

School has been going on for several weeks over at Mertzon. Mother's house is on the northwest corner of the school yard. At any time during the daylight hours, sounds of band practice and football signals come through her front door,

For the first time, I went to the school's reunion in August. I have strong ties to the system. The six semesters that I spent in the fifth grade and the war years of the '40s staring at the near-empty class=rooms have deep meanings.

My mother, I'm sure, also feels a strong attachment to the Mertzon school. She was the fifth grade room mother so long that she is bound to feel sentimental about the elementary schoolhouse. I guess all those gals are gone who can call back how she used to sit in the dark part of the P.T.A. meeting room when I was stalled for so long between the fourth and sixth grades.

One of the things I regret is that I didn't keep track of my fifth grade teacher after she left town. I'd like to have sent her a picture of the trustees I served with on the school board so many years later, She had a lot to influence on my choosing trades that require little or no education. In those 27.5 months we were together, we may have\ not been friends, nevertheless, we were certainly aware of each other's failings.

The only thing I didn't like about the reunion was the way people I barely knew kept asking when I graduated. I didn't hear them grilling any of the other folks. I'm going to bring my transcript. After taking that long to finish, I don't want the record to be incorrect.