

No Obstruction Can Defeat Us!!

Dedicated to the teachers of 1938.

Sung to the tune of The Battle Hymn of the Republic
Words by Carol, Aurea, Joe and Raul

CHORUS:

**Normal school was all our training,
memories now we are retaining.
No obstruction can defeat us,
for teaching was our goal.**

Sometimes weary after walking,
sometimes beaten by the sun.
Money lacking in our pockets,
and no gloves for baseball fun.
But pantographs we knew about,
with purple gelatine.
How good those memories!

In spring the school went for a hike
two miles along the creek,
the names of birds and animals
and plants we tried to seek
No pesticides were used those days, wild flowers
were in their peak,
How good those memories!

A school was closed for many years
and overrun with mice,
twenty pupils in a single room

six grades to teach alike.
With library shelves in disarray,
A blessing in disguise!
How good those memories!

When war broke out in 39
I wondered what to do,
I taught in many rural schools,
and saved for summer school.
In 42 I trained for war,
returned in 45.
How good those memories!

Dear Nana Pat,

I really appreciate your story – I have read it at least eight times! I can imagine how you felt that day, perhaps hopeless, impotent and limited. Although you and your mother felt this action was an unjust one, I like how you tell the story. You do not present any negativism about the teacher. This means a lot to me, because I see and feel that you had a lot of respect for the teachers, totally different from now-a-days.

I am proud of you. Although you were forced to follow a different trend from what your reality was – a south paw – you triumphed. It reminds me of the verse that says, “And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul . . .” and your spirit was untouched! No matter the difficulties, you will accomplish your goals!

Lovingly, *Aida and Corina*