

TEACHER WITHOUT A CLASS

(Written for "The Listener" by A. B. ALLEN)

THE Little Woman with the kind face and the twinkling eyes was standing on the porch. Father opened the door. He was in a mood.

"Who are you?" he yelled.

"I'm the visiting teacher," murmured the Little Woman.

"I don't know what you are, and I don't care a — so GET OUT!"

"Thank you: Good evening," said the Little Woman.

AS she plodded back to her flat the Little Woman began to think and her thinking went something like this:

"I took up visiting teaching work two years ago and my only instructions were 'You are to be the link between the school and the home.' Well, that was all right. But that's the third home this term I've been kicked out of. Maybe my

instructions have been changed and I am to be 'the football between the school and the home' instead. (Oh, well, I've a new striped jersey and winter boots, so maybe I'm not out of place. And I could learn the rules of the game and perhaps convert a penalty and score over father now and again!) But is it all worth while? Let me see now. . . .

Soliloquy

"There's Jimmy who, I found, had sores underneath his three pullovers, and I referred him to the District Nurse: his mother is keeping him clean now. And there's Joe whose teacher didn't understand him until I visited his home and found that mother was busy entertaining servicemen while dad was overseas, and Joe was worrying about that. Then there's Billy who wasn't a bit happy with his foster-parents and his school work went to the pack in consequence—a change of foster-home has worked wonders for him. And there was Adrian who was playing truant because

he'd worn the seat of his pants right through and didn't have another pair to put on: the school committee helped me there. And there's Jennifer and Margaret who had mumps and measles together and mother unable to look after them because of a new baby; the District Nurse came to the rescue that time. And there's Olga and John and Lionel

and—Yes, I've had more 'ups' than 'downs' on the whole, and for the one irate parent there are 20 grateful ones (though many of them won't admit it!). Yes, this visiting teaching is Life (very much in the Raw sometimes), and I'm going to keep on because it's worth while and so many people can—

"Good evening, Miss Jones."



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