

ful in our communities when we are truest to what we deeply believe. There is no one who believes in education the way teachers believe in it. There is no group in the community, except the clergy, which has more thoroughly committed itself to the pursuit of a truly lofty set of ideals. As citizens we should stop standing, hat in hand, begging for the public's attention to the external needs of the

school. We should put our hats on, and play our proper public role as those people in the community who most affirmatively and most consistently stand for the things of the mind and spirit. In so doing, we will be carrying forward the profession of education, contributing to the solution of our deepest public problems, and responding to the spirit of these times.

Consider Your Feet

O.K., lie there and consider your feet.

But I ask you

Will you be a light? gifted? effectual?

If so, bombastic or shy intellectual?

Will your teacher delight in you?

Be high in her praise of you?

Discern you are bright

As she gropes through the maze of you?

All right, your hands are the wonder of the universe.

But I give you

Round, red apples; colored balloons;

High-flying kites with ribbon festoons;

The concept of one; number the blocks;

Run, Spot, run; put hands on the clocks;

Hold hands with your buddy; sit still; don't speak;

Color arms and legs orange; don't let the chalk squeak.

Now you know you can't get your whole fist in your mouth.

And later on

Square roots, quantum, stress and traction;

Underlying motivations of thought and action;

Heroes of revolution as despots go tumbling and rot;

Beowulf in Old English, the courtly battles of Scott;

The mystery of the heavens; comment allez-vous; and lots more;

An innocent pawn in the various programs of group, track and core.

Yes, I know you're wet and hungry, but can't you wait ONE minute?

I need to know

What of us, your father and I? Keep up, they say. Oh, fine.

A pity the answer so blithely given doesn't come with a ration of time.

Right now your world is all in a bottle (four Mullsoy, four water—eight ounces).

But outside the window, the worldly-wise say a nation readies, waits, pounces.

To find the strength to promise you peace beyond the sides of your playpen

Is an uneasy search when, for an example, we must use a world verging on mayhem.

—EVELYN M. FORD, ASCD Staff.

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