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Back to School in 1948

By Lois Homer

The first day of school and the weather was brisk
No more long sunny days in the park, tsk, tsk
Early to bed and early to rise
Made me feel crabby as I surmised
Reading and writing, arithmetic, too
Made me feel crummy, made me feel blue
I looked out my window and onto the street
At swarms of kids marching marching to the awful beat
Back to school, back to school
I gotta go or I'll end up a fool
Stiff brown oxford shoes and crispy new clothes
And a fresh clean handkerchief to blow my nose
New crayons, new notebooks, pencils and pens
And teachers fussing like mother hens
"Hurry up or you'll be late,"
Cried mom as I rushed to keep my date
With my new fourth grade teacher whom I hadn't met
She had a big job getting all us kids set
To learn all we could in the fourth grade that year
Or wind up in summer school, a very real fear
I made it in time just before the bell rang
And I heard the *patrol boys as they all sang *crossing guards were called that in 1948
"Yooooo" all around the neighborhood
Which meant they had done their job as they should
And now they were on their way to class
To start their learning so they will pass
On to the next grade as every kid hopes
It's better to learn than wind up like dopes
Over the summer some kids grew a lot
I grew so tall but my *boyfriend did not *my first boyfriend when I was nine
He was my first boyfriend the summer past
But our friendship the rest of that year did not last
Because I was two inches taller than he
Even though he was two years older than me
How embarrassing to be seen with a girl
Who's taller than you, the insults will hurl
At you from your friends and that you can't take
I knew how he felt, other friends I did make
My girlfriends and I giggled at kids we called "schmoes"
And kids laughed at us because that's how it goes
Then all too soon we were in our classroom
And I saw our new teacher, the figure of doom
She turned out to be somewhat strict but fair Actually she was a bitch, Mrs. Nadler
And somehow fourth grade I would just have to bear
The windows were open to the fresh air of fall
The day was sunny but school had begun for all