

SAVING THE CHILDREN



stepped out. The man ran to them, hugged the children, and shaking John's hand, beamed, "You're doing a marvelous job. Keep up the good work!" and drove away again.

In Brandon, the city paid all their expenses and gave them free passes to the fair. The kids with John had never been to a fair before.

In Winnipeg John went on the Peter Warren open line radio show, as he did in every other city he visited. But in Winnipeg, the phone rang for three days after the show. "Whoever started these open line shows, bless them," is John's feeling.

When they got to Thunder Bay they had to place to stay so the first thing John did was to pull into a gas station and phone an open line show. A group of people on their way out of the city heard the show and phoned the service station.

"Stay right where you are," the man told John. "We're on our way to a resort and we're 40 miles out of the city, but we'd like to give you the keys to our house to use while we're gone. Give us about 45 minutes to get to you, all right?"

While they were waiting, another car pulled into the lot and a man approached John. "Do you know Jane Doe from Whitehorse?" he asked. "Yes," John said, "She's a friend of

mine." They discussed Jane Doe until the man was convinced John really did know her. Then he pulled out his wallet and handed John \$20 for expenses.

Then the people with the house drove up. The man was a high school principle, and he was taking his family away for a holiday. "Use the house as long as you like," he said. "There's food in the freezer, the place is yours." He even showed John how to get into the house in case they locked themselves out.

That night, John and the Kids were laying on the bed watching television and just generally messing around. Little Randall was laying on John's arm, and Lawrence watched them with a strange expression on his face. To a boy like Lawrence, a display of emotion is "sissy", but Lawrence went over to John and kissed them.

"You know, John, people do love us, don't they?" he said.

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If you would like more information about the Yukon Children's Village, write John Evans; Box 4331; Whitehorse. Or if you're in Whitehorse, John would love to have you drop by. Phone 668-2765.

You can also get more details from Allyn Cadogan in the Gateway.

My Teacher

If children are the hope of the future, then some heed should be paid to those who have such great influence on our children. Teachers teach more than arithmetic and ABC's. This is how three Grade Six students see their teachers:

It was two minutes, three seconds to take-off. I was on my way to Jupiter with my mother and father. In three days we would be landing. The suspense was about all I could take because on Jupiter a new teacher awaited me. Because I am kind of a problem child, Mom and Papa had trouble in finding me a teacher. The closest one was on Jupiter and in the year 2000, getting there was like riding an airplane.

It seemed those three days would never come to an end. When we got off the rocket there was a very handsome man standing near the hatch. He had the kindest and most engaging smile. I knew right away, from the way he smiled, that this was the teacher for me.

Philip Williams was my teacher's name. As I had assumed from the start he was different from the others because he told me to call him Philip.

Philip was just as kind and friendly as he looked. He was also very understanding. One day when a cloud hung low all around me I had a disagreement with Sharon. He took me away from the others and explained kindly that I must learn to get along with others if I wanted friends. Many teachers had told me this before but it was the way he said it that really made me listen. He was not angry but he did not laugh either.

When I first came here and did not have any friends, I did not know who to unburden my troubles to. I knew I had to tell someone who would not spread it so I told Philip who I knew I could trust. Not one word of it got around either.

Philip is such an interesting and friendly person that I soon found my school work much more enjoyable and understandable.

After eight weeks on Jupiter my life was finally that of a normal person. I was no longer a problem child and all this was due to Philip's understanding and friendliness. In seven days we were leaving for Earth but I would never forget Philip Williams, my favorite teacher.

Julie Marshall
Delia, Alberta.

My teacher, she's well, ..., umm, how could I describe her? I suppose that one could say that she's different, and that she's, ... oh..., different! Yes, she is different than any teacher I've ever had. You see, I can talk *with* my teacher, while, with most of my other teachers, I can only talk to them!

Miss Bonest, (That is not the actual name of my teacher), speaks in such a way that I've never really heard before. No, it's not that she has an accent, but the way she talks. She tells us entertaining stories of her own experiences to help explain her point, and tries to make the subject as interesting as possible, which it is.

Oh, I must admit that she cannot be described as exactly gorgeous, but I tend to overlook her appearance completely because of her good humor and kindness to everyone. Besides, as the saying goes "It's the inside of a person that really counts".

As I just mentioned, she has a good sense of humor. One instance is when she comes into class in the morning, she greets us with a smile and says "Good morning girls, boys, and creatures of assorted kinds." If she wants our attention, she says "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears."

Of course, she's not all patience and jokes, no one is. She is strict, and will force her point if necessary. Like, if we're very noisy during class time, she will give us lines or something of the sort.

All in all, I like my teacher very much, and I am almost certain that you would too!

Monica Tap
St. Albert, Alberta.

To convey in a few words the description of my teacher is a vain and difficult task - but I undertake it with love and pride.

My teacher is an actress. She plays many roles; sometimes changing roles every half hour. The classroom's her stage, the students her spectators.

Sometimes she's a missionary who's concerned about us. She's helping us build a better tomorrow.

Then she's a guardian angel, that speaks softly to me when I'm hurt or upset. Yet when I've done something bad her voice is firm.

Later in the day she's an artist motivating us to create out of paper, paint, clay, and other materials. We learn the capacity of our ability.

Then she's a scientist helping us to learn new things through the aid of discussions, research, debates, filmstrips, video tapes and tape recorders.

My teacher is a poet. She helps me write stories, poems, haiku, and essays; like this one I wrote.

She is also human and gives praise where needed and has a gentle smile for everyone. My teacher plays many roles. These are only a few. I'm grateful to share a year with my teacher. Would you like to meet "My Teacher?"

Tracy Sorochan
Vegreville, Alberta.

