I LIKE BEING A TEACHER
By Max Gordon

As a boy, I cannot truthfully say that I liked being a teacher. But it is now eleven years since I first entered the grammar school where I work, and the prospect of spending the rest of my active life within a class-room has now so far me for sorrow. Education has become my main concern and my principal love.

As a parent I often wonder if my children's teachers, of all the teachers I did work, the children, whether young or old, are excellent teachers. They have keen sense of fairness and justice. They are fair and just.

If you are looking for a quote from your teacher about teaching, here is one: "It is not fair to use 'I am going to' as a phrase used in time and again by children, and in a phrase that should never be light-heartedly passed off. If a teacher finds his judgment faulty, he should adjust it."

The greatest compliment a boy ever paid me was: "Sir, I like you because you understand us.

One of my former colleagues (67) had the reputation for sternness. His results in the examinations were always excellent, first-class. Almost immediately, he was appointed to be one of the teachers."

The boys appeared to hate and loathe (85) him until he left to take up another post; then suddenly all his boys were deserted and unhappy. He was a tyrant (60) in his youth, but he was a good master and he was always fair!"

Are there any compensations (84) for being a teacher? Yes, there are some.

First, there is something so rewarding in teaching boys. Their loyalty, that good sense of humor, their good sportsmanship, their enjoyment, and their ability to gain a better job in the future. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see how boys enjoy and laugh."

When asked if they enjoyed the school, the boys replied: "Yes, we enjoyed it."

I heard the following conversations between two small boys in the Lion House at Dulwich.

First Boy: "I hate these 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, listening to their minister in the living room, glanced up from her chair and gave quick warning.

"Don't worry, Mom," reassured the boy. "He's dead. I bashed him and pushed him until he was dead.

The boy, suddenly aware of the minister's presence, paused and then continued, "...until God called him home."