I LIKE BEING A TEACHER

By Max Gordon

As a boy, I cannot truthfully say that I liked being a school. As a man, I cannot truthfully say that I liked the idea of being a teacher. But it is now eleven years since I first entered the grammar school where I worked, and the prospect of spending the rest of my active life within a classroom now has no fears for me. Education has become my main concern and my principal love.

I like being a teacher because it is so much like being a father, and since I am the father of two young boys, I find my experience with my own sons, and my love for them, in the classroom, and share it with all the other boys who are entrusted to my care.

THEIR LAST WORDS

L. B. Agassiz: The play is finished. Where is Mr. Johnson?

Alexander Graham Bell: It is done. So much to do. It is my duty to go on.

Descartes: My soul, thou hast

long been held captive; the hour

now comes for thee to quit thy prison, to leave the trammel of this body, to bury them, to reso

vour with joy and elegance.

David: I am sorry that you have

left us. We shall not see you

again.

O. Henry: Turn up the lights, I don't want to go home in the dark.


François Rabelais: Draw the curtain.

Chopin: Now I am at the source of the Mississippi.

Emily Dickinson: I must go in,

for I am lying in the grass.

Thomas Edison: It is very

beautiful over there.

E. A. Poe: Lord help my poor soul.

Feeling: I'll never make any money.

Charles Boman: Why fear death?

MY CHILD SAID THIS

My brother, aged six, on being told by our father: "I would not give you away for the whole world," commented: "But, Daddy, if you got the whole world you would get me back."

While out walking with my boy, aged three and a half, a dog ran over and started to lick him. Seeing that he was frightened, I tried to reassure him by saying: He won't eat you." He replied: "Well, then, why is he licking me?"

I heard the following conversation between two small boys in the Lion House at Dublin Mace. First Boy: I hate those animals. Second Boy: Oh, you shouldn't say that—they are very holy.

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, I heard Daddy say they are beasts of prey."

A small boy dashed into the house breathlessly carrying a dead rat by the tail. His mother, chatting with their minister in the living-room, glanced up from her chair and gave a quick gasp.

"Don't worry, Mom," reassured the boy, "he's dead: I bashed him and put him on the floor."