South Reach School

South Reach School was on the southernmost edge of the county. It and many others were consolidated into larger districts, therefore they are no longer in existence.

Most of the memories from my childhood are pleasant. But the nearly three years Momma and I spent on Uncle Dwight and Aunt Bulah's farm are best forgotten. The reason for the stay, my dad was in the Army, serving during World War II. Previous to this time we lived in the city—a much better location in my opinion.

To my misfortune, shortly after arriving I turned five. And of course I was expected to start to school, which was way out in the country. By myself, there I was this little bitty girl and walking down a narrow dirt road, through the patch of woods, and passed Old Man Winthrup's farm. I didn't realize it then, but it was way over two miles. All I knew, it was barely after sunup when I left the house, and when it was raining, or in the dead of winter, it was not something a five-year-old boy or girl should have to endure.

The whole time we lived there is not something I enjoy looking back on. Instead of getting up at my leisure and sitting on my mother's lap, all the while eating my one piece of toast slathered with whatever jelly she chose that particular day, and washing it down with the concoction consisting of milk, sugar and a smidgen of Daddy's strong black coffee—I had to get dressed, and out the door.

Each morning and evening I walked cautiously along, and especially careful when I passed Mr. Winthrup's farm, being certain not to make eye contact. I simply went at a normal pace, not allowing him to even notice me. But it made me nervous. Scared spitless, really!

Did he look my way? I have no idea for I kept my head down only looking at the ground, and heaven forbid never toward his direction. Safe and sound, I thought when I reached school, and even more safe and sound when I got back to Aunt Bulah's. Always waiting for me was a fresh batch of cookies, or some kind of delicious dessert.

Two good things, Momma and I slept upstairs on the oh so comfortable feather mattress, and the faint rhythm of Uncle Dwight's grandfather clock ticking away made each evening's sunset something I looked forward to. Although it is a little difficult to admit, looking back I missed living there. It was quiet and peaceful. I helped Momma gather the eggs, feed the slop to the pigs, and we greeted the cows as they found their favorite spot in the old wooden stanchions.

While leaving the last day, I asked Daddy if we could drive alongside Mr. Winthrup's farm? I wanted to look his mean ol' bull in the eye, and tell him goodbye.