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tion it in its place on the front corner of the building so that all passers-by would know that school was in session.

Most lessons were recited aloud, and we learned them well, for by the time we reached the eighth grade we had heard them many, many times over. We always sang songs every day: old songs, patriotic songs, and songs of the day such as *Way Down Upon The Swancee River* and *Old Folks At Home*, with words we are no longer permitted to say, or *Yankee Doodle, I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, or *Battle Hymn Of The Republic*. And during the war years: *Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer*, *White Cliffs Of Dover*, *White Christmas*, etc.

We learned to spell and learned poetry, too, always standing at the front of the room so all could hear: spelling words we'd never heard of and reciting writings and poems such as *The Gettysburg Address*, *Paul Revere's Ride*, *Trees*, *Arcadia*, and others. We all knew about Columbus, and the Mayflower, Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Huckleberry Finn as well.

And we learned about all the wars; the French and Indian War, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, and World War I. We knew about every battle of our own Word War II and of how great our country was, and we boys worried that the war would end before we got a chance to fight.

We studied geography, and we knew the names of all 48 states and all their capitols as well. And we knew about the three branches of our government; learned about nouns and pronouns and verbs and adverbs, penmanship and punctuation. We learned our arithmetic tables, and how thrilled we were to discover the magic of long division,

and that was long before computers or even adding machines. And how smart we knew we were, because our report cards said we were, or at least for some of us, anyway.

Recess and lunch periods were special times, and they always ended too soon. We all joined together in games of Red Rover, Giant Steps, Hide and Seek,



In this more recent photo, the school has been closed and the schoolhouse converted to a residence. The original entry foyer that Harold refers to has been replaced with a new, larger room (left).

and just plain old Tag. There was a dog named Rex who loved nothing more than to grab someone's mitten or hat and to be chased until we were all too tired to chase.

As we grew older, we played baseball and football in the little yard next to the school, or we skated and played hockey on the Bog, or we ran to the old covered bridge to climb to the rafters and carve our initials, often encased within a heart along with those of our favorite girl of the day, or week, or whatever. Little did we know, nor did we care then, that we were permanently defacing what was to become a historical treasure. Some of those carvings remain there to this day, though many also were lost so many years ago when the old bridge was repaired.

We boys climbed trees, the taller and more flexible the better, and we pretended we were flying airplanes or dive

bombers as we swung them with wild abandon in circles and back and forth to try to catch each other or, like Tarzan, to jump to their tree on the fly. Sometimes we didn't fly so well, or our tree broke in mid-arc and we came crashing to earth with skinned and bleeding arms and knees or other parts or maybe torn pants and other clothing.

Most of us walked to school; there were no buses on our end of town, and we were sometimes glad of that, for along the way we would pick up beer bottles and at noon rush them down to Ives Store where we turned them in for money; two cents for the small bottles and a nickel for the large ones, which we always spent for penny candies or bubble gum or a couple of cookies from the barrel or for a nickel candy bar. That's right; a nickel candy bar, larger than those that go for 80¢ or even more today.

Every month we were visited by the traveling nurse who weighed and measured us, stuck a stick in our mouths and listened to our "Ahhhs," looked in our

ears, checked us for colds and whooping cough or measles and mumps and chicken pox and for lice in our hair. Heaven help all of us if she ever discovered any on anyone, for home the offender went at once, and the rest of us got notes to carry home where our own little heads were scrubbed and rescrubbed with that strong and awful smelling stuff for at least a week, even though most of us never had those awful things anyway.

As I remember my teachers, I have to say I think they did their jobs very well, and I hope they would be proud of me and of all the rest of us who were fortunate enough to have had them to start the educational journeys that became the foundations for what we turned out to be.

How well I remember most of my classmates, and how sad it is that so many of them, having departed this earth over the last almost 75 years or so, are no longer with us. And for those who still are, and there are so very few of us now, I hope this little piece will rekindle memories of their own and that theirs may be as enjoyable to them as mine are to me.

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