

The Job I'm Going To Do . . .

"The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living."—*Wendell Phillips*

This to me is very true. Some people have just about everything brought to them on a platter. It reflects on their ability to understand some things that happen every day. Oh, most are very intelligent in school. To me that kind of education is only half of what you should know about life.

How can what you learn in books help you to understand another person, or how to handle a simple situation, as telling your children about some of the social hang-ups that they will go through. Things that can't be ignored. They will happen and your children should know about these things.

Experience is the best teacher; I'm not saying I've experienced everything, but I've certainly experienced my share and there is still a lot I've got to go through.

I've done a lot of observing in my life, and every day I still see things that account for the way the world is today.

Most of the people I grew up with didn't make it. I go home now and they are still doing the same old thing . . . their sidewalk act. This hurts to see someone you know all your life doing bad when there's nothing you can do about it. I'm going back home to help those who are coming up because I don't want them

to end up the wrong way. I guess I'm one of the fortunate ones that made it. I really don't know how I did, to tell you the truth.

A lot of people tell me I had a lot of sense, I say I was lucky.

I wasn't very smart in school, or maybe I couldn't express myself the way I really wanted to, because in high school either you do certain things or you just don't get by. I got a few breaks that I'm thankful for.

Drugs struck my community the most. Drugs were and still are so plentiful and so easy to get that you just got to be lucky if you don't get caught up in the "Plague."

I was mature and sensible enough to stay away from it . . . or maybe just lucky. Playing ball took up a lot of my time so I guess that's what kept me occupied.

The guys I grew up with weren't bad. They were just caught up in that struggle . . . that struggle that they didn't get through.

I'm going to make sure that a few more get through this struggle . . . this job I gave myself . . . this job I owe to myself . . . this job I owe to my community . . . this job I'm going to do . . . this is the reason why I made it, so *someone* could have this job.

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