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*If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?*

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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