

Memories of a one room schoolhouse in 1908 from my grandmother.....

I remember riding to school each day with my father. Our horse, Brownie, pulled the wagon that held me and my stepsisters. My school had only one room and about twenty-five students in all. We were all different ages and all different grades, but we only had one teacher to teach us all. Our classroom had a big, black potbellied stove to keep us warm and we had to get our water from the pump outside.

My favorite time of day was lunch. My sisters and I ate our lunch together outside under a big maple tree. We spread out an old hand-made quilt giving us plenty of space to sit. We brought our lunch from home in a silver pail covered with a napkin. We always had fresh bread and butter that my stepmother had made and an apple from our apple tree.

After eating we would have time to play. We didn't have any play equipment, but sometimes James would bring an old ball from home and the boys would start up a game.

My sisters and I sang game songs like *London Bridge is Falling Down*. I liked to hold up my arms to be the bridge. Did you know that the song had sixteen verses?

My favorite game was Pom Pom Pull Away. When I was "It" I always knew I could catch my little sister because she ran as slow as a turtle.

Then the teacher would come outside and ring the bell. We went back silently to our benches and got ready to say the poem we had memorized yesterday.