to cry. I wouldn't speak to him for a long time.

I discovered early that sisters can be a great pain. Linda, my sister, had always wondered what it was like to be stung by a wasp! She decided to find out one day when she discovered one crawling on the screen door. She grabbed my hand and crunched it against the wasp!! I got stung and she got spanked!

Another time she persuaded me to ride on the back of her bicycle with her. She started showing off and tried to jump a ditch. My toes got caught in the spokes and were all cut up. Needless to say, I never listened to her again.

As I look back at my infancy, I remember it as being a time of fun and joy. Even though I didn't have any neighbor children to play with, I feel that I had just as much fun, roaming all over the farm and playing with the animals, as those who had playmates.

My Innocent Years



It is a wonder that my first grade teacher ever liked me. A few weeks before I was to enter first grade, my mother and I went down to the school to sign up. I was very happy because I thought that I was going to have Mrs. Urey, and old woman whom I was very fond of, for my teacher. When I found out that I wasn't going to have her, I was very much disappointed, to say the least! Upon meeting the teacher I was going to have, I stuck my tongue out at her and said that I was not going to school if I had to have her. After I had been in school awhile, though, we became the best of friends.

One Sunday morning, not long after I had entered first grade, I was sitting in the back of our church with my sister. The minister was giving a sermon on drinking (alcohol of course). During the middle of the sermon, I, thinking he was talking about coke, stood up and proudly said, "we drink. We keep in our refrigerator!" Everyone turned and looked at me! I was quickly pulled down in my seat and later given a stern lecture.

I enjoyed school very much and as a result, I never missed a day of school the first year and also received all "S's" on my report card.

One of my biggest disappointments was learning that there was no Santa Claus. Late Christmas Eve, after I had been put to bed, I heard a lot of commotion going on downstairs. Thinking it to be Santa, I cautiously tiptoed downstairs and into my parents' bedroom. Breathlessly, I peeked around the corner only to see my parents putting gifts under the tree. After I had watched for awhile, I crept back upstairs, a bitterly disappointed child. I never did tell my parents because I didn't want to spoil their fun.

Christy Tracy and I were best friends. We were always getting into mischief. We also fought a lot. In fate, in the second grade it seems like that's about all we did.

Mrs. Taylor, our teacher and also Christy's aunt, was always threatening to whip us if we didn't quit. I guess our fights caused quite an uproar!

I have loved horses as far back as I can remember. I was always pestering my dad to buy me one. Finally, he bought me one at the Mt. Vernon sale, one Wednesday, as a surprise. I just about croaked! It was a chestnut colored, yearling stud, about forty-four inches high. After he was gelded, I undertook the job of breaking him. Although we didn't see eye to eye on everything, it was a lot of fun. We learned a lot of things together. I think that every boy and girl should have some sort of animal to work with, when he is young, because I can think of nothing more rewarding than seeing the end product of something that he has accomplished.

One of my proudest moments was when I won third place in the talent contest at the Knox County Fair. I had been taking piano lessons for three years when they had a talent contest at the fair. My music teacher, Mrs. Gilmore, urged me to be in it. Finally I entered and played "Valse in E Flat". I was selected as one of the finalists. When I arrived at the grandstand, on the night of the finals, I discovered that the piano bench was so low that I couldn't even get my hands level with the keyboard. They had to put two song books under me so that I could play! I was so nervous that I more or less played in a daze. You can imagine my surprise when they announced that I had won third place. This may not seem very important, but to me, right then, it was the most important thing in the world.

For me, grades one through six, were a period of fun, happiness, and most important – learning. Learning not only the knowledge from books, but also the knowledge of getting along with others and of knowing one's self. I am thankful that I had the excellent teachers that I did. They took the extra time and interest to try to help us understand what cannot be understood. I shall remember all of them with a kind thought and a soft spot in my heart for each.

A time of Realization



When I entered the seventh grade, the confusion of changing classes was almost overwhelming. Between classes, the students in the halls reminded me of a stampeding herd of cattle, with all the students running and shoving, trying to reach the next class before someone else did. On the first day, I couldn't find the room that my next class was in. I made the terrible mistake of asking an upperclassman where it was. He told me that it was on the top floor and I foolishly believed him. I reached the top floor just as the bell rang only to discover that the room was

located in the basement! I had quite a bit of explaining to do to the teacher when I finally found the room.

For two years, I had been pestering Dad to buy me some 4H calves. Finally he bought me two Hereford calves. They were a lot of fun, but it took much time and effort to tame them and break them to lead. In fact, before we were through, they almost broke me! The worst part is when they are sold. During the eight months I work with them, they usually become pets and I become very attached to them. It really breaks my heart to see them go to the slaughter house. One of my calves broke away from the man who was trying to load him and ran back to the barns. He came to me, stopped, and licked my hand. I had to lead him back to the truck. It just about tore me up!

In the eighth grade, we had to go to Bladensburg. At first, I abhorred it, but I soon liked it. I really enjoyed my one year at Bladensburg and I was sorry when it was over, even though I did not like the principal, Donald Babcock. Perhaps, we got away with more than we should have, but I don't think that it hurt us too much.

In the middle of the year, we formed a singing group which was called The Lucky Phive. It consisted of Christy Tracy, Linda Downs, Carol Melick, Sherrell Hanna and me. We played at a lot of school programs. Carol and Sherrell dropped out of the group, but soon Pat McKinley joined us. All of us play guitars. We have played at the Memorial theater (once we were paid!), the Hammond Organ studio, and numerous school activities. The name of our group changed about as often as we played somewhere. They were, "The Lucky Phive", "The Lucky Four", "The Vibrations", "Fold Quartet", "The Lembies", and the present one, "The if with Six". Joe Sims, on the electric guitar, and Tim Coate, on the electric bass guitar, have joined the group and have really added a lot to it.

When I entered the ninth grade, I decided to take the college preparatory classes. I took physical science (I was the only girl in the class), algebra 1, English 9, Latin 1, health and physical education. I did well in all of the subjects and liked them all but algebra (I abhor any kind of mathematics).

Since I had a high "B" average, I was able to join the Beta Club. Most of my close friends are in it and we really enjoy it. I was especially glad to join it because I understand that it helps you get into college.

In March, one of my dearest friends, Eileene Fetters, moved away. Her father, who was the pastor of our church, took a charge of three churches in Powhatten Point. Even though we write to each other, I miss her, her big mouth, and her wonderful sense of humor.

This year, my sophomore year, the academic courses I am taking are: Latin II, English 10, plane geometry, biology, word history and driver's education. I am also taking band, chorus, and physical education. I have found that each year I have to study more every night and this year is really rough since I only have tow study halls a week.

It has just been in these last two or three years that I have started looking seriously at the world around me. I see the war and all its horrors in Viet Nam, the slaughtering riots, the hippies being criticized, and the negroes being put down. These, although they are built up as being bad, are not all bad or all good. I feel that the war in Viet Nam is right, but why? Why, with all of our supposedly intelligent minds, is there not some way to settle this without taking the lives of our young men who are bravely defending the right for freedom. Perhaps the negroes and protestors are being treated rotten, but does that give them any right to destroy property and kill fellow human beings. Perhaps the negro's skin is black, but is that any reason for him to be spat upon? The hippies have the right idea – love -, but nothing can be accomplished without working for it.

The things I mentioned above were mostly bad, now let's look at a few good things. First, there are the men fighting in Viet Nam who believe whole heartedly in what they are fighting for. There are the missionaries, not only overseas, but also in our country who are trying to help people. Many volunteer workers give much time and effort in helping the poor, the teen workers give much time and effort in helping the poor, the handicapped, the mentally retarded, etc. There's the stranger who helps a person in need, whether the person is being murdered or it's a little boy whose cat is trapped in a tree. There are many, many good things in this world if they are looked for. Perhaps the best is the sight of "Old Glory" waving proudly in the sky, standing for our freedom and our commitment to others.

I hope that I, even though I may be small and unimportant, am able to contribute something to this world. I hope to become a veterinarian or biologist. Maybe by just being successful at it, or it might be better to say to set a high goal (for success is merely the satisfaction of one's mind) would be better and strive to reach it no matter how high the cost, would make the world a much better place to live in.

This document was typed into the computer and presented to Edith, as a Christmas 1999 present, by her loving husband, Joe.

nily

Edith Sims

Background:

Edith grew up on a farm near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, just two miles down the road from Joe Sims, whom she married in 1970. Joe and Edith moved to Gaylord in 1972 when her husband took a job with U.S. Plywood. Joe is plant manager at the same facility, now known as Georgia-Pacific. The Sims have two teenage children: Josh, 16, plays the tenor saxophone in the high school band, the electric guitar with the jazz band and he plays the string bass in accompaniment with the Gaylord High School Choir and the United Methodist Church Choir; and 13-year-old Whitney is a member of the eighth grade choir and plays the flute in the band.

Neighbors



by DeAnna Boswood



out wherever she can.

Makin' a Livin': Edith doesn't work outside of the home, per se, but she does work outside of the home in the respect that she keeps very busy as what could be known as a "professional volunteer." She's been thinking about taking a part-time job in her spare time.

Profile: Edith believes in staying involved, and that she does, serving as president of the PTO at the Gaylord Middle School and coordinator of the Take Time to Care holiday giving program, about which she says, "The people of Otsego County have been great about helping with."

Edith was a seven-year member of the Gaylord School Board of Education. She worked with Donna Polus in implementing the Book Bag Program at the kindergarten center when Whitney was in kindergarten.

Edith is also director of the youth choir at the United Methodist Church and is on the Gaylord Gators Swim Team Board of Directors. Even with all that, she still finds time to help

Kickin' Back: Edith has returned to college on a part-time basis, working toward a degree in business management. With the spare time she does have, she enjoys gardening, reading, singing and playing the piano. And these activities are spent with her family and usually revolve around making music. And why not? Especially with a daughter who is in the eighth grade choir and plays the flute in the band and a son who plays the guitar and tenor saxophone. Joe plays the guitar and Edith herself sings and plays the piano.

What's Up With Edith? Edith is very family oriented and with three computers in their home, considers her family very computer literate. Edith loves being involved with her children and firmly believes, "They're only with us for a short time, so you have to make the most of the time you have with them."

— *Neighbors is back! Have someone you'd like to nominate? Call us at 732-1111.*