

Back to School with Betty

I always liked school. Don't get me wrong - I loved summer vacation but I was always ready to go back to school in September. There were new dresses - usually dark cotton dresses for fall, often plaid. (Girls only wore dresses when I was in school - the first time I wore jeans to class was my senior year in college). There were shiny new shoes. And all the things a budding writer loves: new notebooks, pens and pencils, eraser, pencil cases. I also couldn't wait to see all my friends again and get to know my new teacher.

I took the bus to school when I was in elementary school. In high school, I took the bus to school in the morning but walked home or got a ride from somebody with a car.

Here I am on the first day of kindergarten. On the day my mother took me to enroll me, I was so excited, I fell down these same steps.



My friend, Nancy, who lived across the street from me, is hovering behind me. See her little face?

I don't look too confident myself. I was probably annoyed that my mom made the bus driver wait so she could take the picture.

By the way, do I look tall for kindergarten? Well, I am tall and I always was and proud of it!



My bus

I was headed to Reavis School, which was only a few years old when I started there. It was built to accommodate the post-war baby boomers. I was always in the biggest class ever. Probably ten or fifteen years later the population had dwindled and the school became an office park. And then it was torn down. So I can never go back to my old school to visit.



Reavis School

I look a lot happier and more confident the next year as I head off to first grade with big sister, Janet. Looks like she has a nifty new lunchbox. And mom looks proud of us both.

Some time that year, we got our dog Mitzi. She always waited for my bus in the afternoons, sitting on that top step. All the kids on the bus looked for her to make sure she was there. She always was.



Me, Mom, Janet



Mitzi

It's no wonder that I ended up writing a series of books about school.

Now I can revisit the classroom any time I want.