

## PRICELESS EDUCATION

A poem by Frank Richards sent to his sister, Una Harrison, on the occasion of the Teachers' threatened strike during the Autumn of 1961



The Teachers struck. The schools were closed: each little fellow grew From youth to age in ignorance, and never, never knew, How many wives King Henry had, and which of them he slew.

He had to face the facts of life, its problems and its pain, Not knowing when or wherefore the Armada sailed from Spain, Or whether Alfred burned the cakes while hiding from the Dane.

Geography, too, passed him by: no more than any mouse, Could he have told the difference between Siam and Laos, How then could he wield pick or spade, or help to build a house?

How could he handle bricks or lime, or mortar in a pail, Who knew not that a man named Shakespeare wrote The Winter's Tale. Or that old Johnson used to take his tea with Mrs Thrale?

Who, who would care to risk his life, in train or motorbus, Driven by some benighted chap, some ignorant young cuss, Who'd never heard of Picts and Scots, and how they raided us?

O give us back our teachers: let us pay them what they will, Give their scholastic fingers freest access to the till, Let aching heads be crammed again, and never mind the bill!



