

Lunch Money

Memories of Boyhood and Graham Weathers (As Best An 83-Year Old Can Remember)

When we were in the seventh grade, Graham and I were given the assignment of going to each classroom in the entire school to collect lunch money each day.

Each morning, teachers would make a list of their students who would be eating in the school cafeteria each day and would collect the amount due. It was our job to go to each room and collect the envelope containing the list and money and deliver them to the school cafeteria. A cafeteria worker would mark off the students as each class went through the line.

Now this may not sound like much of a job but I would remind you that Graham and I were footloose and fancy free while our classmates were studying English in class. Yes, it was a big deal and we thoroughly enjoyed it. I was to find out that even the best of deals has problems, however.

Our school was growing. Part of the elementary school auditorium had been converted to temporary classrooms. One of the rooms was used by Miss Snow's sixth grade. Miss Snow probably had the least control of her class of any in the school. There was always mischief going on each time we went in there. One morning, just as Graham and I were going in the door, I was popped just under my left eye by a very hard spitball shot by a strong rubber band. I was left with a nice scar under my left eye. I was never told who shot that spit wad!

Bill Hawley
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