

April 18, 1987

Having just heard over the grapevine, that you are preparing a history of the Meridian High School, my head is just full of happy memories. My first recollection of ~~is~~ my sister, Marie, taking me to visit her class occasionally. Her teacher would stand me on one of the front seats and have me sing to the class.

For the school year 1903-1904 I entered Meridian elementary school. I think it was ~~in~~ in the two-story building where I spent the next eight years, "Dad" Fuller was the only Supertendant that I can recall. He was such a fine person and teacher. I was in his class when I was in the eighth grade.

The old potbellied stove that made the youngsters close to it too hot and the ones by the windows were too cold, the bell that told us we had just thirty minutes to get to school, then the teh-minute bell to tell us to get in line and stop ~~stop~~ the monkey buisness\$. The teacher who stood on the stair landing tapping out the "left/right" rythum on a metal triangle, to keep us in step as we went to our room. We started our day with the pledge of allegence to our flag and a prayer. Ours was a nine-to-four day with an hour to go home for lunch. Discipline and order set the tone for the day. The teagher was in charge and if you were in trouble with your teacher you were in bigger trouble with your parents when you went home. Professor Fuller had an effective and unique way to stop the trouble maker. He looked over his glasses and snapped his fingers and pease was restored.

To be promoted we knew we had to produce. If you ~~if~~ failed you repeated the vgrade next year. When it became time to complete the eighth grade, all tests were sent out from the State Educational office sealed. Even the teacher did not know what questions were asked until the letter was opened in the presence of the scobhars and then the test was on.

Getting a new hi-school building and a standard Hi-school