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R. R. Chapman

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Gone Days

by R. R. Chapman

— a disappearing act, now creaking —

School Days, where have you meandered?
Where have you gone, you turbulent, peaceful days? How many times has the sun shone down on the prairie sod on the easy Western slope that ambled on down to a wide but shallow canyon which sprang out in disarray — turning, twisting towards the light of day with the narrow, bordered Washita River only minutes away?

Where are you, twenty feet of grayish boards nailed together by hands that looked only ahead and up? Where are you, playgrounds, limited only by the distance we could run or fight or play thinking little of what might or might not come some other day?

Where are you, great teachers of a former day that pointed each one of us along the straight and narrow way hoping that every scrambled one of us would remember half the words they had tried to say?

Where are you, all tumbled together boys and girls by parents striving to feed and clothe you while Teacher tried to show you to throw back your shoulders and face the world and call the shots? They knew each one from the inside out of the motley lot.

May the good Lord in his wisdom and strength grant me a term of those long gone ways to live once more those turbulent-happy wishful never to be again Old School Days.