

I attended Southwestern Seventh Grade Center in the 1983-1984 school year. I remember planting radishes where the new sixth grade building is being constructed. I remember using the roto-tiller and being jostled about trying to turn up the soil. After planting the seeds, we only had to wait a short time before they sprouted, and within a month they were ready to pull up and take home. I was so proud of growing those radishes. Another memory I have of Southwestern is of the old gym. It seemed as if the gym was always dark and musty. We did not have air conditioning, but instead had humongous fans in the eaves of the roof which would help circulate the air. I remember rolling around on the floor on squares with wheels, similar to skateboards, racing on them from one side of the gym to the other during class. During regular classes, I don't remember having air conditioning. Instead the bottom windows were opened a crack and the top windows pushed out to help circulate the air. During lectures, or while working on assignments, it was sometimes challenging keeping papers on the desk when a breeze went by. The breeze would catch the papers just right and scatter them across the floor if you weren't careful. The one teacher who made the most vivid impression on me was Mr. Tutt, who taught history. I was lucky enough to have him as a teacher, who made history exciting and fun. Many years later, when I came back to teach, Mr. Tutt became my colleague. Although my time at Southwestern Seventh Grade Center was just for a year while I was a student, as a teacher here I have been able to form new memories, and I am glad that I can give something back to the students that now attend Southwestern .

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