

## Table of Contents

<b>Somewhere In First Grade</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>To Tempt A Child</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>A Cover Made of Rag</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Learning</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Does Anyone Really Care?</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>You Are Part Of This Time</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Reading Beyond The Lines</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>A Lesson On Air</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>We, The Few, Who Teach</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Hear Your Song</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>But Where From Here?</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Deadly And Dull</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Why Must I Learn This?</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>They Won't Glow</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Those Six Kids</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>For Education May Feel Their Power</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>The Whole Language Thief</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Cruel But Usual</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>Let's Reconsider Assessment</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>The Carousel</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>Start the Parade</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>I Danced With The Dinosaurs</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>The Essence Of Childhood</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>Learn To Read The Signs</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>Children</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>Release A Literate Child</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>He Does Not Conform</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>Twenty-five Books High</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>The Legend</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>The Clouds Before The Storm</b>	<b>30</b>

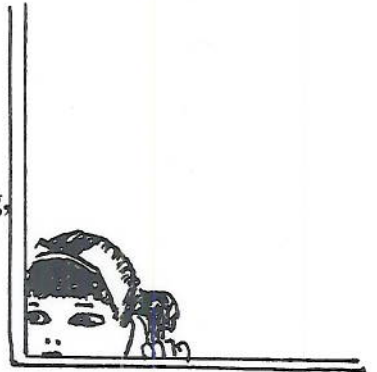
## A COVER MADE OF RAG

It was a quarter past bus time, and the class had gone its way,  
A typically quiet time, in a tired teacher's day.

On that day the miracle happened, whatever it might mean,  
It began when a timid tapping, mumbled into that tranquil scene.  
The day when the door, it opened, and the light of a dying day,  
Illuminated the tiny face, of a writer come to play.



"I wrote one, Mrs. Johnson.  
I wrote my very own book,"  
Smiled the shy, little girl,  
With the sparkling, moonbeam look.  
And trembling ever so slightly, she reached into her bag,  
And out she pulled the pages, in a cover made of rag.  
"I want to be an author,  
I don't have to be the best.  
But I want to be an author  
Much more than all the rest."

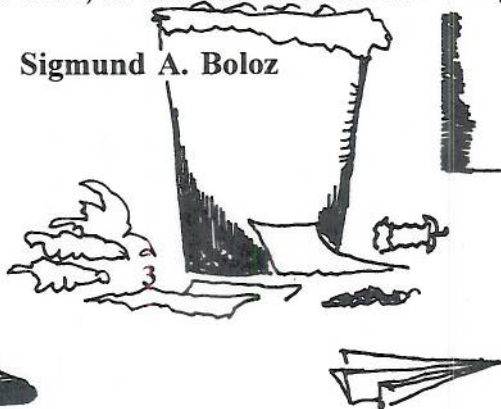
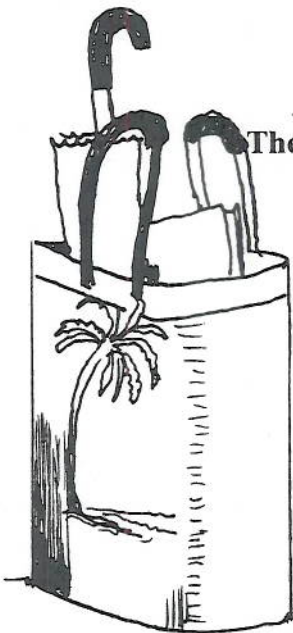


It was a quarter to the end, of a tired teacher's day,  
But a warm, winter smile, begged the girl, "This way."  
And there they sat together, at the table by the wall,  
This dark-haired teacher, with the writer one-size too small.

And how I marveled to myself,  
As I watched them read that day,  
And how I wished for more Mrs. Johnsons,  
To listen to what children have to say.

And they sat there together, at the table by the wall,  
The dark-haired teacher, and the writer one-size too small.  
A half past bus time, many teachers gone their way,  
A typically quiet time, at the end of a teacher's day.

Sigmund A. Boloz



## **WE, THE FEW, WHO TEACH**

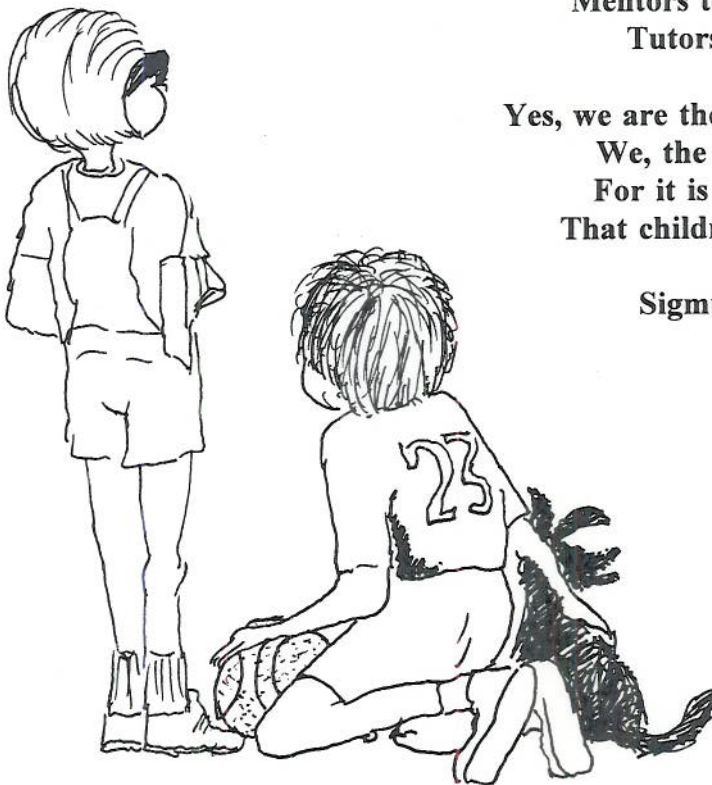
**We are the leaders of tomorrow,  
We, the few, who teach,  
For it is by our example  
That children learn to reach.**

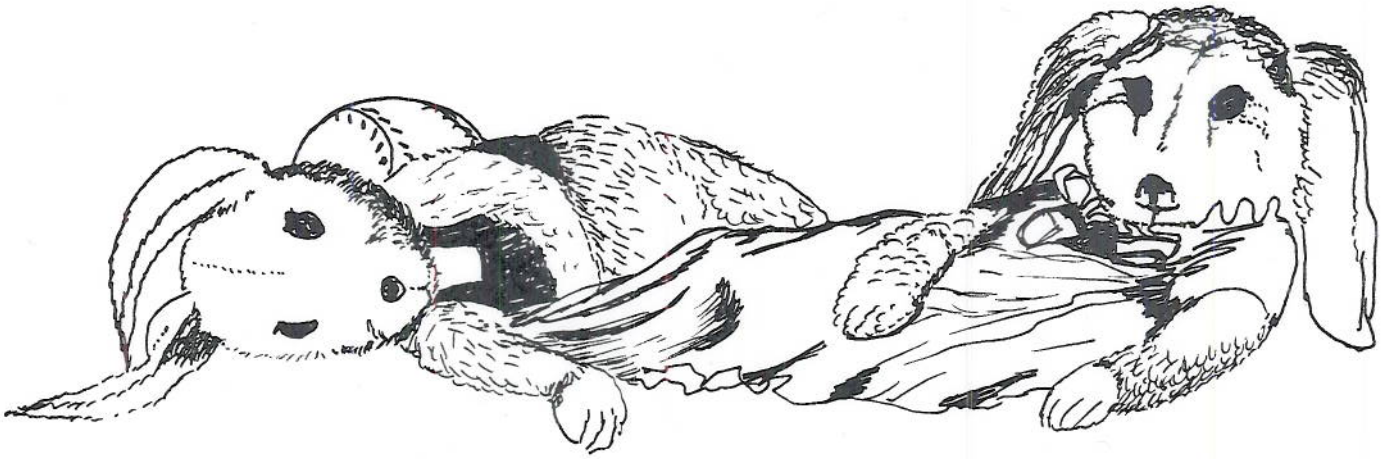
**We are the leaders of tomorrow,  
The guardians of liberty,  
We incubate the concepts,  
The desire to be free.**

**We are the sentries of invention,  
The parents of design,  
Mentors toward the future,  
Tutors of the mind.**

**Yes, we are the leaders of tomorrow,  
We, the few, who teach,  
For it is by our example  
That children learn to reach.**

**Sigmund A. Boloz**





## **FOR EDUCATION MAY FEEL THEIR POWER**

**HOW DANGEROUS** the principals become when they lead the machine that learns.

Teach them neither to cherish the joy of youth nor to enter classrooms.

Teach them neither to believe in children nor to read to them.

Instead, teach them to frown until December and to discipline.

Teach them to count money and to close their door.

**FOR THEY CARRY THE POWER** to participate in education!

**HOW DANGEROUS** the principals become when they lead the machine that learns.

Teach them neither to recognize learning nor to understand teaching.

Teach them neither to seek knowledge nor to encourage new ideas.

Instead, teach them to value bulletin boards and to collect plans.

Teach them to criticize and to reprimand.

**FOR THEY CARRY THE POWER** to promote thought!

**HOW DANGEROUS** the principals become when they lead the machine that learns.

Teach them neither to question nor to think.

Teach them neither to trust nor to communicate.

Instead, teach them to drink coffee and to call meetings.

Teach them to seek the safety of their offices and to sign forms.

**FOR THEY CARRY THE POWER** to excite others!

**HOW DANGEROUS** the principals become when they lead the machine that learns.

Allow them neither to feel their power nor to understand their influence.

Allow them not to lead the machine that learns.

Awake not these sleeping giants.

Deadbolt their doors!

**FOR EDUCATION MAY FEEL THEIR POWER,**

and I may be no more!

**HOW DANGEROUS** the principals become when they lead this machine that learns.

Sigmund A. Boloz

## I DANCED WITH THE DINOSAURS

I have been around for what seems like forever now,  
Certainly longer than some teachers are old,  
But if the truth must honestly be written,  
Then I have watched our ancient history unfold,

For I have danced with the dinosaurs,  
Seen so many species come and go,  
That while some still speculate about their extinction,  
I am surely old enough to know.

I have walked among those who ate their offerings whole,  
Among those who ripped apart their prey,  
I have watched them all dominate some part of the world  
And then ultimately die away.

I have ridden the short horns and the long necks,  
Watched as early teachers camouflaged themselves in fear,  
I have witnessed the great battles to rule the earth,  
And have seen a few species vanish and reappear.

And I know where many of those same dinosaurs lay buried,  
Just inside dusty windowpanes,  
Where their bones still litter many classroom shelves  
As ancient, fossilized remains.

Sigmund A. Boloz

